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THE MADONNA OF THE FLOWERS.
(Carlo Dolce.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 6, 1901.

NO. 1.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Tryst with Solitude.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IN the clear blaze of noon I sought the wood,
Keeping a longed-for tryst with solitude.

Seating myself beneath a great oak-tree,
A wood-owl's eyes, uncanny, glared at me.

Chill was the air; the dark and oozy moss
Two grim gray spiders weaved their webs across.

From a green pool, fetid with stagnant breath,
A slimy creature croaked—I thought of Death.

Weary of life, my steps had turned away,
In the still wood to muse, that summer day.

Now changed my mood—the tall firs piercing
through,

Once more I caught a glimpse of heavenly blue.

To gaze was bliss, to breathe was a delight,
With scent of flowers, and meadows greenly bright.

And lo! a flash of sunlight from on high
Smiled, like a beam of hope, from God's own sky.

Then all my soul went up in voiceless praise.

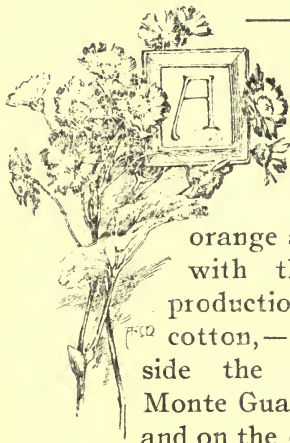
"Thank God," I thought, "for this sweet day of
days!"

"Bright are the fields, dismal and dark the wood,—
No more I keep a tryst with solitude."

"BREAK off thine iniquity by showing
mercy to the poor. Who stoppeth his
ears at the cry of the poor, he shall
also cry himself but shall not be
heard," so saith the Scripture. Well
indeed might a witty Protestant prelate
exclaim that profuse almsgiving was
'the best insurance against fire that he
knew of.'

The Newest Shrine of Our Lady in the World.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



BEAUTIFUL and
fertile valley, a
veritable garden,
where the vine
and the olive, the
orange and the lemon, vie
with the more tropical
productions of tobacco and
cotton,—where on the one
side the craggy peaks of
Monte Guaro pierce the sky,
and on the other old Vesuvius
raises his grim head and pours forth
his threatening cloud of smoke,—is the
site of the latest of those many great
temples raised to commemorate the ever-
growing glories of the Mother of God.
Hard by lie the melancholy ruins of the
old Pompeii, buried nigh two thousand
years ago under the ashes of Vesuvius.

All who have looked upon those
deserted streets, who have heard their
footfalls echoing about those solitary
ways, will be able to recall, though they
can not describe, the intense feeling of
sadness, the sense of an overwhelming
catastrophe but just enacted, which
affected their souls on the scene of
that long-past tragedy. It might have
been but yesterday that these streets
teemed with the life of a vivacious and
careless people; and one would not feel

any surprise at seeing a knot of old Pompeians turn a corner, or a chariot course rapidly past. But these things have been written of well and often before, and I am concerned with the new Pompeii which has sprung up these many centuries after the great disaster beside the old.

Twenty years ago this spot was one of the most desolate and deserted, from the moral point of view, of any in the Italian Peninsula. Nothing but the few poor huts of a small hamlet marked the place where once stood the proud city of Pompeii. The whole valley was given over to brigandage and robbery. Many were the sad tales of murdered and outraged travellers set upon at night by the lawless men who made their haunts in the surrounding hills. Owing to its peculiar situation, and to the fact that the valley was divided among three distinct municipal centres, the ecclesiastical and civil provinces to which it belonged being also distinct, the hamlet fell into almost complete, though excusable, neglect on the part both of the Church and State authorities.

Such was the condition of the modern representative of ancient Pompeii in the year 1872, when Signor Bartolo Longo, a distinguished Neapolitan lawyer, conceived the happy and charitable thought of doing something for the spiritual good of the poverty-stricken and wretched inhabitants of the district. Signor Longo had for many years been given up to the false teaching of modern Spiritualism; but after his conversion he became a most sincere and fervent Catholic. Holding some property in this remote spot, he felt the responsibility which lay upon him in regard to the poor people who lived upon his land. When walking alone one day through the mountain paths of Guaro, in great spiritual desolation, he felt inspired to propagate among the peasantry the

beautiful devotion of the Holy Rosary.

One small church alone stood in the hamlet; and this, besides being far too small to hold the inhabitants of the surrounding valley, had fallen into almost complete decay. The diocese of Nola, to which Pompeii belongs, is an exceedingly poor one, and the devoted and venerable Bishop had spent much of his private income in the erection of churches in various places. He had long thought of this desolate corner of his large diocese, and had prayed for the means and opportunity of making better provision for the souls of this portion of his flock. His prayer was at last answered; for the desire of the converted lawyer was to be the means of raising one of the most magnificent sanctuaries of the world in this place.

Signor Longo wished to propagate the Rosary as a means of saving his own soul. His first difficulty was to get into touch with the people; his next to provide a church large enough to gather within its walls those who came to make their common prayer to God. Thus the simple desire to do something for the souls of his dependents developed into a grand scheme which has borne magnificent fruit. Signor Longo, aided by the admirable charity of his wife, the Countess de Fusco, began his pious work by the distribution of medals and rosaries; then he instituted a kind of religious fair, or feast, held every year in honor of Our Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary. At this fair a lottery was held, the prizes consisting of rosaries, medals, statues, and other devotional objects, which were eagerly accepted. Noticing, too, the extreme reverence of these poor, uninstructed people for their dead, who were too often deprived of the simplest rites of Christian burial, he formed a confraternity, whose object was to provide a respectable funeral, accompany the departed to the grave,

and also offer suffrages for their souls.

By these means the good lawyer gained the confidence of the peasantry, and was able, later on, to lead them to still greater things. Little did he or his devout wife know that these were the small beginnings of a good work which was to spread over the world. God was using them as all-unconscious instruments of a great design of His Providence,—a design that was to be made clear as time went on by wonders of grace and mercy worked through the intercession of Mary under her new title of Our Lady of Pompeii, which is to-day one of her most glorious and far-famed designations.

In the month of November, 1875, when Signor Longo had been working for three years at his charitable scheme and had pressed into the service many of the clergy of other places, and many pious ladies of Naples, who supplied him with the stores of devotional articles with which he strove to propagate the love of Mary, the Bishop of Nola came to Pompeii to administer the sacred rite of Confirmation. For the first time the devoted layman met his Bishop. He disclosed to him the great desire he felt to raise at least an altar to the Mother of God under the title of Queen of the Holy Rosary. The Bishop, on his part, revealed the desire he had long felt to build not an altar but a church to meet the crying wants of his people, and at once authorized Signor Longo to begin to collect money for the purpose. He fixed the sum to be asked from each subscriber at a halfpenny a month, promising a large donation himself.

This interview took place under the lawyer's own roof, where he chanced to be entertaining the chief pastor; and that prelate, looking out of the window and pointing to a field near the house, exclaimed: "That is the spot where a temple must be raised in Pompeii!"

Fifteen years after the still unfinished church of Pompeii was known throughout the world; for Mary had shown herself the mistress and Mother of the work by unequivocal signs of approval; and her name, appealed to under the invocation of Our Lady of Pompeii, was bringing life, health, and benediction to innumerable souls.

After eighteen years the sanctuary of Pompeii was declared by Pope Leo XIII. to be a Papal Basilica, under his own special protection, removed from episcopal jurisdiction, and placed under the immediate rule of a cardinal acting as his vicar. To that church now flock devout clients of Mary from every country under the sun; and from it, as a centre, stream rays of light which illuminate and vivify Christian hearts in all the ends of the earth.

The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Pompeii will be familiar to all my readers. It can not be described as a work of art. Signor Longo, at an early stage of his work, so simply begun, found himself in want of an image of the Madonna before which his people might recite their daily rosary in the poor little church at Pompeii. He had recourse to a saintly Dominican priest at Naples, his confessor and spiritual father, who sent him to a nun to whom, some time back, he had given an old picture of Our Lady, with the Holy Child and Saints Dominic and Rose of Lima. This picture the priest had bought for the modest sum of about three francs in a shop in Naples.

There was to be a great gathering that evening at Pompeii for the close of a very successful mission which had been held there. No time was to be lost if the picture was to reach Pompeii before the closing ceremonies. Signor Longo, therefore, delivered it over to the care of one of his own farm people, Angelo Tortora, who had been a great

helper in the annual fair and raffle. Angelo readily undertook to convey the sacred image from Naples that very day; and he did so on the top of the load which he was conveying for the purposes of his farm work, and which consisted of nothing else than a large heap of manure. Thus travelled to its shrine that wonderful picture, of which not only the original but also copies have been the source of rare favors from Heaven. To-day that sacred image, repainted, and invested with something more of artistic taste and delicacy than it first possessed, with St. Catherine of Siena in place of St. Rose, rests on a magnificent throne of marble and bronze which cost over fifty thousand dollars. A beautiful frame of bronze encloses it, and round it are depicted in fifteen medallions the fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary; while the image itself is one mass of brilliant jewels—precious offerings of gratitude from those who have received help through the intercession of Our Lady of Pompeii.

All this was unknown and unforeseen by the happy originators of so great a work. They, with simple hearts and good intent, thought only of putting their hands to a necessary and pressing task—the relief of their neighbors' spiritual starvation. But now, as they look back upon the wondrous history of the sanctuary of Pompeii, they can trace clearly the chain of events by which God brought His plans to a conclusion, using the weak things of this world to confound the wise and prudent.

The hand of God was from an early stage strikingly manifested in this work. Scarcely had it been decided upon to solicit alms in Pompeii and the surrounding district for the erection of a church, when a marvellous event took place in the town of Naples, in a house in the Via Tribunali. An orphan girl of twelve years, living in this house with

her aunt, had been for nearly a year subjected to terrible epileptic fits, and had been despaired of by the doctors. The poor girl had received with great resignation the decision which was to her a sentence of death. Just at that time Signor Longo's wife, the Countess de Fusco, called at the house to solicit an alms for the church to be built at Pompeii. The aunt of the sick child was prompted to make a promise of a considerable monthly subscription if her niece should recover, and began at once to pray to the Virgin of Pompeii. This was a few days before the first solemn exposition of the picture in the old church of Pompeii, on the occasion of the mission spoken of before. On the very day on which the picture was thus set up the child completely and permanently recovered. The news spread rapidly over the whole of Naples and was announced from several pulpits. The facts were attested by personages of unimpeachable honesty, and whose position was such as to place their evidence beyond all cavil.

Devotion to the miraculous image of Pompeii had begun, and it has spread from Pompeii over the universal Church. This miracle was only the first of a long series of heavenly favors, graces, and wonderful answers to prayer, which have continued from that day to this. The grateful offerings of the faithful have completed the church, and adorned it in a style of magnificent grandeur, which vies with the great sanctuaries raised in what we are wont to call the Ages of Faith. Round the church have sprung up other works of Christian charity. An infant school for boys and girls, a workroom for girls, a technical preparatory school for trades and arts, a female orphan asylum, an asylum for the sons of convicts, which is said to be the first institution of the kind ever established,—such are the fruits of a

humble desire to do good to others, such the effects of Mary's intercession.

All these works, with the church, are supported by voluntary alms. Almost every Saturday night the treasury is depleted, the last penny is paid away; but by another Saturday the means to meet all expenses have come in. So rapidly has all this been accomplished that, occurring as it has in an age when faith is in many places dying out, it may be said to constitute a standing miracle. It is a sign that God has still His thousands upon thousands of faithful children, who have not listened to the voice of those who deny His power, who refuse to His Mother the just prerogatives of her immense dignity.

May we not learn from these striking facts that the warm devotion, the simple faith, the complete confidence in Mary's power to do anything and everything by the sweet influence of her prayers, is very dear to her? Are we not oftentimes too apt to say that this kind of thing is very well for the warmer nature of Southern peoples, and to wrap ourselves up in a cold, self-sufficing mantle of superiority? Perhaps these things do not happen where we live. May it not be that our want of faith will not let Mary perform her mighty works among us? Perhaps, if we would but try it, we should find that there is nothing we can hope for which we may not obtain from God through the intercession of the Virgin Immaculate; and that if we have faith, Mary will do the rest.

PLACE in one of the scale-pans of justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the griefs and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.—*W. G. Jordan.*

Mr. Henry Moran.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXX.—MR. HENRY MORAN RUNS DOWN TO CAPE MAY.

FROM his desk in Wall Street Mr. Henry Moran sent off a dispatch to Mr. Mortimer, saying that he would run down to Cape May some afternoon that week. This being done, the great broker settled to the ordinary routine of the day.

The morning trade was lively. There was competitive bidding for shares in steel; and there was an early advance, with corresponding reaction, in several railway shares. The Union Pacific and Wabash advanced two whole points, the Southern Railway took a start upward, but none of them maintained their advantage. Moran followed the various transactions rather mechanically, and listened with less than his usual concentration of attention to the prospectuses of two new companies, as set forth by enthusiastic directors. The

* SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS FROM I. TO XXX.—Henry Moran, multi-millionaire, called the King of the Stock Exchange, lives in a suburban town near New York. Vine Cottage, next door to him, is occupied by the Raymond family, reduced in circumstance but of great gentility. Unaware of their neighbor's identity, they suppose him to be an old man. Henry Moran overhears a conversation, and is attracted to Kate Raymond, the beauty of the family, whom he sees through the hedge. His housekeeper becomes suspicious. The stockbroker is annoyed by the curiosity of a gossip-monger, Jenkins, whom he daily meets on the train. He has an exciting day on Change, and meets, going home, Jack Holloway, who is engaged to Mary Raymond. Henry Moran, who is a nominal Catholic, is led by the words and example of his neighbors to think seriously of religion. Gregg, the town butcher, through Martha Finney's malice, refuses to supply the cottage with meat on the eve of an impending visit from Mr. Mortimer, banker and friend of the family. Henry Moran, overhearing the difficulty discussed, comes to the rescue with a hamper of game from "the old gentleman next door"; and

afternoon trading was small in volume and marked by depressing heaviness. Most of the stocks were at a very low level indeed. There was nothing invigorating in the general tone; so that men moved and spoke languidly and complained unreasonably of the heat.

A telegram was handed to Mr. Moran just before he left his office, urging him to visit Cape May as soon as possible. His answer was promptly wired back: "Will take afternoon train down to-morrow."

This being done, Henry Moran, before finally locking up his desk for the day, opened a dainty missive which had been in his inside coat-pocket since the morning mail delivery. He recognized at once the paper of finest quality, with engraved initials, and the perfume—oh, so delicate and faint! He read the clear handwriting easily and without effort:

DEAR MR. MORAN:—Can you run down to Newport? We want you so much and you must let us have you. I feel sure it is excessively hot and stuffy

in your Wall Street den, and even your snuggerly in the mountains lacks the cool sea-breeze. Think of that delicious breeze; think of a broad stretch of water; think of the smell of salt in the air and of the morning dip in the brine,—think of anything you like that will bring you to us.

With the joint regards of our household, believe me as always,

Sincerely your friend,

EMILY THURSTON.

P. S.—Are half the wonderful things I hear of you true? E. T.

"So she, too, has heard!" Henry Moran said with a smile, as he folded the note deliberately and put it back in his pocket. Then he sat a moment or two looking out upon the blistering pavement and the great buildings on the other side of that narrow street, with signs representing colossal interests, and a tide of humanity coming and going, seeking fortune ever in that mammoth market-place. By the time he had put on a fresh collar—for the

visits Farmer Hobson, whom he sends to the cottage selling meat. Mr. Mortimer remains some days, during which are enjoyed drives, music, and pleasant conversation. The latter amuses and edifies Henry Moran, who hears himself discussed; while Kate becomes interested in the personality of the great financier, though still unaware that he is their neighbor. Henry Moran has a visit in Wall Street from Holloway, and fears that he is engaged to Kate. Kate writes, in jest, a letter, accompanied by a sketch. She drops it. Farmer Hobson finds and brings it to the big house. It is detained by Martha Finney, but finally reaches its destination. The housekeeper is dismissed.

Henry Moran dines with Mrs. Thurston, a social leader, and meets Mr. Mortimer. Henry Moran is charmed with Kate's letter. He answers by a sketch of an old man kneeling and holding up a cheque. Kate writes an explanation. Henry Moran sends a second letter—an old man still kneeling, without a cheque. He discovers that Jack Holloway is engaged to Mary Raymond, and resolves to win Kate, with whom he is in love. Martha Finney, furious at her dismissal by Henry Moran, bitterly denounces him to the Greggs, urging them to press for payment of the Raymonds' debt. She also visits a relative—Freeman, drummer for a Bowery furniture house,—and

induces him to seize the unpaid furniture. Henry Moran learns from Jenkins of the intended seizure, is indignant at Jenkins' impertinent meddling, goes into the Catholic church during Benediction and is deeply impressed; calls on Boomer & Co. and settles with Freeman; has an amusing interview with Miss Wilkins and another with Jack Holloway in the train homeward. Both refer to his supposed engagement to Kate. He hears the girls and their mother express gratitude for the prevention of the seizure, which they ascribe to Mr. Mortimer. They write to thank him and learn that he was in ignorance of the whole affair. They interview Freeman, who refers them to "the gent" next door. Mrs. Raymond calls on Henry Moran, and he informs her that the old gentleman is dead, and has to assume the rôle of young gentleman. Kate conjectures that there never has been an old gentleman. Henry Moran calls on Father Brophy and puts himself, spiritually, into his hands. Jenkins learns of this step and bemoans it to Miss Wilkins. From her gallery he perceives Henry Moran walking with Kate, and climbs to a precarious position, whence he falls. He rallies sufficiently to convey the news to the Greggs and Martha Finney, who are dismayed. Henry Moran had met Kate on the mountain, with a strained ankle, and had escorted her home.

day was hot,—and taken his hat from its peg behind the office door, he had decided to go down from Cape May to Newport, and he sent another dispatch to that effect.

"I may as well get the battle over at once," he said to himself.

Early in the following afternoon Mr. Moran took the Pennsylvania Central, and in the cool of twilight arrived at Mr. Mortimer's dwelling. There was nothing pretentious about it, though a modern structure built by the banker himself; but the grounds, neat and tasteful, were kept to perfection. It was not such a palatial mansion as that on Walnut Street, Philadelphia, where Mr. Mortimer during the winter months received his friends.

Mrs. Mortimer was a little, alert old lady, very fond of staying at home, very decided in her opinions, and intimately acquainted with the old families, their descent and their history from generation to generation. This was particularly the case with the Philadelphia and New York families; and Mr. Henry Moran, being presumably interested in the latter branch of the subject, was treated to many interesting genealogical disquisitions. He was informed to a nicety whether it was a Montgomery who married a Lynch, and how and when a Lynch, again, married a Montgomery; what was the connection between the Ten Eycks and De Witts, the Van Imburgs and Van Schaichs; and how the Schuylers, Van Cortlandts, Rutgers, Reades, De Lanceys, Morrisises, Crugers, Livingstons, and Stuyvesants were all related to the great patriarchal stock of the De Peysters.

The good lady indeed rang the changes on this subject with a persistency which was the least thing in the world wearying to the man of finance, who had climbed by his own, unaided exertions the ladder of success. And his

broader and more cosmopolitan training would almost have shrunk from what he held to be provincialism. Apart from this weakness, however, Mrs. Mortimer was quite worthy of her husband, being a whole-hearted, kindly and generous little lady. Every hair on her gray head fairly bristled with deep, sympathetic interest in those about her, but more especially the favored ones whom she chanced to like.

They had not dinner, but high tea, at seven precisely,—a delightful meal, served with old-fashioned solidity and respectability. The plate was massive, the china delicate, the napery of the finest. The bunch of flowers in the centre of the table, plucked in the garden without, consisted of old-fashioned blooms, the very names of which have all but vanished from modern gardens. The Negro butler had grown gray in the Mortimer service. Everything spoke of an elder time and of other manners than those of the day; and, despite the fact that the genial host and his brisk little wife were both genuine Americans, the surroundings were rather those of the Old World than the New.

Supper over, Mr. Mortimer carried off his guest to a wide veranda, on which the stars shone down from deep blue and the salt-air was fresh and exhilarating, whilst the boom of the surf on the shore and the vast stretch of water gave to the imagination an indescribable sense of isolation. The talk of the two men became at once friendly and intimate; they conversed on many topics widely remote from the ordinary affairs of the day. Mr. Mortimer had the indefinable gift of drawing out what was best in any one; and Henry Moran had of late awakened, as it were, to a new and absorbing interest in what might be called the ideal side of life. Their cigars indeed were but half smoked when they

had left the concrete for the abstract, which has so great a charm for all who can talk at all. It was not until late in the evening that Henry Moran said, somewhat bluntly:

"My object in coming here, apart from the pleasure of seeing you again, was that I might make you the recipient of a confidence." He stopped and added with a laugh: "I am well aware that that is precisely what no man has a right to do to another, especially when that other is a comparative stranger; but you will see after a few moments that there are reasons for my present course of action."

"I should always expect to find you acting reasonably," said Mr. Mortimer, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eye. "Some of the young ladies, for instance, I am told, find you altogether *too* reasonable."

"They shall not have to make that reproach in future," said Henry Moran; "and, as we were saying just now, human calculations and human appreciations, too, are usually wrong."

"So it is a tale of folly you have to unfold!" observed Mr. Mortimer, with a smile.

"Whether it be folly or the truest wisdom, I leave you to decide," Henry Moran replied quietly; and he smoked away for a few moments in silence, enjoying the sea-breeze which blew in his face, and looking wistfully toward the white-capped waves in the distance. "You see," said he at last, "if I were to look at the matter from, let us say a Wall Street point of view, which is as modern and up-to-date as any possible view of affairs, I have acted in an essentially absurd way."

The old gentleman had been listening attentively, but at this point he spoke:

"I am not going to interrupt you by questions. Tell the story in your own way and take your time about it. We

are not likely to be disturbed; for Mrs. Mortimer is gone to have a 'rubber' with some neighboring whist-players. When one man would open his heart to another he must do so spontaneously. Only be assured of my best attention."

"I thank you," said Henry Moran; and after a time he resumed: "I may as well frankly declare at the outset that I have fallen in love. From the Wall Street aspect, that is an unavoidable mistake into which any man may fall. My case is aggravated by the following circumstances: I was struck, so to say, at first sight. I did not know the young lady; until recently I had never spoken to her, and she has probably never honored me with a thought. I have been under the sway of this infatuation for many weeks, and have consequently conducted myself in a manner which in the case of anybody else would have excited only ridicule." He laughed again in an embarrassed fashion as he ended with the remark: "Open confession, it is said, is good for the soul. I have made mine, and you are free to laugh at me, Mr. Mortimer."

"I will admit," said the old gentleman slowly, "that what you have told me is probably the last thing I should have expected to hear,—though why should I be surprised, when this mysterious power of love has been in all ages and in every land a controlling force, to which the strongest have often bent the most entirely?"

Henry Moran said nothing: he seemed lost in thought. Presently the old banker resumed:

"So far, however, from laughing, I hold this to be the most serious crisis of your life. Its importance can not be overestimated, and I can not take a Wall Street view of it."

"Nor do I, save in endeavoring to make myself understood," was Moran's prompt rejoinder.

"Now," said Mr. Mortimer, "such a crisis usually does occur in the life of any man of honest feeling and true heart. Far from being folly, it is indeed the truest wisdom,—provided that this woman who has thrown a glamour over you is in every sense worthy of a man's reverence."

"If she had not been, I should not have come to you, sir," declared Henry Moran. "The young lady to whom I refer has every quality calculated to win a man's homage. And she has, besides, youth, beauty, good-breeding, even elegance of manner, and wit beyond description."

Mr. Mortimer could scarcely repress a smile, which was smothered in a sigh. He remembered his own youth and its first rosy visions; and he marvelled that this man, who was fast approaching, if he had not indeed passed, the Rubicon of thirty-five, and who had spent so many years in such unpromising surroundings, should still retain this freshness of imagination, this power to idealize. He was not without curiosity, too, to discover what manner of woman had been fortunate enough to captivate this fastidious man of the world, this calculating king of finance.

Henry Moran was not slow to enlighten him upon this point.

(To be continued.)

WHEN the messenger of an unexpected blessing takes you by the hand and lifts you up and bids you walk, you may leap and run and sing for joy, even as the lame man whom St. Peter healed skipped piously and rejoiced aloud as he passed through the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. There is no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy is just as much a duty as beneficence is. Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Precious Blood.

BY BENJAMIN F. DE COSTA.

DOWN from the Saviour's thorn-pierced brow,
From hands and feet and side,
While dying on the destined tree,
There streams a crimson tide.

Amazed, fair angels viewed afar
The day that Precious Blood
On dark, sad, rock-rent Calvary
Would flow a mystic flood.

The sacrifice that Abel's faith
With God's acceptance chose,
Foretold the bleeding holocaust
The ages must disclose.

O mystery of mysteries!
Redemption by the Cross
Alone retrieves the erring soul's
Incalculable loss.

Unmeasured, vast beyond compare
The ransom Jesus pays;
One drop of His Most Precious Blood
A universe outweighs.

His Heart's deep treasury alone
Could meet the debt we owed;
No Hebrew rite had strength to stay
The Precious Blood that flowed.

O Sacred Heart, Thy wondrous love
Atonement made complete;
And, rapt with joy, to ransomed throng
Sweet hymns of praise repeat!

One Saviour only may we know,
One only weighed the price,
Unaided wrought the perfect work,
Achieved the sacrifice.

His Blood, a full, sin-cleansing stream,
Can make each foul heart pure,
Arm souls with sacramental strength
Each trial to endure.

This theme the noblest song inspires
That great archangels sing;
And clear the realms of Paradise
With grateful anthems ring.

O Precious Blood, my righteousness,
My hope, my sweetest joy,
Great sacrifice! Thy praise shall yield
Eternity's employ.

ST. HILARY, 1891.

A Golden Jubilee in Minnesota.

BY LORENZO J. MARKOE.

GREAT preparations have been in progress in Minnesota for the due celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Right Rev. Joseph Cretin's arrival at the point where now stands the flourishing city of St. Paul, to take formal possession of the diocese of that name, of which he had just been consecrated the first bishop. The story of the growth of this portion of the vineyard of our Blessed Lord reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights, as we trace its history from the primitive days of 1837 down to the present ecclesiastical Province of St. Paul, which includes the same territory originally assigned to Bishop Cretin as his first diocese. Three distinct epochs may be traced in that history: the pioneer missionary epoch; the diocese under Bishop Cretin, Father Ravoux and Bishop Grace; and the Province of St. Paul as now known to American Catholics.

In 1837 the diocese of Dubuque was established by the Holy See, with the Right Rev. Matthias Loras, pastor of the cathedral in Mobile, Alabama, as the first bishop. The no small matter of changing suddenly from the southern climate of Alabama to the chilly blasts of a winter in Minnesota did not deter the brave missionary from accepting the heavy burden thus placed upon his shoulders, and he at once began preparations to cultivate the new field assigned to him.

Having returned to France in a sailing vessel, which was then the regular way of crossing the Atlantic, he gathered together a little band of zealous Frenchmen, ready to brave the hardships of missionary life in the Northwest for the sake of gaining souls to Christ. Further

encouraged by the financial assistance he was fortunate enough to obtain in Catholic France—which has poured forth so much of her treasure, both in men and money, for the building up of the true Church in distant America,—he promptly re-embarked for the United States. His five recruits, who accompanied him on his return trip, were the Rev. Joseph Cretin, who was his vicar-general in the new diocese of Dubuque; the Rev. A. Pelamourgues, who also became vicar-general of Dubuque later on; and Messrs. A. Ravoux, Lucien Galtier, Causse, and Petiot. The last four were subdeacons.

In later years Father Pelamourgues was appointed as second bishop of St. Paul; but succeeded in escaping from that heavy charge, which was then transferred to Bishop Grace's shoulders. The four subdeacons were placed at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland, especially to study the English language. They had left France with Bishop Loras in September, 1838. On November 1, 1839, we find him ordaining them as deacons, in his episcopal city of Dubuque; and on January 5, 1840, he had the consolation of raising them to the sublime dignity of the priesthood. In later years Bishop Ireland called attention to the fact that these were the first priests ordained on the northwest side of the Mississippi River. Subsequently Fathers Causse and Petiot returned to their native land. Fathers Ravoux and Galtier will become familiar figures in our story. With the Rev. Joseph Cretin, their third companion, they constitute the little group that laid the foundations of the future ecclesiastical Province of St. Paul.

During the interval between the arrival of the four subdeacons and their elevation to the priesthood, Bishop Loras had not been idly twirling his thumbs, waiting for them to explore for him his

diocese. Soon after his safe arrival in New York from France, we find him at Fort Snelling, in the wilderness which afterward became the present State of Minnesota. He had spent forty-five days in crossing the Atlantic to New York, and his method of seeking rest after such an ordeal was to visit his wandering sheep in the vicinity of Fort Snelling. Finding at this distant outpost of civilization a few soldiers and traders, and an abundance of Indians in all their primitive simplicity of dress, customs, and morals, he determined to send them a priest at the earliest opportunity; and then decided to return to his episcopal see by the luxurious method of paddling down the river in an Indian canoe. The condition of his hands after this labor he referred to in later years with much merriment.

In the spring of 1840 he was reminded of his trip to Fort Snelling by hearing, down the river, the whistle of a steamboat apparently approaching Dubuque. Hurried inquiries revealed the fact that she was on her way to the head of navigation at Fort Snelling. Not a moment was to be lost. He summoned the Rev. Lucien Galtier, one of the recently ordained priests, to his room, and within an hour the good priest was aboard the steamboat and heading for the scene of his missionary labors in Minnesota. Major Plympton was then commander at the Fort, and he extended to the young Frenchman just arrived from Dubuque the whole-souled hospitality which characterized those pioneer days. Father Galtier soon fell dangerously ill, and lay in the military hospital, reflecting upon the immense distance between himself and the nearest brother priest, and trying hard to reconcile himself to the sad necessity of dying without the last rites of the Church, when, to his delight and amazement, there stepped in to see him

the Right Rev. Dr. de Forbin Janson, ex-Bishop of Nancy, France. The Bishop was travelling through the Northwest; and, arriving at Fort Snelling, was told that a young countryman of his own was lying ill in the sick-room. This providential meeting brought peace and quiet to poor Father Galtier, who soon began to recover, and quickly resumed his missionary labors.

In October, 1841, he carefully inspected the wild country just below the Fort on the Mississippi River. About six miles down stream, on the left bank, he discovered a spot where he believed a steamboat could easily make landings on its trips up and down the river; and on the bluff overlooking the water he began the erection of a little log chapel, to which he gave the name of the Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul. On November 1, 1841, he blessed the chapel. Soon afterward he read out the banns preparatory to the marriage of Mr. Vital Guerin, referring to him as "a resident of St. Paul." Such was the humble origin of the present capital of the State of Minnesota!

On June 5, 1842, Bishop Loras, in no way discouraged by the hardships experienced on his first trip, again came to St. Paul, where he confirmed "a few persons," very probably in the little chapel erected by Father Galtier. On October 2 Father Galtier blessed his second church, located at the foot of the hill in Mendota, and named after the Apostle St. Peter. In later years Father Ravoux built the present church, which stands at the top of the hill; and in the year 1856 he had cleared off all indebtedness on this second building.

Father Ravoux had spent the first months after his ordination at Prairie du Chien; but in September, 1841, Bishop Loras had sent him up north to look into the possibilities of establishing a permanent mission among the Indians.

His memoirs, written by himself, contain a most fascinating account—couched in a quaint and simple language which recalls the chronicles of old—of his adventures, canoe voyages, successes, disappointments, and many hardships among the Indians. His first trip, after resting at Mendota with Father Galtier, was continued by canoe to Traverse des Sioux, on the Minnesota River. At different times he made two trips through to the Missouri River; and tarried long enough at Prairie du Chien, when returning via St. Louis from one of these little jaunts, to print a book of hymns, etc., in the Sioux language, with a printing-press which the Rev. Joseph Cretin, his successor at this point, had brought with him from France. A portion of the summer of 1842 he spent at Mendota, whilst Father Galtier made sundry trips about the lakes and rivers, seeking Catholics here and there, and bringing them those consolations and that strength which only God's priest can offer.

In 1844 Father Ravoux was called to replace Father Galtier at Mendota. The latter was transferred to Keokuk, Iowa, thus severing his connection with the future diocese of St. Paul. In a letter to Bishop Grace, years afterward, he left us a brief record of those early days. He was finally stationed at Prairie du Chien, where his remains now rest near the stone church built by Father Ravoux when he was pastor at that point.

Father Ravoux was to stay at Mendota until a new pastor should come to assume charge. And he thus remained for seven years, which was not exactly what he had counted upon when he went there. During this period he had sole charge of his little (!) parish, which covered all the territory now embraced within the limits of Minnesota. If he was alone, he could at least boast that he was the spiritual monarch of

all that he surveyed, and, indeed, of much that he didn't survey at all. During those seven long, lonely years he cared for soldiers, traders, and Indians, with true apostolic impartiality; and by his constant labors and wanderings he really seems to have supplied to a wonderful extent for the lack of numbers in the priesthood of that period. But we can not follow him through his interesting and most edifying account of those self-sacrificing labors.

He always managed to spend a few days in Dubuque during each year. He divided his time between St. Paul and Mendota as a residence. Of this period he remarks: "My little flock were very much scattered. Mendota, Fort Snelling, St. Paul, St. Anthony, and Wabasha were the principal localities, where lived several Catholic families. Many others were stationed along the Minnesota River as far as Lake Traverse, others up and down the Mississippi Valley, and a few near the banks of Lake St. Croix, etc. They spoke four different languages: French, English, Sioux, and Chippeway." He preached in both French and English at Mendota; and as soon as he had some members in the congregation at St. Paul who did not understand French he did the same at that point. For about three years he devoted two consecutive Sundays to Mendota and the third to St. Paul. In 1847 he built an addition to St. Paul's log chapel. This addition in later years became the little chapel of the Sisters of St. Joseph, until, later on, they were established in St. Joseph's Academy.

He discovered at this period that St. Paul was gaining in population more rapidly than Mendota, thus justifying Father Galtier's foresight in selecting this point for his log chapel, as being accessible to steamboats and commerce. Father Ravoux at once revised his itinerary, and devoted every second

Sunday to St. Paul, thus placing it on an equality with Mendota. But in 1849 still another revision became necessary. The little chapel, even with the addition of 1847, was again too small to hold the congregation, who gathered devoutly about the building on the outside and heard Mass as best they could under such adverse circumstances. So good Father Ravoux completely reversed the first order of things, and devoted two consecutive Sundays to St. Paul, and only the third to Mendota. The congregation in St. Paul now included representatives from Little Canada, St. Anthony, and Mendota, with others who resided two or three miles along the left bank of the river.

St. Paul was really within the limits of the diocese of Milwaukee, which included the left bank of the river at this point. Father Ravoux's appeals to Bishop Henni for another priest were without avail; although in 1850 he received a reply in which he was told that probably a new diocese would soon be erected in Minnesota, with St. Paul as its episcopal see. This was certainly much more than poor Father Ravoux had ventured to ask for. But the report was soon confirmed by a letter which reached him from the Rev. Joseph Cretin, informing him that the latter had received the bulls appointing him first bishop of the new diocese of St. Paul, which consisted of the newly established territory of Minnesota. Thus the diocese was bounded on the north by the British possessions, on the east by Lake Superior and Wisconsin, on the south by the State of Iowa, and on the west by the Missouri and White Earth Rivers. And yet this was only a slice off the dioceses of Milwaukee and Dubuque!

Father Cretin shrank from accepting the heavy responsibility thus laid upon his shoulders; and it was only after he had returned to France and laid his case

of conscience before his old friend and Bishop, Mgr. Devie, of Belley, that he at last consented to accept the dignity. But Father Ravoux well says that from that moment he devoted and vowed himself unreservedly to his new diocese.

Bishop Cretin was consecrated on January 26, 1851. On July 2 he arrived on a steamboat and formally took possession of his log cathedral. He was accompanied by two priests and three seminarians. Here again we must pass over many incidents in the history of those early days. Father Ravoux tells us in his simple language: "It did not take his Lordship much time to visit all the apartments of the palace and the cathedral. The episcopal residence was a building one story and a half high, about 17 or 18 feet square. And the cathedral, the chapel described above, was a log building about 45 feet long by 18 wide. Near the palace stood another remarkable monument, from 10 to 12 feet square, which was used as a kitchen; a little farther was the stable, which I had erected on the line of the claim, to prevent a second invasion of the property on that side..."

The Bishop soon began to transform the scene about him. Within five months after his arrival he had erected the old brick building which formerly stood on Wabasha Street. It was 84 feet long by 44 wide, three stories and a half, including the basement. This served as episcopal palace, cathedral, and school. A boys' school was soon opened in the basement. The priests and seminarians lived with the Bishop. In 1852 the Sisters of St. Joseph opened their school on Third Street. The girls and boys had now their separate parochial schools. The Bishop built a brick house for the Sisters on the chapel grounds. In 1853 he built the hospital on Exchange Street, which has now developed into the present splendid St. Joseph's

Hospital, still under the care of the same community. The diocese is indebted to the Hon. H. M. Rice for the greater portion of the hospital ground.

The Bishop purchased that year a new cemetery, which was used for three years and then became the grounds of the present St. Joseph's Academy on St. Anthony Hill. During the same year he established a select school for boys who might show some disposition to enter the priesthood. They were taught Latin and prepared for a higher course of studies. At this school were John Ireland and Thomas O'Gorman, who were soon taken to France by Father Ravoux to complete their studies in that country. Upon his return he brought with him seven seminarians whom he had selected for the diocese. Their names at once convince us of the soundness of Father Ravoux's judgment in making his selections. They were Messrs. G. Keller, S. Sommereisen, F. Hurth, C. Robert, A. Oster, L. Caillet, and F. Tissot. Five of them were ordained by Bishop Cretin, and the others after his death by Bishop Smith, of Dubuque. Father Ravoux also tells us that the "Rev. Father D. Ledon . . . for eight years exercised with great zeal the holy ministry in St. Anthony and St. Paul. Exhausted by too much labor, he was obliged to return to France in 1859."

In July, 1854, Bishop Cretin began the excavation for the present cathedral. In 1855 work was begun on the old Assumption Church. The Rev. G. Keller was the first pastor. A year later the Bishop introduced the Benedictine Fathers into the diocese. They built a convent at St. Cloud. That year Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, blessed the cornerstone of the new cathedral, and by the end of October the basement walls were completed. On All Souls' Day Bishop Cretin blessed the new cemetery of forty acres which he had just purchased.

In that cemetery his remains now rest. About this time he approved of the establishment of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul by some Catholic men of his episcopal city. The new cathedral was "173 feet by 70; the price of a day's labor for masons, \$3; for carpenters, at least \$2; for a team of horses \$5."

But the Bishop's labors were now cut short. After a long illness, borne with exemplary patience and fortitude, he expired on February 22, 1857. His last letter, addressed to a French bishop, lay unfinished in his room; it was dated February 21, 1857,—the previous day. Thus he had thought and labored for his flock to the last. His obsequies were held in the old brick church on Wabasha Street. Members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul bore the coffin to the city limits at the head of Wabasha Street, where it was consigned to the hearse, and the funeral procession continued to Calvary Cemetery.

He left seventeen priests in charge of souls, and Benedictine Fathers and Sisters of St. Joseph working zealously in their respective fields. The churches and institutions above mentioned bore eloquent testimony to his unquenchable zeal. A priest of the archdiocese now keeps as a sacred relic the chain with iron points which Bishop Cretin wore about his naked flesh, to add still more to his penance in this vale of tears. An unconfirmed rumor was recently circulated that the cause of his beatification was about to be introduced at Rome. All bear testimony to his saintly character and noble soul.

Father Ravoux was administrator for two years. He enclosed the cathedral, and plastered the basement, where, in 1858, on Christmas night, two thousand persons assembled for Mass, and about five hundred received Holy Communion. The priests increased from seventeen

to twenty-seven. In 1859 he erected the stone building known as "Catholic Block" on Third Street. It was 73 feet by 50, and three stories high. In 1858 the Benedictine Fathers had increased from four to eight, and the lay-brothers from six to ten. The Sisters of St. Joseph had also increased to eighteen, with an academy, parochial school and hospital in St. Paul, and an academy and parochial school in St. Anthony. The Benedictine Sisters had a convent at St. Cloud.

Thus the work had grown under his administration; and in 1859 he turned over to Bishop Grace the charge of the young diocese, already giving so many signs of the youthful vigor which has since distinguished it, even among the other dioceses of this wonderful country. The subsequent history of the diocese belongs to the present generation and need not be repeated here. In what was for seven years Father Ravoux's undisputed and exclusive spiritual charge, in what later was Bishop Cretin's original diocese, we now see an archbishop and five suffragan bishops ruling over their six dioceses; and Mgr. Ravoux, now in his eighty-seventh year and residing at St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Paul, still watches, with all his old interest and affectionate solicitude and pride, the marvellous growth, both spiritual and material, of his former parish of Minnesota.

MODERN society is the enemy of individuality, in dress, in taste, and in criticism; and the fear of seeming different from other people is greater than the desire to rise higher than other people by purely personal means.—*Crawford.*

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear,
And She to whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Nannette's Novena.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

I.

And saints will hear if men will call,
For the blue sky bends over all.

"A H, my God, once again no letter!" And Madame Reynier turned despairingly away from the door as the postman passed it, respectfully raising his cap and casting a glance full of compassion on the small, shrinking figure which of late he had seen so regularly, so anxiously, watching for him there.

"Not much longer, Joseph,—no, not much longer can I endure this silence—" the old voice broke; and she passed, feverishly, a corner of her snowy apron to her dim blue eyes.

"Tut, tut!" said Monsieur gruffly from behind his newspaper, but stirring uncomfortably. "At your age a baby, a bottle of nerves always uncorked! Did not Hortense tell you in her last letter not to expect another for a long time,—they were going to travel; when once again she had an address she would send it? What do you want? She has much to busy her now: the little Joseph, who is 'not strong'; the servants to oversee, the new life to enjoy, the—"

"My dear," interrupted the mother, "if I only knew that she was happy I should not complain of the separation. But these short notes from her, so far apart; and somehow they seem blotted with sorrow. You know, with her pride, her courage, one might kill her by inches with unkindness; she would not utter a cry to me. One short hour with her and I could see for myself. Monsieur Trouleski was not my choice nor hers; we knew so little of him—"

"Enough! enough!" cried Monsieur, angrily. "Thou hast the mind of a miserable fly—no larger,—and capable

simply of annoying me. Hortense but for me would have been the wife of a scapegrace, a nobody. Now she has a position any woman of taste might envy. Madame Ivan de Trouleski—that has some sound. Not every good bourgeois has placed his daughter in the position I have—thanks to a large dot of fifty thousand francs, which everyone can not have. And you—you have not sufficient sense to bow to Good Fortune when he is presented to you. Let it rest now. I forbid you to address me for a week except on another subject.”

And Monsieur resumed his reading, while Madame stole up to her room to weep and fret herself into the long illness from which the mercy of Heaven, so fervently besought for her by poor Nannette—but we anticipate.

As the tread of the uncertain feet died away, and the door overhead closed after them, there came a glitter into Nannette's large eyes (everything about Nannette was large); her lips closed tensely; she wielded the big feather brush as though it had been a lash, and the dining-chair back she was dusting that of the malefactor.

“My poor angel!” she sighed; then, clearing her voice for action with a vigorous “ahem,” she exclaimed aloud and with forceful emphasis: “Thanks be to God *I* never was married!” A moment later she passed out into the courtyard behind the storehouse.

A small man, engaged in washing claret bottles, looked eagerly up, the mute devotion of a faithful dog in his soft gray eyes; his hair about the temples was also gray.

“Oh, but it's warm!” she began, leaning against the wall and wiping her forehead, without relieving it of the unusual burden of a frown. “And no letter again from Mademoiselle for my poor Madame, and harsh words

as usual from Monsieur. Now she has gone upstairs to weep, and it almost breaks my heart. Thank God that I never was married!”

Constant sighed.

“There are, nevertheless, many men in this world different from Monsieur,” he ventured.

“I should hope there were,” replied Nannette. “Ma'me Bavarde has said it: he is one of the kind who should be continually shaken. My poor Madame is too weak, too gentle. Sometimes I feel as though I must do it for her—shake him well,”—with a descriptive gesture of her plump, bared arms,—“shake him till the ‘heart of steel,’ which Ma'me Bavarde says is hidden within him, rattles like a bullet to the floor. I never look at him without my eyes smarting with the thought of all the tears he has caused Madame to weep. They would make a river in which he could drown himself. Now, to-morrow it will be all day in bed for her, with a headache raging like a battle, up in that close little room. As well have a cork in both lungs and a wax seal over her mouth, for all the fresh air she ever gets. If we lived in the little country-house he promised to buy her, it would be much easier. Then she could have the dear chickens, the ducks and the geese to take her mind from her griefs and make her forget; the green grass to walk on, and a real bed of flowers to work over; not that window full of miserable pots,—she who loves flowers as if they could love her back again. But—Ma'me Bavarde has said it—‘husband is but another name for a breaker of promises.’ Thank God, I never—”

“Oh, no, no!” interposed Constant, in the nick of time. “Should Heaven ever bless *me* with a wife, there is nothing that I would not—not—”

From excess of feeling, his tongue faltered, his soft gray eyes remained

mutely eloquent, fixed upon Nannette. She had bent to uproot a weed growing between the bricks; when she raised her head the natural rose-hue of her cheek was deeper—from exertion, perhaps,—and the frilled cap sat most becomingly awry upon her thick brown hair.

“Every man is not Monsieur Reynier, I will admit,” she responded, quietly rearranging it. “But—Ma’mè Bavarde has said it—for us women marriage is like a railroad crossing: without gates or guards; courtship on this side, and widowhood on the other. There is always danger of meeting the ‘lightning express’ of unhappiness in the middle of the track. When the heart is ground to pieces little matter if the rest of one lives. For me”—and the *grande fille* gave her head a toss, which in a *grande dame* might be described as one of “charming coquetry,”—“for me, I think it will be safer never to go near the crossing.” And, turning quickly, she re-entered the house.

“Ah, my stars!” sighed Constant, returning sadly to his labor. “Never shall I find courage to offer my love to thee,—never; not even if I win my lawsuit! And all because of Monsieur’s bad example as a husband.”

II.

There is a witty French saying that, by an unwritten law prevailing in all lands, the “affairs” of the mistress become always the property of the maid. However “poor” she may otherwise be, however “mean,” she fails not to scatter, with a free tongue, the far-circulating small coin of those “affairs.”

With the Reyniers’ Nannette it was different. Constant—a little man you could trust—was her sole confidant. For the others, to the despair of those who ever know much but wish to know more of their neighbors, she proved herself that anomaly, *une bonne à la bouche fermée*. And yet had she not received an

actual “deed” of Madame Reynier, and all her affairs, before she had even looked upon her patient, sad old face? For it was a long walk from the Bavarde’s Employment Bureau, on the Rue de la Vigne, to the Reyniers’ wine store on the Rue de la Fontaine; and Nannette’s *compagnon de promenade* being none other than Ma’mè Bavarde, a talker “all tongue,” and she herself a listener “all ears,” much had been learned from the kindly woman, a true Parisian “character,” to whose maternal care all the good curés of the environs felt safe in committing any orphans in their flocks, who, like Nannette, were forced, by a sudden reversion of circumstances, to seek their first situation in the great, whirling metropolis.

“Now, my child,” she began, looking admiringly up at the tall maiden beside her—a rarely perfect type of rustic health, strength and beauty,—“I am going to tell you some things about the place I have found for you, and which, I think from Monsieur le Curé’s letter, you were made to fit: ‘A good girl, intelligent, gentle, and sympathetic,’—just what Madame needs. For, I will repeat it many times, Madame is an angel; but Monsieur—he is all that one can imagine of the opposite. I have known Jeanne Reynier all her poor life. Like you, she was born in the beautiful country. In those young days she was pretty, pretty,—gay as a bird, sweet as a flower. And though everyone knew she would have no dot, everyone that wore a coat loved her. But Monsieur Reynier, with his city airs and his fine prospects,—he was her old aunt’s favorite. From morning till night she would praise him—‘so handsome, so devout, so gentle.’ Ah, my child, you do not know! When the lover becomes the husband it is the end of the play,—the curtain drops. Monsieur Reynier’s temper is something to tremble at,—

you will see for yourself; though now, since he has grown so indolent with flesh, his outbursts are pale as pink beside crimson compared to old times.

"It is over six years since he locked his son, a fine, spirited lad, in the garret, after beating him with a stick, like an old carpet,—all because he did not take kindly to commerce, rebelled against learning and following in his father's business. And when, next morning, the poor mother was allowed to go up to release him, *voilà*, the boy had set himself free—out of the window, over the roofs in the night,—Heaven only knew how or whither, until some six months later, for his 'dear mother's sake,' he wrote. He had taken to the sea, become a cabin-boy. The life was hard, but at least it was free. Would his father forgive him, and might he dare to come home to see them just for a breath between the long voyages?

"And Monsieur Reynier,—oh, can you conceive what he has done? The monster! He has snatched the letter from Madame's hand and torn it to a thousand fragments,—I have seen them treasured in a drawer. Then, while still at white heat, he has dispatched a reply to Gaston's temporary address. No, he would never forgive him; never again should he cross the threshold of his home. He had chosen the sea; let him live on it and be buried in it,—anything, so that never more he, his father, should look upon him. And poor Madame, how she has wept and pleaded for him! If Monsieur has ever repented, he has never had the grace to confess it. His heart is of steel—that is the hardest thing known. I have said it with truth: Madame is an angel,—you will see for yourself; but Monsieur is all that one can conceive of the opposite.

"Thanks to him, she is all alone in her old age, after having been four

times a mother,—there are two children safe with God; for only three years after driving away Gaston he has seen fit to gratify his will and villainous ambition by marrying their daughter to an ugly old Russian do-nothing, who is twice her age; a scoundrel whom he had met at his *cercle*, and who, seeking simply to possess himself of Mademoiselle's large dot, twisted her father, like a wire, around his claw-nailed finger. Left to herself, the dear girl would have chosen a worthy young man of her own class, a neighbor's son, who would never have taken her out of our reach. As it is, not since she was married has her distracted mother looked upon or heard from her; and in consequence she is fading to a ghost. It is only Our Lord of the Eucharist who brings her each morning strength to live through her sorrowful day. But Monsieur perceives nothing beyond the rim of his glasses and the margin of his journal—reading, smoking, sitting in the door,—not even going to church on Sundays, neglecting every duty. He promised also, before they were married, to buy her a little summer-house in the country. Whenever since she has reminded him, 'Oho,' he replies, 'that would be a useless expense! I hate the country,—I am a Parisian. We are very well off as we are,—very well indeed.' And so for thirty years he has never given Madame one holiday in the country. It would occasion him cramps in his purse even to bring home a bouquet on her feast, she who so loves flowers. You will see the bower of bloom she has made over the door; it is a saying among the neighbors, 'to flourish like the window-garden of Madame Reynier.'

"But you are going to be a great comfort to her, Nannette, and to poor Constant. A desolate life his has been, with his blind mother, for whom he

lived, without marrying, until she died last winter; and all the wrongs he has suffered from his father's relatives. You will like him: he is a little man to be trusted. *I* also found him this place as a clerk in the store; but, declaring business 'dull,' Monsieur has discharged his boy; and because Constant is more gentle than a lamb, makes him wash the empty wine bottles and deliver the full wine baskets—for the same wages. Ah, it is an outrage! But if we throw ourselves on the ground in this world, Nannette, people will walk over us without removing their shoes. Heaven grant he may win his lawsuit, and come into some happiness at last! He merits much—and here we are at the end of our walk."

**

"There!" said the neighbors from their various points of observation. "Yonder goes Ma'me Bavarde with the new maid she has brought to the Reyniers. Well, but she is tall and strong. She can lift little Madame off her feet, and carry the house on her shoulder."

And so indeed it proved. For while Nannette was preparing her first dinner, Madame, drawn by that attraction of the weak for the strong, the wretched for the compassionate, came gliding out into the kitchen with a gorgeously framed photograph in her hand.

"This is Mademoiselle Hortense," she said,—“my daughter, in her wedding dress. You would have found the house very different with her here; but she is away, travelling with her husband and the little Joseph.” Then, warmed by Nannette's exclamation, “O Madame, isn't she beautiful!” (and the pictured face was truly passing fair), she added quickly: “You are a pure, good girl, Nannette,—I feel it. You must pray with me for Mademoiselle, that she may be happy; that I may live to see her once again, and my son Gaston, who is

also away. Ah, I have suffered much, my child! The sorrows of a mother!”

With a moan she pressed the picture to her lips, while the slow tears, that are left the old to shed, stole down their well-worn channels,—tears which, since they always exasperated Monsieur, from force of habit she turned away to hide. But the next instant she felt herself quite lifted from the ground by a pair of warm, impetuous young arms.

“I know, I know: Ma'me Bavarde has told me!” cried Nannette, also with streaming eyes. “And, Madame, pardon me! I have not forgotten my place: it is only that if you do not suffer me one moment to hold you thus against my heart, as in the years gone by I held my widowed mother in her griefs, my God, I think that I—must suffocate with sympathy!”

So from that hour Nannette became the mainspring of the Reyniers' household mechanism; the “comfort” of Madame; the “star,” the first love of Constant; even Monsieur lost no chance to praise her dainty dishes,—the surest means to win a cook's good graces.

“But,” as she confided to Constant—“a little man to be trusted,”—“it is uncharitable. I strive against it, but I can not abide Monsieur. Madame is an angel, but he—'is all that one can conceive of the opposite.' Thank God *I* never was married!”

III.

A doctor's carriage twice a day before the Reyniers' door, the white-capped head of Nannette bending over the flowers in the window-garden, watering and watching them; no glimpse of a small, shrinking figure speeding to or from early Mass, punctual, unfailing as the church-bells. “Ah, poor Madame must be sick!” said the neighbors. Yes, poor Madame was sick. Nannette had returned from market one Saturday morning (it was the dear Gaston's

twenty - first birthday), to find her mistress lying rigid and unconscious on the floor of her room. Startled by her cry of discovery, Monsieur had come tumbling up the stairs, to stand, a panting onlooker, while Nannette lifted the prone form in strong, tender arms, and quickly set about employing every restorative known to her.

"Is there nothing *I* can do for the lady?" ventured Monsieur at length.

"There are many things," returned Nannette, with peculiar emphasis; "but at present Monsieur had better send for the doctor."

"Serious—very serious," observed the physician, gravely, in departing. "At Madame's age the heart has passed through much: it is weakened."

And all that night Nannette sat beside her, the steady motion of her large fan, uninterrupted for hours, striving to keep cool the close little room, and often feeling a tear steal down her cheek. For Madame's delirious ravings were full of pathos: a mother fancying herself once more among her children,—the two lost to her in this life, the two that were "safe with God"; calling them by every endearing name, Gaston's the oftenest spoken, the first-born boy, to whom fate had been cruellest, whom so many times she had seemed again to hear as she had heard him last—bruised, prisoned, sobbing in the garret. And Nannette noted with a certain joy, begotten of jealous love, the father's name was uttered never once. When, with passing days, the fever lessened and the delirium subsided, there still remained many dangerous symptoms,—a nerve-prostration which nothing overcame.

"Madame needs more than simple medicines,—I will confide to you," said Nannette to Constant. "She must be taken into the country to grow strong; green fields, fresh air, far away from

this old dingy house, the scene of thirty years of trouble. I asked the doctor and he answered: 'Yes, a change will do her good, as soon as she can bear the journey.' So, if Monsieur should grumble over the expense, he will simply wake some day to find himself alone. I shall take her away myself, back to my Montreuil, and keep her there as long as I can. Oh, I do love Madame!" And the girl's face glowed so brightly that Constant's gaze grew dim.

"And there is nothing I would not also do for her," he sighed.

"Very well, then," resumed Nannette. "Monsieur le Curé and I are going to make a novena, and you can join us,—a novena to St. Joseph, the name-saint of Monsieur, the patron of families. Next Thursday, the octave of his feast, we begin, after early Mass. And we are to ask him *all* things for Madame beside her recovery; also for Monsieur a ray of saving grace upon his heart of steel. Ma'me Bavarde has said it: 'No man can be a good Catholic and a bad husband, father or son.' Who knows but when he shall have repented, resumed his religious duties, swept clean his soul, set everything to rights, and opened all the doors,—who knows but we could find some way to summon home Gaston? Then, we must pray for him, and for Mademoiselle Hortense and her little Joseph; they say he is not strong. And we might also ask—St. Joseph is so good—that he make Monsieur fulfil his promise about the country-house for poor Madame to pass her last few summers in. And then we might—"

"Yes, we will ask for everything," concluded Constant, fervently. "The good God can do *everything*. And perhaps, after the rest, you would say a prayer for me, Nannette, during our novena,—a good little word for me, that what I asked might have more hope of being granted."

"I always say a prayer for you, Monsieur Constant," said Nannette,—
"a prayer every morning."

"Ah! and what do you ask for me, unworthy?" cried he, thrilled with deepest gratitude.

"That you may be given whatever you most need. Thus, as Monsieur le Curé says, 'we leave all to the goodness of God.'"

(Conclusion next week.)

A Challenge that was Not Accepted.

PERHAPS there are few things in contemporary literature so peculiarly exasperating to a Catholic reader as the high-and-mighty manner in which agnostic, positivist, and freethinking authors dismiss as beneath their notice all consideration of the supernatural and the miraculous. The pretentious assumption that genuine scholarship has set aside the miraculous as nonexistent is as false as that science has said the last word on natural phenomena.

"Monsieur l'Abbé, I can not believe in your apparitions; for I am a free-thinker," said a visitor to Lourdes, addressing the Abbé Peyramale.

"A freethinker!" replied the priest. "Then you should be a profound scholar in religious science. Have you read our Gospels?"

"A little."

"And the Old Testament?"

"Never."

"Have you read Fénelon?"

"I know his Telemachus."

"Are you familiar with Lacordaire's Conferences?"

"No."

"Or with Chateaubriand's 'Genius of Christianity'?"

"No."

"Why, then, my dear fellow," said the Abbé, "you are not a freethinker: you are merely a common ignoramus."

The good faith of not a few of those who decry and flout the miraculous may well be called in question when we remember Zola's declaration: "Savants will not come to Lourdes. Their past, their writings, their position—everything restrains them, and will continue to restrain them for a long time yet."

Just ten years ago Leo XIII. offered scientists an excellent opportunity of investigating the reality of the miracles occurring at Our Lady's famous shrine in the Pyrenees. He issued, in fact, a species of challenge to the most eminent non-Christian medical men of France. As we have never seen an account of the matter in an English publication, it may be well to narrate it here.

In 1891 an illustrious French physician visited Rome, and before leaving the Eternal City solicited an audience with the Pope. His request was granted, and Dr. X was presented to Leo XIII. The Sovereign Pontiff's first word to him was:

"Do you know Lourdes?"

"By hearsay, Holy Father."

"Do you believe in Lourdes?"

The Doctor, whose personal narrative we are translating, was somewhat embarrassed. 'By his past, his writings, and his position,' he was opposed to manifestations of the supernatural. He answered by evading the difficulty.

"I have known, Holy Father, sick people who have declared to me that they recovered their health at Lourdes."

The Pope was not satisfied with this evasive reply.

"But you," he rejoined,— "what did you think of these declarations?"

"I thought that the nervous system of these patients had been happily restored by the spectacle of what was taking place under their eyes."

"Then you received these declarations from patients suffering from nervous affections only?"

The Doctor grew more and more embarrassed.

"Holy Father," he submitted, "'tis a difficult matter to say where the nerves begin and where they end."

The Pope, losing patience somewhat, struck the arm of his chair smartly as he inquired:

"But, after all, my dear son, can such a disease as that of the spinal marrow, for instance, be radically cured by a nervous commotion?"

"No."

"Very well. Now, would you like me to give you a commission?"

"I should be much flattered, Holy Father."

"Well, then, find twenty freethinking doctors. Have them select a hundred patients from those who accompany the National Pilgrimage from Paris to Lourdes. Let them declare, before the departure, that these hundred persons are afflicted with diseases absolutely irremediable, impossible of cure by purely medical resources. If, among these hundred patients, you find, after the pilgrimage, radical and sudden cures, you are to declare to the world that at Lourdes are occurring things beyond modern science."

"And if there is not a single miracle?" asked the Doctor.

"If there is not a single miracle, I shall withhold my approbation from an Office that has been asked for the pilgrimage,—an Office that will have for result the according to Lourdes of our highest approval."

The Doctor accepted the charge and promised to establish the committee before the National Pilgrimage of 1892. He and the Pontiff made out the list of the twenty physicians,—all men of national prominence and all freethinkers.

Ten months later the Doctor himself brought to the Pope the result of his proceedings. His Holiness learned that

one of the physicians selected refused to serve on the committee, saying that his work would not allow him to accept the offer of the Holy See. A second confessed that the occurrences at Lourdes were so extraordinary that he did not feel bold enough to go to the bottom of things. Eight other doctors gave virtually the same reply; while the remaining ten simply refused, point-blank, to act.

As for Dr. X himself, he went to Lourdes twice, and was so fortunate as to witness the striking miracle wrought in favor of Maria Vincent, as well as to assure himself of the reality of a number of others. He became a convert, and has written a notable work on the Grotto of Massabielle. Among the ex-votos that now adorn the shrine will be found his, a marble tablet on which, with allusion to Zola's statement, is inscribed: "A converted physician, who came to Lourdes despite his past, his writings, and his position."

Turkish Proverbs.

THE following are the proverbs most common among the Turks:

To-day's eggs are better than to-morrow's fowls.

Do good and cast it into the sea; if the sea does not recognize it, the Creator will.

Two captains sink the ship.

A little hill in a low place thinks itself a mountain.

The tongue proclaims the man.

Death is a black camel which kneels at everybody's door.

Eat and drink with a friend, but do not trade with him.

The arrow which has been cast does not come back.

He who spits at the wind spits in his own face.

Notes and Remarks.

The question of man's immortality, his future existence when Death rings down the curtain on this present life, has ever proved a fascinating one even to those who reject divine revelation. The author of "The Evolution of Immortality," a work lately published, proffers a new theory on the subject. A life beyond the grave, according to this writer, will be enjoyed by some, but not all, human beings. "Until moral sensibility," he says, "becomes self-conscious, all question of personal immortality is irrelevant, because there is, accurately speaking, no personality to become immortal. Up to that point the individual living creature, whether in human form or not, falls short of the essential personality for which eternal life can have any meaning."

Now, self-conscious moral sensibility is nothing more or less than conscience; and, until it is shown that any human being is totally destitute of that "inward monitor," personal immortality is distinctly relevant to all children of Adam. To assume that conscience, which "does make cowards of us all," is wanting in some, is to beg the question. The man without a conscience exists only in the language of metaphor.

In a "real conversation" with the novelist Thomas Hardy, reported for the *Critic* by William Archer, there is considerable talk about the supernatural, occultism, telepathy, miracles, ghosts, and the like topics. Mr. Hardy states: "I am most anxious to believe in what, roughly speaking, we may call the supernatural; but I find no evidence for it." Yet Lourdes is within two days' travel of London; and, unless the English author requires stronger evidence than courts of law deem sufficient to

consign a prisoner to the gallows or the death-chair, he will, in that little Pyrenean town, find the supernatural proved beyond the possibility of cavil. Mr. Hardy quotes approvingly Hume's principle, "that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavors to establish." He adds: "Like Hume, I am compelled to weigh one miracle against the other, and reject the greater." Now, there occur at Lourdes every year a dozen miracles to which, on the application to them of even Hume's principle, Mr. Hardy would be coerced to give his credence. In view of his statement that he is 'most anxious to believe in the supernatural,' it seems rather a pity that he does not seek it in its most noted modern home, the Grotto of our Blessed Lady at Massabielle.

He who should assert that the passage of the Law of Associations is the best thing that has happened the French Catholics for twenty years would probably be accused just now of uttering a paradox; but it is a question whether within a decade the assertion may not be demonstrated to be a genuine truth. That the nominal Catholics—that is (as one of their own prelates recently admitted) the majority of the French members of the Church—were in sore need of a rude shock to awaken them to a realization of their culpable indifference to the true interests of both their religion and their country, is undeniable. Equally true is the fact that the shock has been administered. Now, if we are not utterly mistaken in our knowledge of French character, the electoral campaign of 1902 will disclose results decidedly promising from the Catholic viewpoint, indicative indeed of the downfall within measurable distance of

the whole combined forces of Masons, socialists, agnostics, and anti-clericals of every description. The paramount duty that is now preached to Frenchmen is the sacred obligation of voting conscientiously; and there would really be nothing phenomenal in a Catholic victory all along the line. French enthusiasm once aroused, it is difficult for the most optimistic to exaggerate its possible achievements. The hour in France is dark enough; the dawn may readily be both glorious and near.

A few years ago we quoted a saying of Benjamin Franklin illustrating his belief in the immortality of the human soul. Mrs. Gillespie's delightful "Book of Remembrance," just published, shows that while the great philosopher was serving his country abroad as a statesman he was not unmindful of the religious interests of his family at home. Writing to his daughter, his "dear Sally," he exhorts her to go to church no matter who preaches. "The act of devotion in the common prayer-book," he says, "is your principal business there; and if properly attended to will do more toward mending your heart than sermons generally can do." Many a man, like Franklin, has been thought indifferent to religion when it was only the "whang-doodle" accompaniment that bored him.

The presence last week at Concord, New Hampshire, of 3000 pilgrims, who had come from far and near to gaze upon the face of Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, is full of significance. The press dispatches inform us that every available apology of a conveyance was pressed into service in transporting the throng from the railroad station to Mrs. Eddy's home; and the electric railroad used extra cars. Hundreds of Scientists

walked the entire distance in the sun, with the thermometer at 90, and made no complaint. It was expected that Mrs. Eddy would appear by one o'clock, but she did not until two o'clock. Thousands had stood in the blazing heat four solid hours before that longed-for time of her appearance came to pass.

The striking progress of Christian Science and the undiminished enthusiasm of its followers may well be viewed with alarm by preachers and physicians.

The class just graduated from Rush Medical College were privileged to hear an address by the eminent Dr. Nicholas Senn, which, we are happy to state, is to be published for the benefit of young physicians everywhere. Dr. Senn is in the front rank of his profession, and he is also a man of noble character, no less distinguished for virtue than for science. His exhortation to the medical students of Chicago is so earnest, so timely and so Christian that we hope it will be widely circulated. Having been favored with a perusal of Dr. Senn's manuscript, we can not forbear quoting his weighty words on the subject of fœticide,—a crime which has become so common that many persons may be said to have no sense of its enormity. Remarkable words indeed from a non-Catholic physician:

Much has been said concerning the barbaric custom, which still prevails among some pagan tribes, of destroying the new-born as an offering to some angry imaginary god or to lighten family cares. Horrible as such infanticide may be, it is no worse than fœticide, which is only too common a crime among the educated and civilized nations of the earth. The intentional wilful destruction of the unborn child at any stage of gestation is murder, and should be regarded and punished as such. The physician who prostitutes his profession in becoming a party to such an act, beyond the limits of legitimate restrictions, is a murderer deserving of the severest penalties the law can inflict. The one who stains his hands with the blood of the innocent in committing prenatal murder for no other purpose than to prevent the birth of a living

child is guilty of the most cold-blooded murder.

Gentlemen of the graduating class, your services will be requested in exterminating prenatal life, and various reasons will be advanced to induce you to become the principal actor in such a crime. Such applications are often made boldly under the erroneous belief that life does not begin until the period of quickening. The false idea that life begins with the movements of the child is a common and widespread one, and, to a certain extent, accounts for the boldness with which physicians are often approached with requests to destroy life during the early stages of pregnancy. Life begins with conception. The teachings of the Catholic Church are clear and unwavering on this point. The moment the maternal cell begins to develop, a separate being has been created, which has a moral and legal right to its existence.... Every physician who is true to his trust and values the sacredness of human life will resent such applications with dignity and firmness, and explain to the misguided, misinformed or erring would-be client the reasons for his refusal. Money, family or social influence should furnish no temptations in swerving from what he knows is his plain duty.

The closing words of Dr. Senn's admirable discourse present an ideal of the good physician which is realized in himself:

You have finished your studies and are about to enter the ranks of a noble profession. Money, reputation and fame should not influence you in your conduct toward your patients. Remember that your profession always has been, is now, and always will be noted for its charity to the deserving poor; and that your main object in the life before you should be to promote science, elevate and protect the dignity of your profession, prevent disease, prolong life, alleviate suffering,—duties which, if well performed, will entitle you to occupy the highest position attainable by mortal man to which our text refers—"Standing between the dead and the living."

It is a long time since the fallacy of the non-sectarian school system was first exposed. In the very beginning, when the system was just assuming form, Mr. John C. Spencer, Superintendent of Schools in the State of New York, wrote to Gov. Seward:

It is an error to suppose that the absence of all religious instruction, if it were practicable, is a mode of avoiding sectarianism. On the contrary, it would be in itself sectarian, because it would be consonant to the views of a particular class and opposed to the opinions of other classes.

Those who reject all creeds and resist all efforts to infuse them into the minds of the young would be gratified by a system which so fully accomplishes their purpose.

And Daniel Webster said many years ago—his words are quoted in the *N. Y. Times*: "It is a mockery and an insult to common-sense to maintain that a school for the instruction of youth from which Christian instruction by Christian teachers is sedulously and rigorously shut out is not deistic and infidel both in its purpose and in its tendency." The increased willingness of the Protestant clergy to discuss this question in a reasonable spirit is an encouraging sign. Perhaps the empty pews in their meeting-houses are bringing them perforce to reason.

It is utterly useless, now that we have in Mr. Savage Landon's "China and the Allies" a complete history of the recent crisis in the Celestial Empire, to attempt to gloss over the atrocities which disgraced the capture of Peking. They will ever remain a blot on the name of foreigners in China. The story of the defence of Petang is one of the few episodes of that tragic time on which one cares to dwell. Full justice is done by Mr. Savage Landon to the heroic conduct of the besieged Christians and to the self-sacrificing spirit of Bishop Favier.

Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, holds that modern scholarships in the universities are given on a wrong principle, and he once expressed his willingness to initiate the proper method in behalf of students of the Diocesan College School of Cape Town. He proposed to give the governing body of that school £250 a year to provide for a three years' scholarship at Oxford.

The conditions are as follows: in the election of a student to a scholarship regard should be had (1) to his literary and scholastic attainments;

(2) his fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like; (3) his qualities of manhood, such as truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak; kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship; (4) his exhibition during school-days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and take an interest in his schoolmates; for these latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim.

Should the scheme be carried into effect, the name "scholarship" should be superseded by a term more aptly designating the changed conditions. Possibly we shall hear in time of schoolboys' winning a "worthiness" at Oxford or Yale.

Father Sajot, missionary priest of Tonkin in the French protectorate of Annam (Indo-China), is contributing to *Les Missions Catholiques* what promises to be a charming series of "Annamite Sketches." In his introductory paper he takes occasion to rectify an error which he has met with among all classes of Europeans, even the best educated,—that of considering these Oriental peoples barbarians pure and simple, merely because their usages are not those of the Western world. Science and civilization, he says, are not to be confounded; still less are civilization and the luxury which sometimes accompanies it, but which is in reality only civilization's parasite. The trouble with not a few excellent people, observes this eminently sensible missionary, is that they insist on taking Europe into Asia. He holds that instead of trying to substitute French manners and customs for those of the Annamites, it is much wiser to modify, correct, and ameliorate these latter, bearing in mind the geographical position of the country and the temperament of the people who inhabit it. Illustrating the common tendency of a nation to make its own customs the infallible standard of the good and the

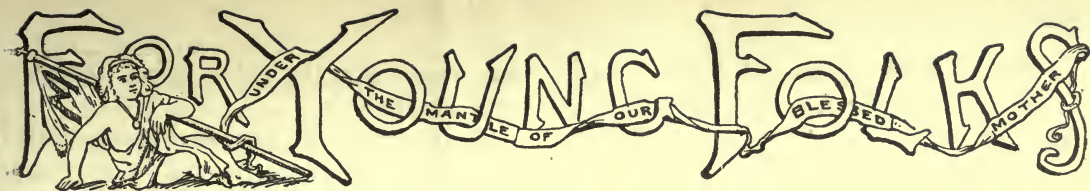
beautiful the whole world over, Father Sajot tells of an excellent French lady who was conversing one day with a brother missionary of his during a visit of the latter to Paris. "Have you any bread in Annam?"—"Neither bread nor wheat, Madam."—"Ah! you should take some with you when you return. Have you any wine there?"—"No, not even vines."—"Ah! you ought to take some with you. Have you sheep and goats and cows, as here in France?"—"Goats and cows, but no sheep."—"Really! Well, you should take some with you.... Are there any highways and roads?"—"No, Madam; but perhaps I ought to take some with me when I go back."

In the sane philosophy of Father Sajot's views as to missionaries adapting themselves to the conditions of the countries in which they labor will be found the real secret of the noticeable success of the Catholic beyond any other foreign missionary in the world.

There is at least one father-confessor in the Episcopalian body in this country who is not lax in dealing with his penitents. At Manayunk, Pa., an Episcopalian lady who had attended a mission to non-Catholics and afterward confessed her delinquency was sternly admonished by her confessor, and for penance was bidden to say the *Miserere*, with the "Our Father" after each verse, twice a day for two weeks! We do not know how the information regarding the penance became public, but we presume it was through the lady's want of reticence.

The Christian church discovered in the ruins of the old British Roman town of Calleva is supposed to date from the fourth century and is one of the oldest relics of Christianity in Europe. No other Roman-British site, it is said, has yet yielded a Christian shrine.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Birdie, why are You Singing?

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"BIRDIE, why are you singing
Forever and for aye,
Your saucy wild notes flinging
Down here the livelong day?"—

(Joy is in season.)

"For the same reason
That you sing and play."

"Birdie, why are you flitting
Around me everywhere:
Now on a light twig sitting,
Now whirling through the air?"—

(Joy is in season.)

"For the same reason
That you skip down there."

"Birdie, of what are you thinking
Up there in the apple-tree?
Tell me why are you blinking
With your bright eyes at me?"—

(Joy is in season.)

"For the same reason
That you blink at me."

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

I.—SOME OF THE CHARACTERS.

TIME, early afternoon in the middle of July. Place, a corner of the superheated pavement on Broadway, New York. The sun's heat was reflected from the tall buildings; the air on the street seemed motionless, the place stifling. Notwithstanding the heat, the thoroughfare was thronged. Men carried their hats in their hands, mopped their brows, shook their heads disconsolately to chance acquaintances in the passing

throng, without energy enough to make a feeble complaint.

About a hundred and fifty feet up the street from the southeast corner of Broadway stood an ice-cream vender's wagon. The seller's voice rose above the tumult of the traffic, above the shrill cry of the newsboys, above the rattle of the heavy wagons, and it could even be heard above the shrill clang of the street-car gongs.

Around the wagon stood a group of children, mostly ragged and unkempt. The majority of them were centless. These viewed with envious eyes others who came and went. Every now and then a boy from a neighboring store or factory, hatless and coatless, would rush out from some adjacent alley, purchase his cent's worth of the cooling delicacy, and hurry back to his work, holding the little dab of ice-cream to his mouth, completely hiding his face with the rough brown paper on which it was served. In doing this he was prevented from seeing the many envious glances cast at him by the less fortunate ragamuffins.

The dark-visaged seller of the cream, while doing a thriving business, kept one eye constantly fixed on a stalwart policeman stationed on the corner across the street. The policeman and the Italian were evidently at enmity with each other; for when the wagon had remained in one place for about ten minutes the man in blue began to pick his way between the cabs, street-cars and wagons to where it stood. Barely escaping an automobile which went clanging triumphantly up the street, the policeman at length stood face to face with the Italian.

"Been here long enough. Move on!" he said, swinging his club around in a circle by the strap.

"Alla right, Mister Policeesaman. But why for you not movea the girila on the corner? She stay alla daya," said the indignant vender.

"Oh, she's all O. K.! That's Nancy. She's a cripple. Don't you see that, you Dago?"

"Bah! Ees there a lawa for theesa one and no for me? It is nota fair,—this country havea no justeece for me," continued the Italian.

"You'll have justice enough," replied the policeman in a lordly manner, "if you don't soon clear out of this. Move on now! Git!"

The black-browed Italian began to push his wagon farther up the street, at the same time muttering something in his own language, evidently not intended to be complimentary to the representative of law and order.

On the corner indicated by the ice-cream seller stood a dilapidated flat push-cart, on which were a few sad and sodden-looking oranges, and three or four dozen still more forlorn-looking; black-skinned bananas. On the curb close to the push-cart were three small bundles of evening papers, each bundle being weighted by a goodly-sized stone to keep it from being blown away.

By the crossbar of the cart, with her back to her wares, stood, or rather leaned, a girl about twelve years old. She was as beautiful as an angel. Her large blue eyes would be the envy of an empress. Around a face as clear and as regular as a Greek's fell long golden curls of a bright, joyous yellow. These curls were not the ordinary modern ringlets or frizzes, but full, large, and such as one rarely sees now save in pictures of nearly half a century ago. The child was lame, either from some hip disease or spinal injury. She had the

use of one leg, the other being atrophied and helpless.

Many people on the busy thoroughfare stopped to gaze at the child's wonderful loveliness. She at such times, with an eye to business, would cry out: "Oranges! bananas! evenin' papers!" Then the exquisite vision would fade, the spell of her beauty be broken. The moment the delighted mother or the young lady of æsthetic tastes heard the child's voice, all remembrance of her real loveliness vanished. Why? For a peculiar reason, which was also a misfortune.

The girl had the most rasping, croaking voice that, perhaps, was possible to come from a human throat. Whether the unfortunate girl's vocal chords had been injured from exposure in all weathers, or whether it was natural to her or a gradual degeneration arising from constant shouting necessarily connected with her avocation, it is difficult to determine. It is equally difficult to give my readers an adequate idea of what that voice was like. You must imagine a combination of all the unpleasant sounds of which the human voice is capable, and then you may form some idea of this vocal phenomenon.

Nancy was a well-known character at this particular down-town intersection of the streets. She was almost an institution. A kind-hearted newspaperman had taken an interest in her, secured for her the push-cart, and had arranged that she should be supplied with the morning and evening papers for sale. With this assistance she was enabled to eke out some sort of existence. Many lawyers going or coming from their offices dropped her pennies for papers. She was allowed the privilege for a short time each morning and afternoon of selling papers on the Board of Trade. The men "of the pit"—the grain-pit, of course—knew her well and often patronized her. Young lawyers, taking

a rich client to lunch at the local Delmonico, would invariably stop and speak to Nancy for the enjoyment of seeing the client's surprise at the combination of such wonderful beauty and such a hideous voice.

All the "street merchants"—alias newsboys for blocks around—knew the girl well. Whether it was owing to her beautiful golden tresses and lustrous eyes, or to the fact that she was a girl and a cripple, or both of these causes, there existed among these untutored ones—these diamonds in the rough—a species of chivalry of respect for her. No one would think of encroaching upon her territory of that particular corner. Her chief customers for her faded fruits, should they not have become too bad, were these same urchins. There was a tradition in Newspaper Alley that more than one of these ragamuffins had once or twice put "business" in her way by directing intending purchasers to her stand, heroically sheering off with an armful of papers unsold.

Nancy had a clientele, as has been said, on the Board of Trade and in a few law offices in the same building. Such an important business connection necessitated her absence from her push-cart once in the morning and again in the afternoon. This she would have been unable to manage had it not been for the positive chivalry of one newsboy who will have a great deal to do with this story, and around whose fortunes centres its chief interest.

Punctual as the sun, rain or shine this boy took charge of Nancy's apology for a fruit-stand for half an hour immediately after the opening "call" of the Chamber of Commerce, and again as soon as the first edition of the afternoon papers appeared on the streets. Never was knight truer to the memory of his lady fair than was this boy to

his self-imposed task of "giving the gal a show."

The boys "joshed" him unmercifully about it. In the language of the street and the vocabulary of the gutter they laughed at, chaffed and teased him; but he remained firm to his purpose. It is true that he was a little taller, a little more solidly built than most of his co-merchants. This may have tended to create some respect for his words and deeds. It did not, however, shield him from the shafts of their wit. He stood all gibes and sarcasms with unflinching stoicism, retaliating or "giving chase" only when the innuendoes were too cutting to be borne with and retain his self-respect. At such times the smaller members of the fraternity sought safety in the swiftness of their legs.

(To be continued.)

The Baker's Dozen.

Baas (Boss) Volckert Jan Pietersen Van Amsterdam kept a bakeshop in Albany, and lives in history as the man who invented New Year cakes and made gingerbread babies in the likeness of his own fat offspring. Good churchman though he was, the bane of his life was a fear of being bewitched; and perhaps it was to keep out evil spirits, who might make one last effort to gain the mastery over him ere he turned the customary leaf with the incoming year, that he had primed himself with an extra glass of spirits on the last night of 1654. His sales had been brisk, and as he sat in his little shop, meditating comfortably on the gains he would make when his harmless rivals—the knikker-bakkers (bakers of marbles)—sent for their usual supply of olie-koeks and mince-pies on the morrow, he was startled by a sharp rap, and an ugly old woman entered.

"Give me a dozen of your New Year's cookies!" she cried, in a shrill voice.

"Vell, den, you needn' sbeak so loud. I aind teaf, den."

"A dozen!" she screamed. "Give me a dozen. Here are only twelve."

"Vell, den, dwalf is a dozen."

"One more!—I want a dozen."

"Vell, den, if you vant anodder, go to de duyvil and ged it."

Did the hag take him at his word? She left the shop, and from that time it seemed as if poor Volckert was bewitched indeed; for his cakes were stolen, his bread was so light that it went up the chimney when it was not so heavy that it fell through the oven; invisible hands plucked bricks from that same oven and pelted him until he was blue; his wife became deaf, his children went unkempt, and his trade went elsewhere. Thrice the old woman reappeared, and each time was sent anew to the devil; but at last, in despair, the baker called on Saint Nicolaus to come and advise him. His call was answered with startling quickness; for, almost while he was making it, the venerable patron of Dutch feasts stood before him. The good saint advised Volckert to be more generous in his dealings with his fellows; and, after a lecture on charity, he vanished—when lo! the old woman was there in his place.

She repeated her demand for one more cake, and Volckert Jan Pietersen, etc., gave it; whereupon she exclaimed: "The spell is broken, and from this time a dozen is thirteen!" Taking from the counter a gingerbread effigy of Saint Nicolaus, she made the astonished Dutchman lay his hand upon it and swear to give more liberal measure in the future. So, until thirteen new States arose from the ruins of the colonies, when the shrewd Yankees restored the original measure, thirteen made a baker's dozen.

The Letter Q.

Q is the seventeenth letter and thirteenth consonant of our alphabet, but one not to be found either in the Greek, old Latin or Saxon alphabet; and indeed some would entirely exclude it, seeing that *k* fully supplies its place. The *q* is never sounded alone, but in conjunction with *u*, as in "quality," "question," "quarrel," "quote," "queer," and the like, and never ends any English word. As a numeral, *Q* stands for 500; and with a dash over it, thus, *Q̄*, for 500,000. Used as an abbreviation, *q* signifies "quantity," or *quantum*. Thus, amongst physicians, *q. pl* is *quantum placet*,—as much as you please; and *q. s.* is *quantum sufficit*,—as much as is necessary. *Q. E. D.* amongst mathematicians is *quod erat demonstrandum*,—which was to be demonstrated; and *Q. E. F.* is *quod erat faciendum*,—which was to be done. *Q. D.* amongst grammarians is *quasi dictum*,—as if it were said; or, as who should say.

The Pope's Rings.

The Pope has three official rings. The first is called the Papal Ring. It is usually very plain with a cameo ornament. The second is called the Pontifical Ring, and is used only when the Pope officiates at grand ceremonies. That worn by Pius IX. was set with a large oblong diamond, and could be made small or large to fit the finger on which it was worn. And then there is the Fisherman's Ring, which gets its name from a figure of St. Peter, who is represented as throwing his net into the sea. Around and above the figure of the Apostle there is engraved the name of the reigning Pope. The Fisherman's Ring weighs about an ounce and a half, and is the official seal of the Pontiff to whom it belongs.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The gem of a collection of illuminated manuscripts sold lately in London was a copy of the "Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary," bound in purple velvet and stamped in mosaics of gold and colors. It contains ten splendid miniature paintings of the Evangelists, etc. The beauty of line and color in the scroll borders of calendar and text is exquisite—a marvel of skill and industry. This choice specimen of the illuminator's art, which is of the fifteenth century, sold, after much eager bidding, for \$5800.

—In some respects, Norway is the most enlightened country in the world. For many years the Storting (the Norwegian parliament) has paid every literary man in the country an annual pension ranging between \$300 and \$1100. This year the pensioners included a woman, the author of an historical romance. In line with this liberal policy the Storting has now established a traveling scholarship by which promising young journalists may gain experience at government expense in the offices of the great Continental journals.

—Caroline R. Corson, essayist and translator of Janet's philosophical treatises, who died recently at her home in Ithaca, N. Y., was the wife of the venerable Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University. His work is known to all students of literature in this country. Mrs. Corson was, like her husband, bred a Protestant, but the death of a cherished daughter on the threshold of womanhood deepened her religious nature; she read Fénelon eagerly and soon became a Catholic. During the past year she had been hard at work on a translation of Janet's "Mental States and Stigmata," which is left unfinished.

—"It is not easy," remarks the *Athenæum* in reviewing a new work by an English disciple of Nietzsche, "to take this astute critic seriously as a philosopher at all. The whole essential basis of his creed—with some apology for the substantive—is his dislike, hatred rather, which really amounts to an insane hatred, of Christianity and its moral system. What he says with a certain grain of truth about Carlyle—that he shouts his doctrines so vigorously in order to persuade himself that he believes them—is far more true of himself. At present Nietzsche lives chiefly in the hearts of anæmic, over-nicotined, over-absinthed students in France and Germany, each of whom dreams that if he does what he likes and regards

no one's feelings he is qualifying to become or is already the long-sought *Uebermensch*. But of course there is a better side in Nietzsche's teaching than this. Essentially it may be said to be an appeal to the honesty of individual conscience from the dishonesty of conscience hypnotized by 'journalism' and public opinion so called."

—A pamphlet of uncommon interest to pastors and teachers of Sunday-schools is the report of a convention held in Roxbury, Mass., to discuss methods of conducting catechism classes. The papers as published are not only full of good points, but they are so well and brightly written that it is no effort, but a pleasure, to peruse them. Whoever is at all fit to instruct children in their religion is always eager to profit by the experience of other earnest teachers, and by them this pamphlet will be highly appreciated. Published by the Angel Guardian Press.

—Because generous appreciation of the work of Catholic colleges is so much rarer than ignorant fault-finding or crass indifference, we hope Dr. Barnes' lecture on "Catholic Education," now published in paper covers by T. J. Flynn & Co., will have a wide circulation. It is a fresh statement of certain truths that require to be perennially repeated, chiefly because people who most need to hear them are least willing to listen. But Bishop Spalding's name ought not, even by proof-reader's oversight, to be misprinted (p. 7) in a lecture on Catholic Education.

—"A sort of clearing-house of Catholic ideas, issues and information," is the happy phrase in which the Rev. Dr. McGinnis describes the central bureau of the International Catholic Truth Society, of which he is the honored president. The second annual report of the Society is full of useful suggestions and of rational enthusiasm. The work of the organization is acceptably set forth in these words:

Careful observers of the status of Catholicity in this country have not failed to recognize that one constant element of failure all along the line is to be found in the isolated, desultory, local character of Catholic action. Thus, an unjust, poisonous text-book will, after much labor, be ousted from the schools of a particular town; how much more profitable to refer the matter to the I. C. T. S., and thereby bring to bear upon the publishers such pressure as will result in amending the book for the whole country!

Again, an ex-priest has been exposed, *ex. gr.*, in Philadelphia. A month later he appears in a distant Western city, and frequently accomplishes his ignoble mission because the local Catholics may be unacquainted with his history and

have neither time nor opportunity to conduct an independent investigation. This society proposes a simple and efficacious plan: our Philadelphia members will communicate the result of their victory, and another member in the supposed Western city asks for precisely such information, which is instantly forwarded. Our aim is to bring together need and supply, although three thousand miles may be between; not to impede or minimize local action, but, on the contrary, to give it a power and field otherwise unattainable.

No one who knows what a similar organization has already accomplished in England can feel coldly to the American society, whose beginnings have been so auspicious.

—The late Mr. George Smith, head of the publishing firm of Smith, Elder & Co., had several claims on public interest. Besides being a publisher of books and a contributor to several notable periodicals, he was the founder of the *Cornhill Magazine* [1860] and the *Pall Mall Gazette* [1865]. He was also the trusted friend of Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Thackeray, Ruskin, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and the painter Sir John Millais. The latter, when on his death-bed and unable to speak, wrote on a slate: "I should like to see George Smith, the kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with." Mr. Smith's greatest single achievement, however, was the projection and publication of the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography" which surpasses anything of the kind hitherto attempted in any language.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.
- Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.
- Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.
- The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.
- Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.
- The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coube, S. J.* \$1.

- John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.
- Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, net.
- The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.
- The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., net.
- Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., net.
- A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.
- The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, net.
- The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.
- Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., net.
- Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, L.L. D.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. R. J. Nolan, Diocese of Davenport; the Rev. M. J. Burns, Diocese of Manchester; and the Rev. A. C. Keller, Diocese of Marquette.

Sister Mary of St. Gudula, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother Mary Ann, of the Sisters of St. Ann.

Mr. C. R. Dorn, of Ottumwa, Iowa; Mr. Charles Lautz, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget Casey, Ottawa, Canada; Mrs. L. G. Rousseau, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Julia Stapleton, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Carpenter, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Simon White, Somerville, Mass.; Mr. Peter Nugent, Kingston, Canada; Mrs. Ellen Tuttle, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Daniel Ream, New Berlin, Pa.; Mr. Caspar Lingemann, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Wall and Mrs. Patrick Cahill, Ireland; Mr. Peter L. Foy, St. Louis, Mo.; and Mr. Anthony Hassett, Hancock, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

A Friend, in thanksgiving, \$25.

For the famine orphans in India:

M. W., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1; P. M. B., \$1.

For the American Indian Missions:
Friends, \$5.

For the Jacksonville sufferers:

B. J. M., \$1; In honor of the Sacred Heart, \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 13, 1901.

NO. 2.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Jam Sol Recedit Igneus.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

WHILE now the flaming sun declines,
 Thou only Sovereign Light that shines
 Perennial in the courts above,
 O fill our lowly hearts with love!
 Thou whom we praised when morning rose
 We deprecate at evening's close;
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, our suppliant cries
 May blend with hymns in the skies!
 Alike to Father and to Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Who hast been, art, wilt ever be,
 All glory through eternity!

Progress in Education.*

BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.

Our belief is that the Word shall prevail over the entire rational creation, and change every soul into His own perfection; in which state everyone, by the mere exercise of his own power, will choose what he desires and obtain what he chooses. For although in the diseases and wounds of the body there are some which no medical skill can cure, yet we hold that in the mind there is no evil so strong that it may not be overcome by the Supreme Word and God.—ORIGEN.



PROGRESS is increase of power and quality of life. It is this even when it seems to be but greater control of the forces of nature; for they are thus made serviceable to life. Education is the unfolding and upbuilding of life, and it is therefore essentially progress. All progress is educational, and all right education is progress.

The nineteenth century will be known as the century of progress,—the century

in which mankind grew in knowledge and freedom more than in all preceding ages; in which the energies, not of a few only but of whole peoples, were aroused as never before. We have been brought into conscious contact with new worlds, infinitely great and infinitesimally small; we have formed hypotheses which explain the development of suns and planets; we have traced the course of life from the protoplasmic cell through all its endless varieties; we have followed the transformations of the earth, from its appearance as a crust on which nothing could live, through incalculable lapses of time down to the birth of man and the dawn of history; we have resolved all composite substances into their primal elements, and made new and useful combinations; we have discovered the causes of nearly all the worst diseases, and the means whereby they may be cured or prevented; we have learned how the many languages and dialects, with their wealth of vocabulary, have been evolved from a few families and a few thousand roots; we have traced the growth of customs, laws and institutions from their most simple to their most complex forms. What control of natural forces have we not gained! We have invented a thousand cunning machines, with which we compel steam and electricity to warm and light our

* Address delivered before the National Education Society, July 9, Detroit, Michigan.

cities, to carry us with great speed over earth and sea, to write or repeat our words from continent to continent, to spin and weave and forge for us. The face of the earth has been renewed and we live in worlds of which our fathers did not dream. Filled with confidence and enthusiasm by this wonderful success, we hurry on to new conquests; and as the struggle becomes more intense, still greater demands are made upon us to put forth all our strength. Our fathers believed that matter was inert; but we know that all things are in motion, in process of transformation. The earth is whirling with incredible speed both on its own axis and around the sun. A drop of water that lies quietly in the palm, if it could be sufficiently magnified would present a scene of amazing activity. We should see that it consists of millions of molecules, darting hither and thither, colliding and rebounding millions of times in a second. The universe is athrill with energy. There is everywhere attraction and repulsion, an endless coming and going, combining and dissolving; in the midst of which all things are changing, even those which appear to be immutable. The sun is losing its light, the mountains are wearing away. The consciousness to which we have attained that the universe is alive with energy has awakened in the modern man a feverish desire to exert himself, to be active in a world in which nothing can remain passive and survive; and as greater and greater numbers are mobilized and set thinking, it becomes more and more difficult for the individual to stand upright and make his way, unless he be awakened and invigorated in mind and body. The ideal doubtless is the co-operation of all for the good of each; but the fact is the effort of each to assert himself in the face of all, and if needs be at their cost.

Nations, like individuals, are drawn into the world-wide conflict. The old cry of *væ victis* still applies, under conditions indeed seemingly less brutal, but more inexorably fixed.

In such a state of things whoever is not alert, intelligent, brave and vigorous, falls, as the ancient civilizations fell before advancing armies filled with courage and the confidence of irresistible might. Hence not individuals alone but nations are driven to educate themselves, that they may be prepared for the competitive struggle which is found everywhere as never before in the history of mankind. Hence, too, in such a society there is necessarily progress in education; for education is vastly more than the knowledge and discipline acquired in schools.

The institutions into which men are gathered by common needs and sympathies, and by which they are lifted out of savagery and barbarism into intelligence and freedom, are the family, the state, civil society, and the Church. By them the life of individuals and of peoples is evolved and moulded more fundamentally and thoroughly than it can be by any possible scholastic training and teaching. They not only provide and defend the things that are necessary to man's physical well-being, but they make possible the cultivation of his intellectual faculties. Schools are fatally impeded in their work when they receive their pupils from vulgar or impure homes, or when they are born in a tyrannical or lawless state, or in a corrupt civil society, or belong to a church which lacks faith and authority; and much of the adverse criticism of schools is due to misconceptions which lead to the demand that they shall do what it is not in their province or their power to do. Indeed, where the cardinal institutions are at fault, what is needed is not so much schools, as reform schools.

and a reform school can not possibly be a normal home of education. The rationalistic philosophy of the eighteenth century had as one of its results an exaggerated belief in what schools can accomplish. Kant, who in his views on this subject is chiefly influenced by Rousseau, holds that man is merely what education makes him; and for him to educate means little more than to enlighten the mind concerning the right use of human endowments. In his opinion, if all are made sufficiently intelligent, all will be just, helpful and good. It is the idea of Socrates that wrong-doing is only the result of ignorance. Though we have largely outgrown this optimistic faith, it gave a mighty impulse to individual and national efforts to establish schools for the whole people, of which the national systems of the present day are, in great part, the outcome. The world-view, however, which has resulted from science and scientific theories of the universe, has led numbers of thinkers to attach comparatively little importance to enlightenment or mental culture, and to lay stress chiefly on heredity and environment. The opinion tends to prevail that the mind and character of man, like his body, like the whole organic world, is the product of evolution, working through fatal laws, where-with human purpose and free will, the possibility of which is denied, can not interfere in any real way.

No one who is occupied with education can accept this theory without losing faith in the efficacy of his efforts and enthusiasm for his work. Fortunately, one may admit the general prevalence of the law of evolution without ceasing to believe in God, in the soul and in freedom.

This is the position of Kant and it is that which nearly all of us take. Without a thought of denying the power of

heredity and environment in shaping man's life, we are certain that his free and purposive action is able to modify and to a large extent control their influence. It is indeed the tendency of right education to enable man to create his world, to teach him to live not merely in his material surroundings but in the spiritual realms of thought and love, of hope and aspiration, of beauty and goodness, until these become his proper and abiding home, for which climate and soil furnish merely the settings and foundations. And when we speak of progress in education we think primarily not of a fatal evolution, but of the forces and institutions which the human spirit with free self-determination and deliberate aim makes use of for the uplifting of the race. Here too, of course, we have growth rather than creation,—growth of which certain races and peoples, especially favored by environment and heredity, we may suppose, have shown themselves more capable than others; and with our present knowledge of history we are able to assign, with some degree of accuracy, to each the part it has played in the education of mankind. The contributions of Israel, of Greece and of Rome are known to all. We are less familiar with what geology and archæology have done to throw light not merely on the structure and development of the globe, but on the course of human life in epochs of which we possess no written account. Wherever man has lived he has left traces of himself, which tell his story to the trained eye of the scientific student; and we are consequently able to investigate the earliest efforts of savages, in some remote stone age, to bend their rude minds to the conquest of nature. The darkness which overshadowed Egypt has been dispelled, and the rise and decay of the arts of civilization in the valley of the Nile are no longer a mystery.

Archæological research has done less for the valley of the Euphrates; but much, nevertheless, has been accomplished there also. We have learned to read the cuneiform characters, which for thousands of years were the only literary script of the world. Babylon, we have reason to believe, was the source of the civilization of China, the oldest now existing.

"Egypt and Babylon," says Rawlinson, "led the way and acted as the pioneers of mankind in the various untrodden fields of art, literature and science. Alphabetic writing, astronomy, history, chronology, architecture, plastic art, sculpture, navigation, agriculture, textile industry, seem all to have had their origin in one or other of these two countries." The Turanian or Mongol tribes of the valley of the Euphrates were probably the first to invent written signs and to establish schools. Though we owe to them the original impulses which have led to civilization, they themselves never rose above the stage of barbarian culture, an ascent which only the Semitic and Aryan races have been able to make; and among them, in the pre-Christian ages, the Jews, who are Semitics, and the Greeks and the Romans, who are Aryans, have been the chief creators and bearers of the spiritual treasures which constitute the essential wealth of humanity. To the first we owe the mighty educational force which lies in a living faith in One Supreme God, creator of all things, who demands of men that they love and serve Him with righteous hearts. In their schools they emphasized the necessity of religion and morality, which are indeed the permanent foundations whereon all genuine human culture must forever rest. From the Greeks we derive the vital elements of our intellectual life, our philosophy and science, our literature and art; and their educational ideals are the most potent

mental stimulus in the modern world. The school, we may say, is not only a Greek word but a Greek institution.

The Romans excelled all other peoples in genius for law and the science and art of government; and hence they believed in discipline rather than in culture; and in their schools, until they were brought under the influence of Greek philosophy and literature, their chief concern was to make men courageous, dignified, obedient, enduring and reverent.

When the civilizations of the Jew, the Greek and the Roman declined and fell to ruin, when the empire was broken to fragments by the barbarous hordes that century after century laid waste its fairest provinces, the world seemed destined to sink into the darkness and confusion out of which it had been struggling with infinite pains for thousands of years; and if a wider, juster and more enduring social state has been built on the ruins of pagan culture and religion, this has been accomplished chiefly with the aid of the principles and ideals of Christianity. We possess a faith and insight, a depth and breadth of intellectual view, a grasp of the elements of human character, a largeness of sympathy and appreciativeness, to which no pre-Christian people or age ever attained; and after the most patient and conscientious investigation into the causes which have made the modern world what it is, the impartial and enlightened mind is driven to confess that as the civilized nations date their history from the birth of Christ, so He is the primary and vital impulse in all the most excellent things they have achieved. We are beyond doubt the heirs of all the past, and have become conscious of the debt we owe to Jew and Gentile, to barbarian and Greek; but the ideals which determine our views of God, of man, of the

family, of the state, of the aim and end of all progress, are Christian ideals; and if this light should go out in darkness, it is not conceivable that our civilization should survive. The genius of Hellas, as it is manifested in her greatest philosophers, poets, artists, orators and statesmen, we have not surpassed; in our own day some of the noblest minds are not consciously Christian. In the long conflicts with the barbarism which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, individuals and peoples who had been baptized into faith in Christ, have not always, in the midst of the confusion and ignorance, of the lawlessness and violence, had a clear view of the divine truth, goodness, tolerance and love which are revealed in Him: have even at times been the foes of the godward march of humanity. Yet when all is said the supreme fact remains, that with Him the new life of the race begins; that in Him its divinest hopes and aspirations are enrooted; and through Him its highest and most beneficent conquests have been made. It is to Christianity, not to science, that we are indebted for our faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind; in the immortal and god-like nature of the soul; in the freedom of the will; in the paramount worth of character; in the duty of universal benevolence, having as its implication equality of laws and opportunities for all, in the progress which is marked by an ever-increasing domination of the spirit over matter and the gradual spreading of the kingdom of heaven over earth.

With Christ a new and immense hope was born in the heart of man,—a hope of everlasting life and endless progress; a conception of a gradually developing divine purpose in history; of a return through labyrinthine and devious ways of the whole creation to God, from

whom it springs. This hope and this conception are not found in the religions of paganism, nor can science inspire or justify them. In the individual and in the race, as in nature, growth and decay are simultaneous. When the one predominates there is progress; when the other, decay and final extinction. And as it would be absurd to imagine that a human being, in this present existence at least, might continue to grow forever, it would not be less extravagant to believe that a people or the race itself might continue indefinitely to make progress. Nations, like individuals, are born, grow and perish; and mankind, to whatever heights they may rise, must rise but to fall. The monuments of the most glorious achievements are destined to become fragments of a globe on which no living thing can longer be found. As endless time preceded the appearance of man on earth, so endless time shall follow his disappearance from the visible universe. All that is possessed must be lost, since possession is a thing of time, and what time gives it takes again.

If it were possible to embrace in one view the entire history of our little planet, we should neither be disturbed by the failures nor made greatly glad by the successes of men, so inevitable and transitory it would all appear to be. This is the standpoint, this the conclusion of science, when it is accepted as the sole and sufficient test of reality. But we can not take delight or find repose in such wisdom. Our thoughts wander through eternity; our hopes reach forth to infinity; we are akin to atoms and stars, to the worm and to the Eternal Spirit. The whole past has helped to make us what we are, and we in turn shall help to make the whole future. In the midst of a perishable universe, the soul dwells with the indestructible; in the midst of a world

of shadows, it seeks repose with the all-real and abiding One. In all faith in progress, in all efforts to advance, we follow the light of an ideal, which, if we look closely, is found to be that of perfect truth, beauty and goodness, wedded to absolute power. Whatever the means taken to approach it, this is the end which noble minds forever hold in view,—the ultimate goal of all our yearning and striving, which the laws of reason and the necessities of thought compel us to identify with the Supreme Being from whom and to whom all things move. Our way leads not from nothingness to nothingness, from death to death, but from life to more and higher life; from spirit to the Infinite Spirit, who is perfect truth, beauty and love, wedded to absolute power. It is possible, even when there is question of things the most vital and indispensable to human welfare, to take opposite views and to defend with plausible arguments whatever opinion. One may or may not set store by money or pleasure or position or friendship or culture. He may hold that civilization awakens more wants than it can satisfy, creates more ills than it can cure; that art, like the tint and perfume of the flower, is but a symptom of decay; that all monuments are funeral monuments. One may deny free will; or accepting it, may think that license is the inevitable result of liberty, and that the best fortune for individuals and societies is to be governed by able tyrants. Our estimates depend so largely on what we ourselves are that agreement is hardly to be looked for. The light which visits young eyes is not that which falls on those who have been sobered by the contemplation of man's mortality. Serious minds have maintained that life, together with the means whereby it is propagated, preserved and increased, is the sum of all evil; that the love of life is the supreme delusion in a universe

where whoever feels and thinks necessarily suffers irremediable pain. Hence they believe not in progress but in regress; holding that as all life has sprung from the unconscious, the sooner it sinks back into it the more speedily shall all things be reduced into eternal order.

This is not merely a speculative view of a few exceptional individuals: it has been and still is the religion of millions in Eastern Asia, whose dream is everlasting repose in nothingness; who neither desire nor make progress. The ultimate standard of value is helpfulness to life; for except for the living nothing can have nor be known to have worth. But our belief in the goodness of life is the result of a primal feeling, not of philosophic or scientific demonstration. It is essentially a faith which arguments can neither create nor destroy,—a faith which draws its nourishment from the conviction that life is the first cause and last end of all that exists, the most real of things and therefore the most excellent; and this conviction has been begotten in the mind and heart of man by the Christian religion with a power which has created a new world, and given to civilization an enduring vitality and an all-embracing scope of which the most divinely inspired minds of antiquity could have but visionary conceptions.

Our Christian faith in God means belief in increase of life, in progress, which is His appeal and insistence bidding us win His kingdom and Himself. It is the ever-widening and deepening prevalence of His will, which is good-will to men; that they may grow in power of mind, heart and conscience; that they may be made stronger and purer and more healthful in body and in soul. Thus progress, whether it be considered as inner development and purification or as enlarging mastery over the external world, becomes the most legitimate, the

most fruitful, the most invigorating aspiration of our nature; becomes part of all our hoping, thinking and striving. It lies at the heart of the divine discontent which makes it impossible for us to rest self-satisfied in any achievement; which turns us from whatever is won or accomplished to the better things and nobler men that are yet to be. It is a resistless urgency to growth springing from an innermost need of freedom and light. It dispels ignorance, abolishes abuses, overthrows tyrannies, and bears us upward and onward along widening ways. It sweetens toil and gives the courage to bear bravely the worst that may befall.

Faith in the goodness of life, issuing in ceaseless efforts to develop it to higher and higher potencies, has determined our world-view and brought us to understand that the universe is a system of forces whose end is the education of souls; that the drama enacted throughout the whole earth and all the ages has for its central idea and guiding motive the progressive spiritual culture of mankind, which is the will of God as revealed in the conduct and teaching of Christ.

(Conclusion next week.)

WE should judge no man, still less a trusted friend, by a report of an incident or a hasty word. We should judge our friend by his record, by what we know of his character. When anything inconsistent with that character comes before our notice, it is only justice to him, at least, to suspend judgment; and it would be wisdom to refuse to credit it at all.—*Hugh Black.*

WHEN the mathematician would solve a difficult problem, he first frees the equation of all encumbrances and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life,—distinguish the necessary and the real.—*Thoreau.*

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXX.—MR. HENRY MORAN RUNS DOWN TO CAPE MAY.

(Continued.)

THOUGH I know you are inclined to laugh at this lover's rhapsody," said Henry Moran, after a brief pause, "I think when you have heard the lady's name you will be quite willing to agree with me."

"I? Do I, then, know her?" cried Mr. Mortimer in surprise, and for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed upon him. "Is—can it be—"

"Miss Katherine Raymond," finished Henry Moran. He had made even more of a sensation than he expected.

"My dear boy, my dear fellow, I am delighted!" cried the banker. "I congratulate you with all my heart; and I agree with every word you have said, only I could add ten to each of them."

"So far you have to congratulate me only upon one thing," reminded Moran.

"And that is?"

"The excellence of my choice."

"Well, upon that I do congratulate you most heartily; though I must do you the justice to say that I expected to find your taste faultless."

"Thank you!" said Henry Moran.

"But how does the young lady regard you?" inquired Mr. Mortimer.

"I do not think she regards me at all. I have spoken to her only upon one occasion: when she strained her ankle on the mountain top and I helped her home."

"It is a curious coincidence," said the old banker thoughtfully, "that I heard her express an exceeding great interest in you and your doings. I may mention this without violation of confidence, because it was merely as

an abstraction,—the King of the Stock Exchange took her fancy. She did not know at the time whether you were old or young, married or single. I am sure of that—”

“She does not know now that I am Henry Moran,” declared the broker.

“Now?” observed Mr. Mortimer, bewildered. “She doesn’t know that you are Henry Moran! But who does she think you are?”

“Until quite recently she knew me—or rather didn’t know me—as ‘the old gentleman next door.’”

“What!” exclaimed the banker, his face reflecting the humorous expression upon that of his companion. “And you practised that fraud upon an unsuspecting family!”

“They christened me themselves,” said Henry Moran, “and bestowed various epithets besides upon me. I am rather ashamed to confess that I listened to much that was not meant for my ears. But if ethically reprehensible, it was exceedingly delightful.”

“So that was how you were able to help them in a certain emergency which came to my ears too late?” observed the banker.

“Yes; I had a great deal of pleasure out of the whole affair.”

He did not mention the episode of the picture-letters exchanged between him and Kate, nor indeed did he go into any further details.

“And, by the way, Moran, how came my cheque to be used?” inquired Mr. Mortimer, quietly.

“Well, you had given me a check for investment. I simply put my name on the back and tried to make it appear to the Bowers firm and to others that it came from you. In this I was only partially successful, however. I had, in consequence, a visit from Mrs. Raymond, and had to kill off ‘the old gentleman.’”

Mr. Mortimer laughed heartily.

“And who do they—who does Miss Kate now believe you to be?”

“The *young* gentleman next door,” said Henry Moran; “for, by contrast, I am young: I can walk without crutches, I am neither gouty nor paralyzed, nor anything else that’s aged. When Mrs. Raymond went home and told of the old gentleman’s sudden demise and the appearance of his heir, Miss Katherine refused to believe the narrative as it was told, and held that it was rather a case of the transmigration of souls, or something of that sort. In other words, she declared that there never had been any old gentleman; or that, in any case, I was he.”

“It’s altogether most extraordinary, and the most delightful and the most old-fashioned love-tale that I have heard in many a long day. And you fell in love with my bonny Kate just from seeing her through the trees and hearing her talk?”

Henry Moran nodded. Even to such a listener he could not strive to describe the charm of that first moonlit scene in which Kate had been chief actor.

“But,” said the old gentleman, his face suddenly falling, as he shook his head and looked ruefully out to sea, “it is too bad that I must throw cold water on the whole affair and discourage your suit *in toto*.”

“I have anticipated your objection, sir,” said Henry Moran.

“How could you possibly know it?” asked Mr. Mortimer.

“Well, I am taking for granted, from what you have been kind enough to say, that you could have only one objection to me personally, and that that objection would be shared by the whole Raymond family,—being the difference of religion, or rather the want of religion on my part.”

“You are right, Moran,” assented Mr. Mortimer. “Difference of religious

belief would in this case prove an insurmountable obstacle."

"But you must remember that I have always been, I suppose, nominally a Catholic."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer. "I fear the case is hopeless."

And the kindly old gentleman felt really downhearted; for, apart from his warm liking for this recent acquaintance, he knew that from every point of view such a match would be desirable for Katherine Raymond.

"Because," he went on, "worldly advancement, social prospects, can not be taken into account at all; and even human happiness, which is often so short-lived in these days, does not permit an unhallowed union."

"Mr. Mortimer," said Henry Moran, "I have been doing my very best to qualify myself for the position of Miss Katherine Raymond's husband."

Though his tone was half-jesting, Mr. Mortimer inquired eagerly:

"How is that?"

"I put myself in training under Father Brophy," replied Henry Moran; "and he has great hopes of bringing me out all right. But, as he says, conversion is not the affair of a moment, whatever camp-meeting orators may say. It is a question not only of a change of heart, but of thought, opinion, conduct; though I will say, all things considered, my conduct has not been bad."

"Take care!" cried Mr. Mortimer. "There spoke the Protestant."

"I never was a Protestant," Henry Moran corrected quickly. "I know very well what you mean; and from a Catholic standpoint I can cry, '*Mea culpa*,' too, with the rest. I am merely speaking of general respectability. I do not drink, gamble, or steal even on an extended scale. I have tried to work on the square."

"Such is your reputation,—I know it

well,—have long known it. And I am pleased and surprised beyond expression at what you tell me."

Mr. Mortimer sat smoking after that and studying his companion's face.

"You will pardon me for the remark," he observed, thoughtfully; "but the infatuation, as you term it, must have been indeed strong to lead you to such a step."

"Yes, it is strong," assented Henry Moran,— "stronger than can be easily put into words. But there was still another powerful influence—the words and example of the Raymond family in general and your own."

"Mine!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer.

"Yes: chance conversations which I overheard during your visit to Vine Cottage,—I on my lawn, you upon the veranda, the centre of a pleasant group. I hope you will pardon my rudeness in listening for the pleasure and advantage it has been to me."

"Willingly," replied the banker. "But it only shows how we ought to weigh our words. Winged seeds, they fly we know not whither, sowing a harvest of good or evil."

"Well, my mind once turned in that direction, I inquired here and questioned there, and what I came to learn about Catholics was quite a revelation. Even Jack Holloway, when I put the same question to him, 'Are you a Catholic?' replied: 'Why, of course I am, Moran. Didn't you ever know that? I'm no saint, but I try to live up to what I believe.' And I soon perceived that Jack did in essentials live up to it."

Mr. Mortimer sat listening with the deepest attention.

"And Father Brophy himself impressed me,—the only man of the clerical cloth who had ever exercised the slightest influence over me. I told him at the start that I could not pretend,—I was no hypocrite; and that if I could not

convince myself of the truth of the Catholic faith and the necessity of living up to it, then I should have to stand on the ground I already occupied and win or lose accordingly."

There was a ring of genuine and manly sincerity in the words, which touched Mr. Mortimer profoundly. He felt that here indeed would be no make-believe conversion; but if it ever came to pass, a true and earnest turning toward the good,—a strong and virile profession of that faith which has captivated by its coherency and strength the keenest and most logical of minds.

"Well," he asked, with a touch of anxiety, "how have you progressed?"

"I went to confession last Saturday," said Henry Moran. "I need not trouble you with other details."

"That suffices!" cried Mr. Mortimer. "I wish you joy, my dear fellow! You have won a great victory. You have become one of a mighty brotherhood. You have my congratulations."

"I am to make my First Communion at St. Peter's Church, in Barclay Street, a week from next Friday. I want you to be present if you can."

"I shall be present certainly, and with the most sincere pleasure," assented the banker, warmly.

"I preferred to have the ceremony at St. Peter's for greater privacy, and because I wish my secret kept till Henry Moran appears in his proper person upon the scene. Father Brophy will, however, officiate."

"May I avail myself still further of an old man's privilege and ask if you have given Kate Raymond any hint of the truth?"

"I may ask you in turn," said Henry, with a laugh and a slight heightening of color, "if you ever walked home through a country road with some one in whom you were deeply interested and gave her no hint at all?"

"You have me there, my boy!" cried Mr. Mortimer, genially.

"Still, knowing the girl as you do, you will scarcely suppose," said Henry Moran, "that anything amounting to an open declaration was possible. I strove to convey, guardedly, what I dared not openly avow."

"And Kate?"

"She was charming," replied Henry Moran,—"frank, unconscious; in fact, her bearing was what the best breeding and the finest taste would suggest. She was altogether charming."

"Kate is a noble character," said Mr. Mortimer: "high-minded, devout and earnest, with all her vivacity and love of fun. She is one of those rare souls who keep themselves unspotted from the world while they adorn it by their presence—"

"I hope that it is not one of the fair sex you are praising in such a manner," interposed Mrs. Mortimer, shaking her husband by the shoulders.

"Yes, I am speaking of an old love of mine," Mr. Mortimer admitted, looking up into his wife's face with a glance of genuine affection, beautiful to see after the lapse of half a century of wedded life; "and I call it hardly fair for you to catch me unawares."

"He has old loves by the dozen, Mr. Moran!" cried the little lady, merrily. "He must have been a gay spark, this aged husband of mine."

"This love is in the present," said Mr. Mortimer. "I was speaking of your only rival, Julia my dear."

"Oh, I know!" said Mrs. Mortimer, clapping her tiny hands together. "It is Kate Raymond. He has got on his favorite theme, and no doubt has been giving you, Mr. Moran, the full benefit of his hobby."

"I found the subject interesting," said Moran, with his inscrutable smile.

"You would find it ten times more so

if you knew Kate Raymond," declared Mrs. Mortimer. "She is the dearest, sweetest, best creature in the world."

From that time Henry Moran took this little old lady to his heart.

"I always tell Mr. Mortimer," resumed this enthusiastic admirer, "that I wish we had a son living, so that we might have Kate for a daughter."

There was a pause, during which the breaking of the waves upon the shore thundered through the silence, and the scream of a belated sea-gull rose wild and plaintive upon the ear. The old couple had two sons buried far from home,—one at a naval station in South America, the other in a soldier's grave on a Southern battlefield. Their daughters were all married.

"My dear," observed Mr. Mortimer, "this evening, for the first time, I have ceased to sigh over that."

The quick-witted hostess cast a sharp glance at her guest, but she made no further comment.

Mr. Mortimer, in showing Mr. Henry Moran to his room with old-fashioned courtesy, said heartily:

"Remember, I will be your friend throughout. Nothing could give me greater pleasure under present circumstances than such a marriage."

The handshake between the two men was warm and cordial, and told of the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Henry Moran did not sleep till late; the surge upon the shore, those throbbing waves, with all their strange suggestions, their mournfulness, their solemnity and their hint of infinitude, were disturbing to the unaccustomed ear. When he did sleep, he still heard the loud roar of the waves mingling with his slumber.

(To be continued.)

UNHAPPINESS is the hunger to get;
happiness is the hunger to give.

—W. G. Jordan.

To Duty.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

SACRED Duty,
Life's true beauty
Round thy shrine is glowing ever;
Who mistake thee
Or forsake thee,
Purest joy discover never.

High or lowly,
Thou art wholly
Good, as crowned with God's own blessing:
Hard or facile,
Thou thy vassal
Giveth all best worth possessing.

Hearts that love thee
Far above thee
See the King supremely royal,
Whose volition
Our condition
Reads in thee, its transcript loyal.

God's handmaiden,
Mercy-laden,
Blest are they who bear thy burden;
For their treasure
Passeth measure,—
Life supernal is their guerdon.

A Son of St. Alphonsus.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

I.

THE holy man a rapid sketch of whose life we are about to give was a member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, founded by St. Alphonsus Liguori. He spent most of his life in Germany and Poland; and was called the "Liguori of the North," the "Apostle of the country beyond the Alps." Pius VI. so esteemed his sanctity as to declare that the spirit of Alphonsus had passed into Clement. Pius VII. referred to him as a truly apostolic man, the glory of the clergy of Vienna, the support of the Church. Father Clement was beatified by Leo XIII. a few years ago.

A natural curiosity moves us all, when we hear of such a man, to ask what kind of life was his—what were its beginnings, what were its turning-points, what were the ways by which God led him, what were the works he performed, what were the sufferings he endured, what was his end.

A Protestant* once remarked to me: "Your Church has an advantage over ours. Your Church takes her ministers from every rank in life, and is therefore naturally the Church of every rank, and at home (so to say) in every rank. Ours takes her ministers from one—the landed gentry class,—and has therefore but a sentimental knowledge of the poorer classes; and for that reason can never be the church of the poor."

How true is this not alone of the Church's priests but also of the Church's saints! We of the Catholic Church are prepared to find her priests and her saints taken from every rank in life; it is to us as natural as to find nature's wild flowers blooming on the hilltop or nestling in the valley.

Father Clement Hofbauer was, thank God, of the humbler ranks of life. We say "thank God," for his life was to be spent for the most part among the poor and the oppressed. His father followed the trade of butcher in Moravia, on the confines of the Austrian Empire; and there, on the day after Christmas in the year 1751, Clement Mary was born. His father died when the child was about seven years of age; and at sixteen Clement was apprenticed to a baker in the town of Zuaim.

But we are anxious to know what kind of a child he was. In stature he was small for his years; in face and figure he was not attractive; but in gentleness of manner, in the desire to please all, and in the brightness and

playfulness of his intellect, he was far and away beyond boys of his age, so that all who knew him were won by the child's graciousness and amiability. But it was in his soul that he was especially pleasing. He knew no such thing as idleness; and when for the first time he heard other boys say that they were playing "to kill time," he begged his mother to explain to him what the words meant; and when she did so he asked in childish innocence: "Oh, could they not pray?"

He had the greatest devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Not a Saturday passed, and not an eve of Holy Mary's feasts, but the child would fast in her honor; and her great festivals seemed to fill his heart with a strange, unearthly joy. His thoughtfulness when serving Holy Mass on weekday mornings was spoken of by all the people as something that they loved to witness; for nothing is so pleasing to the devout laity as to see the altar-boys thoughtful and pious and attentive.

When others were engaged in the games that children love he would steal away from them to the village church; and, hiding himself in some dark corner where no one could see him, he would bow down before the tabernacle and with all his mind and all his strength worship the adorable Dweller therein.

But he was now a baker's boy in the country town of Zuaim. His business was to knead the dough and tend the oven at night, and by the early morn to take the newly-baked bread to his master's customers. It is told of him that his master's little son, a child of five, was so attached to him that even in his morning rounds the child would insist on accompanying him; and when the tottering feet would grow tired, the young apprentice, in his desire to give no cause of complaint to the customers, would take the child on one arm and

* This was a lady of the landed gentry class in Ireland, and she has since become a convert.

the basket of bread on the other; and when the people compared him to St. Christopher, who bore Jesus in his arms, the boy would cry: "Oh, that I were indeed St. Christopher!"

When about twenty years of age Clement received the appointment of baker in the Monastery of Brück. This, as might be expected, was greatly to his wishes; for there was a famine in that country at the time, and all his charitable dispositions were fully exercised. Every day he baked three times the amount of bread an ordinary baker would; he fasted rigorously in order that his own portion might go to the starving and dying; and he often spent the whole night in prayer, that these people might not suffer a famine in the spirit as they did in the flesh.

After a stay of four years, not feeling any vocation toward this house, which belonged to the Premonstratensians, he left the monastery. His world for those years had been within these secluded walls; now he stood at the gates like a lonely traveller in an African desert. Where was he to rest? Where was there an oasis beneath the shelter of whose trees he might repose, from whose fountains he might drink? He was now a man, some five and twenty years old. At that age one ought to know what to do, whither to turn,—he is no longer a child. But these saints are strange beings; they know nothing of the world, they have no craft,—of such is the kingdom of God.

The world looked cold to Clement: it repelled him. But there is something hallowed in the remembrance of home. His home was not a big world like this; it had no coldness,—nay, it had a charm, a beloved charm. In that little church at Mühlfrauen, whither his childish feet had bent, there was a beautiful picture representing the meek and abandoned Saviour bound to the

pillar. Hofbauer had often seen crowds from all sides coming in pilgrimage to it in his young days; and the sacred eye of the compassionate Lord that once looked upon Peter, when "he went out and wept bitterly," seemed now to look in deepest pity upon the poor baker as he stood irresolute outside the convent gates.

He turned from the big cold world to the holy surroundings of home; and, stepping aside even from his mother's dwelling—as if that had still lingering about it some slight savor of the world he dreaded,—he built himself, with the aid of his brother, a little hermitage in the neighboring wood. He spent his leisure time making crosses; and when the pilgrims brought him what was necessary for his support, he gave them these crosses in exchange,—always accompanying the present with words of sweet unction, and sometimes going with them all the way to the church laden with a heavy cross, and speaking to them so of the dolorous journey to Calvary that their hearts burned within them as they went.

But the Emperor heard of his being there; and what strange things from time to time do occur! You are thinking that perhaps the Emperor came to visit him, and that Clement gave him one of his crosses; and that the Emperor (maybe), Christian as he was, carried a heavy cross as a pilgrim into the little church where the Sovereign Lord of all was represented as a malefactor bound to a pillar. Not at all! Joseph II. was a Christian Emperor—at least in name; but he pretended to think that pilgrimages and hermitages and the like were not the thing for his day; that they might do well enough in the "Dark" Ages, but under his enlightened reign—oh, the thing was not to be thought of! So pilgrimages had to be postponed and hermitages to be swept

away, and the humble hermit had to flee from his shelter and to find a home among strangers.

And now he went to the last place we would expect him to go—to the city of Vienna, where dwelt that very Emperor Joseph who had dispossessed him. God has His own ways. The young baker found employment at a shop, where, in after days, when it was turned into a church, he was to officiate as a priest. This shop stood at the rear of the Ursuline Convent, and was known as "the Iron Pear." At this time he was about twenty-seven.

Rome has evermore had attraction for the saints. The young baker thought of going to Rome; night and day the thought was in his mind; he could not free himself from it,—nor indeed did he strive to do so. There was another young baker working beside him—a man of holy dispositions, and upon whom also God had His designs. To this young man Clement Hofbauer often spoke of going to Rome, of visiting the churches there, of seeing the ceremonies carried out in their splendor, of being for one moment of their lives in the very heart of religious sanctity and fervor.* And the two went. They left their loaves and their bakery—their boats and nets,—and followed Him. They depended entirely on God for support, and went on their way reciting the Rosary or chanting hymns aloud.

After some months in Rome they returned to Vienna, "greatly strength-

ened in faith," says the biographer, "and with their hearts filled with holy emotions and generous resolves." But their taste of Rome was only a whetting of the appetite. The times at Vienna, under the reign of the Emperor Joseph, were sad indeed. There were committees appointed by the government to arrange everything with regard to religion—the ceremonies of Holy Mass, the length and fashion of the vestments the priests were to wear, and the times the church bells were to be rung.

Oh, then indeed is seen the abomination of desolation sitting in the high places, when a worldly government takes on to regulate God's sanctuary! Clement and his companion would shake the dust from off their feet. At such iniquity they would arise and go once again to Rome. Not so, however, if their employer could prevent it. When worldly men have to deal with saints, they sometimes do ludicrous things. The employer had a daughter, and with a serious mind he went to consult his wife on the weightiest matter that in all his life had occurred to him. What if they offered their daughter's hand and a share in the business to this young Hofbauer? The mother thought the daughter happy if she could have him for a husband; and the father considered the young man very lucky at the offer that was going to be made him. Great, therefore, was his astonishment when he saw the young man put his hands to his ears and fly from the shop. On that day the two companions set out the second time for Rome.

His biographer tells how in this journey the young baker would draw a circle round the place where he and his companion meant to rest for the night; he would invoke the Angel Guardians to keep watch over the spot, and then they would lie down quite securely within the circle. On reaching

* Writing on the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Chrysostom says: "I admire this city, not for the abundance of its gold nor for the sake of its eolumns, or for any other thing no matter how beautiful; but I admire it for these two pillars of the Church. Oh, who shall give me to be brought to the body of Saul, to stand at his tomb, to see the venerable dust of that body that fulfilled in itself those things wanting in Christ; that bore about the sacred stigmas of the Saviour, and went forth sowing broadcast the seed of the Gospel!" (*In Epistolam ad Romanos.*)

Rome they went to Tivoli; and there, by the leave of the holy Bishop (who was afterward Pius VII.), they got charge of a little hermitage. Here they remained till the following 15th of August, when they had to depart and return again to Vienna.

But Clement's wanderings were coming to an end. One Sunday after last Mass the rain began to fall heavily. He had been serving Mass, and on leaving the sacristy he ran to the porch for shelter. There he found three sisters detained also by the rain. Clement offered to get a coach; he went for it, and when he returned the three sisters took him with them. They asked him about his intentions; he told them; and they took upon themselves the expenses of his education. This is how he worked: "I spent the whole day and sometimes the whole night in study; and in order not to fall asleep I would walk up and down with a candle in one hand and a book in the other."

The colleges were manned by the creatures of the Emperor Joseph, and it was impossible for a good Catholic to attend the lectures. Clement set out, therefore, for Rome for the third time. At night he took lodgings near St. Mary Major; but next morning the sound of a bell brought him to a little church that was near. He was edified with what he saw, had an interview with the superior, and, to his amazement and delight, was there and then admitted to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

(To be continued.)

Through Mists of Tears.

THROUGH blinding mists of tears we saw
her go,
God's willing little handmaid here below,
To love and serve Him only all her years;
And we are glad for her—through mists of
tears.

Nannette's Novena.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

IT was strange weather for the season: rain, rain—continual showers. March seemed to have bounded forward into April's place. Wind due south, and all the hyacinths abloom in Madame Reynier's window-garden scattered over the door. Seated within it, Monsieur as usual,—but not, as usual, reading: his paper had slipped to the floor, and, conscious of strange stirrings and tinglings in his heart, he was looking at last beyond the rim of his glasses and the margin of his journal. That morning, for the first time since her long, dangerous illness, he had been allowed to spend an hour with his wife.

"I will tell you," she confided to Constant. "The presence of Monsieur could bring no pleasure to my poor angel, after all the pain he has given her in words and acts. To be sure we forgive but we can not always forget."

But that morning he had been allowed to see her; and, oh, how cruelly his poor Jeanne had altered from the rose-cheeked girl whom he had uprooted, it did not seem to him so very long ago, from her green country home, and replanted among the city's stones, to grow for him alone! His gentle, faithful, loving wife until the trouble with Gaston had come between them. Yes, whether the children were wrong or right, a mother always took their side against the world if need be. And, then, Gaston—the door was darkened by a shadow,—no, not Gaston, nor yet a customer; only the good curé, shaking the rain-drops from his umbrella. He had come to spend some leisure moments with the sick; pausing, as usual, to greet Monsieur. On entering, a query for his

health, the "business"; on leaving, a soft "*Au revoir!*" with the kindest smile. He a saintly man; and he, Joseph Reynier, a sinner! For who could know it better than the good curé, who seemed to know it least,—that years were numbering since Monsieur had been to church, for all Madame's pleading,—that his accounts with God were *mal réglés*?

And, then, Gaston—returning to his thoughts,—Gaston had been such a fine, handsome lad, so much like him. (Hortense was like the mother, as girls mostly are; is it a reproach?) Yes, he had a temper, ill inheritance,—a temper like his father. And what a world of hopes he had built upon the boy! His successor in the business; for over sixty years proudly it had thrived, the "*Maison Reynier*," patronized by all the rich connoisseurs of Paris. Wine is the blood of all grand dinners; upon its quality and proper circulation depends the life of the feast. *Marchand de vin*,—it is a fine career, and Gaston had despised it; preferred the vagabond existence of a homeless sailor,—to-day at one port, to-morrow at another. If he, his father, should that night write the words which a still inner voice had often dictated—"Come home, my son! Thou art forgiven,"—how would the message reach him? "Gaston Reynier, a sailor somewhere on the sea," or maybe long since buried in its depths, a bunch of bones among a drift of wreckage!

Monsieur stirred and drew a gasping breath. When we turn whitened heads to look back over life, how many things we see that we would fain do over differently, or quite undo! His "turning time" had come, and he began to make softly (to himself) a general confession of his many transgressions, withholding absolution even for the smallest. The "ray of saving grace" had touched "his heart of steel" upon the eighth day of Nannette's novena.

"Madame is better: our prayers for her are heard," said the curé, as he passed toward the door, extending his hand to Reynier in congratulation. "We have much to give thanks for, my son. *Au revoir!*"

Then Reynier, the old wine-merchant, rose, tight clasping the priest's hand, and answered:

"Ah, Father, pray for me. You will see me at the church to-morrow,—yes, to-morrow I settle my accounts."

V.

"Yes, yes, I have it!—a perfect little dream and reasonable: cheap as a penny song, considering it is just what Monsieur seeks,"—and the agent bowed. "Only one hour from Paris—Louverné, Département de la Mans. One could live there all the year, by rising a trifle earlier and come up every morning to business. The last tenant leased it, but he paid only one quarter in advance; and Monsieur has often noticed in this world some homesteads are simply built of cards: a rude gust and they fall apart. Within a week or so after they moved in Monsieur departed like a villain, taking all the money, deserting his wife and child, and nothing has been heard from him since. She thinks he will return; the faith of women is like that of martyrs. I simply know that nothing more is paid; and I have left her there all winter, caring for the house until it should be rented. One must not lose a chance to do a kindly act, especially if it gives nobody any trouble." And he bowed again. "Whenever Monsieur desires to go to see it for himself, my boy can accompany him. To-morrow, this afternoon,—what time will suit him best?"

"That I will let you know," replied Monsieur Reynier. "It is our good Nannette who must go to see the place for us. I know nothing about such things,—nothing about the country.

But some time ago I promised Madame a little country house; and now she is going to have one to grow strong and happy in, if it depends on me."

Nannette's heart danced like a bark on a summer sea when she found herself that glorious April morning once again amidst the fresh, green fragrant stillness of the country,—the beautiful country. Among the souvenirs collected by us in our journey through life do we not always find, most sacredly cherished, the leaf, the pebble or the grains of dust from the places of our birth?

"This is what *I* call beautiful!" she exclaimed to her young guide, as she stooped to pluck a dandelion,—those *louis d'or des pauvres* which Nature scatters with such lavish hand. "Who, if they could help it, would live in the grand city, with its hard-paved streets; never a blade of grass suffered to grow between the bricks, and all the flowers imprisoned in the parks; and the great houses like mounted officers all in gold lace and pride, and the small houses shoulder to shoulder like long rows of foot-soldiers?"

"Yes, I love the city," replied the boy, firmly. "I was born in Paris."

Whereupon both walked silently till they reached the house,—a very pretty cottage, with vines clambering about it and flower-beds upon the lawn.

"We shall be so happy here!" said Nannette, joyfully; and, leaving the lad still knocking at the door, which no one came to open, she went down a gravelled path, till, in a grape-vine arbor just behind the house, she found a thing of life: a little hunchbacked boy, with great, brown wistful eyes set in a peaked face. He was resting among some toys upon a cushion.

"My little one!" she said, going very close. "Mamma can not be very far from you. Where is your mother?"

"There is mamma," he replied, pointing his wee hand; and, turning, Nannette saw her coming toward them.

Now, many a time, sweeping the gloomy parlor at the Reyniers', the girl had stopped, leaning upon her broom, and looked long at the photograph that, in a showy frame, filled the place of honor on the mantel; murmuring always as she turned away: "Poor Mademoiselle Hortense! The Blessed Mother guard her!" Thus she had grown to know well that sad bride's face, enshrouded in a cloud-veil of tulle, which, to Nannette's mind, wrapped her like a mystery,—“a poor white sacrifice to her father's will.” And now she was before her in the flesh!—the same sad face, with added lines of pain about the firm, proud mouth,—“the firm mouth of Monsieur, the soft eyes of Madame.”

"You came to see the house?" she said, and said it twice before Nannette found answer.

"Yes, Mademoiselle — Madame," she faltered. "Monsieur has sent me—me, Nannette the maid. And it will do, I know: I need not see inside."

"But you must. Come with us, my little Joseph," said the boy's mother, uplifting him with effort in her slender arms, and leading the way back by the gravelled path. But when they reached the door Nannette stood still, repeating yet more firmly:

"Oh, no, I will not enter! I *know* the house will do. My dear mistress will find here all she asks. Is it not—pardon me!—is it not that you are—Madame de Trouleski?"

"That is my name," answered the deserted wife, standing a trifle more erect, despite her lips' piteous quivering. "Monsieur is—absent now. I wait here until the house is rented. We leave, of course, the morning you arrive."

"Then," cried Nannette, "never must you leave! It is a miracle,—a miracle

of good St. Joseph, patron of families! You will stay to welcome my mistress. She has been ill so long, and feeble as a child. You will be here to meet her at the door, with both arms open wide; because, O Mademoiselle Hortense—'tis thus I've always known and prayed for you,—because—my God, my God!—she is none other than Madame Reynier!"

And now, to reach *this* chapter's end of this true story—simple fabric woven from saved ravellings of life,—were it not better to go by the automobile of imagination rather than by the clumsy, roundabout *diligence* of words? It is so easy to imagine long-suffering Madame Reynier at last alighting before the gate of her "promised land," passing up the path supported by the arm of her husband, to find herself all of a sudden clasped in the arms of—you can imagine, for until then Nannette had kept the secret!

"And to think," she said to Constant—a little man to be trusted,—“poor Mademoiselle Hortense (never can I call her anything else) had induced her husband—the monster!—to rent that house near Paris. There she had hoped to settle and give her mother such a glad surprise,—to know her at length so near. And hardly a week afterward Monsieur had fled, leaving her and the child without a penny. Ma'me Bavarde has said it with truth, he was a scoundrel, a villain, seeking simply the dot of Mademoiselle. Thanks be to God I never was married!”

Constant sighed.

"I should not wonder if the monster proved one of these Nihilists who will end his days in Siberia," he replied.

"That would not sufficiently punish him even for this world," said Nannette. "In the next he is sure of his due. Just to think of Mademoiselle living there alone, working day and night with her

needle, within one hour of her home, and never once crying out for help or consolation! I heard her say it to Madame, excusing her silence: 'Ah, mamma, mamma, I could not bear to let you know! I waited, hoped from day to day. Of course I *must* have come back to you at last; but there was such a weight of grief to lay upon your heart,—deserted, robbed, and my poor child deformed!' Then Monsieur, with bitter sobs, caught her to his breast, crying: 'O Hortense, pardon me, your father! It was all my fault, my fault! I thought you would be so happy!'"

And the faithful maid smoothed her apron musingly.

"It is a touching sight to see poor Monsieur with the boy, little Joseph,—a perfect slave, patient with every whim," Nannette went on. "Next time I see Ma'me Bavarde I am going to tell her that the home is much changed since first I came. Madame is still an angel, but Monsieur is no longer 'all the opposite.' For a *man*, he is good, very good,—thanks to St. Joseph! His ugly temper is bound and cast in prison. It is the time for Gaston to come home."

VI.

To Monsieur Reynier it may have seemed a penance, expiatory of many sins, to rise a whole hour earlier and spend two hours, morning and evening, whirling in the train to and from Paris. But, then, the country was the place for little Joseph to grow in,—poor little sufferer, playing among the flowers he loved "as though they could love him back." Madame was happy there; and dear Hortense was safe hidden in her woe from the scanning eyes of neighbors and from the voiced compassion of her girlhood's friends.

Monsieur clung to his business like a burr; for was not a great loss to be made up—a dot of fifty thousand francs, and Joseph's future saved for like a

miser? At the time when other men retire, old Reynier still sat reading in his door; while good Constant—that little man to be trusted—kept house for him like a woman. But on Sundays how far apart they seemed! Constant was free—free to lock the gloomy shop and go to pass the holy day partly in prayer, partly in pleasant company—seeing, talking, listening to Nannette.

As is the case with every loving heart that gives its all and in return asks something more than half, Nannette had felt a touch of jealous pain, seeing Madame, whose comfort she had been—nurse, faithful servant, friend,—no more in need of pity, help or love; always a gentle mistress, but centred in her daughter and the boy, in her flower-beds and fowls; in the dear chickens, ducks and geese, which Nannette herself had once said would take her mind from trouble and make her forget.

Thus had the Sunday come to be also for Nannette the “week’s jewelled day,” seeing and talking and listening to Constant,—desolate Constant, who had, like her, in all the world none left to care for him. Many a time, wearing her prettiest cap and best “church dress,” she would go, at his train hour, quite to the gate, and stand there looking up and down the road until he came into view; the humble little man dreaming not that she was watching for him,—he who even trod tiptoe on the shadow her tall figure cast across his path.

But one gray autumn day, waiting there, she heard him coming with an altered step—slow and uncertain; she saw him coming, pale, with drooping head, his whole small figure impregnate with despair. She flung the gate wide open, crying:

“Ah, Constant, you are not hurt, not ill, I hope?”

“It is the will of God,” he said, shaking his head with pitiful dejection. “But,

oh, the blow has bruised! The lawsuit that has hung so long, you know, last night I heard I have lost!” He ceased, looking straight into her face for help.

“Well, take courage,” she said; and, turning, led the way into the grape-vine arbor, just behind the house. There, motioning him to the one rude seat, she stood looking down upon him with her loyal heart shining in her great dark eyes. “Now tell me all,” she whispered.

“But there is nothing left to tell!” exclaimed the little man, crushed as a broken reed. “For me, it is all finished, all over! If I had won my cause I should have had ‘a house—the house where I was born—and a good sum of money; and I could have said: ‘Ah, thou, my star, my love, whom I have worshiped from the hour I saw thee first, standing in that old kitchen door, calling me to dinner!—ah, my God, Nannette, what am I saying,—poor miserable me, who have now nothing but my love to offer thee?’”

“And what do I need more?” cried Nannette, the ring of true gold in her earnest voice. “Have I not all my savings laid aside? I would not ever wish to leave Madame, nor to see you leave Monsieur. We want not much. Look up, Constant,—look up!”

But he, as one a sudden light had blinded, hid his face within his hands, shaken by sobs, and asking brokenly:

“Can it—can it be? You love me, Nannette,—you love me!”

“Yes, I love you—you and you alone, Constant,” replied the girl, her face rosy and beautiful as a June sky at sunrise. Then, that she might bring the sweet truth closer to him, prove it by the clearest demonstration, she sank upon the grass beside the rustic seat and drew his bowed head upon her breast.

“And good St. Joseph gave us all we asked in our novena—all,” said Constant

to his wife (Gaston, too, had come home the eve of the wedding-day). "The lawsuit was but lost that I might find the words to win you with, my angel! And you can never, never say it more, dearest, what used to set my poor heart atremble like a leaf,—that sentence: 'Thank God—'"

"But yes, yes!" interrupted Nannette, laughingly, and laying her hand with gentle, loving touch upon her husband's shoulder: "I can still say it, and I will: Thank God I never was married—until now!"

The Best of Good Works.

THE best things of life are the commonest. Light, air, water, sleep—the real essentials of existence,—are at the command of all; and, like most commonplace things, are rarely appreciated at their genuine value until we have the misfortune to be deprived of them for a considerable time. Familiarity may not always breed contempt, but it invariably dulls the edge of our admiration for what is inherently admirable. The most impressive instance of the sublime afforded by the visible universe—the widest, highest, deepest, grandest object in all nature—is the firmament; yet how rarely does it fill us with that elevated mental emotion which we call sublimity!

There is in this respect a close analogy between the material and the spiritual world. In the supernatural as in the natural sphere, the best things are within the reach of everybody; and the most magnificent works are usually underestimated because of their commonness. A familiar instance is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The most sublime function actually or conceivably performable on earth, it is very frequently disregarded as of insignificant import, habitually

neglected by thousands, whose daily attendance thereat would occasion them no inconvenience worth mentioning.

The souls of the faithful departed who are now exposed to the cleansing flames of purgatory doubtless deplore their nonperformance during life of many a good work that would have cancelled, or at least materially lessened, the debt of temporal punishment burdened with which they appeared before their Judge when their death-stroke came; but it is highly probable that the most poignant regret that afflicts the majority of them arises from the memory of their unpardonable negligence relative to the hearing of daily Mass. With the treasury of God's graces thrown wide open to them every morning of their life, they passed heedlessly by, disdaining to stoop and gather the priceless boons; and now they bewail such action as the climax of insensate recklessness.

That the devout hearing of Holy Mass is the most excellent of all the good works possible to lay Catholics is a mere truism. "Place together," says Gaume, "the merits of the ever-blessed Mary, the adorations of the angels, the labors of the Apostles, the sufferings of the martyrs, the austerities of the anchorets, the purity of virgins, the virtues of confessors,—in a word, the good works of all the saints from the beginning to the end of the world; add thereto in imagination the merits of the saints of a thousand worlds more perfect than ours: it is of faith that you will not have the value of a single Mass." "If," says St. Laurence Justinian, "you place all your good works—prayers, fasts, alms, mortifications—in one scale, and a single Mass in the other, you will find the latter far outweigh the former." The all-sufficient reason is that the Mass is identical with Christ's oblation on the Cross, than which sacrifice not even the

omnipotence of the Godhead could imagine a greater.

Among the specific advantages to be derived from devout attendance at Mass, foremost must be placed the forgiveness of sin. Through the Holy Sacrifice, the Council of Trent assures us that those in the state of mortal sin obtain the grace and gift of penitence; while those who are in the state of grace receive an augmentation of that grace, with the remission of venial sin and of the temporal penalty due to sin. Our Divine Lord once said to St. Mechtilde: "My condescension in the Mass is so great that there is no sinner, however guilty, there present to whom I will not gladly grant forgiveness, if only he asks Me for it." As for venial sins, "they melt away at Mass," says Father Cochem, "like wax before the fire." He adds that one Mass will do more to pay the temporal penalty due to sin than the severest penances.

Another notable profit incident to our hearing Mass is the practical certitude of having our prayers heard and granted. St. Francis of Sales assures us that prayers offered in union with the divine Victim have an inexpressible power; that favors can be secured at the time of Mass which can be obtained at no other. Our feeble, nerveless petitions are, during the august Sacrifice, strengthened by our Saviour's own prayers, and His are never offered in vain; for, as St. John assures us, "the Father heareth Him always."

Apart from the eternal recompense gained through hearing Mass by persons in a state of grace, untold temporal blessings are lavished upon all—just and unjust, saints and sinners—who attend and offer the adorable Sacrifice in unison with the priest. They enjoy the special protection of God, they are aided in their daily work, and favored with an increase of temporal prosperity.

The advantages of attendance at Mass are, in a word, so immense in worth and countless in number that it must ever remain a matter of astonishment to the angels and beatified saints that so few Catholics, comparatively, make it their constant practice daily to visit the altar while the redeeming Sacrifice of Calvary is being renewed. From no other source does grace flow so copiously.

The Weak Spot in Modern Life.

IN his letter to Cardinal Vaughan and the English bishops, the Holy Father thus lays his unerring finger on the weak spot in modern life: "The evils which you deplore, and which you warn right-minded Catholics to shun, have generally their origin in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice, and in an inclination to a soft and easy life."

In actual practice, the world seems to have concluded that the "straight and narrow path" of the Gospel has imperceptibly become "the primrose path of dalliance"; and that "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence" no longer, but will be awarded as a matter of course to whoever leads a fairly honest life, and can assert with more or less truth that he has been "just as good as my neighbor." For such laxity Leo XIII. does not fail to prescribe the remedy: "Catholics, therefore, must devote themselves more earnestly to the cultivation of the spiritual life; protect the great gift of faith by carefully guarding against the dangers that menace it; labor more zealously in training themselves to the practice of Christian virtues; and especially they must grow in charity, self-denial, humility, and contempt of the perishable things of this world."

Notes and Remarks.

There is no strong reason for believing that Mars is inhabited, but we venture to say that if such were the case Irishmen would be found among our planetary neighbors. We have always suspected that the Manahen, "foster-brother of Herod the tetrach and Saul," mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, was a native of the Old Sod. Anyway, he was a member of "the Church which was at Antioch," and there are Irishmen "in it" to this day. Where are they not? Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, in reply to an address presented to him during his recent stay in Ireland, told of meeting in Rome the Archbishop of Salonica, the capital of Macedonia in Greece, the country of the Thessalonians, to whom St. Paul directed his two epistles. "To my surprise," says Archbishop Keane, "I found that he spoke English. I said: 'Your Grace, how does it happen that you speak English? Have you any English in your diocese?'—'Yes,' he said: 'I have about twenty-five hundred English in my diocese, and they are nearly all Irish'!" Archbishop Keane declared that he had never been able to find out what in the world had brought this colony of Irishmen into the heart of Macedonia.

Such scenes of disorder as have accompanied the "Dowieite" meetings in Chicago, and less recently in other cities of this country, are samples of the same sort of wrong-headedness as the mob-violence that formerly marked the lectures of ex-priests. There is no argument even in the most adroitly thrown egg, the only result being to exalt a fakir into a martyr. "I would die right here," shouted an excited woman amid a shower of unsavory missiles in Chicago last week, "if I thought it would spread

the gospel of Zion. Every sect and every creed had its beginning in martyrdom." The disciples of Dowie are pitifully deceived fanatics; they have made their prophet a millionaire many times over by contributions gladly bestowed out of their poverty; and they have not been shaken in their misbelief even when the lives of their nearest and dearest were sacrificed to the peculiar tenets of their sect. It is clear that argument or abuse will not disturb the serene convictions of such people—more especially when their persecutors are not distinguished either for almsgiving or deep religious convictions of any kind. The way to destroy religious fakes is to permit them to go their way and have their course, long or short.

It affords us much pleasure to be able to send another contribution this week to the promoter of the Cause of the Venerable John Baptist Vianney, "Curé of Ars." Our readers will be gratified to learn that the venerable servant of God is to be beatified not later than February, 1903. A Papal decree favoring the heroicity of his virtues has already been promulgated. Benefactors of the Cause share in the prayers which are recited every day in the church of Ars. The venerable Chanoine Ball assures us that readers of this magazine have done more to further the process of beatification than any other representation of the holy Curé's clients.

There is another chapter in the history of Protestant foreign missions yet to be written, and it will be the least edifying, perhaps, of all. We refer to the Sandwich Islands. The day of concealment has gone by, and wise men hold that it is a thousand times better to admit guilt before being charged with it. This is evidently the opinion of Prof. W. C. Stubbs, of New Orleans,

who lately visited the islands and has given some study to the sectarian missions there. In an address to the students of Tulane University he said:

The charge was made at the time and diligently spread over Europe that selfish motives actuated the missionaries in going to Hawaii. This charge is seemingly sustained by subsequent events. Their influence has been exerted in modifying the form of government favorable to their own control and personal aggrandizement. So well have they succeeded that to-day their sons are the rulers of the islands, politically, financially, religiously and socially; and many of them are millionaires many times over, owning most of the land.... Once on the islands, they shaped and directed affairs according to their ideas of what was right to themselves and to the heathen; and, true Yankees as they were, they lost no opportunity of acquiring and retaining everything of value. Their sons have simply continued the good work.

"Continued the good work" is fine scorn.

There is nothing to startle one in the news that the Catholic population of Ireland has decreased 6.7 per cent in the past two years. The wonder is that the decrease is not larger, for immigration from the Island of Saints continues almost as steady as in the days of active persecution; and what is Ireland's loss is a much-appreciated gain to the Church in the United States, in Canada, in Australia, in England itself, and also in South America. It is harder to explain the decrease of 3.5 per cent in the Episcopalian body. According to the new census, the Catholic population is 3,310,028; all other religious bodies combined muster only a little more than 1,000,000. There are only 4 Jews in the whole province of Connaught, and only 3000 in the whole of Ireland.

Friends of the House of Savoy often assert that the Church in Italy is unhampered by legislation, that conclaves have full liberty of action, and so on *ad nauseam*. Salvatore Cortesi, writing in the *International Monthly Magazine*, records that the Cardinals

who elected Leo XIII. were almost unanimous in wishing to hold the conclave in Spain. When the matter was mentioned to Crispi, the wily statesman sent word to their Eminences that if such were their wish, they would be escorted with a guard, like princes of the blood, to the Italian frontier; but he added: "As to your coming back, however, I can promise nothing." This is liberty of action as it is understood by the makers of New Italy. And with singular fatuity the incident is related by a man who repeatedly claims in the article above mentioned that the Church has unrestricted liberty in modern Rome.

Etiquette, at least in some particulars, has become a much more difficult and involved subject than it was in the days of our grandams. Thus a new Encyclopedia of Etiquette is advertised on the title-page as telling "what to do, what to say, what to write, and what to wear." But that is not all; under the heading "Divorced Woman's Card," the emancipated lady is told what good usage demands regarding the retention of her former husband's name on her card. Commenting on this, the *Critic* says: "There is something delightfully quaint and old-fashioned about the assumption that the purgatorial state is to be perpetual. In the case of nine divorces out of ten, nowadays, the name of the divorcee's future husband is already engraved on her card-plate when the degree is granted. Which saves not only confusion but expense."

The International Catholic Truth Society, with headquarters in New York, has a plan of its own for the federation of Catholic societies into a wieldable unity. It is this:

When we are called upon in any particular case by bishop, priest or Catholic layman to remedy

a crying injustice, it will be the duty of the Executive Committee carefully to investigate the matter, to gather all the facts together, obtain legal advice from lawyers in the Society; and, having satisfied itself there is need for action, the Committee will, through representative Catholic gentlemen, quietly present the matter to the proper authorities and ask for justice.

When this honorable course fails, it will be their duty to submit a formal protest to the directors of the Society; and when such protest has received their approval it will be sent immediately to the supreme councils of every Catholic organization in the United States for their endorsement. By virtue of a previous understanding, and in the knowledge that the case has been thoroughly examined, that quiet measures have been ineffectual, that the protest comes to them from the highest source, the officers will sign such protest in the name of their membership; and the protest thus endorsed by hundreds of thousands of men will doubtless produce an effect upon the authorities which the sacred justice of the case was unable to obtain. It will, moreover, be understood that such protest is not a theoretical or academic affair: that when the source of responsibility has been located and refuses to listen to our cry for justice, the signers of such protest will make use of their right as American citizens to antagonize those who have brought religion into politics, who have prostituted their sacred office to the behests of religious bigotry.

This plan, it is believed, has several advantages over all others. It would eliminate the notion of a Catholic political party or a standing committee of grievance; it would shut off local partisan influence and assure the reality and seriousness of the wrong to be redressed. It is worthy of consideration.

Dr. William Wallace affirms in one of the most influential of the secular reviews that among the sects in Scotland religion is in a state of dry-rot. Appropriating Renan's saying, he records it as his deliberate opinion that Scotland "is now the most orthodox country in the world because it is the most indifferent to religion. To innovate in theology is to believe in theology." Yet innovation need not always mean belief; for of the two editors of the new "Encyclopedia Biblica," one is a Scotsman and several of the contributors are Scotch,

and the "Encyclopedia" is the most anti-Christian document ever formulated in the name of religion. The London *Academy*, a very keen critic and not an unfriendly one, described the work as the heaviest blow dealt at Protestantism for half a century, despite the fact that the authors of most of the articles—even those in which the Trinity and the Incarnation are pooh-poohed—are Protestant clergymen in good standing. The demand formerly made upon the young "meenister" by suspicious orthodoxy, "Gang owre the fundamentals," will hereafter be omitted for the good and sufficient reason that there will be no fundamentals left.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, an author whom the readers of this magazine have reason to remember with gratitude, has filled hundreds of volumes with print, but none of his books is easier reading than "Fifty Years of Catholic Progress in England." Naturally such an account has much to say of converts, for whom, we are glad to observe, Mr. Fitzgerald has the broad and generous sympathy of a good-hearted man. In a passage of deep feeling he writes:

"The convert!" How lightly is that little word spoken, as though signifying merely the passage from one church to another! But how much it stands for! For what agonizing wrestlings and torture of mind, unseen and unknown! What rendings and bendings of the conscience! What struggles and calls long resisted and finally obeyed! What tearing of the heartstrings! How awful the almost cruel disregard of family ties and interests,—the light and truth having to be purchased often at the sacrifice of all that is dearest in the world! How many a noble soul—say some vicar or curate—has had to go through the agony of witnessing the tears and miseries of wife and little children, whom he was leading away to privation and starvation! What could be finer than that martyrdom—that sealing of conviction by such sacrifice?

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In the same fascinating work we find an appreciation of "The Broadstone of Honor" and "Mores Catholici," all the

more deserving of quotation because Digby's portly volumes, full of curious learning, are now so little read:

No work that one takes down from the shelves fills us with more astonishment than the "*Mores Catholici*" or "*The Broadstone of Honor*." Their author was Henry Kenelm Digby, an interesting man of high aims and a perfect "dungeon" of heterogeneous reading. He was permeated with the feeling of chivalry—of a gentleman's honor—while in his writing there is a strain of noble, dignified placidness, as though he himself had lived in these remote days. He was born in 1800, and died in 1880. The most astonishing monument of his labors is the "*Mores Catholici*," in eleven portly octavos, which can be opened and read anywhere, and is brimful of quotations from the most recondite works; yet these are introduced without any labored effect, and somehow seem to fit their places. A single page may introduce us to a dozen, it may be, of these choice "bits"—to some rare old poet, or to sentences from Richard of Bury, or some one of the same class. And so it goes on page after page, we wondering at the depth and variety of the authors reading. His own language has a grave and antique simplicity that is very pleasing.... These writings of his are so charged with the tones and feelings of past ages that we readily come to appreciate Julius Hare's praise of "*The Broadstone of Honor*," which he calls "that noble manual for gentlemen; that volume which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him, though such admonition would be needless, to love it next to his Bible." A fine compliment, and founded in truth.

Of Charles Kent, a stalwart Catholic, like Mr. Fitzgerald a valued contributor to this magazine, and like him a close friend of Charles Dickens, it is recorded that the novelist addressed to Kent the last letter that he penned on the day when he was seized with his last illness. Dickens wrote: "It was, I believe, a Reverend Father of your Church who made the remark, 'These violent delights have violent endings.'"

For many years English writers have been scornfully pointing to the low birth-rate in France, but it appears that if politeness did not restrain them French writers might stick out their tongues at England. Surely a man witnessing against his own household

may be trusted to tell the truth, and Mr. J. Holt Schooling gives this testimony in the June *Fortnightly*: "The average number of children resulting from a French marriage is under three; with us it is under four, with a marked tendency to become fewer. The increase in our population is greatly aided by a low death-rate, not by a high birth-rate. During recent years the English birth-rate has declined in a marked degree, which is relatively greater than the fall in the birth-rate of any other European country. The decline of the English birth-rate has been greater even than the decline of France's birth-rate." This surprising conclusion is established by carefully tabulated statistics; and it is the sober truth to say that of all the omens observed by the prophets who foretell the speedy decline of England, none is more portentous than this.

We quite agree with the *Bookman* that the following sentences from an exhortation delivered by a Negro preacher at a revival in Atlanta show a very high degree of "untutored native eloquence and of primitive imagination which rises to the heights of the sublime":

Oh, me! What you gwine ter do w'en you see de devil comin' in a hailstorm, drivin' a pa'r er white hosses, wid de lightnin' fer reins, en de thunder barkin' lak a houn' dog at his heels; en him kickin' de big hills out his way, en drinkin' up de sea at a mouthful w'en he feel thirsty, en takin' de roun' worl' in his two han's en pitchin' it at de stars lak hit wuz a baseball? I ax you, plain en constant, what you gwine ter do en whar you gwine ter stan' w'en de devil do dat?

This is, as our clever contemporary says, absolutely apocalyptic; the language is forcible and the imagery Miltonic. But the suggestion that it may, after all, be the work of some white man is wholly unnecessary and extremely improbable. One of the most highly colored and imaginative discourses we have ever read was written and spoken by a black orator.



Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

II.—THE KNIGHT OF THE PRINCESS.

THE lad whose chivalrous actions have been described was a little over fourteen years of age. He was not particularly tall for his years, but solidly built, with good broad shoulders; a firm, well-rounded pair of legs, which had done good service in many an escapade; and a shock-head of wavy black hair. He was too young to affect the "football style" which cultivates long hair that is always getting into the owner's eyes, necessitating a constant backward toss of the head, much resembling the movement of a driving horse annoyed by too tight a check rein. His head was well shaped: indeed, it reminded one of the head of Mendelssohn as represented in the steel engraving of that celebrated musician. The eyebrows were large and very black; the pupils of the eyes as black as two sloes. The regular nose had dilated, thin nostrils, indicating large sensitiveness. The mouth was large for a boy of his age. Owing to a natural neatness, the teeth were well preserved and pearly white. In fact, the laughing teeth of Harry Stanley Russell gained him many friends. There was a nobility in the broad white forehead. Rather large and well-squared jaws, such as character readers claim to be indicative of determination, complete the picture.

As Russell stood at Nancy's fruit store a few minutes after the irate Italian had been driven away on the hot afternoon in July with which our story opens, he

was dressed with more care than the average newsboy; although the clothes he wore were old, and here and there gave evidence of having been neatly patched and well brushed. On his head was a many-colored tartan cap. His clothes were of a dark color; although there were one or two holes in his black stockings, showing white ones beneath, his whole appearance was one of tidiness and of a mother's care. His stout, thick-soled shoes were polished, but this was probably not the boy's fault: it merely indicated maternal supervision.

As Nancy's temporary substitute kept watch over her stock-in-trade during her absence, crying the usual newspaper cries with a rich, musical voice, and generously selling the girl's papers, while his own were untouched under his arm, a passer-by would wonder why such a boy should be engaged in such an occupation. If the same passer-by were observant, he would come to the conclusion that there was something quite out of the common in the history of this boy: that there would probably be an interesting tale to unfold if one could but get at it; for it was plain that the boy was not a street Arab nor one of those who are commonly known as "alley rats."

"Evenin' pa-pers! Evenin' pa-pers! All about the war!" rang out Russell's clear, shrill voice, time and again, above the din of the street traffic.

A lawyer, waiting for a car, a regular customer of Nancy, came to the stand.

"Where's the golden-haired beauty?" asked the lawyer.

"Gone to speculate on the Board of Trade," replied the boy facetiously; and

added quickly: "Paper, sir,—paper?"

"But I want one of hers," said the man of law.

"Of course. I never sell my own while she's gone."

"You don't!" The intending purchaser looked surprised.

"Naw! 'Tain't my stand,—see? I just take her place for a little while, 'cause she's a cripple."

"And you give her all you make while she is away?"

"'Course I do. What d'ye take me for? 'Tain't my papers that's sold, is it? Paper, sir,—paper?"

"Well now, I call that good of you. You're a clever lad."

Harry began to squirm and blush and wriggle, as a real boy always does when complimented.

"But perhaps she's your sister?"

"The Princess my sister! Well, I guess not." And the boy's merry laugh rang clear across the street. This time the purchaser looked a little confused.

"But isn't the girl any relation of yours?" he went on.

"Nit! Why, sir, Nancy lives down in Cat Alley!"

That fact, in Harry's mind, ought to satisfy the lawyer conclusively. It was not, however, so convincing to the lawyer, who had not the slightest notion where the boy or the cripple lived.

"Well, I'm going to give you ten cents for a paper."

The lawyer helped himself to one from the curb-stone.

"Now, what will you do with the extra nine cents?"

"It's her paper you bought, eh?" asked the boy, after he had thought for a minute.

"Yes."

"Well, then, the price you paid for it, whatever it was, belongs by right to Nan. See?"

"That's decidedly good! My boy, if you keep on this way you'll be president of the United States yet."

"Ye're giving me taffy, ain't yer?" replied the boy; and then, as if his conscience upbraided him for neglecting business, he shouted loud and clear: "Papers! Evenin' papers!"

This duty to the absent one being done, he turned to the lawyer again.

"Ye're fond of 'joshing' a kid, ain't yer?" And, without waiting for an answer, he shouted to a rival newsboy whom he had that moment espied and who had the temerity to invade the sanctity of Nancy's particular corner:

"Here, you kid, clear out of this! This 'ere corner belongs to the Princess. Every kid knows that. Skip out now! D'ye hear?"

The interloper either did not hear or did not intend to admit any proprietary rights in the matter. He continued to call his wares. He was soon doing a rushing business.

Harry Stanley Russell looked anxiously up the street to the next block, where the Chamber of Commerce was located, to see if there were any signs of Nancy. She was nowhere in sight. Meanwhile the invader was selling his papers with that rapidity which is supposed to accompany the disposal of hot cakes.

"Look here, kid! You just quit!" said Harry from the fruit stand.

There was no response from the "kid." Russell could not stand this. To the surprise of the lawyer, the boy said, without ceremony:

"Here, sir, you just hold my papers. I'll settle his hash for him!"

And before the disciple of Blackstone could realize what was happening he was the unexpected custodian of a bundle of fifty papers.

The lawyer was a student of human nature. He often declared he found most of his subjects of study on the streets.

Here was something quite out of the ordinary. He rather enjoyed the situation. Not for a moment did he consider whether he was aiding and abetting a street disturbance; at the moment he had no thought of fines and penalties: he was too interested in watching the knight defend the rights of the cripple.

Harry clinched his teeth. The set of his strong jaw showed that he meant business. Going up to the intruder, he coolly said:

"Look here, young fellow, this corner belongs to a poor crippled girl, and no newsboy ever comes on her ground."

"Don't they now! Well, I *come* and I'm here to *stay*. D'y'e mind that?"

"But you won't be let,—we won't let you," said Harry.

"I'd like to see any one stop me. No dood newsboy will, that's sure. Papers! Evenin' papers!"

But his sales had ceased. A number of people had gathered to hear the dispute. Several of the acquaintances of the prominent lawyer, seeing a pile of papers under his arm, and aware of his somewhat eccentric character, stopped to see the end.

"Will you clear out?" said Russell.

"Papers, gentlemen,—evenin' papers!" cried the invader; but no one bought any more from him.

"Will you clear out?—twice!" said Russell, firmly.

No reply. Yet, somehow, the stranger did not altogether like the determined look in the other boy's face.

"Will you clear out?—three times!"

The three warnings having been given in accordance with the boyish notion of that honor which forbids the taking of an enemy unawares, Harry Russell squared off and struck a blow at the boy's face right from the shoulder. The fighting attitude of the champion, as well as the manner in which the blow was given, gave sufficient proof that

whatever else Harry Russell had done, or however long or short a time he had been a newsboy, he had not forgotten his athletics, and had formerly made good use of the gloves.

The boy attacked was about Harry's size. He was by no means a coward: he had squared off as soon as he saw the other meant "business." Now, it can be easily understood that a stand-up fight on a busy thoroughfare of a large city could only be a matter of a few briefest moments—say, for the time it would take a policeman to walk leisurely from one corner of the block to another. The boys knew this. Consequently they lost no time. Blows fell rapidly and heavily. Harry Stanley Russell felt that he was fighting for a principle, and this added weight to his blows and vigor to his arm. A great many blows can be given and taken in half a minute. Quite enough were given by Russell to prove incontestably that he was the conqueror, and to make the other boy realize the sacredness of that particular corner to him hereafter. He cried "Quits!" just as another delighted tod of a newsboy, who had rushed up to see the show, called out excitedly:

"Cheese it! The cop!" and then skipped away again into safety.

The defeated boy, hurriedly gathering his papers, retreated with more haste than dignity. The policeman when he arrived—perhaps he was well pleased to be a moment too late, for he had boys of his own—was, or feigned to be, surprised at seeing a prominent lawyer, whom he knew well, handing a large bundle of evening papers to Russell with one hand, while he patted him on the back with the other.

"You are a brave boy!" said the lawyer. "Look there across the street!" pointing to his own name on a second-story office window. "That's my office. Any time you want help or advice, just

drop in there. Here is half a dollar for you."

The lawyer moved off with some friends, laughing and chatting, well pleased with the incident of the day. The crowd dispersed as quickly as it had formed. The burly policeman, although everybody was now moving, shouted: "Move on there! Don't block up the sidewalk." But, then, you know, he had to show his authority.

When the traffic on the corner had assumed its normal condition, and Nancy had again taken possession of her stand, and with raucous voice had heartily thanked Harry for the extra pennies, the good-natured policeman came up to the boy.

"Here now, lad, you tell me what it was all about."

Harry, who was applying a not over-clean handkerchief, which he had dampened at a passing watering-cart, to a very much puffed eye, quietly told the man of the club and the brass buttons the whole story. Then there was a brief silence.

"And you actually fought in defence of Nan?" asked the man.

"No: I fought for the girl's rights on this corner."

"It's a good job for you that I was across the street and a block away, or you would have had a ride in the patrol, sure!"

But there was a merry, kindly twinkle in the big man's eyes.

(To be continued.)

PE, in China, means "north," and king means "the capital"; hence Peking: the northern capital. Tien means "heavenly," and Tsin means "place"; so Tien-Tsin has meant "heavenly place" for many centuries. When the famous Marco Polo visited the town in the thirteenth century he translated its name into "Citta Celeste."

St. Cuthbert's Vision.

Cuthbert was a shepherd-boy watching his flock on the Lammermuir Hills, by the side of the river Leader, not far from the ancient town of Lauder. One night, while his companions were sleeping and he was praying, he saw a wonderful light break through the darkness, and in the midst of it a company of angels descended to the earth. Having received among them a spirit of surpassing brightness, the angels returned to their heavenly home.

The young man was struck with awe at this sight and began to offer up praise and thanksgiving, calling loudly on his companions to join him. He told them he had just seen the door of heaven opened, and there was led in thither, amidst an angelic company, the spirit of some holy man, who now, forever blessed, beheld the glory of paradise and Christ its King, while they were still grovelling amid this earthly darkness. He said it must have been some holy bishop or some favored one of the company of the faithful whom he saw thus borne up to heaven by that large angelic choir. As Cuthbert spoke the hearts of the shepherds thrilled with reverence and praise.

When the morning came he found that Aidan, the holy Bishop of Lindisfarne, had passed away at the very moment of the vision. Immediately, therefore, he delivered over the sheep that he was feeding to their owners, and determined to enter a monastery. He went to Melrose, the monastery two miles east of the present abbey, where Boisil was prior; and being admitted, Boisil at once saw the future greatness of this young novice, who lived a holy life there for ten years more.

After leaving the great monastery at Melrose, St. Cuthbert became an

eloquent preacher in the neighborhood of Galloway; and in 664 was made prior of Lindisfarne, where to this day the little shells found only on that coast are called St. Cuthbert's shells; and the sea-birds, his favored friends, are called St. Cuthbert's birds. He built a cell, and pilgrims from all parts flocked to ask his counsel and his blessing and his prayers. After eight years passed thus he was chosen Bishop of Lindisfarne. When not engaged in the administration of his diocese he retired to his cell at Farne.

When his last days drew near, in 687, he directed his brethren to wrap his body after his death in the linen which the Abbess Verca had given him, and to bury it, as they so earnestly desired, in their church at Lindisfarne. His last words were: "Keep peace with one another and ever guard the divine jewel of charity. Despise not any of the household of the faith who come to you seeking hospitality, but receive and entertain and dismiss them with friendliness and affection."

His remains were taken to Lindisfarne, where, amid the prayers and the solemn chants of the brethren, they were interred in a stone sarcophagus on the right of the altar in St. Peter's Church. Eleven years later the body, still incorrupt, was taken from the tomb, wrapped in fresh linen and placed in a shrine of wood, which was laid on the floor of the sanctuary. Great veneration was shown to the saint's relics by King Alfred, King Canute, and William the Conqueror. His own copy of the Gospels is still preserved in the British Museum. The Cathedral of Durham was dedicated to his memory, and in the twelfth century his relics were transferred to that place. In the year 1537, when his shrine was plundered, his precious body was found still incorrupt.

The Gates of Paradise.

Lorenzo Ghiberti, a famous Florentine sculptor, who excelled in casting his sculpture in metals, had acquired so great a reputation that the municipal authorities gave him a commission, about 1439, to decorate the chief door of San Giovanni with bronzes representing scenes or incidents from the Old Testament. The door, when finished, met with unqualified praise from all quarters. When Michael Angelo was asked what he thought of it, he said: "They are so beautiful that they might fittingly stand at the gates of paradise!" This artist put his own portrait and that of his father on the decorations of the border of the door.

Lorenzo had shown his genius at the age of twenty, when he won the prize for which the most famous artists of his time competed — namely, the commission to make a bronze representing the sacrifice of Isaac by his father Abraham. Other bronzes portraying similar subjects followed. For this great work he was liberally paid, and its admirable execution led to many lucrative commissions. But the great triumph of his life was won when Michael Angelo paid him the compliment which has become as historic as the gates themselves, and which illustrates how high a great soul soars above the petty jealousies of little men.

How Glass was Discovered.

Pliny tells us how glass was discovered. Some merchants were carrying nitre and stopped at a river which issues from Mt. Carmel. They looked about for stones on which to rest their camp kettle; but finding none suitable, used pieces of nitre instead. The fire dissolved the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and the result was the substance we call glass.

With Authors and Publishers.

—According to the Rev. Father Barnabé, O. F. M., who has just published a book on the subject, the "mountain in Galilee" on which Our Lord addressed His disciples before ascending into heaven is no other than Mount Tabor, the scene of the Transfiguration. This opinion is supported by a long chain of Christian tradition. The London *Tablet* refers to Father Barnabé's book as "a little work well worth reading by those interested in Biblical questions."

—To us it is cause for rejoicing that the sale of the late Robert Buchanan's last story, "Father Anthony," has reached the 100,000 mark. The chief character of this popular novel is not, of course, portrayed as a Catholic writer would portray him; but the book is so obviously well-intentioned and so incomparably more sweet and true to life than the majority of stories by non-Catholic authors in which priests figure, that we wonder at the objection to "Father Anthony" on the part of certain Catholics. The story was written by a Protestant for the general public. Catholic readers can not be harmed by it and non-Catholic readers can not fail to be benefited. It seems to us that Catholics should have very kindly feelings toward the late Mr. Buchanan, who did more, perhaps, than any one in England or our own country to check the production of salacious literature and to shame the public out of patronizing it. If the erotic novel has gone out of fashion to a great extent in the English-speaking world, this happy change is due in great measure to the energetic opposition of Mr. Robert Buchanan.

—Reviewing Mr. Martin A. S. Hume's important new volume, "Treason and Plot; Struggles for Catholic Supremacy in the Last Years of Queen Elizabeth," the *Athenæum* cites the authoritative denial of Major Hume that the Papists ever devised plots against the life of "Good Queen Bess." The paragraph deserves to be quoted in full:

After the ghastly massacre of twenty-two Roman priests and eleven lay folk in 1588, the Jesuits (who were few) and all the seminarists (who were many) were all in hiding. When they were caught by the priest "hunters" they were never spared. The Government kept a host of spies and informers dogging their steps at every turn. Such a band of detectives—ruffianly, merciless, and false—had never been known in England.

The persecutors succeeded just a trifle too well, and in some quarters a sentiment of pity grew up. But when Robert, Earl of Essex, with no better motive than a desire to supplant the Great Lord Burghley, organized a band of intelligencers,

whose business it was to discover or invent more ingenious and incredible villainies than had been suspected heretofore, then we begin first to hear of plots to murder the Queen, and they come crowding upon us with bewildering frequency. How little truth there was in any one of them may be inferred from Major Hume's summary of the "net result" of his examination into the assassination plots of 1592-3. "Even the English refugees on the Continent must," he says, "nearly all of them have been against the commission of such a crime, or the Queen would never have died a natural death. . . . Notwithstanding all the loose talk of the swashbucklers, no serious attempt was ever made to commit the murder."

Froude refused to write the history—it was no great loss—of the period referred to above, on the ground that it was not worth writing about.

—Somewhat ponderously, M. D. Petrie, the author of "The Temperament of Doubt," approaches his theme, which is that rare form of religious doubt arising not out of careless living nor from a wish to disbelieve, but out of the difficulty of finding the answer to all the multitudinous questionings suggested by modern intellectual unrest. There is a noble breadth of sympathy in Mr. Petrie's discussion of the question,—more breadth than many experienced missionaries could muster, we fancy. His conclusion is that "it is hopeless to ask for an irresistible answer to all doubts, but we know that our own existence is wider in proportion to the elevation of our belief. We have, then, to hold to our sense of right and wrong, which may be likened to our sense of touch when our faith, which is our sense of sight, grows dim; and it is not stranger to appeal from one spiritual sense to another than from one physical perception to another, which is what we do when we come to touch a tree to find out if it is a substance or a ghost." Catholic Truth Society.

—The extraordinary popularity among religious-minded Protestants of the "Looking Upward Booklets," the "Quiet Hour Series," etc., ought to encourage some Catholic publisher to bring out a series of little books made up of selections from authors like Father Faber, whose writings abound in passages calculated to enlighten the reader and to strengthen him to perform the duties and to bear the burdens of daily life with patience and courage. We refer to passages like this from "The Blessed Sacrament," page 58:

Sacred things and sacred ceremonies, simply because they are things and ceremonies, may become common to us, though they ought not to do so. They may cease to make an impression; and it may be difficult for us always to be recollected in their presence, without this difficulty being a

symptom of any very grave spiritual disease. But it is not so with the presence of Our Lord's own self. We can not become so familiarized with His sacramental presence as to be careless and unimpressed without its betokening a most lamentable and dangerous state of spiritual tepidity. It is very common even for heretics to have a strange sensation come over them in Catholic churches, which they do not understand and can not analyze; and shall we be less moved than they? Yet, alas! whenever we hear or read some of the great things concerning the Blessed Sacrament, does it not often flash upon us that our conduct is not in keeping with our creed; and, looking back on a long, sad line of indifferent Communion, distracted Masses, and careless visits to the tabernacle, are we not sometimes startled into saying, Do I really believe all this? O how many of us might simplify our spiritual lives and so make great progress, if we would only look to the Blessed Sacrament, to our feelings and conduct toward it, and its impression upon us, as the index of our spiritual condition! We are always trying to awaken ourselves with new things—new books, new prayers, new confraternities, new states of prayer; and our forbearing Lord runs after us and keeps blessing us in our changeableness and humoring us in our feeble weakness. How much better would it be to keep to our old things, to hold fast by Him, and to warm ourselves only at the tabernacle fire!

But such a series of booklets should be compiled by some one qualified for the task; they should be well published; and, furthermore, they should be brought out by a firm not afraid to let the Catholic public know its address.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.
 Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.
 Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.
 The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.
 Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.
 The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.
 John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.
 Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, net.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., net.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., net.

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, net.

The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.

Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., net.

Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, L. L. D.* \$1.50, net.

The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.

Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.

The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$20.

Arrows of the Almighty. *Owen Johnson.* \$1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, net.

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph Eyler, of the Diocese of Cleveland; the Rev. John Ernst, Diocese of Brooklyn; the Rev. Thomas Tierney, Diocese of Louisville; and the Rev. Martin Dyer, C. M.

Sister Innocence, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Aloysius Marie, Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. William Effé and Mr. Michael Croft, of Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Mary Grant, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. Patrick Lyne, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Mary Donald, New Orleans, La.; Mr. Louis Sanglir and Mrs. Anna Hanley, Tiffin, Ohio; Mrs. J. M. Topmoeller, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Weldon, Millersburg, Iowa; Mr. John Devaney, Austin, Texas; Mr. John Kuhn, Mrs. Mary A. Kuhn, and Mr. F. Backmond, Latrobe, Pa.; Mrs. Hannah Dwyer and Miss Catherine Flynn, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Andrew Brehler, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; Mrs. Johanna Kennedy, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mary Driscoll, Taunton, Mass.; and Mr. Joseph Kiesel, Pittsburg, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 20, 1901.

NO. 3.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Nocturne.*

BY THOMAS WALSH.

AH, those voices from home, those tender echoes
of old!
Many and many an image the mirror's fragments
hold.
Ever the haunting sense of the gray sky and the
plain
Where inconsolably ever creaks the old-time weather-
vane.
Ah, sorrowless land,—with the spraying sound of
the chimes
Blessing our souls on the breeze with the hyssop
of metal rhymes!
Ah, gray old road, and the ribbons dimmed in the
haze
That bind in their childhood blue to the old procession
days!
Yes, and the air from the farms with the scent of
earth in its strain,—
How sweetly all of them murmur: "Come back,
come back again!"

A Son of St. Alphonsus.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II.

WHEN Clement Hofbauer joined
the Redemptorist Order, the
friend who accompanied him
on his third journey from
Vienna—a young man named Thaddeus
Hübl—did not approve of the step: it
was too sudden; it did not get sufficient
consideration; and, worst of all, it was
hardly fair of Clement to abandon him
thus in a strange city and join a
religious order,—leaving him all alone

after he had come to Rome by Clement's
persuasion. Clement spent all that day,
all that evening and all that night in
prayer to God that his friend might
obtain the grace of a vocation. Next
morning Thaddeus hastened to meet
him, crying out: "Do you know I am
going to stay with you and am also
to enter the Congregation?"

Clement was thirty-three, Thaddeus
twenty-three years of age. St. Alphonsus
was living at the time, and the news
was brought to him from Rome. It
was indeed with some ridicule that the
on dit of the Fathers at Rome was
related at Naples. "They say," was
the way it was put, "that these two
young men are to found a house one
day beyond the Alps!" But the saint
treated the matter more seriously, and
prophetically replied: "God will not fail
to promote His glory by their means.
Their mission, however, will be different
from ours. In the midst of the Lutherans
and Calvinists among whom they will
be placed the catechism will be of more
necessity than preaching. These good
priests will do a great work."

Clement had always the highest esteem
and reverence for the doctrinal little
works of St. Alphonsus, and so it was
joy beyond imagination to him to find
himself in an Order that that saintly
writer had founded. As yet he knew
the saint only by his writings; but
when it was told him that the holy

* After the French of Georges Rodenbach.

founder sent his special benediction and extended his tenderest welcome to him and his companion, then indeed was his cup of joy full to the brim.

Clement and Thaddeus entered upon their novitiate without delay. On the 24th of October following they received the holy habit, and on the Feast of St. Joseph a year later (1785) they made their religious profession. At this time Clement was physically a strong man, with his vigorous northern appetite unimpaired; he used afterward playfully relate that his sufferings from hunger when put on the spare diet of the south was enough to canonize a man.

On March 29 they were ordained priests, and toward the autumn of that year they were on their journey to carry the fortunes of the Congregation and its blessings beyond the Alps. They passed through the Tyrol, and determined to try their fate in Vienna. But the Emperor Joseph II. had suppressed all the monasteries and abbeys in his dominions, and so they had to proceed more northerly still.

As they were pursuing their journey, one of those things which God alone can bring about took place. They were on one of the boats that plied down the Danube. Father Clement saw a poor hermit, and, going toward him with the intention of speaking kindly to him, found to his amazement that the hermit was no other than the companion that formerly kneaded dough and baked loaves with him in Vienna, who had accompanied him on his first and second journeys to Rome, and who had shared with him his little hermitage at Tivoli. Emmanuel Kunozman, the hermit, was going on a pilgrimage. The friends were overjoyed to meet again; and when Father Clement had explained to his former acquaintance the nature and work and aims of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the pilgrim

asked to be received as a lay-brother. Father Clement accepted him; and the three journeyed henceforward together,—Emmanuel being the first novice received north of the Alps.

Their destination was Pomerania; but on their way thither they were to pass through Warsaw, and though man had proposed God had disposed that they were to go no farther than Warsaw. They called on the nuncio there. Monsignor Saluzzo was a native of Naples, and had, therefore, a warm interest in St. Alphonsus' young community. He received them with great joy; and it being the month of February, when travelling was very difficult in a northern climate, he bade them rest for a while.

They might rest from travelling, but for men of their stamp there was clearly no rest: inactivity would indeed be the heaviest burden to them. The harvest was great and the laborers few. We, who are clothed in soft garments and in the houses of kings, have no idea of a Teuton land, or of any land, at the end of the eighteenth century. To ask an apostle's heart to rest and the labor at his hands, to bid the shepherd sit down and let the strayed sheep go its way, was not to be listened to. Oh, these apostles, what men they be!

"Very soon the thousands of Germans who inhabited Warsaw made up their minds that they would do their utmost to keep them in that city," says the biographer. Was there ever a mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers, even in holy Ireland, full of pious and zealous priests as it is, that that was not the feeling of the people on the day when the Fathers were leaving—"their minds made up to keep them if they could"?

The good people of Warsaw besieged and besought all the powers—bishop, primate, nuncio! At last they succeeded in obtaining a conditional favor: the

Fathers might remain until the will of the superior-general of the Congregation should be made known. They installed the poor Redemptorists in the church of their national patron, St. Bonnone; and there the Fathers said Mass, heard confessions, preached, administered the sacraments,—as the Fathers of the Order do wherever they get a resting-place for their weary feet.

The king heard of their work—the nuncio introduced them to him,—and he was delighted with the object of the Congregation as related by Father Clement. He expressed a strong desire that they would remain in Warsaw, and promised five thousand florins a year toward their support. The German community in Warsaw, hearing of the munificence of the king, were not behind-hand, and bound themselves to give yearly a sum of thirteen hundred florins. “But our Blessed Lord,” says the biographer, “who wishes to prove the virtue of His servants, allowed all these fine promises to remain a dead letter.” And Father Clement, writing in May of the year 1793, says: “Our house is kept going by a miracle; for what we receive is so little that it scarcely suffices to pay for the candles, oil, and wine of the church.”

The necessary permission came from the superior-general for them to stay at Warsaw. They were, therefore, formally installed in the Church of St. Bonnone, and the little house adjoining was given to them for a monastery. They were in all two priests and a lay-brother. But let us step into the monastery for a moment. It had for furniture a table and two chairs; and this table and these two chairs made two beds at night. There was little or no fire; and, considering the climate of the winter in Warsaw, we are not astonished to hear that the walls and doors *wept* like a sponge. Emmanuel knew how

to make loaves, but he knew nothing of fishes nor meat nor vegetables nor soup; so that Father Clement quite ordinarily passed from a sermon in the pulpit to cooking in the kitchen, to help and encourage and, if possible, educate the poor lay-brother in the mysteries of the culinary art. Their knives and forks, dishes, plates, cloths,—everything was borrowed, except a few spoons, and these were made of wood, carved by Father Clement himself, in a unique fashion no doubt.

But these were mere nothings. Outside their church and home, in that broad city of Warsaw, with its thousands upon thousands of souls, there was spiritual misery that was beyond conception. Religion was paralyzed, Catholicity was but a name, sacraments were theoretic things; and that zealous love of God, that like salt seasons and preserves, was altogether unknown. Give these two men and that lay-brother to reach these thousands of souls, and it does not matter that water rolls down their walls; it does not matter that a table and two chairs make two beds for the night; it does not matter that their scanty meals are ill-cooked; it does not matter that of themselves they have less than half a dozen clumsily-carved wooden spoons.

“Scandalous vices have nowhere come to such a pitch as in this city,” wrote Father Clement. “From the highest in the land to the poorest, all are corrupt.” Any one who has read ecclesiastical history will know what the state of things must have been when it is related that Gallicanism and Jansenism had got a foothold there; that Freemasonry was looked upon as so ordinary a thing that all the nobility were inscribed upon its roll; the names of ministers of state were there, and also—most pitiable of all!—of priests and dignitaries of the Church; that the works of the French

and German sceptics and atheists, Rousseau and Voltaire, and all their kind, were scattered broadcast through the land; and that there were few to raise a warning voice and scarcely one to controvert or instruct. The whole body of the faithful seemed to be in a torpid state,—neither hot nor cold; and then, you know, “I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.”

When in this state of things Father Clement raised his voice he was sure to be contradicted, vilified and attacked. To call him a stranger was found to answer with one set of persons; to call him a heretic, with another; to call him a hypocrite, with a third; any weapon is good enough, so the adage goes, to beat a dog. The holy priest and his brethren were there against the devil, and the devil recognized it. “The calumnies and persecutions of every sort,” says the biographer, “which rained upon them at that time were so great that Father Clement was on the point of returning into Italy, but was dissuaded by the nuncio.”

God came visibly to his relief. On one occasion, when their poverty put them in the greatest straits, Father Clement placed himself at the altar, knocked at the tabernacle door and implored help. At that same moment a strange gentleman knocked at the monastery door and presented the Father with a large sum of money. His community, too, seemed to be under the especial care and protection of God; for in about a dozen years it increased to twenty-five members, nine of whom were priests.

And at their mission, when the devil did his utmost to interfere, the Divine Redeemer sometimes sent His Holy Mother to cheer the good missionaries, as we read: “On one occasion, as the Father was preparing the people for a general Communion, a frightful cry was heard, as of a child being strangled.

Everyone turned round to see where the child was, but there was not one in the church.” Again there was a cry: “A woman with child has been crushed in the crowd!” And this being disproved, a fresh cry arose: “Fire! fire!” And a dense smoke seemed to issue from the beams of the church. But when the roof was examined there was not a trace either of fire or smoke. By a merciful interposition of Providence, no one was hurt in spite of the panic and the great crowd; and, everyone being reassured, the general Communion was made with extraordinary devotion.

At three o'clock on that same day, which was the Sunday after the 13th of November, when they were keeping the Octave of St. Stanislaus Kostka, the congregation were consoled by a wonderful sight. The altar of St. Joseph seemed suddenly enveloped in a cloud, and a vision of Christ's Mother appeared in the midst, bright with light and of a heavenly sweetness. Not only the congregation but Count Lasocki and the priests all beheld the apparition; and nothing broke the intense and silent admiration of the witnesses save sighs and whispered invocations of the sweet names of Jesus and Mary. After about an hour the beautiful vision disappeared, leaving an ineffable feeling of consolation in the hearts of the people. This mission lasted a whole month, and during that time upward of eleven thousand persons approached the sacraments.

(To be continued.)

THE test of a strong, simple sermon is results,—not the Sunday praise of auditors, but their bettered lives during the week. People who pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on their neighbors on Monday need simplicity in their faith.—*W. G. Jordan.*

NOR knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXI.—MR. MORAN IS THE GUEST OF MRS. THURSTON.

NOW, there could scarcely be a greater contrast than that which existed between the dwelling of Mr. Mortimer, which Mr. Henry Moran had quitted, and that of Mrs. Thurston, whither he now repaired. The latter was one of the handsomest and most luxurious of those villas which have caused Newport to shine forth on this American continent as a place of more than Oriental splendor.

A very broad veranda ran around three sides of the house; but upon that side of it which overlooked the ocean, the veranda was at its broadest, and its appointments were those of a handsomely furnished reception room. Divans and lounges heaped with cushions, and arm-chairs and rockers, alternated with tables and screens. Tall palms and oleander trees waved softly in the sea-breeze; men and women sat about in a luxurious languor, from which the invigorating atmosphere did not in any degree rouse them. Tobacco smoke was perfectly perceptible, mingled with the most delicate and subtle of perfumes.

From one of the two hammocks, which were respectively occupied by concealed figures, came a shrill and high-pitched voice, just as Mr. Henry Moran had stepped up and shaken hands with his hostess.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Moran? Come over here and talk to me. It's too hot to get up."

Henry Moran smilingly complied with the request.

"How are you, Miss Underwood?" he began.

"Oh, call me Hattie. Life's too short for ceremony. I hate being 'Missed.' There's a chance for a pun, isn't there? But, I say now, if you're going to make it, don't!"

"I had no such intention," replied Henry Moran. "It's too obvious to begin with."

"Hattie" nodded her approval.

"Long-headed as ever," she said with a laugh loud and hearty,—the laugh of a sophomore. "Look here, you boys!"

This was addressed to two or three youths in tennis flannels and blue-ribboned hats, who were disporting themselves in various attitudes on lounges. "If you are in need of a model, choose Henry Moran."

"Shut up, Hattie!" returned one of the youths. "It's altogether too hot for argument."

Another expostulated mildly:

"Oh, I say, Hattie, don't be so hard on a fellow!"

"Hard on Mr. Moran, you mean, to suppose that you could imitate him," corrected Hattie.

"Wouldn't mind catching on to his little trick of piling up the shekels," said still another in a half-audible tone, and with a giggle.

Meanwhile Hattie had turned her thoughts in another direction.

"Do you know Ivy Brooks?" she asked of the new arrival.

Henry Moran shook his head.

"You don't? Why, where have you been keeping yourself? She's in that hammock, anyway. Hi, Ivy!"

She emphasized the call by a pat of an umbrella, eliciting a response from a low, languid voice:

"What is it, you bit of perpetual motion? I'm two parts asleep over that stupid rot Reggie Hopper brought me yesterday. It's too goody-goody for anything."

"Look out for kicks, Reggie, if you

are bringing any sentimental twaddle round here," said one blue-ribboned youth to another, who was blushing furiously over Ivy's last remark.

"I say, Ivy," cried Hattie, "wake up! I want to introduce you to Mr. Henry Moran."

"Trot him along, then!"

Henry Moran approached nearer to the second of the two hammocks, and found himself confronted by a tiny, slender figure, in the most exquisite of morning costumes, fairylike in all her proportions. For a few moments the great brown eyes looked him over from head to foot.

"So that's what you're like, Mr. Henry Moran!" the girl observed at last. "Well, you're a good deal like what I expected, only better-looking than the newspaper sketches."

"Thanks!" said Henry Moran, settling himself between the two hammocks, so that he could hold converse with both their fair inhabitants. "I'm certainly glad to have so much of your approval, Miss Brooks."

"Ta-ta! I'm like Hattie: I prefer to be called Ivy. Freddie Hollis, stop your clatter over there. I want to talk to Henry Moran."

Freddie subsided in confusion; and there was silence a moment, save for the deep, murmuring voice of the sea, forever protesting against human levity. Ivy's voice broke the stillness:

"Reggie, light me a cigarette,—do, that's a dear! And you, Mr. Moran, take a cigarette."

The ethereal little creature, as she thus issued her commands, offered a dainty cigarette case, from which, in response to the invitation, the Wall Street man chose one. Hattie Underwood, having also lighted a cigarette, looked on approvingly.

"You two will be great chums when you know each other better," she

observed; "and, as I'm booked myself, I don't mind letting you have him."

"Thanks!" replied Ivy. "I generally secure what I want, dear."

Henry Moran was interested. The air from the bay was delightful, the scene fairylike in the palatial splendor of its surroundings, with the broad, solemn sheet of water and the stretch of yellow sand giving the lie forever to human artificiality.

"Look here, Reggie!" cried Ivy, while that obedient youth was lighting her cigarette. "I just howled over that chap you brought here last night. Hattie Underwood shrieked till you could have heard her over at the marble house. He's an awful bore. Reggie dear, run now—that's a good boy—and see if any more cool drinks are coming."

Having thus dismissed this youthful cavalier, who was disposed to hover about her, the young lady indulged in a second scrutiny of Henry Moran. Then she said to him:

"You're not much of a talker, I see."

"I'm a very good listener," Henry Moran said, pointedly. "And don't you think it's just a little too hot for any exertion?"

"So you find it an exertion to talk to me!" the girl exclaimed, in her slow, languid voice. "You're a cool one. You'll do."

Hattie Underwood nodded.

"Didn't I tell you?" she cried out from the seclusion of her hammock.

"I was not a very cool one coming here," answered Henry Moran. "But, of course, I'm perfectly comfortable now."

The little beauty, who had, moreover, several millions to her account, was the idol of a score or so of gilded youths, and was currently reported to have refused one English earl, five French counts, and a few German barons, and other Continentals. She felt a sudden and strong interest in this man of

another world, on whom her beauty had apparently, so far at least, as little effect as her golden prospects. She liked the settled purpose of his keen and resolute face. She liked his indifference to herself, which she secretly hoped was not genuine. She liked his reticence, his perfect ease in her presence; and she liked, moreover, what she had heard of him. He was Success personified.

"What shall I talk to you about?" she asked him in her most captivating voice.

"I should suggest the most interesting of all topics—yourself," replied Henry Moran; and the shrewd young woman was not quite sure that he was not covertly laughing at her. His face was grave, as he watched the smoke from his cigarette curling upward.

"I think I should much prefer to hear something about you," decided the spoiled darling of society.

"And what, for instance? My age, perhaps? I am thirty-five, my detractors to the contrary notwithstanding. My occupation? Stockbroker. My habits? Quiet. My temper? Peaceful, save when roused."

"Those are not the things I want to know!" declared Miss Ivy. "Are you a lady's man?"

"Dare I say otherwise?"

"But *are* you?"

"Have you any doubts as to my good taste?" he inquired.

"I have doubts about you in all directions."

"An inauspicious beginning to an acquaintance," Henry Moran remarked, raising his eyebrows.

"I wonder," went on the girl,—*"I wonder if you were ever in love?"*

"And isn't it much more interesting to go on wondering than to know the truth?"

"You are, or have been, then?" she said with decision.

"The tenses confuse me. Somehow they don't seem to fit in right," replied Henry Moran.

"I fancy," said Ivy, "that it wouldn't be very easy to confuse you."

"There's no knowing. Please don't try!" pleaded Mr. Moran.

"I couldn't do it."

"Why should you want to?"

"It would be a victory."

"Over whom?"

"Over you, of course."

"Well, I, naturally, don't want people to gain victories over me. It's *væ victis*, you know."

"I don't know what that means; do you, Hattie?"—and she gave her friend's hammock a vigorous push.

"Don't bother me, please! I'm asleep," responded Hattie.

"Oh, yes! I know now," said Ivy. "You're not very civil, Mr. Moran."

"I must be getting confused; for I thought that was very civil."

He had never looked more easy, more completely free from confusion, in his life; but his thoughts suddenly went back with a bound to one woman who had been able to confuse and confound him utterly. But, then, she was not a cigarette-smoking, slang-talking, free-and-easy young woman of the day. And then he indulged in a delightful reverie, making a contrast, as men ruthlessly will, between the childish levity of this new-century girl and that other who belonged to no special time or place, but was essentially a woman: full of moods, witty, vivacious and charming, but natural, spontaneous, feminine; with no ambition to imitate the juvenility of the other sex and with no posing at all. If she was not an ideal woman, as this lover thought, she was, at least, what approaches that exalted type most nearly,—a woman whom it was easy to idealize. Her youth was so freshly worn, as some charming

garment of the spring or the leaves upon a budding tree, with no mark upon it of having been worn by the world. Her mind was so full of intelligence, but with a certain childlike quality in its wisdom, which appealed directly to the mind and heart of a man who knew life in its every phase. So he sat reflecting, and striving to bring Kate Raymond's fair face before him and to catch the sound of her sweet voice, or to picture her in the moonlit garden or on the mountain top.

Mrs. Thurston had all the while kept at a discreet distance, conversing with a very ceremoniously attired gentleman, whom she had introduced to Henry Moran as the Count de Beauregard. He rose to take his leave just as Ivy Brooks was about interrupting Henry Moran's reflections, which she felt to be out of place and unflattering to herself. The Count, hat in hand, bowed low to Mrs. Thurston, then to each of the young ladies in the hammock. Hattie, who had her eyes shut, took no notice whatever of the salute, and Ivy acknowledged it by a movement of the eyebrows. He was scarcely out of hearing when she exclaimed:

"He is such a fool, that man!"

"How has he been so unlucky as to annoy you?" inquired Henry Moran, in his quiet way.

"By making love to my—millions," she answered promptly.

Henry Moran's eyes followed the cigarette smoke as it rose into the air. An exquisite sunset was falling over the blue waters and transfiguring them into a dull red flecked with gold. He was somewhat at a loss as to how he should answer that speech.

"Perhaps you are unjustly crediting the poor devil with mercenary motives," he remarked at last. "It is, besides, an injustice to yourself."

"He only knew me for about a day."

"That might be enough for any mischief."

Ivy Brooks' eyes scanned Henry Moran's face as he said these words; but it was a very inscrutable face; and Mrs. Thurston's gracious voice interrupted their discourse.

"I am so glad to see you are already friends," she said; and Henry Moran gave her a quizzical glance. Was this, then, another of her marriageable heiresses? "Must you really leave us to-morrow, Mr. Moran?"

"And by the early train," Henry Moran answered. He was standing, as his hostess had not chosen to take a seat.

"Then I will have to tear you away from pleasanter company after dinner," she exclaimed, "to have a chat with you myself. Dinner is at eight, as you know of old. The Coningsly Tompkins and the Mason Metlers and Mr. and Miss Bronson are coming over, with one or two others whom you know, and a foreigner or two for variety."

"Will you not sit down?" Henry Moran asked.

"No, no: I must have a word with my housekeeper, and I leave you in the best of hands till it is time to dress for dinner."

Nothing could be more of a contrast to the young women with whom she chose to surround herself than Mrs. Emily Thurston. Her manner, with its graceful repose and perfect polish, the refinement of her speech and the modulation of her voice, brought out their idiosyncrasies with startling effect. Yet Henry Moran was impressed as never before with the snakelike brilliancy and coldness of this successful woman of the world, whom he, nevertheless, admired after a fashion. Hattie Underwood was genial and genuine, by contrast; she was a good-hearted, harmless creature; and Ivy Brooks, in her own peculiar

way, appeared to be honest of speech and, in a measure at least, sincere.

When Mrs. Thurston had gone away, Ivy resumed the conversation.

"Do you know what that fool asked me?" she inquired.

"What fool?"

"The Frenchman, of course,—you have a conveniently short memory, I must say, Mr. Henry Moran. He wanted to know if all these young gentlemen were my brothers?"

She went off into a fit of laughter, in which Hattie, waked up, joined loudly; though, as she said, without precisely knowing where the laugh came in.

"I told him I thanked my stars they were not," declared Ivy.

"Perhaps he was anxious about the division of the millions," said Hattie.

"Very likely," agreed Ivy, joining in the joke. "I asked him why he thought they were my brothers. He hemmed and hawed, but at last came out with it. In his country the young ladies had not much acquaintance with the young gentlemen unless they were related."

"How did you reply to that astounding speech?" inquired Henry Moran.

"I said: 'Hang your country!'—'Hang?' he repeated; and I repeated too: 'Yes, hang your old country!' He evidently didn't see the point, so I remarked: 'The girls must have an awfully slow time over there.'"

"How did that strike him?"

"Strike him, the old chump! He said: 'They are much in the retirement, the young girls.' I told him I was precious glad *I* didn't live in such a country."

"And?" asked Henry Moran.

"He cried out as if I had pinched him (I wish I had!): 'O Mademoiselle, it is a most beautiful country to which would soon be given all your heart!'—'We haven't got any hearts over here,' I said; 'it's the young ladies in the retirement that have those organs.'"

"There isn't so much strain on them over there," observed Henry Moran; "they don't get worn out by practice."

"Worn out! I like that!" cried Ivy, scornfully. "Well, the Frenchman went on to say that there is a charm about the young lady who has grown up in a convent like that of the violet in a wood. I wanted to know if he didn't find any charm about us. He gave one of his bows from the waist and said there was the charm of the wild flower of the field, whom all may admire. As if *I* looked like a daisy or buttercup or mullein. Do I, Mr. Moran?"

"Well, you look like something very charming," Henry Moran declared (and she did). "But you have been told that so often that you must grow weary of the sound."

"Yes," the girl assented, languidly. "I am weary of most things. You, at least, are not a professed flatterer."

"Once more, thanks!" replied Henry Moran; "though I must say that a man would have to be very original indeed to flatter you."

Just then the dressing-bell sounded; and, though Ivy would fain have lingered, the company began to disperse; and Henry Moran, too, sauntered off to his room.

"Why can't more men be as honest as that?" demanded Ivy, as she and Hattie went off upstairs arm in arm.

"Millionaires can afford the luxury," said Hattie, composedly.

"Always my money!" cried the other, with a stamp of her pretty foot.

"You have plenty of other charms," said Hattie; "so you needn't worry about that. If Henry Moran takes a shine to you, it won't be for your money but for yourself."

"How very patronizing, dear!" cried Ivy, with a grimace. "I must look my best and see if I, poor little me, will have any chance."

"Of course he'll take you in—to dinner, I mean."

"Hattie, I wish I had something to throw at you."

"Just as well you haven't. An uncontrolled temper, my dear—"

Ivy, putting out her tongue at her friend, ran into her dressing-room and shut the door; issuing forth some time later a dazzling vision of soft, shimmering effects, which suited her style. Henry Moran did indeed take her in to dinner, which passed off delightfully. The room was a dream: hard-wood floors, in the highest state of polish, covered with priceless rugs; curtains of neutral-tinted silk; walls of embossed leather, with satin tapestries; the whole giving upon a conservatory which, thrown open, scintillated with electric lights.

The table was surrounded by a distinguished company of perfectly dressed men and women, a few of whom affected the loud and boisterous tone of Miss Underwood, Ivy Brooks, and their knot of admirers; but the majority bore themselves with a certain unaffected grace and dignity, and talked easily and with taste and judgment upon a variety of subjects. Henry Moran was known to almost all present, and those who had not met him before were glad to do so then. He strolled out, after dinner, upon the veranda for a smoke, in company with a man of distinguished appearance, with whom he held the following fragmentary discourse:

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Moran. Heard Dick Dudley talk of you."

"Indeed! It's half a score of years since I saw Dudley last."

"He's the Earl now, you know."

"So I heard. He was in order of promotion when I met him in India."

"Capital fellow Dick."

"No better. Such Englishmen as he are a standing reproach to their imitators."

"Quite so; I agree with you there. I'm sorry to hear you go to town in the morning, Mr. Moran—"

"And that is just why I can't let him lose any time amongst you men," Mrs. Thurston broke in. "The feminine element is far too delightful."

The two men bowed and smiled, while Henry Moran said:

"And you promised me a chat with yourself."

"And that is what you are going to have—first. Let us go down on the beach. It is moonlight, you see."

"That will be delightful. But let me put on your wrap; and can I be of any assistance with the headgear?"

"No,—oh, no! and a thousand times no. A man's hands were never made for that."

And, with a deft movement or two, Mrs. Thurston arranged a filmy lace veil upon her head most becomingly, and was ready to accompany her escort. She paused long enough to suggest to all the others that they should follow. Some availed themselves of the suggestion, others did not; but presently the hostess stood upon the broad stretch of sandy beach, side by side with Mr. Henry Moran.

(To be continued.)

The Evening Stars.

BY HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THE stars that light the firmament,

I often think, are nuns,
Who purely lived, and gladly went
To chant their orisons

In chorus at the golden door
Whence mercy streams for evermore.

We only see those nuns at night:

By day they kneel and pray,
And ask of God to send us light
To drive our gloom away.

But every eve they sing and smile,
And heavy hearts are glad the while.

Progress in Education.

BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

II. — (Conclusion.)

TO sketch the history of the progress of education from the fall of the Roman Empire and the decay of pagan learning down to the present time would require a much larger canvas than is offered to one who makes an address. As a result of the ruin wrought by the barbarians, whose inroads and depredations continued through centuries, what had been the civilized world sank into deep ignorance and confusion. For a long period learning, banished from the continent of Europe, found an asylum chiefly in Ireland, in the schools of the monks, whence it slowly spread to Scotland and Northern England. When on the continent of Europe, at the end of the eighth century, Charles the Great began to foster education, he was forced to appeal for assistance to the religious teachers of the British Isles. In fact, the first revival of learning in mediæval Europe may be said to have been due to the influence of Irish monks. They carried their knowledge and discipline even to Iceland. Later on they were followed by their Anglo-Saxon brethren, under the lead of men like Egbert, Wilfrid, Willibrord and Boniface. In 782 Alcuin, an Anglo-Saxon, who finally became Bishop of Tours, was placed by Charles at the head of the "Palace School" at Aix-la-Chapelle, the principal residence of the Emperor; and he and his pupils became the first teachers of Germany. It was a true revival of education; though, on account of the difficulties of the times and the lack of books, little progress was made. The impulse thus given continued to be felt all through the disorders which followed the dismemberment of the

Empire of Charles and the fierce conflicts with the invading Norsemen and the fanatical Mahometans. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries St. Anselm and St. Bernard, Roscellin and Abelard, Peter the Lombard, Arnold of Brescia and John of Salisbury, rendered important service to the cause of enlightenment. The Muslims founded universities at Cordova, Toledo and Seville about the beginning of the twelfth century, but they did not flourish more than a hundred years; while the Christian schools which had grown up around the cathedrals and monasteries in various parts of Europe began to develop new life and to enlarge the scope of their teaching so as to embrace theology, law, arts and medicine. They also admitted to their classes and lecture halls students from every part of the world.

From 1200 to 1400 the number of these universities increased to about forty, and their students were counted by the thousand. "Thus," says Davidson, "in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries education rose in many European states to a height which it had not attained since the days of Seneca and Quintilian. This showed itself in many ways, but above all in a sudden outburst of philosophy, art and literature. To these centuries belong Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon, Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura, Cimabue, Giotto and the cathedral builders, Dante and Petrarch, Chaucer and Gower, the minnesänger of Germany and the trouvères and troubadours of France." Scholasticism, he continues, saved Europe from moral suicide, ignorance and fleshliness.

"In modern Europe," says Emerson, "the Middle Ages were called the Dark Ages. Who dares to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. It is one of our triumphs to have reinstated them. Their Dante and Alfred

and Wickliffe and Abelard and Bacon; their Magna Charta, decimal numbers, mariner's compass, gunpowder, glass, paper, and clocks; chemistry, algebra, astronomy; their Gothic architecture, their painting—are the delight and tuition of ours."

The Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries marks a new advance in the educational history of mankind. The treasures of the classical literatures were revealed, America was discovered, the Copernican astronomy was divined, the printing-press was invented, gunpowder and the compass were applied to the arts of warfare and navigation, and voyages and enterprises of many kinds were undertaken.

"All the light which we enjoy," says Von Müller, "and which the active and eager genius of the European shall cause every part of the world to enjoy, is due to the fact that at the fall of the Empire of the Cæsars there was a hierarchy which stood firm, and, with the help of the Christian religion, communicated to the mind of Europe, that hitherto had moved within a narrow circle, an electric thrill which has endowed it with an energy and power of expansion, whose results are the triumphs of which we are the spectators and beneficiaries."

In the sixteenth century Rabelais, Erasmus and Montaigne take special interest in questions of education and propose important improvements in method and matter. Luther and Knox labored strenuously to establish popular schools in Germany and in Scotland.

The Jesuits devoted themselves with much success to education, establishing in various parts of the world grammar schools, colleges and universities, in which they taught the classical learning and trained many of the greatest minds of the seventeenth century; among others Descartes, who is the true father of modern philosophy and science.

In the seventeenth century also, Comenius, the Moravian Bishop, propounded and arranged a course of instruction, extending from infancy to manhood—from the home-school to the university; and his views have exercised a lasting influence on the development of educational theory and practice.

In the eighteenth century Rousseau awakened a widespread interest in questions of education, though his own views on the subject are generally false. He stimulated Kant and Goethe, Basdow and Pestalozzi, to occupy themselves with pedagogical problems; and they in turn compelled the attention of many others. Thus at the opening of the nineteenth century an enthusiasm for education such as had never before existed had been aroused. Hitherto the purpose of the school had been to teach the privileged classes and to prepare for the learned professions: henceforth the whole people are to receive instruction; for as the ideals of democracy impress themselves more distinctly on the general mind, it becomes more and more obvious that as all have the same rights, all should have the same opportunities, the chief and most important of which is that of education. The State in consequence is led to establish free schools wherein all may be taught. Where there is a general political liberty, there must be a general enlightenment. To do this work an army of teachers is required; and as the principles on which all theories and methods of education rest are brought more fully into consciousness, greater and greater demands are made upon those to whom the office of teaching is entrusted. Education being a process of conscious evolution, they who assist and guide it must themselves continue to grow. The teacher's culture must broaden and deepen as knowledge increases. The more progress is made

the more difficult his task becomes. It is easier to train to obedience than to educate for freedom. This, however, is the only true education; for authority rests on liberty, and its chief end is to secure and enlarge the rights and opportunities which none but beings endowed with freedom can possess. To educate to the freedom which is truth it is not enough to strengthen and fill the memory, to discipline the practical understanding or to accustom to observances: one must quicken the whole man, must raise and purify the imagination, the heart and the conscience. When the purpose is to inspire piety, reverence, admiration, awe, enthusiasm, love and devotion, it can be accomplished by those alone in whom these high and holy sentiments are a living power, whose thought and conduct create an atmosphere in which the soul breathes a celestial air and is made aware of God's presence. They who have no religious faith or feeling can no more teach religion than one who has no literary taste or knowledge can teach literature, than one who has no musical ear can teach music.

If in considering educational progress we limit our view to our own country, we can not but recognize the advances which have been made. From the planting of the colonies indeed down to the War of Independence there was a gradual decline of popular interest in schools; and during the Revolutionary period there was so much else to occupy public attention that little was done to promote education. But in the early part of the nineteenth century there was a general revival of intellectual activity, and a new enthusiasm for whatever might diffuse enlightenment; and it has come to pass that now there is an almost universal belief among us that the greater the intelligence and virtue of the people, the safer will be

our political and civil institutions, which we hold to be founded on permanent principles of reason and justice.

The work which has been accomplished in the last fifty years in organizing a great system of schools in which free elementary instruction is offered to all; in establishing in cities and towns free high schools in which secondary education is given to those who desire it; in creating for men and women universities, which are rapidly widening their scope and increasing their effectiveness, has never been equalled in the history of any other people. We have founded also free training schools for teachers all over the Union; and in nearly all the States there are schools for defectives and delinquents. In our white native population illiteracy has almost ceased to exist. All are readers of the newspapers at the least, and are thus impelled to some kind of mental self-activity concerning questions which are of interest to the whole world as well as to Americans. In this way the people of the different parts of the country are brought into intelligent communion; and in learning to understand one another they find that it is possible to adjust conflicts, whether of interest or opinion, by rational methods, without violence or bloodshed. Nowhere else is there such popular faith in education, such willingness to be taxed for the building and maintenance of schools. While the State provides elementary instruction for all, it has no thought of claiming an exclusive right to teach. The liberty of teaching is, in fact, as essentially part of our political and social constitution as the liberty of the press or the liberty of worship; and hence the State protects and encourages all educational institutions; although, on account of the special religious conditions of America, it has not been deemed wise to devote any

portion of the public educational fund to the support of church schools.

Our progress in the higher education has been even greater and more rapid. The number of colleges and of students has doubled in little more than a quarter of a century; while the standard of admission has been raised in nearly all these institutions. The number of those who are doing post-graduate work has risen in the last thirty years from fewer than two hundred to five thousand. Original investigation in the various departments of physical, historical, archæological and political science has been introduced and developed. Stress is laid on the comparative method of study, and serious attempts are made in the best of our universities to make philosophy serve as a unifying principle for all the sciences, that the scholar may come to perceive that all the branches of knowledge form a whole, in which the parts combine as in an organism; and that having attained this insight and comprehensive grasp of mind he may be prepared to take up whatever specialty his talent may point out to him, without risk of becoming narrow, partial and whimsical; of losing mental balance, breadth and accuracy of view. In this way, it may be hoped, we shall create an aristocracy of culture, enlightened, reasonable, and benevolent, which shall help to counteract the baneful influence of an aristocracy founded merely upon wealth.

As a result of the diffusion of this more serious education, there is a widespread and increasing tendency to exact a higher degree of culture of candidates for the learned professions. In 1800 there were in the United States but three schools of theology, three of law, and three of medicine; in 1900 there were one hundred and sixty-five schools of theology, eighty-seven of law, and one hundred and fifty-six of medicine,

with about eight thousand teachers and forty-four thousand students. When there is question of education, however, as of anything that is spiritual, numbers have but a minor significance. What is decisive is quality, not quantity. As one mind may outweigh a million, so one school may have higher worth than many. We have had and have eminent men in the several professions, but the average is low,—lower than that found in the progressive nations of Europe: and the standard of professional attainment is no mean evidence of a people's civilization. One who has had no serious preparatory mental training can not acquire a proper knowledge of theology or law or medicine; and the study of these sciences does not give the intellectual discipline which is needed for their comprehension. A profession is, after all, a specialty; and the inevitable tendency of specialties is to narrow and confine. Hence whatever profession one may take up, he should first pursue with seriousness the studies which enlarge the mind, which make it supple, open, strong and many-sided. A professional man should be a gentleman, and a merely professional education can not give the culture or develop the qualities which this ideal demands. These truths are gradually making their way among the observant and thoughtful, especially in the professions themselves. We have, of course, no national authority which has power to fix standards for degrees, and these standards vary from State to State. There is a general tendency, however, to demand more thorough preparation of those who seek admission or graduation in the professional schools; and in the last twenty-five years much has been done to increase the science and efficiency of practitioners and to protect the public from the incompetent and unscrupulous. But in many of the States the requirements

are still wholly insufficient; and it is greatly to be desired that the professors of theology, law and medicine should find some way of uniting with the National Educational Association, that the professional schools may be brought into more vital contact with the educational movement of the country. It is altogether probable that the worst teaching is found not in our elementary schools, but in the institutions of higher education and professional learning, where there is but mechanical repetition of what might be better learned from books,—where the methods are those of a factory rather than of a school of life.

In scientific and technical education, in commercial, agricultural and industrial education, we are making genuine and rapid progress. We are above all a practical people, and have the genius and the will to excel in matters of this kind; and the triumphs we have won incite us to more strenuous efforts to surpass not the rest of the world—for this we have done,—but to surpass ourselves.

The aims and ends of practical education appeal to us with irresistible force: they have created our ideals. "We regard education," says Daniel Webster, "as a wise and liberal system of police, by which property and life and the peace of society are secured." Here is the paramount fact: both the school and the Church are, in our eyes, chiefly a superior kind of police by which property and the peace of society are secured. The highest good, therefore, is property and the peace of society. They are ends, and whatever else is valuable is so but as a means to acquire and preserve property and the peace of society.

Now, property and the peace of society are desirable, indispensable even, and must be kept in view in every right system of education; but those alone who look above property and the peace

of society, and strive in all earnestness to live in the infinite and permanent world of truth, beauty and goodness, can hope to rise to the full height of a noble manhood.

There is no inspiration in the ideals of plenty and stability. He who would rouse men to the noblest and most fruitful efforts must not make appeal to their love of money and love of ease, but must speak to their souls,—must urge them to labor for enlargement and elevation of mind; to live for religion and culture, which alone have power to create free and Godlike personalities. He must make them know and feel that the whole social organism has worth but in so far as it is a means to fashion individual men into the divine image. This is the ideal of progress, the light which invites with irresistible fascination the best to toil for increase, not of riches but of life; for the inner freedom, which is life's finest flower and fruit; and not comfort nor luxury nor art nor science. This is the ideal of religion which is infinite yearning and striving for God. This is the ideal of culture which develops endowment into faculty, which gives the mind possession of its powers, making it a self in a world it upbuilds and keeps symmetrical and fair.

Where man has nor opportunity nor freedom to educate himself we have social conditions such as those of India, with its castes; where education is merely formal and practical we have a world of arrested spiritual growth, as in China.

The fabric of the life of the individual is woven for him by society; and as he is a creature of society, he is drawn almost irresistibly to what has the greatest social influence and prestige—to power, wealth and fame. And since only the very few can hope for fame or great power, the multitude are driven to the pursuit of riches, in which there

is an element of real power and of fictitious fame, as well as the means of procuring much else that all men hold to be valuable. Thus ideals are largely determined by environment. What circumstances appear to make most desirable we hold to be the best. Things carry their commands with them, and necessity knows no law.

In America our environment, our fortune, our success, have combined to make us practical, to urge us to the conquest of matter, to mechanical inventiveness and to the accumulation of wealth; and hence we believe we may look on religion and culture as valuable chiefly for what they do for the protection of property and the peace of society. But the reverse of this is the true view. Property and the peace of society have as their end the fostering of religion and culture. To live for material things is to live to eat and drink, and not to eat and drink that we may live in the soul, may think and love and do righteously. Food, clothing and shelter are necessities of our animal nature; and since they can not be possessed and at the same time communicated, the labor by which they are acquired tends to beget a selfish disposition,—to become a struggle for existence, in which heartlessness and greed take the name of legality, and are sought to be justified by the plea of the force of circumstances, of the nature of things; and the final result is oppression, hatred and general disorder, which bring about the loss of property and the destruction of the peace of society. Truth, goodness and beauty are necessities of man's spiritual nature; and they are not exclusive, but increase when they are shared. It is possible to attain them only by genuine and sympathetic communion, by loving God and the whole human brotherhood; and hence the striving for them produces

an unselfish temper, a spirit of good-will and helpfulness, the final outcome of which should be a society whose constitutive principle is the co-operation of all with each and of each with all; and which shall lift the race above the conflicts of interests, whether those of individuals or those of nations, into the realms of eternal truth, goodness and beauty; and thus become a kingdom of heaven on earth, where the aim and end of authority shall be to make men intelligent, virtuous and free, capable of self-guidance and self-control; where whatever is true shall be also popular; where all shall lead a fair and holy life with God and in the company of their fellows.

Let those who will, believe that this can never be more than a dream. It is, at least, the ideal of the noblest souls, and should be that of all educators. But if they are to walk in its light they must have definite conceptions of the beings whom they seek to develop and fashion. What is man? What is his destiny? What consequently should those who deliberately influence him strive to make of him? These are the previous questions to which some definite answer must be found before teachers can know whether what they do be right or wrong. Without such knowledge they can hope at the best to build in the child's consciousness but a fragmentary, incoherent world, not a cosmic whole.

Now, if we are to take a deep and abiding interest in ourselves or in the race to which we belong, we must see ourselves and mankind in God, and not in matter merely. We can not believe that this life is infinitely good and sacred, possibly we can not believe it to be a good at all, unless we believe in immortal life. But the teacher derives his inspiration and enthusiasm from faith in the worth of life; and therefore from

faith in God, as eternal essential life.

"Education," says Davidson, "should encourage true religion, but it should be free from sectarian bias." A religion free from sectarian bias can mean, I suppose, only a religion without a creed, without intellectual or moral principles; a religion, therefore, which can neither be taught nor loved nor lived. The phrase—to encourage religion—shows the weakness of the position. If religion is anything, it is the deepest, holiest and highest; and should be, not encouraged, but striven for and cherished infinitely.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler affirms the necessity of religious education; and holds also that a religion without dogma, without intellectual and moral principles, is a meaningless religion. But, having a clear view of the obstacles to a denominational system of state schools in a country like ours, he throws the whole burden of religious instruction on the family and the Church. In America, however, a very large number of families have no positive religious belief or feeling. Again: It is the tendency of free schools to diminish the sense of parental responsibility. When the State or the Church assumes the labor and the expense of instructing children, fathers and mothers easily persuade themselves that in sending them to schools thus provided they are quit of further obligation, so far as their mental and moral instruction is concerned; and hence in our country the homes in which no serious religious education is given are increasingly numerous.

There are grave reasons for thinking that the churches are unable effectively to perform this all-important work. But a small part of the children attend Sunday-school; and if all attended, a lesson of an hour or two once in seven days can produce no deep or lasting impressions. The result, then, of our

present educational methods and means can hardly be other than a general religious atrophy; and should this take place we shall be driven to confront the problem whether our ideals of manhood and womanhood, of the worth and sacredness of human life, whether our freedom, culture and morality can survive. Religion and virtue are the most essential elements of humanity, and they can be taught; but they are the most difficult of things to teach, because those alone in whom they are a life-principle, bodying itself in a character which irresistibly inspires reverence, mildness, love and devotion, can teach them.

This indeed is a truth of universal application; for whenever there is question of educational efficiency and progress, the primary and paramount consideration is not methods nor buildings nor mechanical agencies of whatever kind, but the teacher. "The proof that one has knowledge," says Aristotle, "is ability to teach." Whatever is a vital element of one's being, whether it be religion or virtue, or æsthetic or scientific proficiency, he can teach; and, in the proper sense, he can teach nothing else. We can teach what we know and love to those who know and love us. The rest is drill. They have done most for progress in education who have done most to enlighten and inspire teachers. It is work of this kind that has given Horace Mann his pre-eminence among American educators. Much of his success was due doubtless to his insistence on the practical value of education, on its influence upon "the worldly fortune and estates of men," on its economic worth, its power to improve the pecuniary condition of the Commonwealth.

Half a century ago such an ideal had even greater attractiveness for Americans than at present. But Horace Mann made use of his reputation to inspire and enforce better things. He pleaded

for the establishment of Normal schools, holding that in every system of education the principal need is competent teachers.

The Normal schools which have been founded all over the country have rendered important service; but we have passed the point of view of their early advocates, and see clearly that the training which even the best of them can give is insufficient. The teacher's profession, like every other, is a specialty; and if he have merely a professional knowledge and skill, he is necessarily narrow, partial and unappreciative of the best. He lacks the philosophic mind, the comprehensive grasp of truth, which, whatever his subject, will enable him to keep in view the wide fields of life and knowledge, and so to guide his pupils to live with greater consciousness and power in their whole being. Hence we shall more and more demand of those who apply for admission into the Normal schools that they come with minds seriously cultivated. We have begun to establish teachers' colleges and to affiliate them with our universities, making education a faculty like law or medicine or theology. This university faculty will help us to form a race of professional teachers who shall possess the requisite literary, scientific and pedagogical knowledge and skill; who shall walk in the light of the ideals of human perfection, and be sustained in their labors by the love of human excellence; who shall understand and practise the art of stimulating thought, awakening interest, steadying attention, and cultivating appreciativeness. "It would be a great step in advance," says Quick, "if teachers in general were as dissatisfied with themselves as they usually are with their pupils."

The divine discontent is that of great toilers who feel that to strive faithfully in a worthy cause is reward enough.

The best school fails in the case of many of its students: great men make themselves great, while the inferior remain what they are in spite of persistent efforts to raise them to higher planes. But such considerations do not discourage the teacher who has faith in the power of education to transform human life; and if hope deceive him, he cherishes at least a noble illusion, which is a source of joy and strength.

The mother's high thoughts of the future of her child may never be realized, but how much worse for her and for him would it not be if she had none of the heavenly dreams which the love-inspired imagination evokes to make life fair and fragrant! The wise take an exalted view of the teacher's office, and they know the difficulties by which he is beset. He is made to hear the sins of parents and the corruptions of society. His merit is little recognized and his work is poorly paid. The ignorant take the liberty to instruct him, and they who care nothing for education become interested when he is to be found fault with. The results of his labors are uncertain and remote, and those he has most helped rarely think it necessary to be thankful. But if he know how to do his work and love it, he can not be discouraged.

And, after all, both he and his work are appreciated now as never before. Teaching has become a profession; and the body of teachers, conscious of the general approval, are impelled to more serious efforts to acquire knowledge and skill; and in consequence they exercise an increasing influence in moulding public opinion and in shaping the destiny of the nation. Holding aloof from religious controversy and political strife, they are drawn more and more to give all their thought and energy to create schools which shall best develop, illumine and purify man's whole being. To accomplish

this, two things above all others are necessary: to enlighten and strengthen faith in the surpassing worth of education, not merely as a means to common success, but as an end in itself; and then to induce the wisest and noblest men and women to become teachers. We must help greater and greater numbers to understand and love the ideal of human perfection, and to believe in education for the transformation it is capable of working in man and in society. It doubtless equips for the struggle for existence, for the race for wealth and place; but it does better things also. It gives to human beings capacity for higher life, for purer pleasures, for more perfect freedom. It is the key which unlocks the secrets of nature; it is the password to the delightful world of best human thought and achievement, making the wisest and noblest who have lived or are now living the familiar acquaintances of all rightly cultivated minds. It makes us able to gain a livelihood; and, what is infinitely more precious, it inspires the wisdom which shows us how to live.

The more comprehensive our grasp of the meaning and power of education becomes, the easier shall it be to persuade the best men and women to devote themselves to teaching; for we shall make them feel that the teacher does not take up a trade, but the highest of arts—the art of fashioning immortal souls in the light of the ideals of truth, goodness and beauty. “A teacher,” says Thring, “is one who has liberty and time, and heart enough and head enough, to be a master in the kingdom of life.”

Education is furtherance of life; and instruction is educative only when the knowledge acquired gives truer ideas of the worth of life, and supplies motives for right living. The teacher’s business—his sole business, one might say—is to

awaken and confirm interest in the things which make for purer and richer life; for interest compels and holds attention; and interest and attention result in observation and accuracy, which are the characteristics of cultivated minds. If our interests were as manifold as the thoughts and labors of all men, we should all find it possible to approach to completeness of living; for it is easy to live in the things which interest us. He who is shut in the circle of his family or his business or his profession, is necessarily a partial and mechanical man, whose relations with God and men can not be full and vital. The world of his consciousness is fragmentary and hard, not whole and fluid. He is alive but at points. When the flame of his existence is extinguished, it goes out in utter darkness; for he has kindled no celestial fire in other minds and hearts. Such an one can not be a teacher, for he can not illumine the mind or speak to the heart; and it is with minds and hearts that he must forever occupy himself. What is knowledge but a mind knowing? What is love but a heart loving? In books there are symbols of knowledge, but knowledge itself exists in minds alone. Hence whatever his matter, the teacher looks always to training of mind and building of character, and to the information he imparts chiefly in its bearing on this end of all education. From his point of view, a yearning for knowledge, faith in its worth, in the ability and delight it gives, is more important than knowledge itself. A taste for study, a passion for mental exercise, compels to self-education; whereas one who knows many things but is indifferent and indolent forgets what he knows.

Information is, of course, indispensable; and the methods by which it may be best imparted must be known and employed by the teacher; but the

end is a cultivated mind, opening to the light as flowers to the morning rays, athirst for knowledge as the growing corn for rain and sunshine. In a rightly educated mind intellectual culture is inseparable from moral culture. They spring from the same root and are nourished by like elements. They are but different determinations of the one original feeling, which, so far as man may know, is the ultimate essence of life. Moral character is the only foundation on which the temple of life can stand symmetrical and secure; and hence there is a general agreement among serious thinkers that the primary aim and end of education is to form character.

As moral culture is the most indispensable, it is the most completely within the power of those who know how to educate. It is possible to make saints of sinners, heroes of cowards, truth-lovers of liars; to give magnanimity to the envious and nobility to the mean and miserly; but it is possible only when we touch man's deepest nature and awaken within him a consciousness of God's presence in his soul; for it is only when he feels that he lives in the Eternal Father that he is made capable of boundless devotion, that his will lays hold on permanent principles and is determined by them to freedom and right.

When men lose the firm grasp of the eternal verities, character tends to disappear; for at such a time it becomes difficult to believe that any high or spiritual thing is true or worth while. Faith in the goodness of life is undermined, and the multitude are left to drift at the mercy of passions and whims, having lost the power to believe in the soul or to love aught with all their hearts. At such a time there is more urgent need that those who have influence and authority should consecrate themselves to the strengthening of the foundations of life; that the young

especially may be made to feel that virtue is power and courage, wisdom and joy, sympathy and blessedness; that they may learn reverence and obedience; respect for others, without which self-respect is not possible; that they may come to understand that all genuine progress is progress of spirit; that in all relations, human and divine, piety is the indispensable thing, useful alike for the life which now is and for that which is to be. Such a fortune as ours has not been given to any other people. Our life sprang from the love of religion and liberty; and if it is to endure, it must be preserved by the principles from which it sprang; and if these principles are to remain with us as the vital force of all our hoping and striving, they must be implanted from generation to generation in the minds and hearts of the young.

The Christian Day.

BY DOM FERNAND CABROL.

THE Master has said, "Pray without ceasing." He has given us in His life an example of prayer. Before meals, after meals, He gives thanks to His Father; He prays before working His miracles; He retires to the desert in order to pray in solitude; He prepares for His passion by the long and sorrowful prayer of the Agony. He wishes His disciples to pray with Him. One day one of them, having seen the Saviour praying, said: "Lord, teach us how to pray." Jesus replied by giving him the formula which is *par excellence* the prayer of the Christian soul—"Our Father, who art in heaven," etc.

And in order to show us with what confidence we should pray even to importunity, Our Lord cites the example of the man who waked his friend in the night that he might respond to his

necessities; and He adds: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you. For everyone that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there among you of whom if his son ask bread will he reach him a stone? Or if he ask a fish will he reach him a serpent? If you, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" Therefore the Christian should pray often and pray earnestly,—never ceasing to petition his Heavenly Father. The ancient ideal of the true Christian life was that of a perpetual communion with God, strengthened by frequent prayer. One who did not pray thus at all times, in good and evil case alike, was not held to be worthy the name of Christian.

But as it is impossible to pray at all times, there have been certain hours appointed for that duty. The choice of the Church has been determined by various circumstances. The Bible as well as the traditions of the people of God had consecrated certain times of the day more especially to prayer. The prophet cried out to God: "Seven times a day have I chanted Thy praise!" Daniel speaks of the prayer of Tierce (nine in the morning), Sext (midday), and None (three hours later). And we observe that the Apostles adopted this tradition of prayer at certain hours.

Morning and evening are still naturally the hours of prayer, according to the customs of all nations. Evening is the time of darkness, of great silence, of solitude, of repose after the fatigues of the day. It is also the time of apprehension; in the middle of the night we find ourselves encompassed by secret fears, not only because we know it to be the time most favorable to crime,

but because then we seem to be more fully conscious of our own weakness as compared with the powers of nature which overpower and dominate us.

At the first moment of wakening the thoughts turn to the Creator. With dawn are renewed throughout the world faith, hope and joy. The heart of the religious man is naturally lifted up to the Almighty to thank Him for having been preserved during the night, as well as to ask protection from the dangers which may arise during the day.

With the marvellous instinct she always displays, the Church feels the influence which the poetry of nature exerts upon the human soul. The rising and setting of the sun, the seasons of the year—the bleakness and cold of winter, the joy and promise of spring—are all commemorated by songs and hymns, many of which may well be considered as masterpieces of religious poetry and music. Witness, for instance, the countless features of the celebration of that greatest and most sublime of earthly prayers, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In early days all reunions of Christians were celebrated by the intoning of the Psalms, than which there are no more sublime and reverential invocations to the Almighty. Then, as now, a hymn, generally in iambic verse, before or after the Psalms, indicated the character of the canonical hour or commemorated the saint whose feast it was.

The canonical Office, through various accretions and numerous perfections, has become a most admirable prayer, enriched, through the progress of years, with treasures of doctrine and religious poesy. It contains prayers which, from a liturgical point of view, are precious pearls. The choice of Psalms, the place which they occupy in the Office, and the application which is made of them, reveal every moment the types, figures

and prophecies relating to Christ, and place before our eyes the history of His life with extraordinary clearness.

It is thus the Church has sanctified the Christian day by almost continual prayer. This official prayer is incontestably superior to all others, because it is the prayer of the Church,—a prayer inspired by the Holy Ghost, and which places the Christian in communion with the universal Church.

Notes and Remarks.

England seems to be threatened with a recrudescence of bigotry. At present, it is said, Catholics are regarded, generally, with more disfavor than they have experienced for a long time past. Even among the more cultured the anti-Popery cry has been raised. Thus two pages of a parish magazine edited by an Anglican parson are filled with recitals of incredible convent horrors in the style familiar to the reader of the most rabid and hysterical of anti-Catholic literature; and the article concludes with this testy passage:

But enough of these horrors. This is the way the poor children are treated. Shall we encourage conventual and monastic life? We are getting sadly too familiar with the convent garb and Popish nuns or Sisters in the streets of B—. Let our readers beware, and remember that what the hateful system always has been it is still, and ever will be, and shun as they would a pestilence these emissaries of the bloody Mother of Harlots, and her inspirer, the old serpent the devil.

This sounds like the midnight ravings of a dyspeptic ranter like Fulton. We had supposed that the day had passed in England when an Anglican paper could be found to publish such a tirade of senseless abuse. A writer in the *Tablet* remarks: "I suppose that the reverend writer of these libels on his fellow-Christians prays, as required, every Sunday to be delivered from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

I would recommend him to pray a little harder and oftener in future; for it is evident that his prayers are at present unanswered."

In answer to the query, "Was the late Lord Chancellor O'Hagan a Catholic?" the best of our Catholic papers says: "He was a Catholic, and the first Catholic since the Reformation to hold the Great Seal. He was, by creation, Baron O'Hagan in the peerage of the United Kingdom. His wife was the daughter of Colonel Charles Townley, the head of one of the oldest families of English Catholics; but after his death she left the Church with her children. The late Lord, who died at Springfontein, was a Protestant; so is the present Lord, who is yet a minor." There is an error here which it may be worth while to point out. The late Lord O'Hagan, who died in South Africa, received the last sacraments and died a penitent within the Church. His mother at first denied the report with considerable bitterness; but she has observed a significant silence since the priest who assisted Lord O'Hagan at his death-bed made a public statement of the facts.

We are scandalized at the reports from Dayton, Ohio. The National Cash Register works in that city not only manufactures good registers, but it has attained international celebrity for its humane treatment of employees. It surrounds them with refinements and comforts in the factory; it provides them with free lectures, entertainments, excursions, and religious exercises; and, according to the press dispatches, it recognizes the labor unions to the extent of humoring their whims. These reports may be exact or exaggerated, but at any rate this company enjoys the reputation of doing more than any

other in the United States to promote the contentment and happiness of its workmen; yet the result is far from satisfying. "We couldn't eat the beautiful flowers," says one of the men; "we could not wear the fine books; we hated to have it understood we were so dirty we needed signs reading, 'This way to the bath-rooms!'" in front of our working benches; we hated to be expected to go to religious services willy nilly. We are almost all of us born and bred Americans—sober, decent and industrious; but we are not inmates of an institution, even if it is the model one of the sort in the world. We are sick of cant." It is possible that the contrast between the experience of this Dayton firm and the entirely satisfactory results of Leon Harmel's experiment in France may point an effective essay in sociology. Meantime we may all spend a profitable hour in rereading the Holy Father's Encyclical on the Labor Question.

It is to be hoped that the address delivered by Bishop Montgomery at the graduation exercises of the State Normal School at Los Angeles last month will be widely read. We learn from the *Monitor* that hearty approval of the views set forth was expressed by the audience, though the majority were non-Catholics. A few more earnest addresses of the kind in different parts of the country, and people will begin to understand that the present system of education is by no means non-sectarian in the strict sense. Touching on this point, Bishop Montgomery said:

'Many of the best friends of everything American honestly believe that the system of instruction now in vogue is neither non-sectarian nor fair and just to all. In its practical results it is, and always has been, sectarian: *not* in the sense that it teaches the tenets of

any religious denomination, but by the positive exclusion of such teaching it inculcates the religious views of those who are indifferent or opposed to religious dogmas. The unbeliever as a rule has as clearly defined views on religious matters as has a Jew or Christian. His are negative, theirs are positive; but they are *his religion*. In this sense unbelievers constitute a sect as really as do the members of any religious denomination. The system as it stands, unmodified, does for him precisely what *he* would do if he had the absolute control of it. The consequence is that the unbeliever, as a class, is the only one that is perfectly satisfied with it. And hence the system in its application is sectarian and unfair to many of the citizens of the country,—the very two things which it was intended should not be. As evidence that the system unmodified is *not* satisfactory to the great bulk of Christian denominations, it is sufficient to call attention to the fact, first, that in almost every general convention or synod of most of the great religious denominations in the country it is declared that there should be more religion taught in the schools; that the absolute separation of religious from secular training is not the best; second, the great Lutheran body as such, as well as Catholics, has felt bound in conscience to establish and maintain at a great sacrifice private schools where that dual training may be imparted.'

It is characteristic of the good-humored American people that they are amused rather than irritated at the efforts made by General Daniel E. Sickles and others for the dismissal of the present Commissioner of Pensions. The charge made against Commissioner Evans is that he is "unreasonable and over-fastidious in his demands for testimony; that he treats every applicant for a pension with

suspicion." It is now thirty-six years since the war closed, and the pension list still contains the names of a million of men who, having "fit" and bled for their country, are still alive to enjoy their wounds and the comforts they bring. Good reason have these men to glory in their infirmities, slight as these are in many cases! The offence charged against Commissioner Evans is one which the American people will easily condone, especially when they remember that they are already paying \$140,000,000 a year in pensions to soldiers whose longevity is the marvel of the age and whose wounds have been amazingly slow to prove fatal.

The most fertile of humorists show bald spots in their work at times, and of no class of literary workers are the critics so intolerant as of the professional fun-maker who has written himself out. Those humorists, however, who combine wisdom with wit are sure of perennial fame; and this is why Mr. Dunne, the creator of the ever-fresh and delightful Mr. Dooley, maintains a firm hold on public favor. Mark Twain aroused the laughter of the world by his essay on Christian Science, but that he did not exhaust the humor of the subject is shown by Mr. Dooley's discourse on the same theme. The faithful Mr. Hennessy introduces the matter by asking about the new doctrine:

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "ye have something th' matther with ye. Ye have a leg cut off."

"Th' Lord save us!" exclaimed Mr. Hennessy.

"That is, ye think ye have," Mr. Dooley went on. "Ye think ye have a leg cut off. Ye see it goin', an' says ye to yerself: 'More expinse! A wooden leg!' Ye think ye've lost it, but ye're wrong. Ye're well as iver ye was. Both legs is attached to ye, on'y ye don't know it. Ye call up a Christyan Scientist, or yer wife does. Not many men is Christyan Scientists, but near all women is in wan way or another. Yer wife calls up a Christyan Scientist, and says she:

"Me husband thinks he's lost a leg," she says.

"Nonsense!" says th' Christyan Scientist, she

says, fer she's a woman too. 'Nonsense!' says she. 'No wan iver lost a leg,' she says.

"Well, 'tis sthrange," says th' wife. 'He's mielaid it, thin,' she says; 'fer he hasn't got it,' she says.

"He on'y thinks he's lost it," says th' Christyan Scientist. 'Lave him think it on again,' she says. 'Lave him remimber,' she says, 'they's no such thing in the wurruld,' she says, 'as pain an' injury,' she says. 'Lave him to put his mind hard to it,' she says, 'an' I'll put mine,' she says; 'an' we'll all put our minds to it, an' 'twill be all right,' she says.

"So she thinks an' th' wife thinks, an' ye think th' best ye know how; an' afther awhile a leg comes peepin' out with a complete set iv tootsies; an' be th' time th' las' thought is expinded ye have a set iv as well-matched jambs as ye iver wore to a picnic. But ye mustn't stop thinkin', or yer wife or the Christyan Scientist. If wan iv ye laves go th' rope th' leg'll get discouraged and quit growin'. Many a man sprouted a limb on'y to have it stop between th' ankle an' the shin, because th' Christyan Scientist was called away to see what ailed th' baby."

The physicians, as well as the faith-curists, come in for Mr. Dooley's attention. "I never larned below the chin," says a specialist whom the philosopher consulted; "and I'd be fired be the Union if they knew I was wurrukin' on the heart." Finally, the oracular Father Kelly is quoted and reinforced by a parting shot—a well-aimed one—by Mr. Dooley himself:

"He says they ought to enforce th' law iv assault with a deadly weepin again th' doctors. He says that if they knew less about pizen an' more about gruel, an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so many Christyan Scientists. Th' on'y difference between Christyan Scientists an' doctors, he says, is that Christyan Scientists thinks they's no such thing as disease, and doctors thinks there ain't anything else. An' there ye are."

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Hennessy.

"I think," said Dooley, "that if th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christianity it wuddn't make any difference which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse."

To have been the first Catholic Chancellor of Germany since the day of Luther was an honor even for a Hohenlohe; and great was the surprise of the world when that position fell to the head of what is called the cadet

branch of that illustrious family—Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe Schillingfuerst, who has just passed away at the age of eighty-two. A probable explanation of the honor conferred on this able statesman is that his allegiance to the Church was so lightly worn as not to hamper him seriously in the race for political honors, even when Bismarck, by a series of anti-Catholic measures, entered on the road that led to Canossa. But patriotism, like politics, makes strange bedfellows; and, despite the fact that the late Chancellor Hohenlohe failed to align with the Catholics of the Empire at critical times, he has never been charged with low motives or want of faith. His brother, by attaining the cardinalate, continued the traditions of the Hohenlohes, who have for centuries been distinguished in the Church as well as in the State. *R. I. P.*

Of the hundreds of articles written about Queen Victoria since her death, none has attracted so much attention as that published in the staid old *Quarterly Review*. It purports to be from the pen of one who "served her long and observed her closely"; and, though written in a kindly and appreciative spirit, is in striking contrast with the over-eulogistic essays evoked by the Queen's demise. We quote a short passage:

In the old Tractarian days she felt a certain curiosity in the movement; but when Lady Canning tried to convert her to High-Church views, the Queen was very angry. It rather set a mark in her mind against a person that he or she was a Ritualist. It was always an element in her reticence with regard to Mr. Gladstone that he was too High-Church. "I am afraid he has the mind of a Jesuit," she used to say. She liked Roman Catholics very much better than Anglican Ritualists, partly because she had a respect for their antiquity, and partly because she was not the head of their Church and so felt no responsibility about their opinions. She had foreign Roman Catholic friends with whom she sometimes spoke on religious matters with a good

deal of freedom. Her knowledge of many phases of modern religious thought was rather vague; and when the creed of the Positivists was first brought to her notice, she was extremely interested. "How very curious," she said, "and how very sad! What a pity somebody does not explain to them what a mistake they are making! But do tell me more about this strange M. Comte."

There were some traits of the late Queen's character which were not praiseworthy. It is known, for instance, that she contributed a smaller sum to the Irish Famine Fund than did the Sultan of Turkey; but there is evidence to show that in breadth of mind and in sympathy with the Church she was in advance of her time.

It is not often that American Catholics must look to the sects for inspiration or example, but in one thing there is no denying our inferiority. Our separated brethren of this country contributed \$5,000,000 last year to the work of foreign missions, while the total alms of Catholics for their missions was \$71,229.35. And for this sum the collectors return profuse thanks, because it is a notable increase over the preceding year's contributions. The strong point of our people is devotion to their parish; their weak point is their seeming indifference to the spread of the faith among the nations that sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

The *London Tablet*, in concluding a thoughtful leader on "French Catholics and the Associations Bill," remarks: "It may well be supposed that the most poignant of all the disappointments of Pope Leo's closing years is the visible failure of his hope that a policy of conciliation toward the French Government might result in bringing peace to the Church of France. The influence of the Vatican, to the discomfiture of all the Pretenders, has been whole-heartedly on the side of the Republic; but the ministers have preferred war and made it."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Tell the Truth.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

TELL the truth whate'er befall you,
Let no shame or fear appall you;
Better pain than have men call you
Story-teller bold or sly;
Though in fibs your playmates revel,
Let *your* words with facts be level;
"Tell the truth and shame the devil,"—
Men and angels scorn a lie.

Own your deeds, no fault suppressing;
Peace will come with the confessing;
Candor wins a constant blessing
E'en from those who must chastise.
Sorrow waits on all deceiving,
Falsehood ever ends in grieving;
Shameful futures are they weaving
Who pollute their soul with lies.

A Forest Sprinter.

FORM, slender and agile; color, reddish brown; tail, long and bushy; ears, generally well developed, pointed and often tufted; anterior feet, four toes and rudimentary thumb; posterior feet, five toes,"—that sounds scientific, but every boy or girl that has been in the woods much knows that the description is meant for a squirrel.

It is great fun to sit quietly near a tree in which a squirrel has made his home and watch him as he runs from branch to branch, almost flying as he recklessly leaps to a new foothold. Indeed, all tree-squirrels seem capable of flying in a rudimentary fashion, the tail acting as a sort of sail; and such a tail as the squirrel has! It is, of course, highly ornamental; but it is, besides,

eminently useful, as you would think if you saw him fold it around him when he sleeps. Red squirrels usually take up their residence in the trunk of an old tree; there they store some provisions for the winter months, though they are not as provident as are the chipmunks. They have various hiding-places; and in the case of bitter acorns they bury them under a few inches of earth and leave them there till spring, when, by nature's alchemy, the bitter has become sweet.

Sometimes, when for some cause they must look up new feeding grounds, they travel hundreds of miles, even crossing rivers,—a remarkable thing, as they fear the water. They swim well for a few yards, but the big bushy tail drags them down. Old hunters tell us that when a broad stream is reached, they run up and down it hunting for bits of stick or bark small enough to be moved and light enough to float them over. Upon these improvised rafts they get safely across, by taking pains to keep their tails out of water.

Berries, corn and nuts form the squirrel's steady diet; and it is said that ten active squirrels, left undisturbed, will make away with the best of an acre of corn. The furry thief runs up the stalk, whips off the husk and gnaws the milky grains until he can not hold another. That reminds me of a rhyme I once read. It was something like this:

Who combs you, little squirrel?
And do you twist and twirl
When some one puts the papers on
To keep your tail in curl?
And must you see the dentist
For every tooth you break?
And are you apt from eating nuts
To get the stomach-ache?

Now we will go from the general to the particular, and it may interest you to read about a squirrel that had rather an unnatural life.

One bright September morning a crowd of little girls were taking a walk through a lilac hedge which runs a distance east of the academy where these juniors were receiving their education. One of the little girls sat down, and, hearing a rustling near her, she pulled aside a branch, and there in the leaves crouched a wee squirrel. The little thing was too young to run, so it was not difficult to catch her. The girl slipped her into her apron pocket; and there she snuggled, looking out with her black, beady eyes. The juniors decided that the first thing to be done was to give her something to eat. A cup of milk was brought, and several spoonsful were forced down her throat; while the lookers-on learned that the squirming powers of the squirrel are of no mean order. She was then wrapped up in an old silk muffler and carried around in her owner's pocket. It was not long before she would take bits of bread and drink milk; and as she was developing a tendency to explore, she was put in a bird-cage. By November she was so large and active that a regular squirrel-cage, with revolving cylinder inside, was secured and her squirrelship was duly installed. She had learned by this time to eat nuts, and was not averse to bits of apple, biscuit, lettuce leaves, etc. It was funny to see her eat. She would sit up, her tail curved over her back like a flag; she would hold the nut in her front paws, and the toe that served as thumb was really very useful. Her sharp little teeth cut a line all around the nut and then the kernel was fully enjoyed.

Because of the velocity of her movements in the cage, especially in the wheel, she was called Czerny; and it must be

admitted that Czerny had bad manners. If one went to the cage when she was eating she would deliberately turn her back; while familiarities were received with very decided scoldings; and, if persisted in, Czerny lost her temper completely and would snap her teeth at intruders. A wire inclosure in the cage was supplied with wool, and to this Czerny retired very early. At dark she burrowed into the wool and then drew it all around her, leaving only a wee opening in front of her little nose. She was not very clean in her habits; but, then, you see, she never had the training of a mother squirrel. If she had had, it is likely she would have been told not to "toe in," which she did with her forefeet, nor to scratch herself before company.

It was quite a little while before Czerny learned the delight of a wheel; but when she did she made up for lost time. After running along the inside of the revolving cage, she would lie flat down and hold on while she was carried the full round. By Christmas time she was so tame that she would be allowed a little run through the study-hall. She seemed to like the Sister in charge better than she did the juniors; for she would run all over Sister, but if the girls came near she would chatter and scold and show her yellow teeth,—yes, they turned almost orange color; you see she had no one to tell her how to keep them white.

Toward spring her irritability led her admirers to fear that her nervous system was running down, and it was decided to give her freedom. The cage was taken out on the grounds and placed under a great catalpa tree, and the cage door left open,—a fact which she was not slow in observing. She soon showed that without special training she could climb; for she frisked up and down, chattering in her very best style. Occa-

sionally she ran down to the cage and even entered it. After a few days of thus dividing her time between the tree and the cage, Czerny was missing, and she was mourned as lost. But she returned, and such a dilapidated-looking squirrel! She crept into her cage, snuggled into the wool bed and slept heavily for hours. Before long she grew so fearless that she found her way around to the north side of the academy and into the room where the clothes-presses were kept; and of course she was treated to the fat of the land in the way of nuts.

One day Czerny began a new performance: she set about ripping up a mat on the floor, using her teeth as scissors. When she got a good-sized strip off, she rolled it up into a sort of ball and carried it out and down into the cellar. This kept on for some time, when her visits ceased; and when next she was seen, there was an air of anxiety about her; and well there might be, for there were three little squirrels to be trained in the way they should run! She had a great time trying to get them away from the cellar stairs. She called and coaxed and scolded, and finally enticed them to a maple tree on the lawn; and, somehow, they seemed to know what was expected of them, and before long they were as fine athletes as their mother. But once in the tree, Czerny left her little family and returned to her own haunts—the clothes-room, the cellar, and the catalpa tree. As she began to hide nuts among the linen in the cases, she was made to understand that she must not show her tail in the house; and, though she hints plainly that she would like to be received on the old footing, she keeps out of doors. She has a lonely sort of life; but as long as she has nuts to crack she can snap her black eyes contentedly and be glad that she is a squirrel.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

III.—HARRY'S UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

James Haylon, the clever lawyer and somewhat eccentric student of human nature, was not the only interested witness of the quick-time contest between the newsboys. A business man who owned a large store not far from Nancy's corner was a looker-on at the fight. He was well acquainted with the little crippled girl. Recently he had learned of the gentlemanly conduct of Harry Russell. It was, therefore, with the greatest interest he watched from his own door the dispute between the guardian and the intruder. He became too interested to watch at a distance: as soon as the crowd had gathered he made one of it. The satisfaction in seeing the lame girl's advocate become her victorious defender he enjoyed with a boyish glee, notwithstanding that age was creeping on him, turning his hair white at the fright of its approach. Somewhere beneath the top button of his vest he still had a very youthful heart, which bounded in exultation that generosity and unselfishness should have proved victorious.

He laughed heartily at seeing the predicament of Lawyer Haylon. Edging up to him through the crowd, he said:

"Do you not know, Haylon, that all aiders, abettors, seconds, and any others who give encouragement to duellers fall under the Church's ban of excommunication?"

"By jingo—St. Gingoulph, I mean,—that was a fine blow, Longstreet! That boy's plucky! Isn't he now?"

"Gone into the newspaper business, Haylon? Law practice so dull that you want to turn an honest penny?" continued the merchant.

"There's something about that boy I like," answered the lawyer, paying no attention to Mr. Longstreet's joking. "The way he made me hold these papers was simply—well, unique. Don't suppose there's another person, man or boy, in the whole city who could make me do such a thing again—ha! good!—good for you, boy! That's the way to settle him." And in another second he was restoring the papers to the boy and patting him on the back, as we have described in the previous chapter.

Mr. Longstreet did not speak to Harry at the time. The boy was in great good luck to have interested two prominent men in him. After events proved that, Mr. Longstreet's friendship dated from that fight.

The merchant was a remarkable man in many ways. A thoroughly good and practical man, he was ever on the watch to do a kindness. He was a sharp, shrewd business man who had met with large success. Although he kept about fifty clerks and workmen in his store, he took some time each day to find an opportunity to do a little good to some one, taking care to hide from his left hand what his right was doing. No one, except the angels and perhaps his parish priest, knew how many homes in the more squalid districts were made happier through his quiet, unassuming visits. One of his chief pleasures was to educate worthy boys for the sacred calling of the priesthood, or for the learned professions, if his protégés, after fair trial, found they had no vocation to the ministry.

In appearance he was rather disappointing. He was of medium height, slim, and with pointed features. His sharp chin was adorned with a sparse "goatee," cheeks slightly sunken and cheekbones high. There was benevolence in his eyes, but his hair always had an Ash-Wednesday look. Slow and

cautious of speech, he appeared to be always weighing his words. He had a shrill, high voice and laughed in a high key; but the laugh was so joyous and infectious that it at once told the hearer that the man's heart was in the right place.

The day following the little scene on Broadway the merchant walked over to Mr. Haylon's office.

"Good-morning, Mr. Newsboy!"

"Ha! ha! that's just what my wife called me first thing this morning. Strange, eh?"

"Not at all. I suppose you told her of the exalted dignity conferred upon you and the immense confidence reposed in you yesterday by young Russell?"

"Not a bit of it! I never said a word at home about it."

"No? How did she learn of it, then?" asked the merchant.

"The morning paper. See! I awoke this morning to find myself famous. Look at this."

The lawyer, with great gusto and with as much amusement as a schoolboy would derive from it, read aloud an amusing and well worked-up account of the affair. The skit was decidedly clever and withal very good-natured. The reporter had probably secured the item from the policeman of that beat; for that official figured much more conspicuously in the narrative than in the event. Haylon rubbed his hands and chuckled at the humor of the account.

"James," said Mr. Longstreet, "I have been thinking about that boy Russell. Couldn't we do something for him,—better the lad in some way?"

The lawyer dropped his really boyish enthusiasm on the instant. His healthy mental vigor and equipoise enabled him in a moment to be all earnestness.

"Eh! what's that?"

"Couldn't we do something for that lad?" repeated the merchant.

"Don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps he isn't worth it, after all. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing more than you do. But somehow I like his looks. He has a fine, open face, and I believe him to be a good boy."

"Yes, yes," said Haylon, "so do I. He's above the ordinary run of newspaper boys, that's sure. He's brave without a doubt. His kindness to the cripple is—'is unique in the annals of newspaper boydom,'"—quoting from the morning paper's account.

"That's true. I think I shall do something for him," said Longstreet.

"Halves! havers!" said Haylon, after the fashion of the typical schoolboy solicitous for the equitable division of the stolen apple.

From this little dialogue it may be understood that Mr. Longstreet was not the only one addicted to good deeds. The lawyer's cry of "havers" was a claim to share in part of the expenses and merit of the proposed good work. These two had gone through college together, had been chums and friends ever since, sharing each other's confidences in many a kindly deed. In their private, off-guard confabs both frequently dropped into their schoolboy lingo of long ago.

"What shall it be?" asked Haylon.

"Rockland."

"Nonsense, man! You are crazy! How in the name of common-sense can you get him into Rockland College—a street newspaper boy? One would think you had never been to college, George, nor had the faintest notion of the requirements for admission."

Mr. Longstreet was nonplussed for the moment. He admitted the difficulty.

"Somehow, I have a notion," he said after a considerable pause, "that the boy is above his present station. I think there is good stuff in him."

"I believe there is," replied the other.

"Very well, I'll make some inquiries."

"Do; but, mind you, I go halves in this. You can not have everything your own way."

"We'll see about that later," said Mr. Longstreet, laughingly. "In the meantime I shall try to find out where he lives."

(To be continued.)

The Monks and Missal Painting.

The art of illumination was one of the great triumphs of the monks in the Middle Ages. A copy of the New Testament was executed in the fourth century in letters of silver, with the initials in gold, and is still preserved in the royal library at Upsal under the title of the "Codex Argenteus." Irish monasteries excelled in this kind of work, and the Anglo-Saxon youths went to Ireland to obtain a mastery of the favorite styles. St. Dunstan was himself an expert illuminator. A fine specimen, called St. Cuthbert's Gospels, was executed by a Bishop of Lindisfarne about 721, and is now in the Cottonian Library. The finest specimen of English illumination of the tenth century is the Duke of Devonshire's "Benedictional."

In the seventh century enormous initial letters began to supersede the current practice of introducing miniatures in the ornamentation. The new style then consisted of interlaced fretwork or entwined branches of white and gold on a background of variegated colors. The initial letters became longer and longer, until their tails reached nearly the whole length of the page, and next they were carried round the three sides. The foliage, flowers, birds, animals, and miniatures in the background were carefully drawn. The printing-press was the death-knell of this elaborate style of decorating books.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Many of the faithful, who found the ordinary size of the Roman Missal as published for private use too large to be convenient, will welcome the new edition given to the public by R. & T. Washbourne. The general make-up of the book is excellent, and we hope that it will take the place of many of the countless books of private devotions, which, however rich in special prayers, can never claim the unction or the inspiration of the prayers from the *Missale Romanum*.

—The Rev. C. Van der Donckt has translated, and B. Herder has published, Canon Guerra's excellent work entitled "The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus." Although primarily addressed to inexperienced priests, this volume can scarcely fail to benefit even those sacerdotal readers who have had long years of practice in the sacred tribunal of penance. It is well worth not only the perusal but the serious meditation of all to whom is entrusted the care of souls.

—The touch that marks "Rab and his Friends" and "A Doctor of the Old School," but without the dialect of those sweet Scotch tales, is in "Beyond the Marshes," by Ralph Connor, published in Toronto in 1898, with an introduction by the Countess of Aberdeen, and republished in the *Cornhill Booklet*. It is a "prairie idyll," that leaves pure and tender memories in the heart. The same number includes some characteristic Stevenson letters full of the old courage we know so well, the old whole-heartedness we love so well.

—It is somewhat surprising to learn that the sale of a first-rate Catholic book in England rarely runs to over 2000 copies,—indeed, seldom reaches that number. We are assured that in most instances 500 purchasers are difficult to find for books of religious biography. The "buying interest" of the Catholic public in the United States is surely small enough, but many books issued here, which appeal only to the Catholic public, reach a sale of 10,000 copies. And we could name not a few religious biographies which would readily meet with equal success if they were given "half a show" by the publishers of them.

—The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a clergyman of Chicago who recently made a stir by saying publicly that Protestantism is dead and that he himself purposed to found "the Catholic Church of the future," has published "A Search for an Infidel," a volume of pleasant and frothy essays sicklied over with a pale cast of ethics. Those

who go to hear Dr. Jones preach will probably like this book, but it will not appeal to a wide public. "Bits of Wayside Gospel" is its sub-title; but a benevolent naturalism is all that it inculcates, and even that is not done in a striking way. It is broad without depth, and it lacks ruggedness and masculinity. The Macmillan Co.

—"A Reading Book in Irish History," by Dr. P. W. Joyce (Longmans, Green & Co.), is not merely a capital book for children, but a very interesting volume for readers of any age. A judicious mixture of Hibernian history, biography, and romance, its prevailing prose pleasantly diversified with charming verse, it will certainly be welcome to those for whom it was specially prepared, and will gratify many who look through "reading books" only casually.

—Throughout English literature of the past century, anti-Catholic as it is, there crops up evidence of the survival of the doctrines of the Church in unexpected places. One would not suspect that the early copies of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" ended with a prayer for his soul. Yet in that poem, as published in the *York Herald* during the life of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, its author, the last stanza, now omitted, read as follows:

By Englishmen's feet when the turf is trod
On the breast of our hero pressing,
Let them offer a prayer to England's God
For him who was England's blessing.

—In one of the new books, Mrs. Lynn Linton is quoted as saying: "Newman was a much more thorough man than he [Manning], and was unworldly as Manning was worldly and ambitious. But Newman never got on as Manning did, and never wished." This seems to be rather a common impression of Protestants, though it is essentially incomplete and unjust. In a review of the "Life" of Mrs. Linton, Mr. Justin McCarthy writes as follows of her snap judgment on Manning:

I do not know whether Mrs. Linton had any personal acquaintance with Cardinal Manning. I had the honor of knowing him through many years, and I hope I may venture to say that he gave me his friendship. I never knew a man in any sphere of life to whom the words *worldly* and *ambitious* could be applied with less justice than to Cardinal Manning. The life of that great and good man was dedicated in the first instance to the cause of his religion, and after that and because of that to every good purpose; political, social, and moral. I find it hard to imagine how an ambitious and worldly man could have fancied that he was helping himself to "get on," as we understand in social life the meaning of these words, by lending his earnest assistance, as he was ever doing, to some human cause.

which found no support whatever among the classes by means of whose approval worldly ambition could seek for its success. I feel that I could not allow Mrs. Linton's casual and, perhaps, careless words about one of the noblest, purest and greatest men of his time to pass without a protest from me.

—If it is true, as reported, that Sir Edwin Arnold has been afflicted with blindness, it is indeed one of life's greatest ironies; for among his books are "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World." But the report is probably only a bit of newspaper enterprise; for hot upon it comes the news that Sir Edwin has just finished another epic poem. The title is "The Voyage of Ithobal," and the scene is laid in Africa. In a letter of congratulation to the author, Mr. Henry M. Stanley says: "If your readers could have but seen you at work upon it, could but be aware that behind this warm rapture of the poet there lay so many awful distresses of mind and body, their hearts, I am sure, would be unspeakably full of that sympathy you deserve." From this it is lawful to infer that Sir Edwin enjoyed the co-operation and advice of the famous African explorer in getting the poem ready for the press.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.
 Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.
 Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.
 The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.
 Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.
 The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis Martersteck, of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; the Rev. John Brady, Diocese of Pittsburg; the Rev. M. P. Sullivan, Archdiocese of Baltimore; the Rev. P. Felix Maria, O. M. Cap.; and the Rev. W. L. Rickarby, O. P.

Mother M. Siena, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Stanislaus, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Anthony, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Thomas Buchanan, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. E. L. Johnson, Portage, Ill.; Mrs. John Crofton, Alton, Ill.; Mr. Michael Doherty, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Mr. Redmond Kernan, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Richard Dillon, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Fannie B. Thorn, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Miriam J. Fitton, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. John Kehoe, Raymilton, Pa.; Mr. J. W. Loeder and Mrs. Thomas Lillis, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Joseph Carrigan, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Murray, Brookline, Mass.; Mr. Jacob Zimmerman, Le Sueur, Minn.; Miss Mary E. Curran, Oakland, Cal.; and Miss M. M. Lowe, St. Paul, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 27, 1901.

NO. 4.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Equality.

BY E. BECK.

'TIS true I hold no store of gold,
No lands belong to me,
No flashing gems of worth untold,
No ships upon the sea;
But though I toil for daily bread
And know full many a care,
No bluer is the sky o'erhead
For king or millionaire.

For me, as for the proud and high,
The wayside roses bloom;
And they enjoy no more than I
The violet's sweet perfume.
The glories of the dawning day,
The sunsets red or pale,
The white moon's silvery radiance, they
And I alike may hail.

The blackbird in the hazel bush,
The skylark soaring far,
The throstle in the twilight hush
For all sweet minstrels are.
With serf and king, with rich and poor,
The white-robed angels bide;
For each and all heaven's golden door
Is always open wide.

The Most Ancient Shrine in France.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.



AT a time when political events in France are assuming an aspect so alarming as regards the interests of religion, when the socialists and Freemasons are marshalling their forces for a decisive attack against the congregations, whose fate is even now trembling in the balance, Catholics are instinctively prompted to count up the resources wherewith they can hold their own in presence of the overwhelming army of their enemies.

It must be confessed that these resources seem at first sight inadequate to the demand made upon them. In spite of the manly efforts of certain orators, whose voices are ever raised in the defence of justice, the Catholic party has lost almost every vestige of political power, and the interests of the country have passed out of its keeping.

This is the result of a series of adverse circumstances, of blunders and misunderstandings that extend over a number of years. It would be irrelevant to discuss them in this paper; we must be content, alas! with stating the fact. Humanly speaking, therefore, the prospects of religion in France are, at this moment, gloomy enough; and yet to those who, living in the country, are able to penetrate beyond the surface, certain

BE thy only longing desire to see God;
thy fear, to lose Him; thy sorrow, to
be deprived of Him for a time; thy joy,
that He can draw thee to Himself: then
wilt thou live in profound peace.

—*St. John of the Cross.*

THE man who prefers his dearest friend to the call of duty will soon show that he prefers himself to his dearest friend.—*Frederick Robertson.*

signs of hope appear among the clouds.

These hopeful symptoms may be long in developing to solid results, and dark and difficult days are probably in store for the French Catholics ere a complete change for the better takes place; but in the meantime let them hold their own manfully, and even thank God for the undoubted blessings that they still possess. Let them remember, for instance, that within the last fifty years works of charity have developed to a marvellous extent,—not merely almsgiving, but the charity that devotes time, thought and trouble to the moral and material improvement of the poor. This spirit of self-sacrificing generosity has of late largely increased among the more educated Frenchmen, and sooner or later its results must be felt.

Another point in favor of France is her deep, enduring, widespread devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Far and wide—on the mountain side and in the valley, among the wild Breton *landes* as in the green Norman pastures, in the heart of the fertile plains of central France as on the heights of the Pyrenees—the glorious Queen of Heaven is loved and revered. Time-honored shrines where for centuries generations have knelt and prayed, newly founded basilicas that tell of a recent outburst of grateful love, rustic altars where tiny lights burn before some roughly carved image,—all these are so many havens of rest to the weary and anxious-minded pilgrim. They speak of the continual protection of one whose pleading is never disregarded, and whose patronage can not possibly be withdrawn from a country that once loved to call itself the Kingdom of Mary.

If Lourdes is now the best known and probably the most frequented of the sanctuaries of Our Lady in France, Chartres can boast of being the most ancient of all the shrines dedicated to

her honor throughout France. Some of our readers may be acquainted with the ancient cathedral city that stands in the midst of the fertile but unpicturesque district generally known as the granary of France.

Around the town extend the waving cornfields of La Beauce; farther off, in a wooded and watered valley, stands Maintenon, the home of the ducal family of De Noailles; a few miles more distant is Dreux, where the princes of the house of Orleans sleep in the funeral chapel that bears their name; beyond is Anet, famous in the days of the Valois kings. But the historical recollections awakened by these names are of comparatively recent date, whereas the history of Chartres is lost in the haze of remote antiquity. Few cities in France have so ancient an origin.

When Julius Cæsar and his legions invaded Gaul Chartres was called Autricum; it was already a place of considerable importance and one of the chief religious centres of the Druids. The true faith was preached to its inhabitants early in the Christian era, and during the persecutions its native Christians in large numbers laid down their lives for their new-found Lord. We are told, in particular, of a nobly-born young girl, St. Modeste, whose brave and innocent figure is connected with the very origin of Christianity at Chartres. The bodies of these martyrs were thrown into a deep well, situated in the crypt of the church, and known among the people as *le puits des saints forts*.

The importance of the city, as well as its position in the centre of a rich and fertile district, drew down upon Chartres the horrors of war. It was frequently besieged: by the Romans under Cæsar, by the Burgundians in 600, by the Normans in 858, 911 and 962;

and in later times by Condé, in 1568; and by Henri IV. in 1594.

Louis XIII. bought the duchy and territory of Chartres, and henceforth the title of Duke of Chartres was borne by the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, head of the younger branch of the royal family of France. The present bearer of the title is Prince Robert of Orleans, brother of the late Comte de Paris and uncle to the pretender to the French throne.

Chartres is a fine city, with wide streets and broad boulevards planted with trees; but its chief feature of interest is its marvellous cathedral, which, according to archæologists, is, take it all in all, the finest ecclesiastical monument in France. It stands on high ground, at the extremity of a wind-swept plateau, beyond which the ground falls abruptly. The houses and other buildings of the town are gathered round it, as if claiming its protection and acknowledging its pre-eminence. The surrounding country being flat and featureless, the noble edifice seems to fill up the horizon; and miles and miles away its twin spires are seen standing out against the sky.

In the intention of its builders, the devout medieval artists, the cathedral of Chartres is but a casket made to contain a gem; and that pearl of great price, of which the glorious building is as it were the framework, is the shrine of Her who from time immemorial has reigned at Chartres, a most beloved and revered sovereign.

According to an ancient tradition, the Druids, who adopted Chartres as a sacred city, were prophetically informed of the future advent of the Redeemer, the Son of a Virgin. In their far-off and mysterious visions of futurity, they realized the dignity of the Virgin Mother who was to be so closely united to her Son in the work of redemption, and they even honored her under the title

of *Virgo Paritura*. Whether this tradition be a pious fancy or a fact, it took a firm hold on the popular mind, and is officially mentioned in a royal decree of King Charles VII. in 1432. He alludes to the cathedral of Chartres as "the most ancient church in the kingdom, founded in honor of the glorious Virgin Mary before the Incarnation of Our Lord."

When, under Constantine, the Christian religion was allowed to develop freely, a church was erected on the site of the mysterious grotto where the Druids were supposed to have honored the future Mother of God. This church was burned in 753 by the Duke of Aquitaine. A new church took its place, and was destroyed by the Normans in 858. The bishop, priests and a number of the inhabitants of the city who had taken refuge within the sanctuary perished at the foot of the altar. Again another edifice was raised on the same spot; but at the end of a hundred years it was burned to the ground by Richard, Duke of Normandy, in 962.

Nothing daunted, Wulphard, Bishop of Chartres, undertook to repair the disasters of the past; but in 1020 the edifice which was begun by him was struck by lightning. Bishop Fulbert, one of his successors, took up the work, which it needed an indomitable perseverance to bring to a happy termination. He may be looked upon as the real founder of the present cathedral; and in order to raise the solid and splendid edifice of his dreams he appealed to the sovereigns of Europe. Among those who generously came to his assistance was Canute, King of England and Denmark.

Fulbert began his work by the crypt, which he enlarged and improved, and above which he built the upper church that his successors continued. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the

cathedral grew in size and beauty; but in the night of the 9th of June, 1194, a terrible fire destroyed a considerable portion of the building. The people who had ungrudgingly given their time, their labor and their money to beautify the house of God stood aghast before the smoking ruins. They were awakened from their despair by the Cardinal Legate of Pope Celestine III., who at that time was staying at Chartres. His kindly heart felt for those to whom their glorious cathedral had become a part of their daily life; and, assembling the priests and the people on the very scene of the disaster, he spoke to them with such soul-stirring enthusiasm that then and there they swore to rebuild their cathedral at whatever cost. The incidents that follow speak volumes for the self-sacrificing, loving faith of these medieval Catholics, who took a personal pride and pleasure in the adornment of their Heavenly Mother's shrine. The bishop and his canons immediately gave up their revenues during three years; rich and poor brought contributions; some poor people, we are told, even sacrificed the remnants of the property they had rescued from the fire.

A special blessing seems to have rested upon the work that was carried out in so generous a spirit of self-renunciation, and the world-wide celebrity of Notre Dame de Chartres dates from that moment. Visitors from Spain, Italy, Germany and England flocked to her shrine. A contemporary writer describes how the canons of the cathedral found the cloisters full of pilgrims when they came to say Mass, and made their way with some difficulty through the crowd. Many of the pilgrims brought offerings of plate, money and precious stones; and with the help of these contributions the work advanced rapidly. An old writer quaintly observes that the cathedral of Chartres having been

rebuilt in stone was now proof against temporal fire, and "we may believe that it will preserve from eternal fire the Christians who by their alms have helped to rebuild it."

On the 17th of October, 1260, the new edifice was sufficiently completed to be consecrated; and the ceremony was performed with great splendor in presence of St. Louis, who then filled the French throne. The royal Saint was a generous benefactor to Chartres cathedral, and several of the fine stained-glass windows that still exist were given by him and by his mother, Queen Blanche of Castile.

As time went on new ornaments, as well as porches, chapels, altars, were added to the church; thus the Chapelle de Vendôme was built by the duke of that name on his release from prison in 1417. The citizens of Chartres—jewellers, shoemakers, butchers, carpenters, and other tradesmen—contributed many of the glorious windows that are certainly the finest in France, perhaps even in the world. A common impulse of faith and generosity made all classes unite to enrich and adorn the house of God and the shrine of Mary.

Less happily conceived than the medieval additions were the so-called improvements of the eighteenth century, when heavy and ill-assorted Renaissance ornaments unfortunately marred the pure Gothic aspect of the cathedral. More fatal still were the degradations of the Revolutionary epoch, when the building narrowly escaped destruction. Since those dark days the glorious edifice has been carefully guarded, and several important and able works of restoration have been carried out under the direction of competent authorities.

Whether viewed from within or from without, the general aspect of Chartres cathedral is most striking. The unity and harmony of its style, its magnificent

proportions combining majesty and grace, convey an impression of pure and austere beauty. Its shape is that of a Latin cross, and its entire length is one hundred and thirty metres; its nave is wider than that of any cathedral of France or Germany; and its spire, which is one hundred and fifteen metres, is the highest stone spire in France.

The attention of the tourist is riveted, as he stands on the *place* outside the cathedral, by the porches and portals, which present magnificent specimens of French medieval art at its very best. They are singularly harmonious in their conception. The western porch, called the Royal Porch, shows us the history of the glorification of Our Lord written in stone,—a favorite subject with artists of the eleventh century, and which is a marvel of delicate carving. It proves to us once more how closely united in the thought of medieval sculptors was the honor paid to God and devotion to His Blessed Mother. In their elaborate work she is ever associated with her Son's triumph, just as on earth she was called to play a mother's part in His human life. The statue of Our Lady that adorns the Portail Royal was carved about the year 1150, and is an exquisite piece of workmanship.

A distinctive feature of the western porch are nineteen large statues, on the subject of which antiquarians have argued, without, however, coming to any conclusion. They are tall, slight, somewhat rigid figures in their robes of stone, with an unconventional expression that makes one wonder whether the faces are not meant for portraits; other statues, less perfect in their workmanship but colossal in size, represent the kings of France.

Of late years the attention of the French public has been more particularly drawn to the wonders of Chartres cathedral by the writings of one whose

pen a few years back earned for its owner a wide celebrity in a very different field of literature. Monsieur Huysmans is an author whose previous works contain much that must offend the taste of the Catholic reader; but in later years a notable change has taken place in his sceptical and realistic spirit. His book, "La Cathédrale," was written entirely in the shadow of Chartres cathedral; and it is curious to note at every page the strong hold that Catholic faith and medieval mysticism have laid upon the unbelieving soul of the modern French writer. To him, the glorious building is a poem in stone; its solemn aisles, flooded with color from the stained windows, are full of mystic and symbolic meaning; the robust and simple faith of other days appeals strongly to his soul, formed amid the very different influences of modern rationalism.

A peculiarity of Chartres cathedral is that it possesses not one but two shrines of Our Lady—Notre Dame sous Terre and Notre Dame du Pilier. The first is in the crypt, which we have mentioned as one of the most curious features of the noble edifice, forming as it does a complete subterranean church, the largest of the kind in France.

The most ancient portion of the crypt is called the Martyrium, and here the Gallo-Roman walls of the fourth century are still distinctly visible. To these were subsequently added other constructions; and when the upper church was enlarged and beautified the subterranean sanctuary that forms its basis was added to and improved. Its general aspect is truly impressive. Monsieur Huysmans, in his "Cathédrale," makes his hero, Durtal, compare his sensations when he hears Mass in the crypt of Chartres to those experienced by the pilgrim in the Roman catacombs.

The principal chapel is dedicated to

Notre Dame sous Terre; but, alas! the statue of Our Lady before which in medieval times kings and princes, saints and soldiers, knelt and prayed, was destroyed by the Revolutionary mob in 1793. A modern image has taken its place, and before it burn a number of lights. Few spots are more conducive to prayer than this dimly-lighted, mysterious sanctuary, which in bygone days was visited by pilgrims of every rank and station. As we linger on this hallowed place we seem dimly to hear through the darkness the sighs of those who once wearily laid down their sorrows at Mary's feet, and also the glad *Magnificat* of the happy souls whose burden was lightened by her compassionate intercession.

After a long station in the subterranean chapel, we return to the cathedral just as the setting sun, breaking through the stained-glass windows, floods column and pavement with glowing tints of deep blue, ruby red, and amber yellow.

The cathedral contained twenty-nine chapels, founded by kings, princes, bishops, or plain citizens of Chartres. Many of these were destroyed at the Revolution, and among the seventeen that still exist the most famous is the Chapel of Notre Dame du Pilier. Here a small black statue, quaintly garbed in a stiff embroidered robe, with a pillar for its pedestal, has been honored since the fifteenth century. In 1608 a local writer tells us that the stone pillar was worn away by the lips of the pilgrims. In 1793 the statue was concealed, and thus escaped destruction; it is still looked upon with great veneration, and we watched the Beauce peasants of to-day kiss the pillar with much the same simple faith as their ancestors did three hundred years ago. The sight made us realize that a filial love for our Blessed Lady is still deeply seated

in the hearts of the French people, although scepticism and irreligion may reign supreme in official circles.

Other thoughts crossed our mind, as, having finished our prayers, we wandered up and down the solemn aisles and mused on the medieval workers long since dead, whose patient labor created so glorious a shrine. Truly these unknown artists, who, if a popular theory be true, expressed in stone the majesty and grace of the primeval forests, were noble souls as well as men of genius. They worked slowly, silently, devoutly; careless of their own renown, anxious only for the glory of Him for whom they labored. Nothing certain is known either of the architect of the cathedral or of the marvellous creators of the stained-glass window. Here and there a name has been found, but no details are forthcoming of these men whose humility equalled their genius, who gave their best, and looked beyond the narrow limits of this world for their reward.

One word before we conclude upon the *trésor* of the cathedral and its chief relic, which, if ancient traditions may be believed, is one of the most interesting in the world. Since the ninth century Chartres possesses what is commonly thought to be the veil of Our Lady. It was given to Charlemagne, together with other relics, by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus and the Empress Irene; and in 873 was bestowed upon the cathedral of Chartres by Charles le Chauve. It is a piece of yellowish white stuff, measuring three metres in length by two in breadth; and, according to the archæologists and students who have seen it, the texture of the stuff is undoubtedly of Oriental make. From the ninth to the eighteenth century the relic remained untouched. In 1712 it was taken out of its casket and carefully examined;

and during the Revolution of 1793 it was, with much risk and difficulty, preserved from destruction. On great occasions the holy veil is carried in procession through the streets. In 1832, when the cholera was raging at Chartres, it was noticed that no new cases broke out from the moment when this procession took place.

As we pass out of the grand cathedral, with its memories and traditions and treasures, on to the wind-swept *place* around which the evening shadows are gathering fast, we are impressed by the calm majesty of the glorious edifice. Through storm and sunshine, in fair weather and in foul, under thunder-clouds or under the turquoise blue of a summer sky, the solemn cathedral stands in the midst of the plains of Beauce, a lasting memorial of man's devotion to God and to God's dear Mother.

May we not in the troubled times in which we are living, when the horizon, politically and socially, is threatening, and tempests are lowering ahead, still cling to the hope that God's work upon earth will hold its own through storm and strife, and that the country where countless lights are ever burning before Mary's shrine may be saved from the evil powers that would destroy its heritage of faith?

IF thou workest at that which is before thee—following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure as if thou wert bound to give it back immediately,—if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXII.—HENRY MORAN IS CONFRONTED
BY A QUESTION.

THE scene was impressive beyond description; and impressive despite of and not on account of those gorgeous fabrics which fashion had erected, those world-famous villas of Newport. They had sprung into existence magically almost in that quaint and simple capital of a demure little State, which had once been, because of its splendid harbor, a place of commercial importance; so that the old "sea laws," known as "the laws of Oberon," had been put in force there. It was an impressive scene, too, in spite of those hotels, populous hives, frequented for the most part by transients and by those outside of the inner circle of "upper tendom." Upon the vast verandas well-dressed women consume whole days in showing off the variety and richness of their toilets, and men lounge and smoke and repeat the gossip of clubs. The summer villas of Newport are probably without parallel in the world; but their exteriors and interiors, together with the stables, the horses and the equipages, have been so often the subject of description that here they may merely serve to point the contrast with what is truly grand and beautiful at this city of the sea—the solemn waste of waters, the white waves lapping yellow sands; while over and above stretched the empyrean, majestically silent, the pale blue of the August night thick strewn with stars.

While Henry Moran stood with Mrs. Thurston silently watching the turbulent waters, a moon, climbing slowly upward, dominated everything. It was shining as it had shone on another scene in the

life of this man of action—the first scene in that drama of love and romance which had seized him unawares, and which, snatching him from the dull and commonplace, had set him down in an enchanted region, where only the very young and the highly favored of the gods are supposed to dwell.

“Confess that you are glad to have come!” exclaimed the soft voice of Mrs. Thurston in his ear.

“Why confess what is obvious? This is glorious, Mrs. Thurston.”

“Therefore you can not leave it so soon as you have planned. Remember our private wire, and send off a dispatch or two which will give you a week at least with us.”

“Impossible!” declared Henry Moran, shaking his head.

“I suppose the Stock Exchange would fall to pieces,” she said, with irony.

“I dare not risk it,” laughed Henry.

“Perhaps there are other interests more alluring than those of the Stock Exchange,” ventured Mrs. Thurston.

“There might be many interests relatively more alluring,” he assented.

“For instance?”

“A delightful visit to the sea-shore and the companionship found there.”

Mrs. Thurston turned away and looked out at the far sea-line, whence the waves came tripping each other up almost to the feet of the pair, and the tremulous reflection of the moon gleamed alike on the dark waters and their foam-tipped crests with a shimmering, scintillating brightness. But the lady’s thoughts as she looked were not precisely of sea or shore. She turned back again suddenly to Henry Moran.

“Why should there be secrecy between us? I am old enough to be any man’s confidante. Or am I too old?”

“Age, again, is a relative term. What matter a few more months or years? Most men in their senses would prefer

a talk with you to—the froth on the champagne.”

“I don’t think I altogether like the compliment,” she said, with a laugh; “at all events, I’m sure I don’t like your allusion to some of my guests.”

“I can not say that I was thinking of any of your guests in particular,” Henry Moran declared.

The lady made an impatient gesture.

“There is some change in you,” she said: “a loss of sparkle.”

“Now, that is hard. I rather plumed myself on having sparkled a good deal this afternoon and evening,” Henry Moran remonstrated.

“Let us stop this fencing, and may I claim the privilege of an old friend?”

“Claim almost anything you like.”

“The *almost* is definite, and I understand it,” Mrs. Thurston said quietly. “But sufficient is granted to permit me the question. Is it true you are going to be married?”

“That is an exceedingly hard question to answer, since I have not proposed marriage to any lady.”

Mrs. Thurston’s face brightened. It had always been her dream to marry this man to one of her own special intimates, and so secure him, with all his advantages, for her particular clique. Therefore the rumor of his approaching marriage to a stranger had disturbed her; and the details added by her new housekeeper, Martha Finney, had not tended to impress her favorably with Mr. Henry Moran’s choice. Indeed, Martha had made bold to appeal to Mrs. Thurston to save her old acquaintance from an adventuress who had contrived to get hold of him. The pause which followed was sufficiently awkward. It was broken, however, by Henry Moran.

“There is no reason why I should conceal from an old friend like yourself that I do very much desire to marry a certain young lady.”

"It is true, then!" cried Mrs. Thurston, a cold chill of disappointment creeping over her, even as a gray mist just then stole upward over the cliff.

"That it is my wish to marry this young lady does not argue that I shall be fortunate enough to win her," said Henry Moran, gravely.

The cold smile which crept over Mrs. Thurston's statuesque face was the only sign of incredulity she permitted herself. Even had Martha Finney's tongue never wagged, she could not believe that any girl would be found to refuse this man, with all his advantages of fortune and of person.

"I am curious to see the woman of your choice," Mrs. Thurston observed, forcing a return to her ordinary suavity of manner; yet there was a peculiar intonation in her voice which Henry Moran perceived and resented.

"Any description of mine would be valueless," he remarked dryly; "you would accept just so much of it as would fit in with—" (he was about to say, "with preconceived prejudices," but he finished the sentence otherwise) "with what might reach you from other sources."

"In ordinary cases," Mrs. Thurston declared, "a lover's testimony must be ruled out of court. In your case, so much is to be expected from your unerring taste, good judgment, and knowledge of the world, that we shall all be prepared to see a very uncommon personage."

"Well," said Henry Moran, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "from my point of view, of course the most faultless taste, the coolest judgment and the most consummate knowledge of the world must approve my choice."

There was irony in the smile with which Mrs. Thurston regarded him.

"So," she said, "you are very much like an ordinary mortal, after all?"

"Very much indeed," assented Henry.

"You have not told me the young lady's name."

"Until there is something more definite in the whole affair, I should prefer not to mention it."

"It is, besides, unnecessary, as I already know it!" Mrs. Thurston exclaimed, vexed by his reticence.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I have heard, in fact, a good many particulars concerning the young lady and her family from a certain source," Mrs. Thurston said very slowly, with her most languid of drawls.

"From every source you will hear only what is most favorable," cried Henry Moran, with an almost unnecessary warmth; for her manner annoyed him and her smile was decidedly irritating.

"No doubt. Only, you know, they may have enemies, like others. Few escape them in this workaday world."

"Pardon me!" said Henry Moran. "But do you mean to imply that what you have heard is unfavorable?"

"The fact of exciting enmity is not in itself discreditable," Mrs. Thurston remarked, playing with her jewelled fan. Then all at once, as by a sudden impulse, she threw aside her reserve. "Tell me," she cried, "as between a man of to-day and a woman who knows her world,—tell me who *are* these people?"

They were facing each other, the man and the woman, in the solitude of that great sweep of barren beach, under that moon-whitened sky, where the silence was only intensified by the roar of the breakers; for those of the company who had followed their hostess from the house had strayed off in various directions. Mrs. Thurston had never looked more highbred, never more thoroughly the woman who had made the world and all that is of it her study, and had mastered all its conventions

as a scholar absorbs a science. She had eliminated from her philosophy of life everything that curtailed or impeded the pursuit of pleasure, of culture in so far as it was simply æsthetic, of social distinction and social leadership. She stood upon the same pinnacle in the brilliant world of fashion as Henry Moran in the world of finance. There were only two or three women who dared dispute that lady's pre-eminent leadership. And of these, one failed in personal attractiveness; another in the irreproachable propriety which was part of Mrs. Thurston's code; and still another in the perfect and cosmopolitan polish to which she had attained.

As she stood thus confronting her guest, with the air of one as powerful to condemn to social oblivion the wife he had chosen as would be, under other conditions, a royal sovereign, Henry Moran looked her straight in the face, with a smile in which there were defiance, triumph, as well as an easy security most exasperating to the woman of the world.

"He thinks he can launch his wife into society without my help," she said to herself. "But he may discover his mistake."

"I might answer your question in many ways," the stockbroker said at last. "In the first place, I might reply that it concerns no one but myself who these people are."

There was a strength and a certain haughtiness in the tone and in the expression of Henry Moran's face, which Mrs. Thurston could not but admire. But she only observed, very quietly:

"You are mistaken; for in some measure, at least, it does very much concern your friends."

She laid a marked emphasis on the last word, and Henry Moran continued:

"I was hastening to add that to you such a reply would be quite inadmissible, for the *sole* reason that you have

always honored me with a friendship which I would not willingly forego."

Mrs. Thurston noted the word *sole*.

"Miss Katherine Raymond," added Henry Moran, "is the daughter of Mr. Horace Raymond, whom you must have very well known, at least by repute."

The announcement took Mrs. Thurston altogether by surprise. Though she had, indeed, heard the name coupled with so much that was vituperative and abusive, she had never thought of it in connection with the once prominent and "socially considered" Horace Raymond. For the vicissitudes of time in American centres in bringing down the high very often sweep them almost altogether out of social existence.

"You don't mean to tell me that this girl is a daughter of Horace Raymond! Why, I knew him well; and he married—let me see—Katherine Fairfax, of course."

"Precisely!" said Mr. Moran, showing none of the triumph which he felt. He was far too shrewd for that.

"Yes, I remember well," Mrs. Thurston went on, reminiscently, "when Horace Raymond's father wanted him to marry a Mortimer of Philadelphia, and the coolness with the Mortimers that followed his marriage."

In the pause that followed Mrs. Thurston convinced herself that her cause was lost. If the daughter were like the mother, or in any case, no possible excuse could be found for social ostracism. Moreover, the girl would be precisely one—unless she had degenerated—to captivate and hold this fastidious man of the world. The vague hope which she had entertained, from Martha Finney's description, of being able to turn aside from what might be, after all, a mere fancy superinduced by circumstances, faded utterly away. Even a sojourn at brilliant Newport amongst her own exclusive set would

be powerless, she felt convinced. And though she was, of course, unaware of the unfavorable contrasts which Henry Moran had been constantly drawing since he came between that one woman who completely satisfied his judgment and possessed his heart, and these other women of a soulless and unideal sphere, Mrs. Thurston never from that moment urged her visitor to prolong his stay. Still she capitulated gracefully, though she felt that she hated this unknown girl, as in early years she had hated the mother for her superior beauty, grace, and independence of character.

"If you are fortunate enough to win this young girl, who must be a lovely creature," she said, extending her hand with her most winning smile, "how soon can you make us acquainted? I am dying with impatience to know her."

"You shall not be kept long waiting, if ever I am lucky enough to have any say in the matter," said Henry Moran, bowing before this woman; for the charm of her manner, so marked in this graceful surrender, still impressed him. For the first time a shade of doubt as to the certainty of Henry Moran's success crossed her mind and left her a faint hope.

"She is not likely to refuse *you*," she said, thoughtfully. "Yet I remember that Katherine Fairfax was very peculiar in such matters."

And, though she did not say so aloud, she devoutly hoped that the daughter might be equally peculiar.

"Do go and ask her as soon as possible,—that's a dear fellow!" she cried, touching him lightly on the arm with her fan, as a sovereign might emphasize her decree with the sceptre.

"Your commands are law," smiled Henry Moran; "especially when they fit in so well with my own wishes. But—I will frankly admit that I am afraid."

"You afraid of anything! Ah, love

makes sad cowards of the bravest!" cried Mrs. Thurston; and it vexed her not a little to think that this man, who had remained so unmoved and even so mockingly indifferent to her most choice selections for him, should succumb so entirely to this obscure girl's influence as to fear even to ask her hand.

"I perceive that she is Katherine Fairfax's own daughter," she said, with a forced smile. "Still, I am not going to be hackneyed and quote those ancient lies about he who fears his fate too much or his deserts too small, and so forth, and so forth. Only write me at once whether she accepts or refuses."

"I promise; though in the latter case I shall have little heart for publishing my ill luck."

"For auld acquaintance' sake!"

"I have already promised," said Henry Moran. "However, if you will let me, I shall amend my promise thus. If she rejects me, you may infer that from my silence, a reasonable time having elapsed. If she accepts me, you shall be the first—no, rather the third to know."

"And who are the others?" Mrs. Thurston asked, opening her eyes wide.

"Mr. Mortimer is one, the other is my parish priest."

The lady's lip curled.

"Henry Moran with a parish priest!" she cried, and her gay laugh, well simulated, rang out over the water. It was a laugh which she had carefully cultivated, and it retained its youthful cadence in spite of years. "Do forgive my laughing!" she added. "But really, my dear, dear Mr. Moran, that is too eccentric, too sudden a change."

Henry Moran bit his lip.

"Well, we shall certainly not discuss theology," he answered; "but you will, I hope, permit me the freedom of having a parish priest if I choose?"

His tone was coldly sarcastic; but Mrs. Thurston, though feeling that she

had gone too far, could not refrain from one more playful thrust:

"Of course you must have your parish priest—one of your very own,—especially when he is also the dear Katherine's spiritual father."

"Mrs. Thurston," said Henry Moran, "there are some subjects upon which even I can not jest."

"It is a transformation!" cried the lady, throwing up her jewel-covered hands in affected delight. "She has transformed you. She must indeed be a marvel, this Katherine. *Vive la femme!*"

It was a subject on which Henry Moran preferred to be silent, so he allowed Mrs. Thurston to continue, uninterrupted by any word from him.

"Come now, no ill humor at my bit of chaff! You and I must be better friends than ever, because this incomparable creature—who I am sure is lovely—will be a new link between us; and you shall be just as godly as you like to please the charming Kate."

The mixture of veiled insolence and mockery in these words was quickly perceived; but Henry Moran was too wise to quarrel unnecessarily, especially with this mistress of fashiondom.

"You are taking a great deal for granted in Miss Raymond's regard," he observed; "but of course I appreciate your kind sentiments and thank you exceedingly for them."

Was he mocking her in his turn? His face was quite grave, as Mrs. Thurston examined it in the moonlight.

"Let us turn our steps homeward, you incomprehensible sphinx!" she cried. "There is a chill creeping up; and since the moon is clouded over, the scene is quite uncanny."

She shivered slightly; and, Mr. Moran offering her his arm in silence, they returned to the house. No one could have guessed from the hostess' manner how severe a blow had been dealt that

night to some of her hopes and aspirations. She had never been more mistress of herself, more brilliant, more inspiring as a hostess, more entirely the leader of an exclusive coterie. It was only when she was alone that she permitted a dark frown to overshadow her face, while she cried within herself:

"That wretched Finney woman has deceived me and very nearly led me into a false position!"

Meanwhile Henry Moran, catching a fleeting glimpse of his old housekeeper passing through one of the corridors, was at once able to determine from what hostile source Mrs. Thurston had obtained her information.

(To be continued.)

Now and Then.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

WHEN shadows creep along the shore,
When shallows deepen where the roar
Has come and gone with tides no more:

Gone with the daylight of each day,
Gone with the noon, but come to stay;
Our evening-prayers for men to pray.

When posts are ever hastening by,
And rosy sunlight flecks the sky
Too westward glows and fills the eye:

Glow such upon Earth's leaves so green,
Clear light of God's Creation seen—
Shadows of glory that have been.

Shadows of glory that are still,
Spread over vale and swelling hill,
And tinge the landscape as they will.

After the shadow, falls the light;
After the finite, Infinite;
Longed-for, divine our heavenly sight.

Home cherished, now Earth's homes are gone,
Like Nazareth and the sealed-stone,
When angels watch'd for God alone.

Now, where the candlesticks are seven,
Love, peace and unity be given,
After Earth's scenes in courts of Heaven.

Round which there steals a chant so sweet,
Angels and men together meet
'Fore Sire and Son and Paraclete.

A Son of St. Alphonsus.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

III.

SAINTS have big hearts. To us ordinary mortals, however, they seem to have no prudence. We think them rash beings. Far be it from us to do the foolish things they do, to rush at the hazardous undertakings for which they seem almost to hunger.

In the year 1794 the Russian army entered Warsaw. A portion of the city was set on fire by order of the Russian General Suwarrow, and fully twenty thousand persons—men, women, and children—were massacred in the streets. The Vistula flowed between the burning city and the Church of St. Bonnone; but from the doors of their humble monastery the good Fathers were sad witnesses of these shocking deeds of house-burning and massacre. The heart of Father Clement bled at the sight; and, turning his eyes to Heaven, he promised a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. John Nepomucene, at Prague, if God would interfere and save the city. His prayer was heard. The city was spared; but it was only one scene of misery and blood giving place to another. The dying and dead were in the open streets; those who could flee, did so; but the children of the dying and dead, calling on their fathers, lay down in weariness and despair, weeping for bread.

Then did the great heart of Clement Hofbauer come out from the poverty-stricken monastery; and, from the riches of his affection and of the abundance of his confidence in God, he gathered these children round him, found a home for them and provided them with bread. And when his scanty supply failed, he went out into the streets and begged from door to door. He entered every

kind of house. One day he went into a public-house. Three men were drinking. He asked an alms for his little ones. One of them, seeing his dress and hating it, stood up and spat in his face. Father Clement drew out his handkerchief and wiped away the spittle; then, putting on a smile, he said in a pleasant tone to the man: "That much for myself: now give me something for my orphans." The man was so struck at the meekness of the priest that he stood up again, drew out his purse, which was well filled, and turned the contents into Father Clement's hands.

Needless to say that the children's souls were not neglected in such hands. Father Clement loved to gather them round him and relate to them in simple language those beautiful stories from the Old and the New Testament that are so captivating. They would always finish by going into the church, where, kneeling down before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, he would teach them to repeat such short ejaculations as: "O Mary, my Mother, if thou wilt pray for me I shall be saved!"

He opened workshops and had the boys taught useful trades, and the little girls he placed under the care of nuns. Speaking of all the charity he received for these institutions and for other purposes quite as appealing, he one day remarked: "If all the money that was given to me for the poor was put in a sack no man could carry it."

These and the like are object-lessons to the multitude, and they throng around such a man. The confessionals became crowded with penitents; and the sermons—which were preached in the two languages of the city, Polish and German—were listened to with edifying attention by immense crowds. In fact, the only thing complained of was want of space in the church and want of time on the part of the Fathers. The

number of communicants ran up to about five thousand a month, and some years later to eight or ten thousand a month,—that is to say, over two thousand a week. On reading those statistics, one feels urged to exclaim, "Thanks be to God!" especially when one remembers the havoc that Jansenism was making in those times. The nuncio, in a letter to the Father General six years after the opening of the house at St. Bonnone, writes: "I can assure your reverence that, among all existing religious orders, your Congregation has distinguished itself beyond all others, for the extraordinary amount of conversions that have attended the labors of the Fathers."

It is the experience of every priest that, among the poor and the humbler classes, devout books have ever done an apostle's work, and almost more than an apostle's work. If there were ever works, outside the Sacred Scriptures, that seem to have been directly inspired by Heaven, St. Alphonsus' little volumes appear to be the ones; and among these his "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament" and his "Glories of Mary" take first place. Any one interested in the moral lives of the people would canonize him, perhaps, far sooner for his smaller works than even for his invaluable writings on moral theology. Father Clement saw the worth and utility of those little works of his saintly founder, and he set to work to have them translated into the German and Polish languages; and when the poor were unable to obtain copies, he distributed them gratuitously to them. The biographer tells us that the priest's joy was great when the Primate (who was brother to the King) wrote a pastoral strongly recommending St. Alphonsus' Moral Theology; for he felt that in the proper intellectual training of theological students lay the strongest bulwark of the Church, the

surest remedy against evils, and the greatest safety for individual souls.

During the early years of the last century Father Clement endeavored to found houses of his Order in different places throughout Germany. He tried Prague, Constance, Babenhausen, Coire; he undertook for that purpose a journey to Rome, travelled hither and thither, counselled, endured, labored, prayed. But those places "did not know the gift of God," and one after another his attempts failed. Saddened and chastened, but ever submissive to the will of God, he returned to Warsaw, which was to be the scene of one of his greatest trials.

Napoleon's armies in 1806 had swept the field of Europe. His victorious eagles were flying dominant from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. Deadly hatred of religion, and the atheism of the Revolution, leavened the morals of the soldiery. Armies are generally corrupt, but human words can scarcely describe the corruption of Napoleon's armies at the time. They came to Warsaw. Murat and Davoust entered that city on (of all the days in the year) the Feast of St. Stanislaus, November 13, 1806. The King of Saxony, who, as Grand-Duke of Warsaw, hitherto possessed supreme power there, was a good Catholic, and protected Catholic interests; but now his sovereignty was gone: he was merely a puppet in the hands of stronger powers. The enemies of religion in Warsaw were delighted at the change. Now those Bonnonites would be vanquished, and the evil men lost no time in trying to accomplish their end. They made use of every species of insult and reproach, so much so that Father Clement afterward said that not until the day of judgment would it be known all that his brethren and he had to endure at that time. In a moment we shall see. But there was

another and perhaps a more painful trial before him. Father Thaddeus Hübl was sick unto death.

It will be remembered that Father Thaddeus was the one who, when both were bakers, accompanied Clement from Vienna to Rome; they were the first, of all those born outside of Italy, to be received into the Congregation; they were ordained together, and came together into the countries north of the Alps to try to found houses of the Order there. When the members of the house in Warsaw increased, Father Clement appointed Thaddeus rector of St. Bonnone. He had the reputation, and deservedly, of an able theologian, and on all matters of difficulty was consulted by the archbishop and the clergy of the diocese. He was confessor to all classes, spending the greater part of his day in the confessional. His health early began to fail, and the magnitude of his work gave him no opportunity to recuperate. He was a weak, tottering man on the day Napoleon's armies entered the city.

Among the various regiments and the different nationalities that filed in through the gates of Warsaw heavy and travel-stained on that feast of the gentle St. Stanislaus was an Italian company. Owing to the hardships of the march, the severity of the weather, the strong diet, and the heavy burden of the soldier's knapsack, they were ill and exhausted, and mostly all were confined to the hospital immediately on their arrival. They were Catholics,—not very practical ones, perhaps; but “the terrors of death surrounded them,” and the dying called for the ministrations of a priest. There was no priest,—however, in Warsaw who could understand them. At last the archbishop bethought of Father Thaddeus, and he wrote to him begging him for the sake of immortal souls to undertake the duty. With the

sacred thirst of the saints, the sick priest dragged his feeble limbs through the wards of the hospital. Oh, what a work even one inflamed heart can do in a place like that! He was there but a few months; he took fever; for fifteen days the poor human spirit raved, and then on the 4th of July, 1807, came peace—the peace of God. “Blessed are they who die in the Lord!”

It is unnecessary to say where Father Clement's place was during these racking fifteen days. He watched by the bed, tended the patient, and closed his eyes when all was over. Then he wrung his hands and bewailed “the mother of the Congregation,” as he used to call him. “Our last hope is gone!” he cried. He had many trials, but this he always counted the heaviest of his life. Writing to a friend at the time, he said: “I feel convinced that our beloved Father Thaddeus is already reigning with Christ in heaven; but I can not banish the immense sorrow which his death caused me. I am doing my utmost to resign myself to God's will, and protest that I desire nothing so much as its accomplishment; but since his death I have not had a happy hour....God knows what we may yet have to suffer,” he said, as if with prophetic instinct. And suffering was before him.

It was “the night *after* He suffered,”—Holy Saturday night in the year 1808. There is in Poland a beautiful custom carried out from time immemorial on that night. The Church, in the Office of Easter Saturday, anticipates the *Rising* of the following morning and already begins to chant Alleluias. The Poles on the evening of Holy Saturday assemble in the church after sunset. The Blessed Sacrament was taken in the morning from its rest in the sepulchre, and they assemble in the evening to carry it in procession around the church.

Any form of devotion to the Blessed

Sacrament was gladness to the heart of Father Clement. He was bearing the adorable Dweller in our tabernacles. The people, with edifying devotion and love, were either moving in procession or adoring from their places in the church; when, lo! (as if Satan could not abide it) a French officer scandalized the whole multitude by his shocking and indecent behavior in the very presence of the Blessed Sacrament. A priest at once attempted to stop such impious conduct. The officer withdrew in rage, shouting that he would be avenged.

The procession then went on its way, the ceremonies came to an end, and the people were quietly leaving the church, when two French soldiers endeavored, with violence and threats and imprecations, to force a passage through the stream of people. Blows followed; the priests interfered, but more French soldiers came up. The people were beaten, the priests struck and driven from the church into their monastery. The affair was quelled for the moment by the arrival of some Polish officials; but the French officers complained at once to their superiors. Investigation was ordered, and the result was that the conduct of the Fathers was declared to be not alone blameless but laudable.

This, however, did not satisfy the authorities. They seized the papers in the Father Superior's room; but finding nothing in them on which they could ground charges, they forced the King of Saxony, who was also (as has been said) Prince of Warsaw, to execute a paper expelling the Bonnonite Fathers from the Principality of Warsaw. The Prince could not refuse, and with tears he signed the document June 9, 1808; and on the 20th of that month, within the Octave of Corpus Christi, the Fathers were put in carriages and taken beyond the boundaries.

IV.

After being removed from Warsaw, and after being taken separately on their journeys, the Fathers, to their great joy, found themselves once more united at the gates of the Fortress of Cüstrin, on the Oder, in the province of Brandenburg. This was to be their monastery for the present. As soon, however, as their personal character and their simple and holy demeanor became manifest, the governor put no restriction upon them. Protestant as he was, he had even a chapel fitted up with vestments, chalice, missal, etc.; and gave them full liberty to converse with the Catholic prisoners and preach to them. They said their Office together, had their morning meditation, and lived as nearly as possible as if they were in the monastery. Father Clement was fond of pious hymns; and of an evening—one of those beautiful evenings of summer—he and his companions would chant at their prison window the delightful hymns that told of a happy land.

The devotions of the Fathers began to have an influence even on the non-Catholic prisoners; and it is said that petitions were sent to the authorities, asking for the release of Father Clement and his little band. After a month's time the order came that they were to be dispersed,—each one to be sent to his native place. Father Clement, with difficulty, obtained permission for one of the novices, Martin Stark, to accompany him to the Austrian territory. Taking nothing but the rosary and his Breviary, and after many and strange accidents, he reached Vienna.

Only twelve years now separated Father Clement from the tomb. He came here in 1808, and here he remained till his holy death in 1820. A nun of the Salesian Order, who saw him in her youth, tells us what kind of

man he was: "In the spring of 1816 I used to stand in the Vienna market to sell butter and eggs, and one day I remarked a venerable priest passing by. His appearance struck me so much that I followed him with my eyes till he turned into a side street. I can not tell you what it was in his manner which made such an impression upon me, but he looked like a picture of our Saviour bearing His cross. I asked who he was, and learned it was Father Clement, who was regarded as a model of goodness and charity. His face positively beamed with sweetness and kindness, but I never saw him laugh."

One of Father Clement's disciples describes his outward appearance: "He was of middle height, and naturally of a strong constitution. His chest and shoulders were broad, and he usually walked with his head thrown a little forward. Though he ate little and was generally overwhelmed with fatigue, he was not either pale or thin. He had black hair, and rarely wore anything on his head, even when out of doors, but a little skullcap."

On entering Vienna, his first thought was to find out a house, hidden and retired, where he might pray and serve God and await the manifestation of the divine will. He succeeded in getting a house quite to his fancy in a back street, behind the Italian church. "You had to climb up a rickety stairs to reach the second floor, and there Father Clement had his apartments; and there was a chamber and a little dressing-room. The chamber served for bedroom, dining-room, reception-room, oratory, library. The furniture was in keeping—a common deal table, two old wardrobes, a discarded sofa, a bed, a few chairs, and a little wooden clock." No matter, since it was all just behind the altar of the Blessed Sacrament.

He got his dinner, however, and for

the most part in this way. The bakers of Vienna had long before heard of his holy life, his labors, persecutions, and patience, and had come to the conclusion that he must be a saintly priest. They, therefore, looked on it as a privilege from heaven to be allowed to have him come to their house and sit at their table; and so in turn he went round the bakers of Vienna, beginning with the famous "Iron Pear" of his earlier days. These asked their friends to meet him; and thus, though debarred from preaching in the pulpit, his holy example edified and preached to all those who were at these gatherings.

The French had always been his enemies; and yet, by divine interposition, it turned out that the French were his real friends. On the 13th of May, 1809, the French entered Vienna; on the 6th of June the battle of Wagram was fought; and on the 18th of October Napoleon and Francis I. entered into a treaty of peace at the castle of Schönbrunn. The French soldiers in Vienna were stricken with typhus fever. The hospitals were crowded; the chaplain took the fever and died, and there was no one but Father Clement to take his place. Thus, after a year's seclusion, God drew him into public life again.

His devotion to our Divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist made itself manifest in his Mass and in the processions of the Blessed Sacrament; and perhaps most of all in the Forty Hours' Adoration, when the concealed Majesty is exposed and set on high for public worship. Then, too, his devotion to Our Lady was deep and tender. Every Saturday he went to a little church in the suburbs to say Mass in her honor and preach to the poor about her love and her protection. He soon became known, and high and low flocked to hear him. One of his followers speaks of him at this time: "In the years 1811 and 1812 I

used to attend the Italian church, then served by Father Clement. His extraordinary humility and devotion edified me so much that I felt as if I were watching an angel from heaven. I wanted very much to speak to him, but such a crowd of young men surrounded him when he left the church that I could not get near him."

We next find him acting as chaplain to the Ursuline nuns. When we are told that these nuns had over a thousand children attending their public schools, that they had also private schools for children of better position, and large training rooms for young ladies about to enter on the duties of teachers, we can all but see the Holy Ghost inspiring the Archbishop of Vienna to appoint Father Clement to this post of zeal and boundless charity. The church attached to the convent was one in which he could hear confessions, preach, and perform all a priest's holy duties.

It must be borne in mind that this was the time of the Emperor Joseph, who, like Henry VIII. of England, wanted to be the head of the National Church, and when all good and loyal subjects were supposed to echo the cries, "Not the Church but the State!" "Not the Pope but the King!" "Not the bishops but the government!" Religion, its creeds, beliefs, and all its outward forms and manifestations, were trampled in the dust; even the virtue of cleanliness had forsaken the churches, and they were more fit (O tell it not in Gath!) for Napoleon's horses than for the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. We can form some idea of Father Clement's work when we learn that the church to which he was appointed was not only "poor and simple, but so dirty that hardly any one would even come to it."

For the seven remaining years of his life this chaplaincy occupied the largest portion of his time; and what was

accomplished by this man, who would not bow the knee to Baal, will be revealed only on the Accounting Day. In order to meet all the demands on his time, he had to rise at three o'clock in the morning. After his prayers and meditation, he frequently sat in the confessional till ten or eleven o'clock, and then he said Mass. Often he would taste nothing till the mid-day meal, which always came cooked for the Fathers and himself from the Ursuline convent. To this he hardly ever sat down, but kept moving about, serving the others, and snatching a mouthful now and again.

Then, when business was transacted and necessary letters answered, he would visit the churches of the city, especially if the Forty Hours' Adoration was going on in any one of them. He would attend the sick calls, return to his confessional, and later on find himself at home for his confraternity of young men. "In fact, toward evening his house was full," writes his biographer; "and especially of students, to whom he gave little conferences which produced extraordinary fruits. When they were gone he would read a chapter of the Bible. Then, when he was sure of being alone, on the days appointed by the Rule he would take the discipline and spend the rest of the evening in prayer, after which he would go to bed and take the brief sleep which so arduous a day required."

But a broader field lay before him, and it was one in which the pitfalls were more disguised and the perils to souls more universal. The heart of the true priest ever beats in sympathy with the joys or woes of the Church at large. On all Saints' Day in the year 1814 the European Congress opened at Vienna. Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's delegate, was assisting at it. About the end of the month a memorial was

presented, praying that all the German Catholics and all ecclesiastical affairs be placed under one archbishop; that from him there be no appeal, but that his judgment be final in all things.

It this was carried, you had but to "square" that one archbishop, and then all was settled. Ah, but that was a sad time in Austria and Germany! Study it, reader, in Ecclesiastical History. Oh, it was sad! Every reed was broken, every staff was hollow. The very Primate of Germany was stricken with the leprosy; and this movement had his support and the support of the ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, Hanover, and Bavaria,—some of them ecclesiastics, and one of them, later on, Archbishop of Cologne. Cardinal Consalvi had two ecclesiastics to lean upon,—men of ability and of zeal according to their lights; but men who knew volumes about theoretic law and *haute politique*, without any practical knowledge of the workings and wants of the German Church. "Father Srna, who then lived with Father Clement, narrates that Helferick [one of these two delegates] came every day to consult the servant of God, and that the different memoranda presented to Congress were all drawn up by Father Clement, while Father Sabelli spent many hours each night making copies of them." Thanks to God, the Church of Germany escaped the danger!

All this time, as Vicar-General of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer, he had to provide for its interests. It was established in Switzerland. He had to nurse and care for it there. He sent missionaries into Wallachia, and tried hard to establish it in that country. With many a wistful glance, moreover, he looked back to Poland. Warsaw, like the patriarch's Benjamin, was the beloved of his heart. He attempted to re-establish it there, but without success.

We do not wonder when we learn

that God gave strange and supernatural powers to this holy priest. A poor man was walking along the banks of the Danube; Father Clement and his confraternity of young men were going in the opposite direction. The priest bade his little company to stay while he himself followed and overtook the man. Opening a conversation with him, he learned that he was on his way to drown himself. "I knew it,—I knew it!" was Father Clement's reply. "Here, take a pinch of snuff. The joy and glory of God is around us. Go to your home and be happy."

At the suppers he gave his confraternity he quite frequently multiplied the bread. But there was a St. Thomas who would not believe. This man's name was John de Passy, and John set himself to watch. He saw Father Clement take a three-pound loaf of bread, cut off sixteen slices and keep a small portion by him. From this, according as more was wanted, he continued to cut off until all were supplied.

"I was still a Protestant," writes a lady, "when I was sent one Friday with a message to Father Sabelli, who lived with Father Clement. It was their dinner hour, and Father Clement asked me to stay and join them; which astonished me very much, as he never invited women to dinner. Besides, I had just passed through the kitchen, and I knew that only enough food had been sent up for two persons, or at most three. In consequence of this I thanked him but excused myself, saying I could not stay. And I had all the more reason to say so when I looked round and saw six persons already sitting down to the meal. But he would not listen to any excuses and insisted on my taking a place among the others. Then Father Sabelli made a sign to me to watch what Father Clement would do. He accordingly having blessed the food,

divided it into equal parts, giving to each of his guests as much as would more than satisfy an ordinary appetite. In the dish before him were two little fishes, which I knew were all that had been sent from the kitchen. He did not divide them but gave to each person a whole fish. Then I saw him distribute other 'maigre-food' from dishes which appeared to me entirely empty, and he helped out to each a great deal more than the dishes could possibly hold. There was a bottle of red wine before Father Clement. He filled every one's glass; and when it came to my turn I begged him not to give me any, but he insisted that I must have a little. When I looked at the bottle it was more than half full, although he had helped us all; and certainly there was only that one bottle on the table."

"I saw him one day after his sermon," declares another witness on oath, "go up to the altar of God, and he seemed to me positively on fire.... I could not take my eyes off him; and even now when I go into that church I experience the emotion I then felt." And Dr. Veith observes: "It was impossible not to be struck with Father Clement's face at the altar: a certain light beamed from his eyes and lit up his whole face, so that one could not help watching it."

But the end was near. In the beginning of March in the year 1820 he fell sick, though he still struggled on. Toward the 14th his illness became serious and he said: "I am going into my solitude." On the 15th, at mid-day, while Holy Mary's sweet bell was ringing, he said to those around him, "Hush! do you not hear the Angelus?" and, falling back, he expired.

(The End.)

THE great renewals take effect as imperceptibly as the first workings of the spring.—*E. Wharton.*

Notes and Remarks.

The committee appointed by the House of Lords to consider the amendment of the offensive Oath of Accession has made its report public. The Protestant Succession is, by the terms of the proposed amendment, kept intact, the King of England being still required to abjure the Invocation of Saints, Transubstantiation, and (tautologically) the Mass; but these doctrines are now mildly described as "contrary to the Protestant religion" merely, and not, as formerly, "superstitious and idolatrous." The tedious circumlocution by which the King declares that he professes the Protestant religion sincerely and without any papal dispensation to tell a falsehood has also been expunged, and the monarch is simply made to say that he makes the declaration "unreservedly." Thus amended, the Oath is stripped of the offensive assertions and insinuations to which the Catholic subjects of the Empire objected; and if the changes are accepted as proposed, there ought to be general satisfaction. But there will still remain the curious phenomenon of a King who is almost the sole person in his kingdom to whom liberty of conscience is denied.

The facts regarding our Philippine war, heretofore carefully concealed, are now accessible to all who are interested in them. Through the documents furnished by the Philippine Information Society, together with a few standard books and a large number of magazine articles by writers of reputation, the American public may now know what has been going on in the islands. Mr. George Kennan, the famous and unimpeachable student who kindled the civilized world by his exposure of Siberian atrocities, has been making, for

the *Outlook*, a thorough investigation in all the official documents relating to our Philippine war. In his third article, Mr. Kennan sums up the evidence in an arraignment as severe as Mark Twain's. After speaking of the hate we have inspired among the islanders, he says:

The most noticeable tendency in the progress of the war is toward greater severity, not to say cruelty, in our dealings with the natives. There is a good deal of evidence to show that if we did not kill unresisting Filipino prisoners and wounded in the beginning, we have come to it at last. Soldiers just back from the islands do not hesitate to admit the bayoneting of the wounded, and their admission has strong confirmation in the official reports of generals in the field.

It is a melancholy fact... that soldiers of civilized nations, in dealing with an inferior race, do not observe the laws of honorable warfare as they would observe them were they dealing with their equals and fighting fellow-Christians. They refer to the dark-skinned native contemptuously as a "chink," a "nigger," or a "goo-goo," and treat him often as they would never think of treating a beast.

It is painful and humiliating to have to confess that in some of our dealings with the Filipinos we seem to be following more or less closely the example of Spain. We have established a penal colony; we burn native villages near which there has been an ambush or an attack by insurgent guerrillas; we kill the wounded; we resort to torture as a means of obtaining information.

Military rule in the islands was replaced by civil government on the Fourth of July. The celebration on that day was intended to signalize the change, but the Filipinos will not probably find it notable. And they have yet to experience the tender mercies of the carpet-bagger.

The diocese of Portland, though it will long remember and mourn the lamented Bishop Healy, has put on gala attire to greet its new chief pastor. Mgr. William O'Connell was regarded as a model American priest even before his appointment as rector of the American College in Rome; and his administration of that important charge under the eye of the Holy Father is sufficient assurance that the diocese

of Portland will be well cared for in the future as in the past.—Equally happy is the appointment of Mgr. John J. O'Connor to succeed Bishop Wigger in the see of Newark. An able and energetic leader, an experienced administrator and an exemplary priest, he goes to his new field of labor with a most creditable record.—The selection of the Rev. P. J. Muldoon as auxiliary to the venerable Archbishop of Chicago gives that splendid priest ample scope for the exercise of his fine qualities of heart and head. Father Muldoon's intimate knowledge of the affairs of the archdiocese, derived from a long and eminently successful official experience, will be an immense advantage in his new responsibility. There is plenty of hard work before him; but, fortunately, his physical powers are equal to his zeal. To the new Bishops we say most heartily: *Ad multos annos!*

"The Romanization of Ireland" is an odd title for a magazine article by a professor of Trinity College; but perhaps the explanation is that the writer, Dr. Mahaffy, professes Ancient History in the Dublin institution. Briefly, the learned man's thesis is that "in the course of the next fifty years it seems inevitable that well-nigh the whole country will pass under Romanist influences." He notes the rise of great churches and cathedrals in towns where thirty years ago stood mean-looking chapels; and the comfortable congregations, with a sprinkling of members in broadcloth and sealskin, are an ominous contrast to the impoverished peasantry of Dr. Mahaffy's youthful days. Commercial interests, the legal and medical professions, and all the other good things of this world, seem to be passing over into Catholic hands; and as the Doctor believes that no Romanist can be an honest man, a law-abiding citizen or

a skilled craftsman, he is grievously saddened at the change. The fox-hunting squire, who seems to be disappearing, is lamented in a jeremiad which must strike the non-English person as highly ludicrous. But what impresses the reader more than all is the total want of what we must call conscience in what Dr. Mahaffy writes. Clearly, in his mind the Irish Catholic is a beast of burden who exists merely for the comfort of good Englishmen. The whole article is a nauseating performance, the effect of which on any normal mind must be to force home the conviction that "the Romanization of Ireland" can not come too quickly or too thoroughly.

A scholarly work by Dr. W. Cunningham, published under the auspices of Cambridge University, contains this gratifying paragraph:

Free play for the individual is the distinguishing feature of our present civilization, and is alike its glory and its danger. Hence the problem of the age is that of education, which implies not merely the instructing nor even the disciplining of children, but the forming individuals who are capable of self-discipline, and of thus voluntarily rendering themselves useful and effective members of society. Nor has any sounder scheme of self-discipline been devised than that which is based on truths that were revealed eighteen centuries ago, which rests on the belief in the immortal existence of human personality, and on the desire to use things material as a preparation for a nobler and worthier life when the temporal shall have passed away. There has been no other teaching which alike embraces the dignity of human nature and brings its most exalted hopes to bear directly and immediately on the routine of ordinary life and the control of mundane affairs. The same principles which served to lay the foundations of a healthier civilization when the old seemed to be shattered forever will suffice to strengthen the cohesive forces of society and to guard against utter disintegration and anarchy.

Commenting on this, the Rev. Dr. Shahan, the learned editor of the *Catholic University Bulletin*, says: "These be golden words, coming from a scholar of eminence, after a minute survey of the economic life of civilized humanity!

Would that more works, similar in research and thoroughness, ended up on this note of Christian persuasion, thereby to rouse in youthful hearts the belief in and the yearning for another Christendom; and in more aged ones a feeling of consolation, of hope that the God of Nations is still guiding mankind through the dædal entanglements of that social life for which He has made us, and through which we must ordinarily reach Him!"

In 1895 when Bishop Hanlon went out from England to his Vicariate Apostolic in Uganda, Africa, he and his companions had to perform the long and perilous journey from the sea-coast to the interior almost entirely on foot, and the time occupied in it was nearly two months and a half. When he returns to Europe to make his *ad limina* visit this year he will ride nearly all the way in a railroad train, and the journey from Uganda to the sea-coast will occupy only two or three days. The new Uganda Railway, which has wrought this remarkable change, is only 550 miles long; and its building would be a small enterprise in the United States, but under African conditions it is regarded as a gigantic engineering feat. Food and water are almost unobtainable, and it is hard to get the natives to work at any price on account of the man-eating lions that flourish in the country. When completed, the railway will be a great boon to the missions in Central Africa.

Catholic colleges and academies that have difficulty in finding an acceptable text-book to serve as an introduction to the study of English History would do well to look into a new manual by Dr. Charles Gross. An eminent reviewer, after noting with satisfaction that the

work of such modern Catholic scholars as Dom Gasquet has been freely drawn upon by Dr. Gross, expresses the belief so often set forth here, that Protestant scholars are striking the death-blow at the old prejudices begotten of Reformation controversies; and a Protestant critic, writing in the *American Historical Review* (April), is almost as enthusiastic in his praise of Dr. Gross' fairness to the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages. "The whole history of the [medieval] Church," says Prof. Cheyney in the *Review* above mentioned, "has been surrounded by such a mist of ancient and modern polemics, that if one turns to the reading of these plain records of the everyday routine, the normal, strenuous and most beneficent work of a medieval bishop, it is like breathing a new and fresher air."

Mr. O. W. Pierce, addressing the music teachers of Indiana at their last conference, spoke in plain terms about a style of music which flourishes in sectarian churches and which a few Catholic choirs show a sickly disposition to imitate. "I hope," he said, "all the rot of the Moody and Sankey style of music may be destroyed in Protestant churches. Protestant churches must bow in humility to the music of the Church of Rome." Mr. Pierce was not alone in this opinion; for, before adjourning, the conference formally resolved that there is "urgent need of elevating the standard of Protestant church-music." Whereupon a Congregational minister rose to inquire what etiquette demanded when he selects a fine old hymn and the paid choir throws it out. "Throw out the choir," was the prompt answer of Mr. Pierce; and the advice is worth repeating outside the pale of Congregationalism. In many things—though, thank God! not in the essential things—are the children of light less enlightened.

Notable New Books.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. An Account of the History and Ceremonial of the Roman Jubilee. By Herbert Thurston, S. J. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of what this handsome volume contains without transcribing in full the table of contents. Besides a most interesting history of Jubilees and the ceremonies connected with them, it affords an account of the Holy Door, descriptions of the basilicas to which visits are made, together with notices of the confraternities and hospices and religious orders of the Eternal City. Two carefully written chapters deal with the Jubilee indulgence and the conditions required for gaining it. The work is provided with an index, comprising as many as seven pages, which enables the reader to turn at once to any matter in which he may be specially interested. Many subjects are introduced whose connection with the Jubilee at first sight may seem somewhat remote, but we have found no paragraph that is not informing or that we should have omitted. Some important facts which came to hand only while the work was in the press are introduced in an appendix. The illustrations from contemporary engravings and other sources are numerous and well selected. A few that are not particularly pleasing from an artistic point of view are of curious interest.

We are sure that every reader into whose hands this standard work finds its way will feel grateful to Father Thurston and his collaborators; as also to the publishers, who would seem to have spared no pains to produce a convenient and creditable book.

Aphorisms and Reflections. Conduct, Culture and Religion. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, A. C. McClurg & Co.

The best idea that can be given of this welcome volume is conveyed by the author himself. He says in the preface:

The point of view in these aphorisms and reflections is that of religion and culture; the general idea being that each one fashions and bears his world with him, and that unless he himself become wise, strong and loving, no change in his circumstances can make him rich or free or happy. The inspiration is faith in the worth and sacredness of human life, in the joy of living, in civilization and progress, in God and the soul. There is here, however, nothing so formal or weighty as a system; but rather glances at many subjects, aspects of things as revealed in glimpses caught on occasion or by chance; and hence there is lack of orderly arrangement.

True readers, he says further, are ready to go through a whole volume, if there be but hope of

finding in it a single genuine thought, or the mere suggestion even of a truth which has some fresh application. We can assert of "Aphorisms and Reflections" that it abounds in such thoughts and truths,—thoughts that are lightsome with divine light, truths that will create an atmosphere in which the soul may expand and become invigorated. The highest recommendation one can give of such a work is to quote from it:

Accustom the young to associate religion with what is enduring, serene, and beautiful. Let them learn to think of it with the serious joy with which they think of a father's love; let it be for them the sign and symbol of their heavenly descent and destiny.

Though all I have and striven for be cast aside as having no worth, yet am I certain that failure, not less than success, serves God's purpose, if we but have good-will.

Never was right thing done or wise word spoken in vain.

To follow Christ is the supreme law of Christians; and His life is so simple, His conduct so plain, His teaching so reasonable, that the humblest need find little difficulty in understanding what following Him means. But instead of setting themselves to accomplish this task, they have abandoned themselves to disputes, quarrels, contentions, revellings and persecutions. The one thing the Saviour asked them to learn of Him—that He is mild and meek—is the one thing they have been most unwilling or most unable to learn. The radical fault is lack of love, and right beliefs are held in vain when the spirit is harsh and bitter.

The reader of "Aphorisms and Reflections" will find many vital thoughts in its pages, and will rejoice that a volume sure to have numerous readers is so well calculated to profit their souls.

Heart and Soul. A Novel. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. Harper & Brothers.

This is so excellent a story that we could wish for it a title somewhat more felicitous, or at least more alluring to the average novel-reader, than the rather too generic designation that has been given to it by its very clever author. "Heart and Soul" does not perhaps appeal very strongly to the summer reader who runs his eye over a list of titles in search of one suggestive of a thoroughly enjoyable novel; but the reader who passes it over with a half-formed impression that it belongs to a dry, uninteresting, psychical or psychological story is quite safe, as novels run nowadays, to go further and fare worse. Mrs. Skinner's new book will rather increase than diminish the fame she acquired by her former charming story "Espirito Santo." It is a French-American tale, replete with adventures exciting enough to enrapture the hero-worshipping adolescent, sufficiently varied in scene to satisfy the most cosmopolitan, and dealing with a love-story as tangled and involved as it is delicately and skilfully handled. Moreover, the novel is frankly

Catholic. This does not mean that it is either goody-goody or controversial; for it is neither. Religion is not obtruded on every other page, but neither is it excluded from the personal narrative of Roderic Frémont, any more than it would be excluded from the daily life of so genuine a Catholic. "Heart and Soul" is a book which, like Miss Crowley's "A Daughter of New France," should be found in the fiction department of all Catholic libraries, and which Catholic readers should make it a point to see in all public libraries as well. A little well-directed energy in this matter would serve the cause of truth and promote interest in Catholic letters.

My New Curate. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P. Marlier & Co.

Up to the end of June, as we learn from the publishers, there had been ten editions of this book, making in all twenty-two thousand copies sold. It has been translated into French and German, and of late non-Catholics in this country and England have taken to reading "My New Curate." This is very gratifying. Who would not rejoice over the popularity of so excellent a story—a book with pen-pictures like this!—

As I knelt down and turned to leave the church, I felt my cloak gently pulled. I looked down and faintly discerned in the feeble light some one huddled at my feet. I thought at first it was one of the little children, for they used sometimes to wait for the coveted privilege of holding the hand of their old pastor and conducting him homeward in the darkness. This was no child, however, but some one fully grown, as I conjectured; though I saw nothing but the outline of wet and draggled garments. I waited. Not a word came forth, but something like the echo of a sob. Then I... I recognized Nance. I had to speak publicly of poor Nance; perhaps, indeed, I spoke too sharply and strongly,—it is so hard to draw the line between zeal and discretion; it is so easy to degenerate into weakness or into excess. And Nance feared me. Probably she was the only one of the villagers who never dared address me.

"What do you want here?" I gently said.

"What do I want here? 'Tis a quare question for a priest to be after asking. What did the poor crature want when she wint to a bigger Man dan you, and she wasn't turned away aither?"

"Yes, Nance; but she repented and loved Christ, and was prepared to die rather than sin again."

"And how do you know but I'm the same? Do you know more than the God above you?—and He is my witness here to-night before His blessed and Holy Son that all hell-fire won't make me fall agin. Hell-fire, did I say?" Her voice here sunk into a low whisper. "It isn't hell-fire I dread, but His face and yours."

I stooped down and lifted her gently. The simple kindness touched the broken vase of her heart, and she burst into an agony of passionate tears.

"Oh, wirra! wirra! if you had only said that much to me three months ago, what you'd have saved me. But you'd the hard word, Father; and it drove me wild to

think' that, as you said, I wasn't fit to come and mix wid the people at Mass. And many and many a night in the cowl and hunger I slept there at the door of the chapel; and only woke up to bate the chapel door and ask God to let me in. But sure His hand was agin me, like yours, and I daren't go in. And sometimes I looked through the keyhole to where His heart was burnin', and I thought He would come out, when no one could see Him, and spake to me; but no! no! Him and you were agin me; and then the chapel woman ud come in the cowl of the mornin', and I would shlink away to my hole agin."

"Speak low, Nance," I whispered, as her voice hissed through the darkness.

"Whin the young girls would crass the street, les' they should come near me, and the dacent mothers ud throw their aprons over their childer's heads, les' they should see me—ah, that was the bitter pill! And many and many a night, whin you wor in your bed, I stood down on dem rocks below, wid the say calling for me, and the hungry waves around me, and there was nothin' betune me and hell but that—"

She fumbled in her bosom and drew out a ragged, well-worn scapular with a tiny medal attached, and kissed it.

"And sure I know if I wint with 'em, I should have to curse the face of the Blessed and Holy Mary forever, and I said, 'Never! never!' and I faced the hard world agin."

"And what is it to be now? Are you going to change your life?"

"Yerra, what else ud bring me here to-night."

"And you are going to make up your mind to go to confession as soon as you can?"

"As soon as I can? This very moment, wid God's blessing."

And so then and there, in the gloom of that winter's night, I heard her tale of anguish and sorrow; and whilst I thanked God for this His sheep that was lost, I went deeper down than ever into the valleys of humiliation and self-reproach. *Caritas erga homines, sicut caritas Dei erga nos.* (Charity toward men, as the charity of God toward us.) Here was my favorite text, here my sum total of speculative philosophy. I often preached it to others, even to Father Letheby when he came complaining of the waywardness of this imaginative and fickle people. "If God, from on high, tolerates the unspeakable wickedness of the world,—if He calmly looks down upon the frightful holocaust of iniquity that steams up before His eyes from the cities and towns and hamlets of the world,—if He tolerates the abomination of paganism, and the still worse, because conscious, wickedness of the Christian world, why should we be fretful and impatient? And if Christ was so gentle and so tender toward these foul, ill-smelling, leprous and ungrateful Jews, why should we not be tolerant of the venial falls of the holy people—the kingly nation?" And I was obliged to confess that it was all pride,—too much sensitiveness, not to God's dishonor, but to the stigma and reproach to our own ministrations, that made us forget our patience and our duty.

And often, on Sunday mornings in winter, when the rain poured down in cataracts and the village-street ran in muddy torrents, and the eaves dripped in steady sheets of water, when I stood at my own chapel door and saw poor farmers and laborers, old women and young girls, drenched through and through, having walked six miles down from the farthest mountains; and when I saw, as I read the Acts and the Prayer before Mass, a thick fog of steam rising from their poor clothes and filling

the entire church with a strange incense, I thought how easy it ought to be for us to condone the thoughtlessness or the inconsiderate weaknesses of such a people, and to bless God that our lot was cast amongst them.

The illustrations might have been omitted as well as not from this new edition of "My New Curate." A few of them add an interest to its pages, while others disfigure them.

The Apostles' Creed. By Adolph Harnack. A. & C. Black; the Macmillan Co.

Prof. Harnack is known in many lands as one of the most "advanced" of the sectarian religionists, and this volume of 88 pp contains the fruit of his researches into the origin and growth of the Apostles' Creed. The tradition that this Creed actually originated with the Apostles is mentioned only to be put out of account, the origin of the symbol being ascribed to Southern Gaul at the beginning of the sixth century. The short Roman Creed and the variations of it that were current in outlying countries during the third century and afterward are also studied with considerable minuteness, and Prof. Harnack's generalizations upon them will prove interesting to Catholic scholars even when they can not be accepted without qualification.

To the general reader the most gratifying feature of this work is the rather frequent recurrence of the thought that the Catholic Church "permitted no additions" to her formal profession of faith, which is another way of saying that the proud boast of Catholics that the Church is unchanging in a world of change is no new cry. The instinct of the Church to preserve without alteration or addition the faith once delivered to the saints is of her nature; for she is the utterer and interpreter of the truth that does not change. Priests, seminarians and other judicious persons will find this book easy and profitable reading.

Pintoricchio. By Evelyn March Phillips. The Macmillan Co.

Fifteenth in the series "The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," edited by G. C. Williamson, is the life of Pintoricchio by E. M. Phillips. This work is, like its predecessors, a study which should be in the library of every student of art. In biographical matter, in critical estimates of Pintoricchio's paintings, in point of bibliography and illustration, this work is as nearly complete as a hand-book could well be. A careful study of the time-spirit which fostered the genius of the Umbrian is not the least attractive feature of this latest addition to a valuable series of works on art.



A Plague.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

IN spite of hygienic rules
Framed wisely 'gainst disease,
In spite of colleges and schools
Where doctors take degrees,
In spite of due preventive care,
There is a sickness vague
That here and there and everywhere
Prevails and is a plague.
'Tis known in high baronial halls,
'Mid all the pomp and pride;
'Tis known in many a city's walls
Where rich and poor men bide;
And dwellers in the country green,
And sailors on the sea,
And miners, too, have sufferers been
From this dread malady.
It paralyzes heart and brain,
It dulls the senses too;
And many an ill is in its train,
And sorrows not a few;
And, strange to say, physicians' skill
'Gainst it is powerless;
For clever men have called it still
By name of Laziness.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

IV.—THE RUSSELLS.

THAT afternoon the philanthropic Mr. Longstreet was surprised to discover that Harry Russell was not present at Nancy's fruit-and-paper stand as was usual with him. This was the first time the merchant had known the boy to be absent since he began to take notice of him.

In his place stood a "small edition" of Harry, evidently a younger brother. This was Longstreet's conclusion; for

the little fellow had similar features, as fine and open a countenance, and the same determined look about the mouth and jaws.

"Hello, sonny! Where's Nancy the golden-haired?" asked Mr. Longstreet.

"Gone on her rounds in the Chamber of Commerce, sir."

"And who are you?"

"Clarence Jennings Russell, sir."

"Brother of the boy who comes here twice a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

The boy gave the address of a cottage down by the railway tracks in the poorest, noisiest and most squalid part of the town.

"Where is he?"

The youngster hesitated to reply. He stood unconsciously squeezing one of the black-rind bananas until the pulpy substance inside oozed out at the ends.

"Where's your brother, sonny?"

"Mamma wouldn't let him come. She found out that he 'fit' yesterday and was nearly run in."

"And so she punished him to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't he tell her why he fought?"

"He telled nothin'. Granny Lawson heard about it from her Mike, and she ran over the tracks in a hurry, with her apron over her head, and told mamma all about it. She was drestful frightened, 'cos she thought Harry'd been 'rested and put in jail."

"But didn't your brother tell your mother?"

"Never said nothin' t'er. He told me all about it, though; an' that's why I come here to take his place to-day. He's got an awful black eye, too."

Mr. Longstreet smiled, well contented. That evening before sundown he rapped at the door of the poor tumble-down cottage which for the present the Russells called "home." Squalid and uninviting as was the exterior, Mr. Longstreet was not prepared for what he saw inside.

The door was opened in answer to his knock by a poorly but neatly dressed woman of about forty-five. She looked frail and delicate, with already streaks of grey in her hair. Every word and every movement indicated a culture and a refinement sadly out of keeping with her surroundings. There was a look of patient resignation on her face, the reason for which we shall soon learn.

As she opened the door the visitor saw there was a look of anxiety on her face. Visitors in her locality were rare. They comprised chiefly the rent and tax collectors and collection agents. She feared all these men—they were so heartless. She stood, still holding the door-knob, a slight quiver on her lips and upper eyelids.

Mr. Longstreet, in his various pilgrimages about the city doing good, like his Master, had gained much practical knowledge of human suffering. He could tell at a glance the real gentlewoman. He was well acquainted with the martyrdom of those in reduced circumstances who, with legitimate pride, shun the public gaze. His going about had long ago taught him the difference between the mendicity which unblushingly asks without hesitation and takes greedily without thanks and the poverty which is a new experience.

In the womanly woman—the gentlewoman—before him the merchant saw none of the signs of culpable want, but abundant manifestations of an apparently undeserved impoverishment. He hastened to make known his mission. Raising his hat, he said:

"You will pardon my intrusion, but am I addressing Mrs. Russell?"

With a slight sigh of relief, she assured him that he was. The relief came from the manner of his address. Dunning agents, who live on their commissions, are not so careful in their speech. Mr. Longstreet always remembered that "charity is kind."

He was invited to enter the one small living room, which bore evidences of a woman's taste—a pretty chintz over the old sofa, spotless window-blinds, a small shelf of finely-bound books not yet sacrificed, a dash of color here and there, and absolute cleanliness.

Mrs. Russell waited with the tact of the well-trained for the visitor to unfold the object of his visit. He told it with a delicacy born of Christian charity. So ingenious was he in this virtue that to a less observant woman than Mrs. Russell it would appear that the mother would be the one conferring the benefit in allowing her son to be sent to Rockland College to be educated.

"What claim have I on you, Mr. Longstreet, for so much benevolence?" he asked.

"To be plain," he replied, with a pleasant laugh, "none whatever. But you do this. You give me an opportunity of riding a hobby of mine. As I am well able—thanks be to God!—well able to gratify my whim, I shall be very much pleased if you will allow me to carry out my plans."

Harry's mother bowed gracefully. She admired the visitor's delicate manner of offering substantial assistance.

"Such a generous offer from you deserves a perfect confidence on my part. You may be surprised to see us in such poverty-stricken circumstances. I will tell you the reason. During our conversation you have doubtless heard some one hammering and beating on metal. That is my husband at work

in a shed in the rear of the cottage."

"Working at this time of the evening!" said Mr. Longstreet, surprised.

"Yes. I must give him credit: he is most industrious—spares himself no labor. He has, alas! an infatuation, now amounting almost to a mania, for inventing something. Unfortunately for us, most—all, in fact,—of his inventions have turned out to be hopeless failures. Still, he keeps at this work, which so far is entirely unremunerative. He is a first-class mechanic. Until two years ago he held the position of master mechanic in a large manufactory down in the State. For several years he has had the notion that he could invent a certain electrical machine which would make our fortune. This idea took such hold on him that it appears to me to be similar to the fascination of alcohol or of speculation in another. Two years ago, owing to giving more time and attention to his notions than to the firm's business, he lost his position. Then we came here. Since then his savings of several years have disappeared little by little. At present our outlook is black enough. His infatuation is such that we have gradually descended in the social scale until you see us in the condition in which we now are. Of course any time fortune may turn our way, but—"

"But why do you not insist that he try to secure steady work, and give only his spare time to his inventions?" interrupted the visitor.

She paused. After a moment or two, during which time she gave a rapid glance at the crucifix on the wall of the small room, she answered slowly, with a slight quiver in her voice:

"He—is—my—husband."

Mr. Longstreet understood all with the quickness born of the desire to help. Not without having formed a definite plan of action, he changed the subject.

"Where is Harry?"

"You know him, sir?" she inquired, surprised.

"Oh, yes! I have known him for several months."

"Indeed!"

"Yes: to tell you the truth I think a great deal of the boy."

The fond mother blushed, partly with pleasure at hearing her child well spoken of; partly through pain, for she saw that she would have to tell her visitor of the disgraceful street fight.

"Where is he?"

"I—am—afraid he is not presentable this evening."

Poor mother's pride!

"Not presentable! What's the matter? Nothing worse than a black eye, is it?"

"Then you know about the—the disgraceful affair!"

She was much distressed.

"Disgraceful nothing, Mrs. Russell!" said Longstreet, laughing loudly. "It was the manliest, pluckiest thing I have ever seen a boy do. It made him a hero in my eyes. Disgraceful! Dear me! How could that be when he had for second one of the most prominent lawyers in town?"

"Why—how, sir! I really do not understand."

She was quite bewildered.

"My dear Mrs. Russell, do you not know the *cause* for which he fought? It was a piece of pure chivalry, worthy of the Middle Ages."

Harry Stanley Russell had, with true modesty, refrained from divulging to his mother any particulars of his battle royal. She was much mollified when she heard all the particulars, and finally consented to call him.

After laughing heartily at his young friend's black eye—it was very black, although not much swollen,—Mr. Longstreet learned with a good deal of satisfaction that Harry had received

quite sufficient instruction before adverse circumstances had forced him to become a street-merchant to be admitted to the academic department of Rockland College. He had "graduated" from the eighth grade at a splendidly equipped parish school, and had even attended a high school for a few months. This grading would enable him to be admitted to the academic department of Rockland. Passing successfully through the three academic classes, he would be admitted in three years to the College, and then have a right to the title of collegian.

(To be continued.)

Can Character be Judged by Handwriting?

Many people laugh at what is called "graptomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting *does* indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a boy's and a man's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerical hand, and so forth.

"I had once," observes Archbishop Whately, "a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom, in most respects, I liked greatly. There was but one thing about him which seriously dissatisfied me; and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting. It was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterward engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had ever seen before, convinced me that the writing had spoken truly.

"But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'grapto-

mancer' was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a noble woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. — would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having first ascertained he had never seen it before), and gave it to him one evening as the handwriting of a friend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher.

"His usual habit when he undertook to exercise this power was to take a slip of a letter (cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences) to his room at night, and to bring it down, with his judgment in writing, the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast-table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining made some observation which particularly struck Mr. — as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by the way, your friend'; and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest which she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the words, 'Fascinating, false, and hollow-hearted.'

"The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. — never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired."

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is a sincere pleasure to hear that, after her serious illness, Miss Agnes Repplier's name is again to appear on the title-page of a new book. It is a cat-book, being nothing less than a tribute to the deceased Agrippina, the heroine of the famous essay. The book is called "The Fireside Sphinx."

—In a series of lectures delivered in the Catholic University of Fribourg, M. Victor Giraud contends that if Taine had lived longer "he would have come very near being a Catholic." Giraud's lectures are now published with a complete and highly valuable bibliography of the writings of the great Frenchman. "It must be noted," says the *Critic*, "that one of the most appreciative eulogies of Taine is by a cardinal who officiated at the marriage of his daughter."

—Of the 7500 writers named in the new edition of Oscar Fay Adams' "Handbook of American Authors," twenty-five have been clergymen. The Congregationalists number 5.9 per cent; the Methodists 3.6; the Presbyterians 3.5; the Episcopalians 3.4; the Unitarians 2.8; the Baptists 2.7; the Universalists 1.3; the Reformed Dutch 1; and the Catholics 0.4. This, of course, is in the field of fiction alone. The literary efforts of priests have been mostly confined to theological, philosophical, biographical and apologetic work.

—A few days after the sudden death of R. L. Stevenson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, finding it impossible to write a personal letter to all of the novelist's friends, printed for private circulation a pamphlet describing the death and the funeral. *The Cornhill Booklet* for July is a reprint of this rare pamphlet with interesting bits of Stevensoniana by other friends. The beautiful "Evening Prayer" composed by Stevenson on the day before his death and already reproduced in this magazine makes an appropriate appendix to a most enjoyable number of the *Booklet*.

—The habit which some publishers have of buying a novel before it is written has brought another confiding man to grief. It appears that Messrs. Pearson were simple enough to advance Mr. Hall Caine ten thousand dollars for the serial rights of his new novel for their magazine, and that without reading a word of the manuscript. As the serial progressed it was found to contain chapters which could not be omitted without stultifying the story, and on the other hand could not be published in a family magazine. Now the Pearsons are literally

raising Caine and demanding damages. We confess we have no sympathy to waste either on the Messrs. Pearson who bought a costly manuscript without reading it or upon a writer who uses undeniably fine powers to write stories which respectable people may not read.

—In our day more than ever one appreciates the compliment paid by the Archbishop of Milan to Cardinal Wiseman after the appearance of "Fabiola": "You have written a good book with the success of a bad one." Wiseman's famous story was translated into a dozen languages, but it is not commonly known that there were seven versions of it in Italian alone.

—It is much to be regretted that what we may call the Catholic classics are so generally neglected for inferior fiction. For Catholics a good novel, strongly imbued with the faith, yet strongly human, is a tonic; for those outside the Church it is sometimes more effective than a book of controversy. Trevelyan, in his biography of Macaulay (Vol. II, ch. 14), quotes the remarkable words of that great writer about Manzoni's "Betrothed," a work of fiction which is lamentably neglected. "I have finished Manzoni's novel not without many tears," wrote Macaulay. "If the Church of Rome really were what Manzoni represents her to be, I should be tempted to follow Newman's example." This great work enjoyed something like its due meed of appreciation in the past, however. Appearing in 1827, the first fifty years saw one hundred and sixteen Italian editions exhausted, besides nineteen in French, seventeen in German, ten in English, three in Spanish, and one each in Greek, Swedish, Dutch, Magyar and Armenian.

—Admiral Dewey's famous order interrupting the battle of Manila that his men might breakfast, may have been good naval warfare, but, according to another member of his family—a physician,—it was bad hygiene. In the July issue of his *Bookman* the exuberant Harry Thurston Peck thus reviews the physician's book:

Dr. E. H. Dewey, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, does not believe in eating breakfast, and he has written a book to announce this fact to the American people, and to give his reasons for it. Incidentally, we gather also that he does not much believe in eating at all, and he also gives his reasons for that. We are not particularly concerned with his reasons, because we prefer to look at the question in a large philosophic way, and somewhat on the basis of the various portraits contained in Dr. Dewey's book. These portraits represent patients of the Doctor who have learned from him

the baneful effects of food. Personally, we should prefer not to dogmatize on this subject nor to insist upon any one's eating breakfast unless he or she desires to do so. We are very liberal-minded in this matter, and our general conclusion is (after looking over the portraits) that to give up eating is a good thing for some persons and a bad thing for others. For instance, there is Mrs. E. A. Quiggle, of Chicago, whose photograph appears on page 104, and shows her as she appeared after having gone without breakfast for a period of twelve years. We should say that Mrs. Quiggle was all right, and that she had better keep right on indefinitely, devoting the time which other persons use in breakfasting to reading Dr. Dewey's books or to caring for her offspring. On the other hand, there is Mrs. A. M. Lichtenhahn, whose portrait faces page 54, and who is represented as she appeared after going thirty-six days without breakfast or any other food. If she were to come to us for a prescription, we should, on the basis of her general appearance, prescribe at once not only a breakfast but several breakfasts taken one right after the other. She really needs them. However, as we said, there may be something in the theory; yet it is our secret opinion that Dr. Dewey himself, whose likeness appears very properly as a frontispiece, and who presumably never eats anything at all, ought to take something once in a while to keep him going—not very often, say once in two months; and not very much, but still something. We like the book and we like Dr. Dewey; but, after communing with both, we must confess that we still like breakfast also.

We trust we shall not be accused of betraying a confidence if we inform our readers that the editor of the *Bookman* was the original Peck's Bad Boy.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.


Aphorisms and Reflections. Conduct, Culture and Religion. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., *net*.
 Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.
 The Apostles' Creed. *Adolph Harnack.* 75 cts.
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana Skinner.* \$1.50.
 The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, *net*.
 Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.
 Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, *net*.
 Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, *net*.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.
 Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, *net*.
 The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coublé, S. J.* \$1.
 John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.
 Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, *net*.
 The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.
 The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., *net*.
 Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., *net*.
 A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.
 The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, *net*.
 The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.
 Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., *net*.
 Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.* \$1.50, *net*.
 The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.
 Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.
 The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$20.
 Arrows of the Almighty. *Owen Johnson.* \$1.50.
 Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.
 Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C.* \$1.
 Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.
 Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, *net*.
 The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, *net*.
 Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, *net*.
 A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. *Ingram Crockett.* \$1.
 The Watson Girls. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 85 cts.
 Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.
 Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.
 A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.
 In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* \$2, *net*.
 Hans Memling. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.
 Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. *La Motte Fouqué.* 50 cts.
 Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* \$1.25, *net*.
 Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, *net*.
 The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.



SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

(Before or after a reception of Members to a Sodality, Confraternity or Society.)



REV. H. G. GANSS.





1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - risel And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which
 2. Sol-diers of Christ, a - risel The God of ar - mies calls Un-to His man-sions
 3. Crushed is the haughty foe, His might his glo - ry, gone; But ye with vic-tory


God sup-plies Through His e - ter - nal Son; Strange is the Lord of hosts And
 in the skies, His ev - er - last - ing halls, Be-hold the angel host appears To
 crowned shall go To Christ's e - ter - nal throne. There shall the con-queror rest, And

in His migh - ty power, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer-
 wel-come you to bliss; Oh! what is earth, its sighs and tears, Its joys, compared to
 in that blest a - bode, For - ev - er reign a - mid the blest, Tri-umphant with his

or. Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 this! Oh! what is earth, its sighs and tears, Its joys, com-pared to this!
 God. For - ev - er reign a - mid the blest, Tri - umphant with his God.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 3, 1901.

NO. 5.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

"Auf Wiederseh'n!" *

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THERE is a word for those who part,
Hoping on earth to meet again;
No sweeter ever soothed the heart—
Auf Wiederseh'n! Auf Wiederseh'n!

Like God's own promise from on high,
As sunlight after storm and rain,
That bow of Hope across the sky—
Auf Wiederseh'n! Auf Wiederseh'n!

Mountains divide and oceans part,
Yet some day we shall meet again;
O bear it always in thy heart—
Auf Wiederseh'n! Auf Wiederseh'n!

Errors in Our Catechetical System.

BY A CATHOLIC BISHOP.

It should appear, to the casual observer, that the religious training of our Catholic young people can not present any extraordinary difficulties. The fundamental doctrines and laws of the Catholic Church are few, simple and definite; and, while affording exercise to the profoundest intellects, they are adapted to be grasped by and to influence the minds of the humblest. Granted a highly educated and zealous priesthood, with a sufficiency of devoted assistants, and classes of children ready to learn, there appears to be no ground for discussion about methods, for much difference of opinion,

* Till we meet again.

or for apprehension of failure. Put the Church's teaching into plain words, let the children learn it from the catechism, let some simple developments be supplied *vivâ voce*, and all is done. What room can there be, in such simple operations, to talk about a psychological basis for the teaching methods, metaphysical technicalities, and logical developments? The devout mothers of old times who brought up their children to be sturdy Christians, full of the true Catholic instinct and trained to every religious practice, did not trouble themselves about such high and abstract considerations. They had a great religious work to do, and they just did it, and did it well, each one in her own household.

But times are changed, and all the circumstances of the times. In religion, as in manufactures and commerce, the individual method has given way to the collective method; and the simple operations that once were carried on by the "rule of thumb" must now be regulated by the laws of sciences then unknown, by recondite principles economical and social, medical and hygienic, political and international. The old systems had their advantages; and the new ones, especially during a period of progressive adaptation and consolidation, have their disadvantages. But it is not to be supposed that antiquated methods could be successfully applied to the new conditions, or that no *modus agendi* can be evolved adequate to modern requirements.

The question of an efficient religious training for our children has risen to the dimensions of a great problem; it is the object of a new science—catechetics. Psychological principles and classifications, theological technicalities and the results of countless experiences, must be investigated and compared. It is not easy to devise, it is still less easy to organize, comprehensive schemes of religious teaching for the Catholic universe, or even for one country. Small errors may easily creep in, and these in the course of time may lead to unexpected and unwelcome results.

The Rev. Father Glancey, Religious Inspector in the Diocese of Birmingham, wrote a very striking preface to Bishop Knecht's Bible Commentary for Schools. In this he indicates some of the multitude of considerations that must enter into the compilation of a catechism. It is important, he says, to have a right aim as to the definite effect to be produced. Catechists debate whether a catechism should be drawn up on a severely metaphysical *a priori* plan or on a practical one. One would have thought, considering the object of religion and the character of children's minds, that there could be only one decision possible,—but so matters stand. It seems to make a great deal of difference whether the question be framed first or the answer. The extraordinary and unnatural practice of repeating the words of the question over again in the answer comes in for a few remarks. This was the philosopher's stone which was to transmute mere sounds into ideas, and raise up a new generation of fervent believers. No one can say it has produced the results expected.

I venture to submit the opinion that besides the great error of psychological principle already dwelt on, there are two other sources of practical error in our religious teaching. One regards the

catechisms themselves, or the form in which religious doctrine is expressed; the other regards the method in which religious doctrine is conveyed to the children—viz., the learning by rote of cut-and-dry formulas. A double obstacle is thus raised, as if to prevent religious training from producing its full effect on youthful minds. All the efforts of zeal and ingenuity, all the expenditure of time and labor, are discounted or made half nugatory by the combined influence of these two fundamental mistakes.

It has confirmed the old axiom that an automaton will never produce life and intelligence. Instead of smoothing away, it has increased the difficulty of learning catechism by increasing the bulk of the sentences and the number of unnecessary words. It has given undue prominence to the question and thrust the answer into the background. Under the influence of this the last state of the children has become far worse than the first. He goes on to raise a most important by-point by asking how far it is expedient to use stereotyped questions at all. Some subjects are not amenable to the ordinary method of treatment by question and answer, unless we use long and tortuous constructions; they would be very much better conveyed by means of short statements which the children could make their own.

The writer then puts a series of most suggestive questions: "Should a catechism be a *Summa Theologica* in miniature, a compendium of theology, a condensed essence of theological treatises? Should it be couched in theological language? Should it bristle with definitions? Should the definitions be framed with such studied accuracy that the most fastidious philosopher shall be unable to detect the slightest flaw or imperfection? Should they be

such that only a philosopher can read them without a groan? Or should a catechism be a *religious primer*? Should its language be plain and simple, but accurate withal, though without straining after minute shades of accuracy? Should there be no explanations and fewer definitions?"

He remarks on the definition of God as given in the English catechism: "It is made up of a number of ideas of such a hard metaphysical cast as to be wholly impervious to the ordinary mind, to say nothing of the child-mind. Nay, it may be affirmed without exaggeration that only those who have undergone a philosophical and theological training can ever hope to understand it. The very explanation involves a course of theology.... Surely all must allow that religious teaching comes first, theological explanation a long way second, and theological terms are to be admitted only when they can not be kept out."

He sums up at last with a startling conclusion expressed in the form of questions: "Are our tools rusty? Are our weapons broken or blunted? In a word, are our methods right or wrong? Are the instruments we are using adapted to the purpose for which they are intended? Are our catechisms correctly adjusted,—that is, are they set in a manner best calculated to secure their aim? All these are questions on which our future success turns."

These passages, besides showing how complex is the question of a suitable catechism, have a still greater importance as an indictment of our present system, more trenchant than the ordinary tirades of undenominationalists and agnostics against the teaching of Christian doctrine in schools. It is painful to think of the multitudes of children whose sole education in religion has been such as Father Glancey describes. Can it be

wondered at that religion has not entered deeply into their lives, and that they drop off from the tree like leaves in the autumn equinox?

The original sin of most catechisms is that they seem to have been drawn up by theologians alone, without any concurrence from practical teachers. There are two primary requirements in a catechism: it should conform to the exact teaching of the Church, and it should be adapted to convey that teaching to young children. Two different classes, of scientific experts should collaborate; and the completed work should be checked by the actual experience of those who have to apply it in practice. What would be thought of a hospital built by an architect without regard to the opinions of the doctors, or by doctors without the aid of an architect? The theologian's catechism will be most technically accurate and complete; but it is only the scientific teacher who can say if the impressions conveyed to the children will correspond in fulness and accuracy with the printed formulas.

There is not one fixed standard for all purposes. One thing is the accuracy required in the treatise laid before the scientific and well-trained man; quite different is the accuracy required in a popular and simple exposition. Holy Scripture is itself our example in accommodating the descriptions of high mysteries to the coarse apprehension of primitive or ignorant people. An overstrained precision has its place in Acts of Parliament and legal deeds; but such documents are too dull and unintelligible to be models of ordinary literature, or to stir the minds and hearts of the multitude. Technical theology is a dry and crabbed subject, which does not inspire devotion and zeal, or feed the imagination, affections and will; there is too much danger that its

characteristics may be transfused into our catechetical teaching, and frustrate the principal object which we have in view. Theology furnishes the necessary substance for catechisms, but not the literary style in which those truths can best be conveyed to children.

One of the first requirements in a catechism is that it should be directly intelligible to those who use it. Obvious as this may seem, it does not appear to have been often recognized as possible or desirable. God has proposed His revelation to all mankind, and it must be that it is capable of being presented in an intelligible and attractive form, and easy to communicate to the young and the uneducated.

The saintly Father Furniss, in his "Sunday-School or Catechism"—a work not so widely known as it ought to be,—describes with much fulness his ideal of a catechism. He would eliminate all "abstract reasonings, long words, hard words, superfluous words, which tend only to crush the incipient ideas of a child." Nothing should be learned by heart but what has been thoroughly understood. Instruction should be conveyed in such language as the children themselves speak. He does not agree with those who ostracise the words "Yes" and "No," and all pronouns referring to nouns in the question; and who would make each reply a proposition grammatically, logically, and theologically complete in itself. For instance, he would not consider that such formalism as the following is a natural and effective way of conveying an important bit of knowledge: "Is sorrow for our sins because by them we have lost heaven and deserved hell sufficient when we go to confession?"—"Sorrow for our sins because by them we have lost heaven and deserved hell is sufficient when we go to confession." He insists that there should be a single

simple idea contained in each question and answer, and not a multiplicity of difficult ideas.

The good Father gives several pages of specimen questions and answers on different subjects. He clearly lays it down, however, that "these questions and answers do not suppose any previous learning by heart. They are intended to suggest ideas to children rather than a given form of words to be learned by heart. A distinct and simple *idea* will remain in a child's mind when a form of words even often repeated will not remain."

If any one was qualified to speak on the subject from long experience and from sympathetic knowledge of the child-mind, it was this apostle of children just quoted. How do our catechisms correspond to his ideal? I am afraid they contradict it at every point. They abound in difficult words and sentences of intricate construction, which are quite devoid of meaning to the children. Simple expressions, quite intelligible as they are, are explained in ponderous phrases which require more explanation themselves, and create difficulties where none existed. Superfluous words are poured in recklessly, without regard to the labor that will be involved in learning them. When at length it is realized that something is wrong with the teaching, the remedies employed are such as make the disease still worse.

Is the catechism too hard to be understood? We do not simplify the words and sentences till they can be easily grasped; but we draw up glossaries of meanings, and these have to be learned by heart in addition to the first unintelligible phrases. A new burthen has been laid on the overtaxed verbal memory, but no addition has been made to the stock of ideas. There is some semblance of the lesson having been understood, but it has not really

sunk into the mind and the conscience and the heart. Is religious education laborious and distasteful? It is made more so, with new subjects to be learned, more exacting demands, stricter examinations; more mechanism and formalism are introduced into it, and less of the unction of the Spirit. Are spirituality, devotion and the practices of religion on the decline amongst the rising generation? Some seem to think that the remedy is found in fuller catechetical instruction.

By this they understand apparently the setting of theological puzzles which no ordinary good Christian could solve unless he had gone through the tomes of ancient theologians who have dealt with the quibbling Greek heresies of the early centuries. Reminiscences of Petavius are put into the hands of juvenile teachers to be explained by them to children of ten and twelve. The plain doctrines of the Church, children can assimilate and understand better than their more cultivated elders; but the subtleties and trivialities of medieval disputants are more adapted in these days to darken counsel, to suggest mistrust and contempt, and to destroy faith, than to enlighten simple minds.

It is bad enough that the doctrines of Christianity should be expressed in such an unsuitable form, but it is much worse that the verbose and clumsy formulas should have to be learned with such aggravating and unnecessary precision, word for word. This, the second of the two great errors in our catechetical system, is the fruit of certain Old-World notions long ago exploded by experts in educational science. It was supposed that the only way of communicating knowledge was by verbal formulas "committed to memory." It was thought that everything so learned was implanted indelibly in mind and soul, and sufficiently for all needs.

Even now many are found who urge that the learning of exact formulas about religion, even if they be quite unintelligible to the learners, is of supreme importance. These words, they say, will remain in the mind, steady as a rock through all the storms of life; they will recur to remembrance at length, clothed with the fulness of their meaning, and will become the starting point for a life of faith, devotion and virtue. On such grounds as these there has been founded a perverse cult of the dead-letter of the catechism, accompanied sometimes by a total neglect of the spirit which giveth life. In some places it was required that the boys should be able to go through the whole catechism, question as well as answer. They stood round in class and began with "Who made you?" Each boy in turn answered one question and put the next question to the next boy, and so on. What an amount of misapplied labor! How much more profitable would have been a few edifying or instructive or stirring words!

I have been assured by some of the most competent of religious teachers that they find the mere letter of the catechism, however perfect it be in itself and however accurately learned, to be quite useless and ineffective in teaching religion. They rely entirely on the conversational explanations which follow the learning by heart. It would seem only reasonable to make the experiment of abolishing, or at least reducing in amount, that part of the process which is both irksome and useless, and trying whether the more important part of the process is not sufficient by itself. If this should prove to be the case, then much of the trouble about religious instruction would cease, much time would be set free, and much more real work accomplished, with much more facility. Unfortunately, old superstitions

die hard, and the worship of the letter flourishes. The religious that I speak of are so hampered in many places by the rigorous requirements concerning the mechanical repetition of catechetical formulas that they can only with difficulty find time for training the minds and hearts of their pupils as their rule prescribes.

In substituting sounds for knowledge and mistaking words for things, some teachers have gone almost as far as the Chinese apothecary. If he has run out of a certain drug required for a prescription, he writes its name down and washes off the wet ink into the rest of the mixture; in extreme cases, where no medicine is to be had, the physician makes his patient swallow the written prescription. Our children might just as well have the catechism administered to them in this way through the stomach as through the merely verbal memory.

In no branch of human attainments is there more than an infinitesimal portion learned in the form of set phrases. A few lists of dates and names, a few mathematical or chemical formulas, a few passages for ready quotation, are all that one requires. The well-informed man has absorbed only the meaning from his reading; in a few rare cases he has tried to remember the exact words; they are only the husk, which he throws away after extracting the kernel. Honor, high principle, courteous manners, are not simply matters of book-learning; and the book-phrases do not become more efficient if every word of them be learned by rote. The more practical any acquirement is, the more need there is to learn it from intercourse with others: from their example and living speech, and from actual practice. Religious belief and virtuous life are subjects that extend far beyond the boundaries of verbal memory and of intellect; of all possible subjects they are the least adapted to

be taught in cut-and-dry phrases, and tested by facility in repeating these.

In religion, as in every science, there are of course certain things which should be committed verbally to memory, but these are far from numerous. Look through any catechism, and you will find many things which are passed over in other catechisms; other things, such as the full examination of conscience on the Commandments, are as necessary to a Catholic as an almanac in a counting-house; but it is just as unnecessary to learn one by heart as the other; still more numerous are the things which do not require to be conveyed in one definite set form of words, and which could be more easily remembered apart from special phrases; many other things are included which belong rather to a scientific than to an elementary course of religion. Nothing should be learned by heart but what is necessary. Then it should be intelligible; it should, further, be concise, telling, full of wisdom, so as to be a landmark of faith and conduct, as proverbs are in secular life; but this object will be surely frustrated if an excessive multitude of verbose, colorless, dreary rigmaroles be forced violently upon the memory.

Children are singularly ingenious in jumbling up and making nonsense of what they learn by rote, especially if it be beyond their comprehension; and they are very quick in forgetting it. So far as they retain it at all, they retain it in that department to which it has been committed. That which has been stored in the verbal memory will never pass to the intelligence, conscience, affections, unless these receive in some way a supplemental training to enable them to make the transfer. But seek to impress the mind: give the children ideas, and they will find the words for themselves; they will learn the art of free and accurate expression, and they will not

find themselves inarticulate when they are taken outside the range of the one set of phrases. Tell children something interesting, and see how well they will remember facts and details, and lessons drawn from them, and how quickly they will pick up new words and employ them judiciously. Religious instruction should rather be modelled on the object-lesson of modern schools than made a lifeless repetition of sounds. Information should be first given and then elicited in living speech, with illustrations, comparisons, exhortations, and practical personal applications.

Father Furniss, in the book already quoted, has some forcible remarks on this branch of the subject. He points out that there are three hundred and seventy questions and answers in the English catechism and four hundred and twenty-five in Butler's; in others these figures are greatly exceeded. Children, he says, are capable of learning only three or four answers at a time; and these, too, must be relearned at intervals. This small part of their preliminary training would therefore absorb an excessive proportion, if not the whole, of the time available in many instances. He remarks: "The continuous monotony of incessantly repeating answers for a long period of time, however necessary it may be deemed, must be wearisome alike to children and teachers. The monotony and labor of long and continuously repeating answers by heart is unquestionably very repulsive to the nature of a child."

To exemplify this he gives one simple answer from the catechism: "God the Son, the Second Person, died to save us"; and adds: "We have scores of times seen children, especially those rather older, who do not go to day-school, working at the repetition of this answer for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour—in vain: a few moments after, it was

forgotten." Then, reflecting on the many obstacles which stand in the way of systematic religious instruction in different places, he remarks that a large mass of our children can not be expected to commit much religious truth to memory unless "what is proposed be very limited in its compass, of very simple words, and short answers." He aspires "to introduce some alleviation into that most painful task for children—long continued repetitions of answers."

When the instruction conveyed to children has been made intelligible and pleasant, when the various doctrines are expressed in simple language and are addressed to the intelligence and not to the verbal memory, we shall have laid the foundation of an efficient system. We shall have got rid of the chief impediments to religion introduced by well-meaning but unpractical doctrinaires. Our method will be a natural one, approximating to the old ideal—the education at the mother's knee. Then we shall have a chance of introducing these other elements of the mother's teaching—the direct personal influence, the inculcation of pious practices, and action on the imagination, conscience, and the emotions of the soul. When instruction is given on these lines, children quickly respond; when the hateful drudgery of learning by rote is done away with, the *anima naturaliter Christiana* manifests at once an aptitude and an avidity for the dogmatic and moral and ascetic and mystical teachings of revealed religion. Even the youngest children learn to give their attention to ideas instead of to words, and to answer with reflection instead of mechanically.

This article may well be concluded with a few more words from the great authority already quoted:

"Is it expedient that the almost sole and only object proposed for children

should be *knowledge*? What view should we take of the faculties of children? Should we look on them as a sort of mill, proper to be employed always in grinding questions and answers, or is it expedient to put into children practices of piety as well as questions of knowledge? ... The natural tendency to exalt knowledge at the expense of piety is strong and evident. ... What are the materials of a Sunday-school? Is it the intellect of a child only? Evidently not. The moral nature must also be kept in view. Knowledge too frequently gilds the grossest corruption. Is conscience as much cultivated as memory? ... When the child in after-life is fighting its way through the temptations of the world, it will have to draw far more largely on its stock of piety than on its stock of knowledge. Likewise the acquirement of knowledge is as painful to the child as simple practices of piety are natural to it. ... If we sow pious practices in the hearts of children we shall reap them; if we do not sow them, neither shall we reap them. It is a very easy matter to interest poor children, and to make them happy and love religion, if one will but go the right way about it; but assuredly he who is constantly battering at their intellects and memories does not go the right way about it. ...

"But, after all, *teaching* is not enough: teaching is not training. No amount of teaching will enable a child to walk unless you really make it walk. You may hear lectures on music to the end of your days and never be able to play one single tune. Children are utterly incapable of learning from mere teaching. ... Will a child do these things, and do them constantly, because it hears of them speculatively once, twice or thrice a year? It is a simple impossibility. ... Is there the same great and universal effort made to teach children the pious practices of religion which are

at the least of as much importance to children as dogmatical truths?"

I have ventured to touch only one small part of the great subject of the religious education of children. Father Furniss has dealt with it much more fully, and has set forth a system which requires but little in the way of supplement to make it complete, and to adapt it to the requirements of every locality. It were desirable that his book and his biography were in the hands of all engaged in the work of education. There can be no doubt that if the system which he started had been carried on and developed, instead of being allowed to die out, there would be little reason now to deplore the "leakage" of Catholic youth from the Church, and the prospects of religion would be far brighter than they actually are.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXIII.—MR. HENRY MORAN MAKES AN EVENING CALL.

IT was with a sigh of profound relief that Henry Moran found himself once more back on his own lawn amongst the trees, with ears and eyes set in the direction of Vine Cottage. Recent events had, however, made the Raymonds chary of holding audible converse on that side of their dwelling; they had, indeed, taken to frequenting the farther extremity of it, where the hapless "young gentleman next door" could neither see nor hear. At most a confused murmur of voices reached him, and he came to a bold resolve—to avail himself of Kate's permission and make his neighbors an evening call. It was once more a glorious night. The same moon which had lighted the sands and sea at Newport shone over lawn and

garden; the same moon which had first revealed Kate Raymond to her future lover was falling with soft resplendence over her face and form, as the watcher could well imagine. Only that on this occasion it was an August moon of unusual splendor, with a soft, languorous mellowness in its yellow depths.

Having exchanged his tweed coat for a black one and given a few careful and even anxious touches to his necktie, Henry Moran set forth with a sensation of nervous trepidation such as had never before beset him. He passed through the gate, however, and went in the direction of the voices. Mrs. Raymond and the girls were all there. Kate looked exquisite in a simple gown of pink striped muslin; and, though the visitor had eyes only for her, he could not help remarking that the group of girls was an uncommonly handsome one, surrounding as they did a still handsome mother.

Kate, who had been wondering a little as to what had become of their mysterious stranger, and if she should see him again, felt a curious flutter at her heart when he walked in so unexpectedly. Nor was the feeling altogether pleasurable. It was rather half-startled, half-reluctant to know him any better or to let him get any hold upon her imagination. He had pleased her fancy in that homeward walk from the mountain, and the resemblance to Mr. Henry Moran had lent him a certain added attraction. But this visit of his seemed to give special significance to the hints he had let drop during their conversation and to his threat; for was it not a threat, that he meant to send her a third picture-letter? Therefore she sat somewhat cold and silent, allowing the others to talk, and chilling Mr. Henry Moran with a sense of disappointment. Mrs. Raymond received him

with sufficient cordiality to prevent any sense of intrusion on his part. And he had chatted with Mary and Pauline and Elinor on every indifferent topic imaginable. Still, that was not what he had come for, and he felt depressed and even annoyed. Of course he was too thoroughly versed in the art of self-control to display feeling of any sort. He told them, incidentally, of his visit to Newport; and in the course of the conversation he observed:

"I was at Cape May the evening before last."

"At Cape May? Then, possibly, you may have come across our dear Mr. Mortimer!" exclaimed Kate, suddenly breaking the silence which she had rigidly maintained.

"I was staying at his house," replied Henry Moran, turning eagerly to the speaker, delighted to have been able so far to break down her reserve.

"Oh, then, you know him well?" cried Kate again.

"Yes: though he is a rather recent acquaintance, I think I may say that I know him well."

"And love him?" added Kate.

"My dear," expostulated her mother, in her gentle way, "don't be extravagant in your speech."

There was just a trace of coldness in Mrs. Raymond's tone; but Mr. Moran, who would at that moment have sworn to almost anything provided it met with the young girl's approval and kept her attention upon himself, and who was, besides, a warm admirer of the old banker, hastened to reply:

"I am not much given, as a rule to sudden attachments, but I believe I may truly say that I do love him."

There was a considerable increase of cordiality in the group after that; still, Henry Moran could not help feeling that Kate avoided any special conversation with himself and kept him so far as she

could at a distance. All he could do was to await the opportunity, which he hoped would come or which he would be enabled to make, for some private speech with Kate; even though it resulted in pressing ever so little the advantage he had gained the other day, and of maintaining the confidential relations which had then sprung up between them. He sat on, therefore, striving to be content with the good impression which had been made on the group by the announcement of his visit to Mr. Mortimer. Everyone present knew that a man whom Mr. Mortimer received as a guest in his sanctum at Cape May must be irreproachable. Another link was formed, especially with Mary, when the visitor said:

"I told Miss Raymond, when I had the good fortune to meet her the other day, that we had some mutual acquaintances."

He glanced at Kate; but Kate was looking down and gave him no encouragement to address her directly; so he finished the speech for Mary's more sympathetic ears:

"Mr. Mortimer is one of those to whom I referred, and Jack Holloway is another."

Mary suddenly blushed with surprise and pleasure.

"How strange that Jack never told us!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"You forget that we have not seen him of late," observed Mrs. Raymond.

Mary did not say what occurred to her: that he might have mentioned in his frequent letters being acquainted with their neighbor.

"He has often spoken of you to me," said Henry Moran. "I intend asking him out here very shortly; and then, Mrs. Raymond, I hope you will do me the favor to make some use of my horses."

Again he glanced at Kate, but she

was looking absently at the moonlight on the mountain top. Mrs. Raymond thanked him smilingly, and also said that she had to express her gratitude for his kindness when her daughter met with an accident on the mountain. It was, perhaps, as well at that stage of affairs that Mrs. Raymond did not catch Henry Moran's expressive glance toward Kate, as he said:

"It was a great happiness to me to be of service."

Kate this time caught the look which gave emphasis to the words, and colored, but it only made her more silent than ever. Some one presently suggested that they should adjourn to the other side of the lawn, where the moon was brighter and the chairs more comfortable. Henry Moran, who remained standing till all were seated, calmly took possession of a garden chair near the identical stump on which he had first seen Kate and where she was now seated. He was on the enchanted ground,—no longer the Peri who "at the gate of paradise sat disconsolate." He was in paradise, he told himself; and in no fool's paradise either; for was he not pursuing that very line of action which had been approved by the wise and good? He wondered how he could ever have endured Newport, with all its glittering unrealities; or how, indeed, he ever could have endured any place but just this. But still he had to bandy jests with Pauline and laugh at Elinor's pretty wisdom and enjoy Mary's practical common-sense; for Kate would have none of him. At another time he was fully conscious that any or all of those girls would be delightful companions. As it was, he felt a desperate desire to make Kate talk against her will, and to see her face light up with smiles as it used to do, and her lovely eyes look toward him. He would probably have had to go away without one

word with Kate but for an unexpected incident, which was no other than the arrival of Father Brophy. He was greeted with a general acclamation.

All were surprised, however, when Henry Moran, who had stood up at the priest's entrance, advanced to shake hands with him.

"Why, halloo!" cried Father Brophy, shaking the extended hand cordially, and giving Henry Moran a comical glance as he did so. "How are you, my fine fellow, after your trips to the sea? You didn't stay long enough to do your health much good."

Henry Moran laughed an embarrassed laugh as he remarked:

"There's no place like home, you know, Father."

"For your complaint, undoubtedly home is the best place," said the priest.

Then he told Kate in a few words that he had come to give her news of a poor family in whom she was interested. This done, he drew Mrs. Raymond and Mary aside for a confidential chat, telling the others to look after themselves for a while. The two younger sisters went off to bring out cool drinks for the guests, and Pauline whispered as they went:

"I think Kate has got an admirer."

"An awfully nice one too," echoed Elinor. "He's the very man I used to see in the trap sometimes."

"You see everything."

"I also observe," continued Elinor, "that he's just dying to talk to Kate; but she's in a queer mood and won't let him."

"We had better keep out of the way then," returned Pauline, "so that she'll simply have to talk. It's so absurd of her to sit there like a statue! And it is so unlike Kate!"

Meanwhile Henry Moran did not lose a moment in seizing the opportunity thus provided for him.

"What have I done?" he asked Kate, going directly to the point.

"Done?" inquired the young girl, with exasperating coldness. "How do you mean?"

"I mean, why do you treat me as you are doing to-night?" he went on, in an injured tone.

"Treat you! Why, I was listening to you and the girls talking."

"And not saying a single word."

"You had enough people to talk to."

"Is it worth while being trivial?"

Henry Moran asked, with something approaching to sternness. "You know you have deliberately ill-treated me to-night, and given me to understand that my visit was not desired."

"Surely you make me appear very inhospitable," remarked Kate, but her voice was not quite steady.

"Perhaps I might make you appear something worse," he said, in the same half-angry manner.

"Something worse?" Kate repeated, and for the first time her eyes were fixed upon him for a moment.

"Yes: uselessly cruel," Henry Moran resumed, "pointedly uncivil. Will you not give me at least a chance to make myself known to you? And then you are free to judge me as you will."

The same old smile began to creep into Kate's eyes and to play about her mouth.

"But what do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Just to be your natural self and to talk—"

"To Father Brophy?"

"No: to me."

"Very well," replied Kate. "I shall try to be on my best behavior and to be pointedly civil."

Henry Moran could not help laughing.

"Shall I begin to talk about the weather or the crops or Farmer Hobson, or any other local topic?" she asked.

"Talk about anything you like!" cried Henry Moran,—*"only talk."*

"So Father Brophy is another of our mutual acquaintances?" Kate observed, rather suddenly.

"Yes," said Henry Moran. "I must tell you sometime—if ever you will give me a chance to talk to you at all—how I came to know him."

"Was it when you were the old gentleman next door?" asked Kate, with polite inquiry.

"No: after I had grown young—if thirty-five can be called young."

"By comparison?" suggested Kate.

"Exactly! And, by the way, I must confess I can not help regretting that old gentleman's death."

"So near a relative," remarked Kate, demurely.

Her demeanor was now so extremely polite—as one who said, *"See how very civil I am trying to be!"*—that Henry Moran was half amused, half vexed.

"Yes, so near a relative that we had every feeling in common; and he procured me so much pleasure that I shall never know again."

"How sad!" said Kate,—*"how very sad! It was a pity you could not have kept him alive."*

Her tone was intensely sympathetic, though her eyes were fairly dancing with mischief. Henry Moran bit his lip, but said nothing.

"He was interesting," Kate resumed. "How did he die?"

"By an awkward mischance," the other answered.

"I remember," said Kate slowly. "It was a man named Freeman, a dreadful person in checks, who killed him."

Henry Moran laughed and reddened.

"He would have had to die soon," he observed. "I could not have remained an old man much longer; and perhaps, if you are good at guessing, you will guess why."

"Oh, dear, no! I never guess things," said Kate. "What's the use of puzzling one's brains?"

The moon was falling about her in a glory just at that moment, whitening her complexion, etherealizing her rare beauty, yet lending a strange wistfulness to her face. Henry Moran would have given at least one of his millions to be able to tell her just then of his hopes and feelings and his one great determination. But her manner was distinctly discouraging; the slightest indiscretion might wreck his hopes. In her delicate pride and reserve she could not be too hastily won; precipitation might change her interest into repulsion. Besides, it would be pleasant, if he might have nothing more, to come and sit upon the lawn and let acquaintanceship gradually ripen into warmer feelings.

(To be continued.)

A Morning Hymn.

FROM THE PARIS BREVARY, BY HAMILTON M. MACGILL.

THE star of morn is in the skies,
Let prayers and praises heavenward rise;
And may the uncreated Light
Shed on our path His sunshine bright!

Oh, let no thought or deed of guile
Our words misguide, our hands defile!
Let truth all simple rule our tongue,
And love our hearts,—love pure and strong!

And as the day fleets fast away,
O Christ, keep watch o'er all our way!
Our senses guard—the soul's wide gates;
For there the foe in ambush waits.

If Thou wilt keep our feet from snares,
Our very toils will rise to prayers;
Finding our great first cause in Thee,
Thou too our great last end wilt be.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
Unto the Son, be glory given,
And to the Spirit evermore,—
One God, the God whom we adore!

A Monastery on the Moy.

BY J. M. LONG.

BY the Moy's banks one realizes painfully how inappropriate is the term "Mayo" to the bare, treeless country across which those sparkling waters hurry to the blue Atlantic. The mountains flank the scene on your right as you travel onward, keeping you well in view until you catch your first glimpse of the ocean at Killala. There they halt precipitously and range themselves in parallel lines behind fair Inniscrone, as in solemn menace to the incoming tide, as though conscious that they are the side wings of a vast stage down which, in the days past and gone, descended the characters that played historic parts in our country's annals. Here, on the shoulder of Slievedhamh, Lord Edward Fitzgerald stood when he decided that the ill-fated French fleet should anchor in Killala Bay, beyond those yellow sand-banks of Inniscrone which he believed would protect them from the enemy's fire. Here, too, those dark peaks keep silent vigil over the ruins of Moyne Abbey.

With what loving fondness the Irish people still cling to the past glories of their monastic institutions! How they love to dwell on that buried past! It was to me a rare treat to listen to the Old-World traditions of this famous abbey, told by the boatman who rowed us down the river from Ballina to Moy pool, near which the ancient pile rears its ivy-crowned head. With tender pathos he dwelt upon each incident of the monks' coming—their landing from the pool on a beautiful evening in autumn; their welcome from the reapers, who no sooner saw the foreign, dark-eyed, sandalled and cowed strangers disembark than, with characteristic Irish

hospitality, they dropped the sickle and the scythe and ran to the water's edge to greet them with a ringing *Cead mile failte!* "An', sir," he said in conclusion, as he rested on his oar and looked at me through a mist of tears, "all they brought with 'em was the bells, the peal of silver bells that the Queen of Spain—God be good to her!—gave 'em as a present an' they leaving; an' them same bells wus sold in Killala to wan Lindsay, afther they wor tuk from the monks, for six hundred pounds."

The Rev. C. P. Meehan, in his "Rise and Fall of the Franciscan Monasteries in Ireland," thus speaks of Moyne Abbey: "In the year 1460 Nehemias O'Donoghue, the first provincial in Ireland of the Observantive Order of St. Francis, memorialed MacWilliam de Burgo to grant him a piece of land in Tyrawley (now Mayo), whereon he might erect a monastery for a community of the reformed Order of St. Francis. MacWilliam gave willing ear to the provincial's prayer. Indeed, he could not refuse any request coming from such a man as the Provincial O'Donoghue; for he was famed throughout all Ireland as an eloquent preacher and a friar of most exemplary life, so much so that his name is recorded with special praise in 'The Book of Adare.'"

Far be it from me in this short sketch to endeavor to furnish an idea, ever so faint, of all that has been achieved for Ireland, especially for this wild Connaught seaboard, by those heroic sons of St. Francis. It will be known in its fulness only when the light of eternity falls upon the book in whose pages the record is kept. Those strangers, poor even to indigence, wedded to poverty—men into whose austere lives the world and its luxuries found no entrance,—were, nevertheless, men of culture and erudition; men eminently qualified to tend the lamp of learning which burned

almost exclusively in those days within the sacred fane. We learn from the ancient archives* that the abbey on the Moy possessed a valuable library, and was during a century and a half the provincial school for the aspirants to the habit of St. Francis; its community never numbering less than fifty friars, including professors, students and lay-brothers. Little marvel that to-day the ivy that clings to its desolate walls, as it trembles in the blast, seems whispering "*Ave Maria*" and "*Ora pro nobis!*"

Those mendicant friars came to the poor, and the poor received them; but as the fame of their sanctity spread broadcast over the land, kings and princes, warriors, bards and brehons, came from far and near to swell the throng that journeyed over bog and mountain at sound of "the church-going bell" to assist at Mass or partake of the sacraments of penance and the Blessed Eucharist at Moyne Abbey. Amongst these earnest and devoted children of St. Patrick stand out in indelible characters the names of such famous chieftains as O'Kelly and Joyce, the O'Dowdas and the De Burgos; the latter, coming to plunder and destroy, remained to love and serve, and rival the aboriginal chieftains in their zeal and devotion to the weal of their adopted land.

As yet no sacrilegious hand had touched the lamp of the sanctuary: its light was over all the land. In those times proud princes and warlike nobles came as little children, strong in the simple, earnest faith of Patrick, to kneel at the friar's feet; and, shriven, arise, forgetting their strifes and enmities, to be reconciled to their foes; not unfrequently to lay down the halberd and sword and take up the cross, the habit and the cowl. In exemplification of

this fact we may quote the authority mentioned before: "Many and many a chieftain of the martial race of O'Dowda, once potent lords of the fair lands from the river robe to covnagh at Drumcliff, renounced the world for the austerities of Moyne, and died in the habit of the Order. In 1538 Owen O'Dowda, who had been thirty years chief of his clan, died a mortified Brother in that venerable monastery; and later, in 1577, another member of the same family, who now sleeps in Moyne Abbey, won the martyr's palm by his refusal to disclose the secrets of the confessional, being cruelly murdered by the English soldiers."*

The dogmatic truth which teaches that the rich are but the stewards of the poor found apt illustration in the lives of those wealthy princes and nobles who bestowed upon the monks abundant alms for the alleviation of the poor, the sick and the afflicted. Upon how this duty of stewardship was fulfilled it behooves us not to dwell: facts speak louder than words. We know that no stone-walled work-houses defaced the land, no rack-renting landlords sent homeless hundreds adrift upon the world; nor did a pauper population (as in later years) lie in famine-stricken heaps by the roadside, dying or dead. The arts of peace and industry flourished. The rhythm of the spinning-wheel made sweet music in the cabin and the cot; the mill-wheel's merry whir was heard as it ground the corn; the deep gave up its treasures to the Irish fisherman; the lamps of learning burned steadily in the land. And all this was the work of the monks.

But dark days dawned for Moyne Abbey as for all the land. In the reign of Elizabeth a grant of the great abbey, with its fertile lands, was made to a

* *Vide* Father C. J. Meehan on "The Rise and Fall of the Franciscan Monasteries in Ireland."

* *Vide* Father Mooney on the Irish Franciscan Monasteries.

layman named Barrett, at a yearly sum of five shillings. However, through the influence of their kind patron, Thomas de Burgo, the friars were secured the possession of a portion of the abbey, which they held under the succeeding sovereigns. Cromwell came with his iron-sides to Ireland, Bible in one hand, sword in the other. Like a torrent they swept the land, leaving in their wake blazing homes, ruined altars, hecatombs of slain. Then did the monks recognize the premonitory signals of dissolution, and, like a loving mother, stretch out their arms to shelter in a last embrace the children whom they were no longer able to defend.

The Angelus bell had tolled the noontide chime, the ringer in the tower saw a cloud of dust advancing on the distant skyline; nearer and yet nearer it came. Alarmed, he called the monks; the tramp of horses and flash of mail resolved their doubts, and they prepared to baffle their enemies by instant flight. A lay-brother named Felix O'Hara—a man grown old and grey in the service of God—declined to leave. "My life is too far spent for flight," he said; "mayhap they'll spare me." As he spoke the troopers burst open the postern gate, and, dashing wildly in, ransacked and pillaged the sacred edifice. But within they found no living thing: the monks had fled. "Where are they?" a soldier cried. "We must find them." A mad rush was made once more through the now silent cloisters. They had not gone far when their captain, emerging from the church, said: "I've found one of them."—"Where is he?" they yelled, like ravening-wolves thirsting for blood.—"In his gore," he replied, with a ghastly, mocking laugh. He had murdered the holy man at the foot of God's altar. Then, with a wild yell of exultation, they pillaged and desecrated the abbey.

Two attempts were made to convert Moyne Abbey into a private residence, but a wise dispensation of Providence rescued it from such a fate; the promoters of the scheme, on each occasion, having gone stark mad within its walls.

Deft hands were those that raised that ancient pile, whose solid masonry has defied alike the ravages of time and hate. Three centuries have come and gone since that, postern gate, through which the monks were wont to issue on their errands of mercy, dropped from its hinges; but the aperture of solid stone is perfect still; so, too, is the study-hall where many a precious Irish manuscript was read or written. The crystal stream still ripples 'neath the archway in the kitchen, where fish was caught for their humble meals. The pillared cloister that so often rang to the sound of their footfall, as in prayerful meditation they paced its shade, has been rescued from its growth of rank weeds and nettles by its present custodians, the Board of Works; it is in almost as perfect a state of preservation as though its owners had but left it yesterday. The massive square tower and belfry, ninety feet high, a marvel of ancient architecture, is still intact.

Though rigid Poverty, the spouse of St. Francis, is stamped upon every line of the interior of the abbey, the church alone, the exquisite beauty of whose architecture was once the theme of every tongue, still bears testimony to a spirit prodigal in the adornment of God's house. The Gothic windows which pierce the eastern and western wall display evidence, in their unbroken outline, of the rare skill and taste of the period; and the dimensions of the nave and transept go far to prove that no sordid ideas dominated the minds of the architects of those days. Pathetically suggestive to the visitor to the abbey

are the roofless walls and grass-grown floors; so also the sashless windows, staring blankly into space, like sightless eyes, mercifully bereft of vision that they may not witness the desecration, desolation and decay that have fallen upon the holy place.

And as his mind visualizes the sad drama of the history of Moyne Abbey he feels the clouds of ages roll back, and he is brought into very touch with the sainted abbot, the martyred priest, the rapt, illuminated friar, and the murdered lay-brother, who lived and died within those walls. The proud princes of Tyrawley, the royal O'Dowdas and the noble De Burgos, the great and mighty ones of Connaught, warriors, bards and brehons, are to him a living, palpable reality, not obscure shadows in the chaos of fabled history. Here they lie, a noble host, awaiting the call of the last trumpet. Amongst these illustrious dead, too, are numbered those of later date, though not lesser fame. The episcopal arms of a Bellew mark the last resting-place of a martyr of penal times who was hanged for his faith in the streets of Killala; and a simple tablet in a far-off corner tells that "John Knox," in life a persecutor, in death a convert to the Catholic faith, rests here.

The walls which once encircled the abbey,* and which, like the abbey itself, were composed of finest oolite, were carried off and used in the erection of two feudal castles built by Cromwell's troopers; but it is a strange fact, well known in the neighborhood, that no inmate of those castles ever knew peace or happiness within those walls.

Interesting as it is to linger in the shade of our Irish monastic ruins, whose chief office now is to link us with a past which many would fain forget, or to adorn a scene which in this hyper-

practical age has only its financial aspect, yet, in order to rescue our pen from the obloquy of sentimentalism, we, too, would take an up-to-date view of the picture we have endeavored to draw of this abbey, which has had so leading a part in the history of Connaught.

There is no denying the fact that Moyne Abbey seems overshadowed by a Providence which designs it for further service in the cause of religion. Greater work than to awaken emotional sensations in the breast of a passing tourist seems dawning for it in the near future. It is no wild dream of an enthusiast to predict its renovation and restoration to its ancient owners. A spirit is again abroad which is leading up to its rehabilitation by the Franciscan friars,—the spirit that hovered over Ireland whilst the penal night flung its banner of darkness over our bleeding country; the spirit that guided our fathers into the ocean cavern or mountain pass, where, at peril of their lives, they assisted at the celebration of the sacred rites of their religion; the spirit that made Moyne Abbey once a power in West Connaught, that lit the lamp of learning and kept it burning amid the crushing calamities that befell our land.

The thread of history dropped three hundred years ago by the martyred monks has been caught up by the Irish Sisters of Charity,—caught up with the forceful energy which only such a spirit can inspire; caught up with such effect that its fibres are already woven into a record unparalleled in the history of our times,—a record in itself a powerful illustration of the efficiency of Irish intelligence and energy when directed into the proper channel. The mill on the Moy has sprung into existence under the auspices of this devoted Sisterhood; and phenomenal has been the rapidity with which the goods turned out of its looms have won for it a position

* Vide Meehan's history.

and name in the world's commerce.

Like those monks of old, the Sisters of Charity, voluntarily poor in all things save the love of the Crucified, came to the poor of Connaught, but not in the hush of the sunset to the reapers of golden grain. The dawn had already broken over Ireland, it is true; in its grey light she had shaken herself free of some of her penal fetters, but the mists of morning were still thick on the hills of Connaught and dark on its bogs and fells. They came to the poor, but the poor received them not. Silence, deep-toned and awful, was the only answer that echo brought back over the waters to their call.

Nevertheless, in their ears that language was as easy of interpretation as the *Cead mile failte* that greeted the sandalled monks in days gone by. Their hearts did not quail at its meaning; though it told them that, ere the Moy flowed on again 'twixt banks of golden grain and autumn plenty, an almost death-struggle should be encountered. The Cross of Christ on their breasts, His love in their hearts, and tender pity in their souls for their forlorn compatriots, they went forth to meet it. The hills were climbed, the bogs traversed, and, weary and footsore, they wandered by lake and fell; at length, in roofless hovels, by fireless hearths, they found the last remnants of a glorious race, worthy descendants of martyrs and confessors who had preferred cold, hunger and nakedness to the "mess of pottage" bought with the "pearl of great price"—the faith of their fathers.

Like the monks of old, so, too, are the Sisters of Charity royal almoners, stewards of the poor. But they have fallen upon evil days. The chieftains of Ireland have passed away, her kings and her princes are no more. Three millions of her confiscated wealth flow

annually eastward; her hungry children in thousands fly westward, whilst her brave, heroic daughters struggle to stem the tide. But her faith is not dead: her nuns and her monks are still the royal almoners of the King of kings. The boundless treasure-house of Divine Providence holds alms sufficient for the poor of Connaught. His words stand rooted in eternity, and on His promise alone rests the unwavering hope of the Sisters of Charity for present and future never-failing succor.

The Trouble at Mrs. MacTeuchan's.

BY MARY CROSS.

DARK against the clear blue sky rose Ben Nevis; the lights of Fort William glittered like stars. It was "twilight and moth-time, the air full of soft little voices, humming and beating of filmy wings." Beside the open window of one of the few houses which make up the village of Corpach, a young man was writing with that delight in his work which some of us deem the author's best reward. He had fled from the city's roar and din to complete a book amidst surroundings that should be conducive to mental labor, and he congratulated himself that one more chapter would be added before night. Nature seemed to stand with finger on lip in order that he might not be distracted or disturbed.

Suddenly from an adjacent garden came an ear-piercing shriek, which subsided by slow degrees into growlings and mutterings; and Douglas Scott clapped his hands to his ears and ground his teeth.

"Those outrageous cats again!" he exclaimed. "Is there one quiet spot on the face of the earth, I wonder? They were at it all last night, the wretches!"

The swelling cadences were renewed,

and top notes taken in a style suggestive of infanticide. Douglas flung the window wider still, and hurled his slipper madly into space. There was a faint scream, then perfect peace. He threw aside a blotted sheet of manuscript, dipped his pen into the ink and began again. He had achieved two or three sentences, when there was an imperative knock at the door, and Douglas groaned rather than said:

"Come in! (I shall get used to things in time.) Oh, come in!"

There entered a youth with a big nose, merry blue eyes, a London accent, and Mr. Scott's slipper, which he held up at arm's-length.

"My name is Harry Anson," said he. "I believe this is your slipper. Will you explain why you threw it at my dear and honored mother's head?"

"Do you mean to tell me that your mother—sings—like that? On my word, I thought it was cats."

"Cats? Oh,—ah, hem, I see! You were aiming at them, were you? Just so. The mystery is solved. My sister has three grimalkins, and they do meet for choir practice in the garden occasionally. Still, I can't see why people who enjoy the bagpipes should object to feline melodies. Where's the difference?"

Douglas turned back his cuffs and prepared for action.

"Now, I am not going to stand that! You shan't shelter yourself behind my slipper and insult the national music."

Anson assumed the defensive, and friendly sparring followed, in the midst of which Mrs. MacTeuchan, Douglas' landlady, entered in a state of indignation. They had near sent down the ceiling, she declared; and she would not allow such conduct. 'Did they call themselves Christians? Mr. Scott should think it a shame to ill-use a lad that way. It was an awfu' thing to see a man letting his passion get the better

of him, but she would not allow it in her house.'

"It was only fun," observed Douglas, lightly; to which she retorted that it was "a queer kind o' fun."

Hostilities being suspended, she retired, and the young fellows surveyed each other with suppressed mirth. Anson extended a cigar case.

"Are you allowed to smoke? Will it soothe your savage breast, since mew-sic does not?"

"Quarter, quarter! Kill me outright if you will, but don't torture me with puns. Seriously, I hope Mrs. Anson was not really frightened or hurt by the arrival of my slipper."

"Well, it was rather alarming to have a missile of such dimensions hurled into our quiet little garden; but, happily, no harm was done. I will try to curb the vocal excesses of May's pets for the future, so as to stay bombardments. Not that I regret this one. It has given us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other. We are to be here for three months; and, not knowing any one, I find it a bit dull. Perhaps you won't mind if I occasionally join your rambles?"

They chatted amicably till a late hour, finding that they had much in common besides youth and high spirits.

Mrs. MacTeuchan confronted him at the breakfast-table next morning with stern and reproachful sadness.

"A queer thing this, Mr. Scott!" said she, shaking her head.

"Which?" he asked, looking from one dish to another.

"You mind yon young man you was fechtin' wi' last nicht?"

"Fighting indeed! What about him?"

"He hasna been seen since."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"As much as I've said, sir. His mother's in an awfu' way, puir body. She's a widow, like mysel'."

"In the name of all that is patient, tell me what you are talking about?"

"Eh, but you've an awfu' temper, Mr. Scott! The lad's missing. They sent in to ask what time he left you last night, but that was mair than I could say. I went on my errands yon time I asked you not to handle him so roughly, and I canna say what happened after. But he is no' to be found."

"And what have I to do with that?"

"Ye ken best yersel', sir. Would it no' be better to make a clean breast of it?"

Douglas stared at her aghast.

"Well, of all the old stupid!" he ejaculated.

Leaving his breakfast untouched, he betook himself to the Anson's house, feeling much annoyed. Did these people imagine that he had made away with their relative? But his irritation passed when he encountered a delicate, gentle widow, pale with anxiety; and a girl who looked all frightened, brown eyes and tear-fringed lashes.

"I am Douglas Scott," he said. "My landlady has been telling me that you are in distress about your son, who called on me last night. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Oh, we did hope that you might know something of his movements!" said Mrs. Anson, tearfully. "He has not come home: we have never seen him since he went away to call on you."

"He left me with the intention of returning home, as far as I know," said Douglas.

"But he has not done so. Where is he? Such a thing never happened before. He may have fallen into the canal and—O my poor boy!"

"Have you no other acquaintances here?" asked Douglas; he felt as if his breath had been taken away.

"No, not one. Some dreadful accident has surely befallen him; that is the only explanation."

"The police had better be informed at once," said Douglas. "I will cycle to the station and tell them all I can without delay."

He tried to express the sympathy he felt; and was rewarded by a faint, sad smile from Mrs. Anson, and a grateful glance from her daughter's soft eyes. He was more disturbed by Anson's disappearance, than he had cared to show, and gloomy forebodings entered his mind. He earnestly hoped that no calamity had overtaken his light-hearted acquaintance, but doubt and fear persistently asserted themselves.

Mrs. MacTeuchan was on guard at her door, and eyed him closely as he entered, without uttering a syllable. But when he was wheeling forth his bicycle she barred the way. On no account would she allow him to leave the premises until Mr. Anson had been found. She knew her duty better than that. He explained his intentions, only to be met with an ominous shake of the head and a more than incredulous smile.

"It's the first steamer or train awa' from here, and not the police, you'll be looking for," she said significantly.

"My dear, good soul, you are causing a most deplorable loss of time, as well as prolonging the anxiety of the young gentleman's relatives. Do stand aside and let me go. How do you know what even a few minutes' delay may cost?"

Mrs. MacTeuchan was obdurate. No, he should not escape, she vowed. She would send for the police and see that justice was done. As he could not knock her down, or walk over her or through her, he was virtually a prisoner.

"Well, produce the handcuffs," said the young man, bitterly. "The remains are in my hat-box."

At this terrible confession poor Mrs. MacTeuchan screamed and fled into the kitchen, the door of which she locked and barricaded. Thus unexpectedly

delivered, Douglas wheeled his bicycle to the gate, and almost ran over the cause of all the commotion—Harry Anson himself.

"I say, hasn't this been a game?" was Harry's salutation.

"A game? What sort of a game?" demanded Douglas. "Do you know that I'm suspected of having made away with you? My worthy landlady is prepared to hand me over to the authorities for having slaughtered you. Do you mind explaining the rules of this particular 'game'? I haven't played it before."

"Dear me! Mother did tell me that there had been a bit of a fuss over my supposed disappearance, but she has not known how thrilling it was. She sent me off post-haste to stop your ordering drags. It was this way, you see. Last night was so glorious that after I left you I went for a walk, lost my way, and had to take refuge with a cotter until morning. It seemed better than wandering about the moors. I am very sorry to have made such a sensation. Come and have breakfast with us. I will tell Mrs. MacTeuchan that the body has been found."

About a month later Douglas and Miss Anson were wandering through the garden "in dewy darkness dear as day." A prolonged *miaow* rent the silence, and May uttered a swift rebuke.

"Don't!" said Douglas. "I like to hear them. Sing on, sweet pussies! Warble as you will! But for those dulcet strains I should not have flung my slipper into this garden; and if I had not flung my slipper into this garden, Harry would not have called on me; and if Harry had not called—"

"Are you attempting a new version of the house that Jack built?"

"No: of the castle that Douglas built, in the air, perchance; and yet if you could think of me—"

The engagement is announced.

Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. Dr. Stackpole came into national prominence some years ago by his criticisms of the American Methodist mission in Rome. The Doctor was a man of light and leading in the mission for four years, and on his return published a volume in which he told things—told of extravagant expenditures, of falsifying membership statistics; of the minister who borrowed a neighboring congregation to make a good show when the presiding elder visited him; of the Methodist Sunday-school that was deserted by the indignant young Italians when the weekly prize was discontinued, etc., etc. These criticisms did not please the Methodist clergy in this country, and Brother Stackpole's lines have since fallen in unpleasant places. "He informs me," writes another Protestant clergyman, the honest and learned Dr. Starbuck, "that ever since his return there has been a steady effort to push him out of the Methodist church, and this has at last been successful. He has joined the Congregationalists." The judicious know that it is not pure zeal for the spiritual welfare of the Italian people that induces our Methodist brethren to lavish missionaries and money upon the country of the Holy Father. There are still people who mistake hatred of the Pope for love of God.

Some French journalists whose normal wit is more or less affected by the unwonted ardor of the summer sun have suggested that the Lourdes Water should be sterilized, and that sick persons should be forbidden to bathe in the famous piscina at the Grotto because of the microbes with which it is probably infested. Still other journalists in that paradoxical land of theoretical freedom and practical oppression quite seriously declare war on the holy-water fonts

to be found in every parish church. An Italian doctor, M. Vincenzi, has, it appears, examined the water in one of the fonts in his own country, and he found there bacilli with names long enough to terrify the ordinary layman, and bacteria whose magnified aspect is horrible enough to raise the hair on one's head in spontaneous imitation of "quills upon the fretful porcupine." It is a pretty safe statement to make that, unless the matter is laughed down by the quick-witted French people, the anti-Catholic government of France will, with all due red tape and legislative forms, solemnly proscribe the existence of holy-water fonts throughout their *chère France*. Fortunately for the comfort of mankind generally, this business of discovering unnumbered deadly microbes everywhere and in everything has been so thoroughly overdone by the scientists or pseudo-scientists that common-sense people have ceased to bother themselves very seriously about the imminent risks they are supposed to run in drinking ordinary water, breathing ordinary air,—doing, in fact, as their ancestors did. And, by the way, those ancestors of ours lived fully as long as do people in this ultra-scientific age. In the meantime France needs not less but *more* holy water.

As the incidents of the Boxer persecution in China begin to assume their proper perspective, one can not but be struck with the numerous and undoubtedly genuine supernatural apparitions which in almost every district encouraged the besieged Christians or terrified their fanatical assailants. In his frequent lectures in France on the Chinese horrors, Mgr. Favier has told of the repeated appearance of a "White Lady" on the towers of the Pietang cathedral. The Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers of the persecuted missions of North China

relate similar occurrences; and a recent number of a French exchange gives the interesting details of yet other supernatural visions seen in Manchooria. Pagan soldiers beheld legions of men clad in white occupying the ramparts and towers of the Tchao mission, where, all told, eight Christians formed the garrison. In another mission among the northern mountains the sentinels tell of two banners frequently seen floating in the air above the residence of the Fathers and the northern wall; and of the brilliancy of the church, which seemed to be illuminated as with an interior sun. Where so many hundred of the native Christians gladly embraced martyrdom, no genuine Catholic will be surprised to learn that Heaven deigned to encourage its children by manifestations so wonderful; although, of course, it will be the Church's business to pronounce on their miraculous character.

A prominent Canadian judge, in a vigorous public pronouncement, declares that if it were not for immigration the population of the United States would show decrease instead of increase. The New Woman finds children an impediment to social activities, hence she rebels against maternity. This matter is rightly occupying much attention nowadays, and expressions of solicitude are general. Miss Kate Stephens, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, concludes an article on "The New England Woman" with these words:

The old phase of the New England woman is passing. It is the hour for some poet to voice her threnody. Social conditions under which she developed are almost obliterated. She is already outnumbered in her own home by women of foreign blood, an ampler physique, a totally different religious conception, a far different conduct, and a less exalted idea of life. Intermixtures will follow and racial lines will gradually fade, and in the end she will not persist. Her passing is due to the unnumbered husbandless and the physical attenuation of the married,—attenuation resulting from their spare and meagre diet, and,

it is also claimed, from the excessive household labor of the mothers. More profoundly causative—in fact, inciting the above conditions—was the debilitating religion impressed upon her sensitive spirit. Mayhap in this present decay some Moira is punishing that awful crime of self-sufficing ecclesiasticism. Her unproductivity—no matter from what reason, whether from physical necessity or a spirit-searching flight from the wrath of God—has been her death.

The “general satisfaction” which it was expected would greet the amendment of the English Oath of Accession has been conspicuously absent both in Parliament and in the press. Catholics, though grateful for the elimination of several insulting expressions, are still unable to understand why their religion alone is singled out for ostracism; and many fair-minded sectarians share their perplexity. Lord Grey, in an able and very manly speech, characterized the Oath as “pre-eminently ridiculous.” From the running report of his address we quote the following:

Any Buddhist, any Kaffir, any Mahomedan, any atheist, even the Mahdi or the Empress of China, might make this declaration without the slightest violence to his or her conscience or beliefs. If the object of the Declaration was to secure that this Protestant kingdom should be governed by a Protestant king, a form of declaration that might honestly be made by the Empress of China or the Mahdi does not strike one as being especially suitable for the purpose. If the object of the Declaration was to prevent this kingdom from being governed by a Popish prince, I venture to assert that it was unhappily conceived, because every word of the latter half of the Declaration might be uttered—in the plain and ordinary sense of the words used, as they were commonly understood by English Protestants and without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever—by any Roman Catholic or even by the Pope himself.

That brings me to my third point, which is that this Declaration involved a gratuitous insult to twelve million of his Majesty's subjects. Lord Beaconsfield once said that, in view of the large number of Mahomedan subjects of the Queen, the representatives of the Crown ought carefully to abstain from denouncing their religion. Are the Roman Catholics of Ireland, of Canada, and of Australasia entitled to less consideration than the King's Mahomedan subjects? I am aware that the more offensive words have been withdrawn from the Declaration; but if this amended

Declaration were adopted by Parliament, Roman Catholics would realize that the King, in language which could be used by any infidel, was required to repudiate officially and publicly the most sacred doctrines of their religion, and that they were the only sect which was selected for this treatment. Is there no legitimate ground of grievance here? Personally, if I were a Roman Catholic—and there is no member of this House who is more violently opposed to the doctrines of the Roman Catholics than I am,—I think I should prefer to leave the Declaration unamended, and regard it as an archaic and meaningless form, rather than accept this amended Declaration, which would stand forth as the deliberate reaffirmation by Parliament of an anti-Catholic spirit which was contrary to the religious liberty which this country has now seen finally established.

The English bishops, headed by Cardinal Vaughan, have appealed to the Select Committee to omit all reference to theological subjects. All shades of liberality and bigotry are expressed by the press and the pulpit, and if “general satisfaction” fails to be the outcome it will not be from any lack of discussion of the Oath.

It is curious to note how our war in the Philippines has fallen out of the public sight. We are still supporting an army there twice as large as the total number of Boers in South Africa; yet our newspapers seldom give a paragraph to our own war, while they eagerly snap up every scrap of news about the Boers. Before we became imperialists, we are assured, the total cost of our army and navy annually was a trifle over \$50,000,000; now it is almost four times that sum, while the civil administration lately established in the islands raises the amount considerably. That seems rather a heavy price to pay for the poor privilege of boasting that the geographical centre of the United States is now in the Pacific Ocean, some distance west of San Francisco.

The University of Glasgow recalled an historical episode that has been duplicated in many countries when, inviting

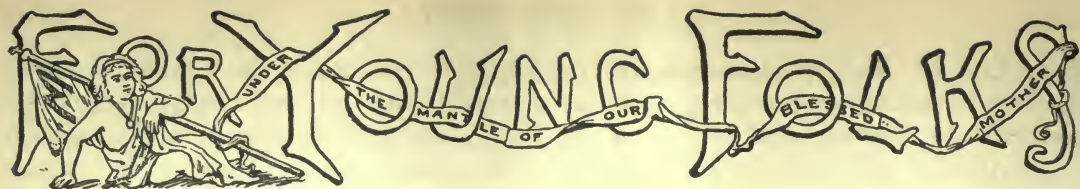
Pope Leo to send a representative to the festivities commemorating the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, it reminded the Holy Father that the founder of the University was his predecessor, Nicholas V. Like Oxford and Cambridge in England, it was Catholic zeal for education that created Glasgow; and it was a graceful homage to the founder, this declaration by the rector and faculty that "this splendid University, which is to-day enriched with all wealth of talent and works, started from the Apostolic See itself, and commenced with the most loving patronage of the Supreme Pontiff." Needless to say the Holy Father replied in a message full of good feeling and announced his intention of sending a representative.

The idea of holding a missionary conference this month at Winchester, Tennessee, is a happy one. If educators, craftsmen, and professional men find it profitable to meet for the discussion of methods and ways and means of strengthening themselves in their work, surely a meeting of missionaries will give a new impulse to apostolic work and clear away obstacles. The exchange of thought and experience will be invaluable, more especially to the younger missionaries; and many new workers will probably be added to the non-Catholic missions. A Southern city was wisely chosen for the conference; for the question of mission work in the Southern States is one of the most important as well as difficult problems that confront the Church in this country.

The heroicity of the virtues of the Venerable Emilie de Rodat was recently proclaimed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The decree which accords this honor to the foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Family contains, in its initial paragraph, an outspoken condemnation

of the persecution to which religious communities are at present subjected in France and elsewhere. We translate; "In these days when, even among nations who pride themselves upon their civilization and even boast of their Catholic name, the most violent war is waged against religious Orders, in spite of the unanimous protest of honest citizens,—in these days it is a remarkable design of Divine Providence that the Holy See should exert itself to honor the memory of those who, in such religious communities, made themselves notable by the sanctity of their lives and the splendor of their admirable merits." Leo XIII. may well feel profoundly depressed by the action of the French government; but it is not at all improbable that he will yet live to see "the eldest daughter of the Church" awake from the partial lethargy that has for years beclouded her spiritual faculties, and show herself actively and vigorously Catholic as in the brightest days of her saintly kings.

For years the Irish bishops have urged the British government to make adequate provision for the spiritual wants of Catholic sailors, but their requests have never been seriously taken up. Once, indeed, when Cardinal Logue declared his intention of advising Irish boys against joining the navy unless this grievance was remedied, a prominent English Cabinet officer threatened puerile reprisals, and this in a public speech in Parliament. The patience of the bishops has at length been exhausted, and at their last meeting they issued a statement in which they say: "We now deem it our duty to advise Catholic parents not to allow their children to join his Majesty's ships until suitable arrangements shall be made to minister to the spiritual wants of Catholic seamen in the fleet."



Told in the Ages Olden.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

IT is told of the Holy Family, as they journeyed through Egypt's land,
Toiling 'neath blazing sunshine, through fiery wastes of sand,
That the gods of the pagan temples reared in the desert brown,
When Jesus was carried past them all trembled and fell down.
And 'tis said that, when hungry and thirsty, they came to a stately palm,
All in the hush of evening when the air was cool and calm,
It bowed its crown of leafage, so tall and straight and grand,
Dropping its golden fruitage into the Infant's hand.
These may be legends only, but they are good to read,
Told in the ages olden, when faith was faith indeed;
When hope in things eternal was life's best, sweetest part,
And charity reigned immortal in every Christian heart.

A Saintly Maiden and Her Pets.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

AMONG the letters that the carrier left in my hallway one morning last week, I found a note marked "Important." Without delay I began to read its contents, which ran as follows:

DEAR UNCLE:—If you are thinking of coming over to our house some evening soon, I wish you would get some pretty stories of St. Rose ready. We have a namesake of hers visiting us—Rose Walsh, of Boston; and I think it would be nice to get her interested in her patroness. She's a year younger than

me, but doesn't go to a convent school. We'll all be home to-morrow night.

Your affectionate niece,

BRIDE BARRY.

P. S.—She wears spectacles and says "ideer" for *idea*.

The next evening I accordingly proceeded to Main Street, and was duly presented to the young lady from Boston. Despite her nose-glasses and a tendency to use more "jaw-breakers"—as Charlie contemptuously termed her occasional big words—than is common among misses of her years in our town, Rose impressed me as being a pleasant, unaffected, pretty little girl. She envied the Barry children the privilege of going to the Sisters' school; and insisted to Clare, in my hearing, that she was quite positive no Sister *could* be so cross and strict and "acrinomious" as her teacher, Miss Sullivan.

"Uncle," said Bride, "I have been asking Rose whether she knows much about the saint she's named after; and she says she has always been under the impression that she is called after her aunt, Rose Collins, who, it seems, is not just as amiable as the saints are supposed to be."

"Aunt Collins is a very good woman," said Rose; "but sometimes, when she loses her temper, or 'gets her Irish up,' as papa says, she can be very abusive."

"Well, well, my dear! we won't discuss your aunt's character. If you were called after her, she was probably called after the saint whom Bride has in mind; and that saint is your patroness as well as your aunt's. Would you like to hear something about her?"

"Yes, please sir."

"All right. Well, now, can any of you

young folks tell me where Lima is? It is spelled L-i-m-a, by the way, although pronounced Leema."

"Sounds like one of them places where the Boxers have been killin' our brave missionaries," replied Charlie. "In China, isn't it?"

"If I remember rightly," said Rose, "we had it in our geography lesson last month. I think it's the capital of some country in South America."

"Of course it is," assented Miss Bride. "Charlie Hogan, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I thought everybody knew that Chinese names always end in 'ang' or 'ho' or 'tsin.'"

"Oh, never mind China!" said Clare. "What about Lima, uncle?"

"Lima is a city of Peru, with something over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and a university that is the oldest in America—"

"Excepting Harvard, I suppose?"—this from the Boston Miss.

"Excepting none, young lady. Harvard was founded in 1636, while the University of Lima was chartered eighty-five years before, in 1551. Something more to the honor of the city, however, than the age of its great school is the fact that within its walls was born the first American saint, to whose name is generally added that of her birthplace—St. Rose of Lima. Born in 1586, Rose was destined to live only thirty-one years; so at the time of her death, Bride, she was just about as old as your Aunt Annie is now. It would almost seem as if she knew her life was not to be a very long one; for she began when very young indeed to practise all the virtues that have ever distinguished the saints. While still a tiny little girl she used to fast, get up during the night to pray, and mortify herself in a number of other ways.

"With all this she was just as gentle and kind and sweet as an angel. She

was very good to the poor; and full, too, of affection for animals, as you will see. One day there was a great clucking heard in the yard at Rose's home; and, looking out of the kitchen window, she saw a very proud old hen strutting about with a dozen beautiful little chickens following her. Rose hastened out to admire them, and instantly fell in love with a particularly pretty little fellow, all fluffy white. She decided to make him her special pet, and thenceforward treated him so kindly (although the mother hen sometimes objected quite vigorously to his being taken into the house) that the chicken soon grew to know her, and like her too, as well as his cackling parent.

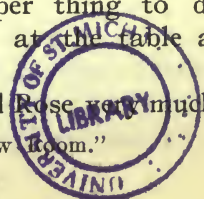
"This was all very well, and Rose's pet was a favorite with the whole family for some weeks; but as he grew up his original prettiness vanished, and after a while he became a very lanky, scraggy-looking fowl indeed. Moreover, he seemed absolutely dumb. His young brothers had all begun to imitate their pompous father who crowed so triumphantly every morning, and—"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I beg pardon, uncle! I really couldn't help it."

"You ought to beg the rooster's pardon, Charlie. 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' is not the note that a genuine cock crows. 'Tis more like this: *Ooauk-auk-auk-au-au-auk*.* Well, as I was saying, the other little cocks had been crowing at the top of their voices for some weeks, while Rose's pet never sang a note. This was very unfortunate for him, because Rose's mother, who was an excellent housekeeper, came to the conclusion that he was not likely to prove a successful rooster, and so decided that the proper thing to do was to serve him up at the table as roast chicken.

"This decision grieved Rose very much,

* See Max Adeler's "Elbow Room."



as she was still fond of her pet,—and, indeed, seemed to like him more than ever since he had begun to be neglected by the rest of the family. She begged her mamma to spare his life, but mamma was inflexible. What was to be done? The poor little saint had no resource but her tears, and so she began to weep.

“All at once, however, she started up as if inspired, called her chicken to her, took him up and, caressing him, said: ‘Crow, my dear,—crow; and they won’t kill you!’ And right away, just as if he had only been waiting for his mistress’ orders, the little cock *did* crow. Clear and shrill and ringing with triumph, his soprano voice was heard in such a clarion *Ooauk-auk-auk-au-au-auk* that the pompous old rooster who presided over the yard felt sure some presumptuous rival had come to challenge him to mortal combat, and he hurried up to the kitchen to maintain his rights and chastise any alien cock who should dare dispute them.

“More than the old rooster were surprised. Rose’s mother didn’t have the heart to cut short the career of one who promised to become the very champion of chanticleers; so he wasn’t turned into roast chicken, after all. No other rooster in Lima could henceforth rival him as a crower; and no other, either, was so perfectly docile to master or mistress as was St. Rose’s pet.”

“Well,” remarked Bride, “I can’t say I admire her taste very much. It appears to me I should have chosen *my* pet among singing-birds if I was fond of music. Cock-crowing is noisy enough, but it isn’t particularly melodious, at least in *my* opinion.”

“Not so fast, Miss Bride! St. Rose liked her chicken very much, but that doesn’t say that she had no other pets. As a matter of fact, another of her favorites was just such a one as you

speak of—a singing-bird. The author of her life tells us that every morning this pretty little songster used to come and perch on the sill of Rose’s window, and then there would follow a regular concert. Rose would sing one stanza of a hymn, then nod to the bird, who would take up the air and trill it out, with a number of exquisite variations, till he received the signal to stop. Thus each in turn sang a stanza until the hymn was finished.”

“How pretty!” exclaimed the Boston Rose. “Did my patroness have any other pets among animals?”

“Oh, yes! But I can hardly tell you all about her in one evening. You may form some idea, however, of her friendly relations with all irrational creatures from this fact, that even the mosquitos, gnats, and other insects that are such a nuisance in hot countries like Peru, never bothered her at all. She had made at the foot of her garden a sort of arbor, which served as a little hermitage where she could pray and meditate in peace. The mosquitos and other winged insects went there in swarms, but they never touched Rose. Somebody having one day noticed this strange fact, asked her how it happened. ‘You see,’ she replied, ‘I have made a bargain with them. They are not to sting me, and on my side I am not to hurt them or drive them away. They are very good, and not only do not annoy me, but when I am singing canticles of praise to God, they seem to accompany me with the subdued noise of their wings.’”

“Now, that’s a blame good idea!” commented Charlie. “The first time I go fishing next summer, I’ll offer the mosquitos up Lawlor’s Brook the same bargain. If they don’t bite, I’ll let them hum away, around me, just as much as they want to. Do you suppose it will work, uncle?”

"If you were as saintly a boy as St. Rose was a girl, I see no reason why it shouldn't. As it is, I don't know that I should care to insure your being exempted from the mosquito bites. But I must be going, or my whist partner at the club will lose patience altogether. Good-night, all!"

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

V.—ROCKLAND COLLEGE.

It was a great day in Harry Russell's life when on the 27th of August, for the first time, he walked up the long flight of steps and timidly rang the front-door bell. The heavy oak door was swung back by an ancient porter, whose face had been the object of old Time's pencilling for eighty years. He was short in stature but quite active still. He had a large head and a prominent nose. Were it not for a pleasant, musical voice and a kind, fatherly manner, the timid boy might easily have imagined that he was the ogre who guarded this castle of learning.

"What do you want, please?" asked the porter as Harry stood speechless before him.

Entering college, thought Harry, was quite a different thing from fighting for Nancy's rights. To tell the truth, just at the present moment, had he a choice in the matter, he would have preferred the latter occupation.

"I want to see the head—the president of this college, if you please."

"Oh! you are a new boy, are you? Come in. Sit down here in the parlor. The president is now seeing other new boys and you must take your turn. He won't keep you waiting long. Here are three other boys waiting to see him."

Harry Russell glanced nervously at the other three "youths." Owing to

the nervous condition of all of them, none made any advances toward better acquaintance. Harry sat down on the edge of a chair and held his hat between his knees. He felt every now and then at his pocket to make sure that the letter of introduction which Mr. Longstreet had given him for the president was safe. In half an hour Harry's turn came.

"Come now," said the porter. He led him to the president's office.

"Come in!" Harry heard in response to his knock, given in a deep, cheerful, hearty tone. A moment later the boy stood in the presence of the head of Rockland College, with which he was to be so intimately acquainted for several years.

Somehow or other, the "new boy" had expected to find the head a severe-looking man, with birch or ferule close at hand ready for immediate execution. He found quite the opposite of all this. He stood before a ruddy-faced gentleman, whose eyebrows and hair were perfectly white, and whose pleasant smile and hearty, winning ways would capture any boy's heart.

"So you are Harry Stanley Russell!" said the president, after reading the letter of introduction. "Glad to make your acquaintance, my boy. I hope we shall be great friends. How old are you, Harry?"

"Fifteen next Christmas, Father."

"So! You will be a man when you graduate, Harry. Let us go and see the prefect of studies. He will examine you, and perhaps you can save one year out of the seven. Before I put you into his hands I wish to give you a word of advice. You are about to enter upon a new career. You will be required to study very hard; but still I do not think that mere book-learning alone makes educated men. Much more than this is expected of our boys—manliness,

honesty, reverence for holy things, and respect for and obedience to authority. Do you think, Russell, that you can come up to our standard?"

Harry raised his head. He was already captivated and completely under the president's influence. He looked the speaker full in the face with a genuinely open, honest expression.

"I mean to try, Father," he answered.

"That's good. That pleases me very much,—much more than if you had promised absolutely. Well, my boy, do not be afraid to come to me with any of your difficulties and trials. I want you to let me be your friend. I shall always be glad to see you. Now, let us go and find Father Henley."

Rockland was a splendidly equipped college. Harry noticed, as he passed through the corridors, the various classrooms, chemical laboratory, science rooms, library, reading-rooms, and the museum. For his age, the boy was more or less of an original thinker. His chief impression just at the moment was thankfulness to Mr. Longstreet, whose kindness had secured for him these advantages. He knew that in a few days all these treasures would be open to him. He was a great reader. When he caught sight of the immense cases of inviting books in the students' library, his eyes fairly bulged with anticipated pleasure.

"I think we can put this young man into the special class, Father. Will you kindly examine him at once and see if he is fit for it?" said the president.

Harry Russell was found to be sufficiently proficient for the special Latin class. He had some knowledge of algebra and of the elements of Latin. His accomplishments in Greek were very slight indeed: he could scarcely write the alphabet as yet.

The boy was delighted with all he saw and heard. There was that about

the professors and officials of the college which pleased him. He felt sure that he would make some fast friends among them. He determined to deserve both their friendship and their esteem. The prefect of studies gave him a printed list of the books he would be required to supply himself with, and told him to be on hand on the first Monday in September.

Russell went home with his mind filled with delightful anticipations. It had been the desire of his life to enter college. He meant to make the most of his opportunities. Owing to domestic difficulties, of which the reader has already had a passing glimpse, Harry was just in that condition to take full advantage of the training which a sound Catholic college offers. Did he reap the full benefit of his opportunities? Well, we shall see as this story progresses.

The new student liked the look of the few boys he had seen at college. He had not seen many of the old boys, because there had been no occasion for them to report thus early. They were not due until the following week. Situated on a considerable eminence overlooking the city, Rockland was of noble proportions. Harry, as he was passing out of the iron gates, turned and looked with pleasure at the noble grey stone front. He was proud of being associated ever so remotely with such an institution.

With a light heart he went down to the scene of his former labors. As he walked a difficulty arose in his mind which he could not solve satisfactorily. The longer he thought the more puzzled he became. He was thinking of his protectorate over Nancy's territory.

In the midst of his perplexity he caught sight of his whilom antagonist in the battle of the fruit stand. The boy frankly admitted his defeat by keeping a safe distance from Russell.

"Come here!" said Harry. "I want to speak to you."

"Not by a j— Honest, though?" asked the other boy.

"Yes, honest. I want to say something to you."

"No tricks?"

"No. I'll act square. Come here!"

The boy came slowly, suspiciously, expecting to be caught by some subterfuge. Seeing Harry hold out his hand as a token of amity, he took courage and finally grasped it and shook it.

"Dat's all right,—no ill-feelin's?"

"None," replied Harry. "I want to explain how it was I had to fight you."

"Oh! dat's all hunky, guv'nor! I felt sort o' mean takin' dat 'ere gal's ground. Dunno what got into me dat afternoon. Fur I knows as well as you dat Nancy owns dat corner all by her lonely. Ain't 'nother paper kid in the *hull* city ud do as I did dat day."

"And you won't disturb her any more?"

"Bet-cher life I won't. You hit too hard,—dat's one of de reasons. Then 'tain't proper, anyway. The gal's got to live, see?"

"Glad you feel that way," said Harry; "because after this I shall not be there any more."

"Cracky! why not? Tired o' yer job?"

"No, but I'm going to college," said the boy, proudly.

"Jiminy-cracky!" said the other, "but that's great! Wish I was!"

With a perfect understanding they parted. The question was settled with regard to this particular invader. But how about others? His difficulty was still with him.

"Ah, that's the thing! Mr. Haylon said if I wanted help or advice I was to go to him. Guess I want advice the worst kind of way just now."

And Harry made straight for the lawyer's office.

"Halloo, my young pugilistic friend!" said Lawyer Haylon, as the boy entered his office, cap in hand.

Russell bowed and blushed; then he squirmed about boy-like, and looked as if he had never fought in all his life.

"What can I do for you, my lad?" said the lawyer kindly, looking at the boy's handsome face.

"You said, sir, that if I wanted advice I might come to you."

"Certainly. Glad you have come. What's the trouble? Wait—come into my private consulting room."

Presently, when both were seated, the lawyer said:

"Now?"

"Mr. Longstreet is going to send me to Rockland College, sir."

"Yes? You don't say! I am glad to hear that."

He pretended to be surprised at the news. He was pleased that Longstreet had been successful in their proposed plan; not so satisfied, however, that his friend had allowed him no share in the good deed. Making a mental note to the effect that he had a big bone to pick with his old college chum, he remarked to Harry:

"Well, lad, what do you want? Do you want me to procure an injunction against flogging at Rockland? Well, injunctions are the easiest things in the world to get nowadays."

"That's all right, Mr. Haylon. Guess I won't get any whipping—if I take care."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"I'm thinking about Nancy, the paper girl. Who'll take my place for her?"

"U-um! that's the matter, is it?"

"You see, sir, I can't give up my chances for an education just to help her twice a day. But yet—"

And the boy stopped short in his perplexity. Mr. Haylon, too, remained silent. He was thinking. At last he hit upon a plan.

"See here, Harry. You take a great interest in this girl."

"I do, sir: she's lame."

"This is what I think we can do to settle the business. I will supply the capital—issue bonds or mortgage my wife's jewels if necessary,—I will supply the capital, and I think I can get the requisite permission from the directors of the Chamber of Commerce. We will then set up the Princess in business in papers, fruits, candies, and cigars too, on the ground-floor corridor of that building. You shall appear to do it all."

Harry's eyes glistened at the prospect of being able to help the poor girl.

"Gosh! that's a puddin'!" said Harry, dropping into the slang of Newspaper Row in an unguarded moment. "But, Mr. Haylon, you know if we say it's *me*, she'll know it's all a fake. She knows very well that *I* couldn't stock a candy store."

"O wisdom! O prudence! O foresight!" said the lawyer. "Of course, of course. I'll tell you what we'll do. We will put in the stand and furnish it, and then all of a sudden we will rush down upon the Princess and install her in her dominions. It'll be fine, eh?"

The enthusiastic and, as we have said before, somewhat eccentric lawyer was as jubilant over the scheme as was Harry Russell. In less than a week the plan was successfully carried out.

"Now about your own affairs, Harry Stanley Russell. Have you any money?"

Russell hung his head and answered in the negative.

"And you have a set of text-books to buy?"

"Yes, sir. I have been thinking that perhaps I could earn money enough for that before college opens."

"We won't worry about that. You must let me get your books to start you with. Oh, I know how to do it! I

have been through the dear old college. That's all settled, Harry. Come here and get them to-morrow morning. Now, I am going to start you properly at college," said the generous man of the law. "I've been through the business and I know what I am talking about. There are many little incidental expenses, such as gymnasium fees, baseball and football fees, school play and concert tickets, reading-room fees, and so forth. All these things have, of course, to be supported by those for whom they have been instituted. You will find a few dollars very convenient. So I want you to take this ten-dollar bill; and promise me that if there should arise any unforeseen expense in your course this year which you could not meet, and which would seriously handicap you in one way or another if you did not 'go in for it,'—I want you to promise me, I say, that you will come to me and make me not only your adviser but your treasurer."

Harry gratefully accepted the offer so nicely put, feeling that he could do so without any loss of self-respect. Nor would Haylon hear of his "working out" the money. Exacting a promise from Harry that, irrespective of cash needs, he would come frequently and tell him all about the present-day college life of Rockland, Mr. Haylon let him go.

As he saw, from his office window, the boy go gleefully skipping across the street, say a few words to the cripple at her stand, and then go hopping along down Broadway, he said to himself:

"I'll get even with that Longstreet,—see if I don't! The idea! leaving me out of this altogether. Wonder how the boy will turn out? Somehow, I believe he has the right stuff in him."

Whether Russell was all right remains to be seen. At the present he certainly was to be considered a very lucky boy.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Neale Publishing Co. announce the autobiography of Richard Malcolm Johnston.

—A new and neat edition of Faber's well-known essay on "Kindness" has been brought out by R. & T. Washbourne. It is prefaced by a short memoir of the illustrious Oratorian.

—The Rev. Dr. O'Loan, an authoritative writer on liturgical subjects and a frequent contributor to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, has resigned his chair in Maynooth.

—New novels by Marion Crawford and his sister, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, are soon to appear. Mr. Fisher Unwin announces also the first novel of her son, Mr. John Fraser, which will be published under the title, "Death the Showman."

—M. Paul Sabatier, a Protestant clergyman of Paris, is pursuing his studies among early Franciscan documents with unabated zeal. Among other manuscripts lately discovered by him was one containing the original rule of the Third Order as drawn up by St. Francis himself, and he is now engaged in preparing the document for publication.

—There is a lighter side to the "Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton," recently reviewed in this magazine. One of the best anecdotes in the book refers to Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom Lady Chatterton's mother remembered, and who was a frequent visitor at Borham Court. One night, when Johnson tramped downstairs in the dark to find a book which he had mislaid, his hand touched what he believed to be a man's head. "Supposing it to be the head of a house-breaker, he seized it and roared with all his might. When the affrighted household had assembled, candle in hand, the robber turned out to be an old lady's wig, which her maid had left by mistake on one of the large round knobs of the carved oak staircase."

—If, as we hope, our readers share our own interest in any scrap of information or gossip about Cardinal Newman, they will be interested in the following reference to the estrangement between the great convert and his agnostic brother, Prof. Francis W. Newman. The writer, during a visit to the late James Martineau, mentioned the brothers, and Martineau offered to show him a letter received from Francis Newman on occasion of the Cardinal's death. The visitor, writing in one of the literary journals, says:

It was a pathetic letter. It revealed the not surprising fact

that there was a strained relation between the two brothers. Evidently, Francis W. did not feel himself guiltily responsible in the case, though evidently it pained him. The twain had gone so wide asunder in that deepest thing of the human heart, religion, that, being both of them very earnest men, they could not by any possibility enjoy a close fraternal fellowship with each other. Francis W., as I judged, felt that John Henry looked down upon him with a pity that had more of disdain in it than of sympathy. He accordingly seemed to respond with resentment, or at least with rejection, rather than with gratitude. It was touching to note that in the solemn hour of final earthly parting by death, the surviving brother appealed to Dr. Martineau with more true brotherly feeling than he had for a long time been able to cherish toward the now departed.

—The work of the late John Fiske, professor in Harvard University, was so little sympathetic with the Church that his death can not be regarded as a loss by Catholics. Yet he deserves some notice if only for his extraordinary precocity. At the age of seven he was reading Josephus and Rollin; at nine he had read most of Milton, Pope and Shakespeare; at ten he read Greek, at thirteen Latin, and then in swift succession came German, Spanish, French, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish and Dutch; and at seventeen he knew Hebrew and Sanskrit. As a popularizer of the work of "advanced" science and philosophy he was signally successful; but his was not a strikingly original mind, and his life was strenuous rather than permanently helpful to the race.

—Judge Kohlsaat, of the United States district court of Chicago, has rendered a decision which is decidedly discouraging to literary highwaymen. The case is an interesting one. The Daily Story Publishing Company, which makes a business of furnishing fiction to daily papers, sold to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* the right to use certain stories provided the usual copyright notice was printed with each one. Accidentally this notice was omitted in the case of one story, which was clipped by the American Press Association. Thereupon the Daily Story Publishing Company sued the American Press Association. Both parties agreed to the statement of fact, leaving the question: Did the omission of the copyright notice by the *Globe-Democrat* give the American Press Association the right to appropriate the story? Judge Kohlsaat decided in favor of the Daily Story Publishing Company. Therefore omission of the copyright notice does not deprive the owner of his rights.

—The *Land of Sunshine*, a magazine edited by the manly and scholarly Charles F. Lummis, is indispensable to any one who would know either the

early history or the modern development of California. In the June issue began the translation of Costansó's account of "The Expeditions of 1769." In introducing this interesting document, Mr. Lummis says:

Costansó was of the political arm, and presents that side chiefly. A century and a third later, we see the figure of all that adventurous and toilsome state-building in the humble missionary, Fray Junípero Serra. Portolá, the governor of Lower California, and Fages, his lieutenant; even Galvez, the high visitador-general, and the Viceroy de Croix, are empty names except to the expert; while Father Junípero has become a household word—the apostle of California, probably the most wonderful of all that wonderful band of Franciscans who missionaried a savage continent. A miracle of zeal and patience, already an old man, infirm and suffering from a wound that never healed, he trudged on foot for Christ's sake greater distances than any American has ever walked, and left more monuments. He was not only an apostle, but a wonderful "business man." He founded the most important of the "Old Missions" of California, now the noblest ruins in the United States. Our best and fullest "authority" on the beginnings of Californian history is the life of this noble man by his colaborer, Fray Francisco Palou. This has not yet been translated into English, though Bancroft and others have drawn heavily upon it. It is a discursive volume of over 350 pages. But Costansó's rare report from the non-ecclesiastic side is valuable as a résumé of the extraordinary journeys and the sufferings of the first settlers in California.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., *net.*

Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.

The Apostles' Creed. *Adolph Harnack.* 75 cts.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana Skinner.* \$1.50.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, *net.*

Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.

Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, *net.*

Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, *net.*

Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.

The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.

John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.

Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, *net.*

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., *net.*

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term, 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., *net.*

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, *net.*

The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.

Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., *net.*

Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.

Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.

The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$20.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Philip Cardella and the Rev. Otto Hogenforst, S. J.; the Very Rev. P. W. Condon, C. S. C.; the Rev. William Pope, Army chaplain, Cuba; the Rev. John Banks, Diocese of Cleveland; and the Rev. Joseph Schaub, Diocese of Indianapolis.

Sister M. Amalberga, O. S. B.; and Sister M. Prospera, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. William J. Swift, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. James J. Ryan, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Robert Cartwright, Mrs. John Menahan, and Mr. John Ghegan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Mary Catherine Dardis, New Orleans, La.; Mr. Daniel McWilliams and Mrs. Ellen A. Kelly, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Ellen Murphy and Mrs. E. Fennessy, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. David Neimann, Millvale, Pa.; Mrs. Johanna Egan, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Joynt, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Julia Byrne, Salem, Mass.; Mr. Richard C. Fuehr, Allegheny, Pa.; Lawrence Bannon, Andrew, Margaret, Thomas, Ellen, Cecilia, Louisa and Margaret Lyons, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Eliza Lightholder, St. Louis, Mo.; and Mr. Herman Trentman, Delphos Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 10, 1901. *

NO. 6

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Hagar.

BY MARION MUIR.

HER voice is in my ears, her eyes
Yet haunt me night and day;
Where is the angel that shall say, "Arise!"
To that poor helpless clay?

What hast thou done for her, O man,
To whom her Father gave
Life's choicest gifts to ornament thy span,
While she broods there—a slave?

What hath she not endured to gain
Justice in truth from thee?
Through the long generations nursed in pain
The life that was to be.

She gave thee love, receiving shame
A draft unmixed with myrrh;
The world that drove her forth became
Thy fawning worshiper.

Never among the sons of men
Shall peace triumphant be
Until *her* plea for right is heard, and then
Earth's darkest ills shall flee.

The fount of her unutterable wrong
Shall yet be cleansed, and flow
For healing of the nations that so long
Cared nothing for her woe.

WOMAN, when she is true woman, is greater, worthier, than any man. Perhaps because she draws nearer Christ the Son through Mary the Mother.

—S. R. Crockett.

To cut off prayer from life is like cutting the roots from the tree; that connection, by means of which it drew its sustenance, is gone.—L. Whiting.

The Life and the Death of Holy Mary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

THERE are two feasts of Holy Mary coming together—the Feast of the Vigil of the Assumption on the 14th of August, and the festival itself on the 15th.

Life is but the vigil of eternity. At the first glance, life looks long and not to be thought of as a vigil; but if we consider Holy Mary's life in heaven from her assumption even to the present, not to speak of the long span from her assumption unto the endless future of the eternal years, and bring beside it the little span of her earthly life, we at once see how life here on earth may be compared to, and truly is nothing more than, a vigil of eternity.

The Vigil, then, will be, in our consideration, the earthly life of God's Holy Mother; the Assumption, her heavenly life. This is what the Church herself has had in mind in the Mass appropriated to each day, and this is especially apparent in the variable portions of the Mass.

The Introit of the Vigil presupposes Mary's beautiful life here on earth, as well as her power with God because of that beautiful life.

Introit: All the rich ones of my people shall entreat thy face [i. e., they shall be rich because they have entreated, or appealed, to thy face]; virgins shall be

brought to the king after thee [by reason of thy example]. Those near [her] shall be brought in joy and gladness to Thee [O Lord]. Glory be to the Father, etc.

In the Collect also the Church looks to the earthly life of Holy Mary. It is said by one of the saints that the whole life of the Blessed Virgin is summed up in these words, "She was the Mother of Jesus." "If you ask me," he says, "are the Evangelists guilty of negligence when they have not given us a detailed history of her, such as how she spent her days, how she lived, how she worked, how she prayed, how she treated with those around her—all which our pious curiosity demands,—I reply that her whole history was summed up in these words, 'She was the Mother of Jesus.'" All her earthly life, then, is summed up in: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!" Thus, too, in the Collect the Church takes the fact of motherhood as typifying or even compassing all her earthly life. It runs:

Collect: O God, who in choosing a place to dwell, didst graciously select the virginal chamber of Holy Mary's womb, grant that, strengthened by her aid, we may be enabled to partake in the gladness of her festivity, who livest, etc.

We come now to the Epistle. If we leave the literal and take to the mystical meaning of the words, applying them to the beautiful life of Our Lady, oh, how sweet they read!

Epistle:* As the vine I brought forth a pleasant odor, and my flowers are the fruit of honor and riches. I am the Mother of fair love, of fear, of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey and my

inheritance above honey and the honeycomb. My memory is unto everlasting generations. They that eat me shall yet hunger [for more], and they that drink shall yet thirst [for more]. He that hearkeneth to me shall not be confounded, and they that work by me shall not sin. They that explain me shall have life everlasting.

Gradual: Blessed and venerable art thou, O Virgin Mary, who, without any infringement of modesty, wast found Mother of the Saviour! O Maiden, thou art the Mother of the Lord; and that God whom the whole world can not contain, when He became man, shut Himself up in thee!

The Gospel is short, but it is most instructive. It contains—thank God!—what looks like a rebuff to those who would praise our Blessed Lady; and this Gospel has therefore received special attention from those who would not honor the Mother of Jesus.

Gospel:* And it came to pass as He spoke these things that a certain woman from the crowd, lifting up her voice, said to Him: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the breasts that gave Thee suck!" But He said: "Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it!"

I said before, "Thank God!" And in reality Catholics ought, in an especial manner, to thank God for those portions of the Bible which, at the first glance and on a cursory reading, seem to rebuke or even to contradict beliefs or devotions taught and fostered by the Church and dear to the faithful heart. In order to have it come to pass that Our Lord should say things beforehand which would contradict the teachings in after times of the Church which He Himself established, either the Church must not be infallible or He must not

* Ecclus., xxiv, 23-31.

* St. Luke, xi, 27, 28.

be divine. Neither of these can be; and therefore the Catholic can, even in the case of a seeming difficulty, rest at ease.

But that is not enough: he must thank God; because those who do not wish the Catholic Church well are sure to fasten on those points, and God will as surely raise up defenders of these points; and the inner meaning, when unfolded, will overwhelmingly prove in the eyes of all men that there was not, and could not be, any contradiction or variance between the teachings of a divine Founder and the doctrines of the infallible Church He has founded. We take this Gospel as an instance, and we turn to St. Augustine.

"The Virgin Mary is blessed," says the saint, "because she did the will of the Father; and the Lord hath praised this in her—namely, that she did the will of the Father, and not that her flesh brought forth His flesh. Let your charity [brethren] mark this well. For when the Lord appeared wonderful to the multitude, doing signs and wonders, and showing what [divine power] lay hid in Him, some souls in admiration called out, 'Blessed is the womb that bore Thee!' But He [answered]: 'They rather are blessed who hear the word of God and keep it.' That is to say, Even My Mother, whom you call happy, is happy for this reason, because she keeps the word of God; not because in her the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, but because she keeps the Word of God, by which [Word] she was made and which was made flesh in her."

Cardinal Newman, in his "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," says: "Mary is the Mother of God; . . . the Second Person of the all-glorious Trinity humbled Himself to be her Son. . . . He took the substance of His human flesh from her, and, clothed in it, He lay within her; and He bore it about with Him after birth, as a sort of badge

and witness that He, though God, was hers. . . . If the prophets must be holy, 'to whom the word of God comes,' what shall we say of her who was so specially favored that the true and substantial Word of God was not merely made in her but born of her? . . . Was it not fitting that the Eternal Father should prepare her for this ministration? . . . It was to be expected that if the Son was God, the Mother should be as worthy of Him as creature can be worthy of the Creator. Enoch was taken from among the wicked, and we say, Behold a just man who was too good for the world! Noe was saved from the flood, and we say, He earned it by his justice. How great was Abraham's faith, since it gained him the title of friend of God! How great the zeal of the Levites, . . . how great the love of David, . . . how great the innocence of Daniel! What, then, the faith, the zeal, the love, the innocence of Mary, since it prepared her after thirteen years to be Mother of God! Hence you see that Our Lady's glories do not rest simply on her maternity; that distinction is rather the crown of them.

"She has been made more glorious in her person than in her office; her purity is a higher gift than her relationship to God. This is what is implied in Christ's answer to the woman in the crowd who cried out, 'Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the breasts that gave Thee suck!' He replied by pointing out to His disciples a higher blessedness. 'Yea, rather, blessed,' He said, 'are they who hear the word of God and keep it.' You know, brethren, that Protestants take these words in disparagement of Our Lady's greatness; but they really tell the other way. For consider them: He lays down a principle that it is more blessed to keep the commandments than to be His Mother; but who even of Protestants will say that she did

not keep His commandments? She kept them surely; and Our Lord does but say that such obedience was in a higher line of privilege than her being His Mother."

St. Chrysostom observes that she would not have been blessed, though she had borne Him in the body, if after hearing the word of God she had not kept it; though he looks upon that as impossible.

Offertory: Blessed art thou, O Virgin Mary, who hast borne the Creator of the universe! Thou didst bring forth Him who made thee; and thou didst, nevertheless, remain a virgin forever.

Secret: The gifts we offer Thee here, O Lord, may the prayer of the Mother of God render pleasing in Thy sight! For Thou didst translate her from this world with the express purpose that she might deal more confidently before Thy clemency in pleading for our sins. Through the same Lord, etc.

Communion: Blessed is the womb of Holy Mary the Virgin, which bore the Son of the Eternal Father!

Post-Communion: In Thy compassion, O merciful God, send us a prop to our weakness; that we, who forestall the joyous festivity of the Assumption, may, by the help of the glorious Mother of God, be raised from the mire of sin.

To-morrow will be the Assumption. Between the Vigil and the Assumption an angel came. There are two loves which the human mind can never fully understand and never explain. St. John tells us one love—the love of God the Father in eternity—when he says: "God so loved the world as to send His Son." St. Paul tells us the other when, speaking of the love of that Son made man, he says, "The charity of Christ presseth us."

Have you ever tried to explain to yourself or to others *why* did God so love the world? It is an absorbing question and one teeming with suggestions of divine love: *Why*, in the

eternity that preceded creation, did God love the world?*

Our finite minds can more readily understand the love of the Divine Son made flesh; but *why* He loved us to such an extent as He did is as great a mystery in this case as in the former; for assuredly there was nothing in us to be loved either by the Eternal Father or the Incarnate Son.

If to these two loves we superadd the love of the Blessed Sacrament, which, indeed, is only a continuation of the charity of Christ, we have at once the clue to the vehement love of all the saints. St. John the Beloved Disciple is to us the representative of the one, St. Paul of the other; and we remember the almost foolish things they said because of their meditation on these two loves. All the saints—St. Francis of Assisi, St. Francis Xavier—meditated on them; and "a fire burst forth in their meditation."

Come with me reverently; let us think of Holy Mary meditating upon them: think of her heart, during her whole life, considering in silence these two mysterious loves. The Holy Ghost gave her greater insight into them than to any human being, if not to any angel, if not to all the choirs of angels. No one had such means as she had of knowing the charity of Christ, whether we think of Bethlehem or of Calvary or of Egypt or of Nazareth. The Cherubim are the second highest choir in heaven; to typify to us that knowledge which is represented by their choir is next to love; and love, represented by the burning Seraphim, is the highest; and Mary is made Queen by God, who is orderly and just, of Cherubim and Seraphim. Therefore she was superior to them in knowledge and in love.

* The reader will find this question discussed at length in "The Creator and Creature," by Father Faber.

"The love of God," says St. Francis of Sales, "holds the sceptre; and where that love has not the mastery it perishes." Of that abounding love Mary died. "Her death," says the same saint, "was perfectly tranquil; Jesus Christ invited her by the odor of His heavenly perfumes; her last sigh died away like the soft, expiring cadence of distant melody; and her voice was no sooner hushed on earth than it began to sing the eternal Alleluias amidst the music of heaven."

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXXIII.—MR. HENRY MORAN MAKES
AN EVENING CALL.

(Continued.)

WELL, let us talk of something interesting," said Kate, in her perverse way, continuing the conversation with Henry Moran. "I think you told me that you knew Mr. Moran."

"Yes, I know him very well," said the other, concealing his vexation. "He is, in fact, nearly related to me."

"That accounts for the resemblance. You always remind me of him,—or at least of his picture."

"You seem to take some interest in this man of affairs," he observed, looking at Kate with a curious smile.

The girl colored swiftly and vividly; and the stockbroker was conscious of an odd feeling of jealousy toward his other self.

"Some things about him interest me very much," Kate said, with dignity. "I like his energy, his determination to win every time."

"So you like determination?" Henry Moran remarked. "Well, I think I may say we have that trait in common. I seldom let obstacles stop me."

Kate's glance at the strong face before her made her feel the truth of these words and perhaps something of the significance attaching to them

"I like his honesty, which, from all accounts, is far beyond reproach," Kate hurried on; "his steadiness of purpose, his indifference to reverses. Oh, I like a great many things about him!"

"He would be immensely flattered, could he know."

"Very likely that the great financier before whom everyone bows would care for the opinion of an obscure girl in a country town!" said Kate, with a burst of genuine merriment.

"Any man would be flattered to have your good opinion. You know that, don't you?"

"I don't think I have ever thought of it," said Kate, with an indescribably charming backward movement of the head. "But now to return to Mr. Henry Moran. I regard him precisely as I should a hero in a book. I have never seen him, shall never see him, and you will never tell him,—oh, please, promise! I never thought of that before."

"If I promise, will you, on your part, be a little nice to me just for—"

"For Henry Moran's sake?"

"No, not a bit of it."

"Well, I think I am being very nice."

"Just now, perhaps; though it is in a doubtful sort of way. But I suppose I must be thankful for small favors."

"And you'll promise not to tell?"

The young girl was smiling in a very captivating way.

"Set your mind at rest; for, unless you tell Henry Moran yourself, he shall never know."

"Well, if it doesn't bore you too much, I should like to tell you some of my ideas concerning him, and to ask your opinion. But are you sure it won't bore you?"

"On the contrary, I find the topic of

unusual interest; only it is, perhaps, a little hard on me."

"Hard on you?"

"To be so completely annihilated, snuffed out by this relative of mine,—this mere abstraction."

"You are unlucky in your relatives."

"Not in the old gentleman. I was very fortunate in him."

"Now," began Kate, "is the great financier handsome?"

"Why, that is rather an embarrassing question, since you say we are alike."

"Well, we will let that go."

"Without passing judgment on the counterfeit presentment?"

"You surely don't want me to say, 'Look on this portrait and on that!'"

"Not by any means. But what next have you to remark with regard to this lucky fellow?"

"Well, somehow, I have an idea that he is self-absorbed, caring about nothing but money, cold—"

"Not cold to *every* one, surely."

"Yes, I think to *every* one," said Kate; "caring only for money, or at least money-getting."

"I observe your distinction, which is a nice one. Money-getting is a far more absorbing pursuit to most men than money-keeping."

"Oh, I imagine him rather lavish when it suits him!" cried Kate, with contempt. "Indifferent to the coin itself."

"I believe you hit him off there to perfection," assented Moran, looking at her in some wonder at her perception. "But surely he must care for something else besides mammon-hunting?"

Kate shook her head.

"I am afraid you will be tired of the subject," she remarked.

"It is an opportunity rarely given to a man."

"How do you mean?"

"Of hearing—a near relative discussed candidly and impartially."

"Does that mean that I have been rude?" she asked.

"Dear me, no!" cried Moran, eagerly.

"Please continue to give your views."

"I imagine him rather domineering and fond of his own way."

"Perhaps he would be only too glad to give up his will to some people."

Again Kate dissented.

"I fancy him brusque, perhaps, in manner, hating flattery, and perfectly independent in his opinions."

"He would be pleased, I think, to hear you say that."

"Caring for the world of society, only in so far as it may be useful to him."

"That *may* be true."

"Proud of the position he has now, of his success and of the applause it has gained."

"That would be saying that he is human," agreed Henry Moran; "though you have rather tried to make him out something else. And, still, there are times when I fancy it all seems little worth to him."

"I can hardly imagine him feeling like that," said Kate, leaning her chin in her hand and looking thoughtfully at the other. "Do *you* ever feel like that?"

"I? Oh, *I* am not under discussion!"

"I suppose everyone who has been successful must feel like that at times," Kate went on. "It is the old saying, 'vanity of vanities and all is vanity.' But I wish this hero of mine had one quality which he lacks."

"That hero of yours," said Mr. Moran, lingering over the words, "would, I am sure, wish to possess every quality which could make him agreeable in your eyes."

"I fear you are a sad flatterer," said the girl,—*"answering so readily for another man."*

"You see, he is my relative, and I feel as sure he would indorse every word I say as if I were Henry Moran himself."

"Don't you wish you were?"

"When you call him your hero—yes, decidedly."

"I shouldn't have called him by that name, perhaps," Kate reflected; yet the color in her cheeks was not precisely for that transgression.

"Why not?" he said quickly. "It sounds charming and so—"

"Medieval, I suppose you were going to say?"

"I wasn't going to say that at all. But no matter,—just tell me what this quality is that Henry Moran lacks, and I will suppose for the time being I am he, and tell you, perhaps, how he feels about it."

"You are a man of transformations," Kate said, smiling; "but the missing quality is religion. I thought at first he was a Protestant, but lately I have heard that he is a bad Catholic."

"He has been a very bad one indeed."

"That counterbalances all the rest; for I could never call any man my hero, in a true sense, who was not a practical Catholic."

"Not Henry Moran with his money and his success and the rest?" asked the broker, bending eagerly forward.

"Oh, the money and success wouldn't count at all in such a case, because they wouldn't even tempt me!" said Kate. "It is the qualities which led to his success that I admire."

"You mean to say," observed Henry Moran, "that you would not marry a man, no matter what the temptation, unless he were a Catholic?"

"There is no question of marrying in the matter," said Kate, laughing. "But of course I wouldn't marry any one but a Catholic."

"Well, perhaps, with his talent for overcoming obstacles, Mr. Henry Moran might overcome that one too."

"Persuade me to marry a bad Catholic do you mean?" asked Kate.

"I didn't mean precisely that. I meant the change might be in him."

"You are imagining impossibilities!" answered Kate, with another laugh.

"It would not be an impossibility at all, were Henry Moran in the running," said the broker, with so much decision that Kate looked at him in surprise.

"You are very fond of judging for other people," she observed.

"I judge Henry Moran, of course, by myself."

Kate looked thoughtful and said not another word; and the man beside her, after scrutinizing her face a moment or two, made a sudden change of base.

"I learned the other day," he said, "an interesting fact about this Henry Moran, which goes far to controvert some of your opinions."

"Oh, do tell me!" cried Kate.

"It is simply that your heartless and mammon-worshiping stockbroker is busy worshiping in another direction."

"What do you mean?" asked Kate.

"Why, that he has gone the way of all men and fallen in love!"

Henry Moran was looking keenly at the girl, and it seemed to him that there was ever so slight a shadow of disappointment upon her fair face. But hers was not a nature to show any such feeling long.

"That is a revelation," she remarked; "and I am ever so much interested now to discover what manner of girl has attracted him. When the hero of a book meets the heroine our interest becomes intensified."

"Yes; that is the difference between fiction and reality. When your letterpress hero falls prostrate before the heroine, you are delighted. In reality, it would be rather the reverse, I fancy."

"Well, if one had a real, living hero one would naturally want to—"

"To have a monopoly of him!" said Henry Moran, completing the sentence.

Kate laughed; then she asked:

"I wonder if this girl who has attracted him regards him as a hero?"

"Very many girls, I fear, would think simply of his possessions. This one is different."

"I am glad of that," Kate declared, in a low tone. "I should hate him to marry one of those women who live for dress and jewels and the spending of money."

"So he feels himself, I believe," assented Henry Moran.

"Where did he meet her?"

This question was rather a poser, but Henry Moran answered:

"Oh, in some romantic country-place!"

"Then you think she cares for him?"

"I did not say that,—oh, indeed I did not!" cried Henry Moran, with an energy which surprised Kate. "To tell the truth, I don't think she knows anything about his devotion as yet."

"Oh, he hasn't told her, then! Just confided to you. I wonder how she will take it?"

"So does he—very much."

"Why doesn't he tell her at once?"

"He's afraid,—terribly afraid."

"I can't fancy him being afraid of anything."

"But you don't know what it is to quake before a pair of eyes set in a woman's head. Far mightier than he have done it."

"Does he quake?" asked Kate.

"He does."

"Perhaps if she knew she might—but no: I suppose she could hardly do that."

"What were you going to say?"

"Encourage him somewhat. A nice girl could hardly do that, though."

"Well, she's a very nice girl, but she ought to encourage him. So should all nice girls when they see a man trembling before them. It's their duty."

"But they probably don't see them trembling," objected Kate.

"Don't you think a woman always knows when a man's in love with her?" inquired Moran, with some anxiety.

"I have had very little experience in such matters," Kate answered, looking away over the lawn; "but I do wish this girl knew."

"Do you?"

"It would be so interesting."

"And you would advise Henry Moran to risk all?"

"How else will she ever know?"

"He might wait."

"Waiting is dangerous sometimes."

"So that if I were Henry Moran and you were the—young lady—"

"Oh, but I'm not!"

"If you were?"

"How can I know how she feels?" remonstrated Kate.

"One woman can judge pretty well for another."

"No, no, she can't!" exclaimed Kate, in vehement denial. "She might hate Mr. Henry Moran."

"From what I have heard, I think she takes pretty much your view of him," ventured the inquirer, cautiously. "Would that be a safe basis to go upon?"

"No,—far from it. My feelings are altogether abstract. I, too, might hate him if I knew him."

"I wish you would try to answer seriously," the man said gravely; "it is of such vital importance to him."

"I can say nothing more than I have said," Kate responded. "And, indeed, I have talked a great deal of nonsense."

"It was delightful. May I come again?" he pleaded.

"Of course, if you wish; we shall always be glad to see you, if only for the sake of the old gentleman next door."

"Well, I shall have to be satisfied for the present with that vicarious goodwill. And now before I go—for Father

Brophy is also moving—I am going to say something which may surprise you.”

The girl looked at him. Her lips were smiling in anticipation of some pleasantry, her eyes bright and eager.

“I want to say that nothing would please me so much as to see you the wife of Henry Moran.”

Why was Kate so utterly taken by surprise? Why did her face turn pale, then red, while a wave of something like indignation passed over it? It was a moment in which her self-control failed utterly; then she rallied, saying coldly:

“Thanks for your kind interest in my affairs, especially after you have just told me that Mr. Henry Moran is in love with another woman!”

She had betrayed more than she knew to the keen perception of the man who was observing her, and betrayed more than she had been previously aware of to herself. Those chance words had brought a sudden revelation to Kate. She realized all at once her own special interest in this neighbor, who now so carelessly consigned her to another; and she asked herself if all that he had striven to communicate in a variety of ways was but the mere verbiage of society. Shame, annoyance and resentment were mingled with a sudden, sharp twinge of a hitherto unknown pain. It is human nature, or feminine nature at all events, to value what is unattainable. The girl moved involuntarily away in the direction of Father Brophy and began to talk to him. Henry Moran stood still a moment, his eyes bright and his heart bounding with exultation.

“In spite of all your money, Henry Moran, in spite of your melodramatic successes, it is I who have awakened her interest and not you.”

And in this mood he approached Kate, with laughter in his eyes and tenderness in his voice.

“Won’t you say good-night to me?” he whispered.

“Good-night!” replied Kate; and it was the neighbor’s turn to go away in dejection, for she vouchsafed him neither word nor smile.

“I am a conceited ass!” he said to himself. “It was just a girl’s wounded vanity which made her resent, and justly, a suggestion which certainly must have seemed impertinent after all I have been trying to make her understand. I must drop this last incognito and come out under my own name as soon as possible now, or all may be lost.”

A few words had passed between Mrs. Raymond and Father Brophy on this matter. The former had kept looking uneasily at the couple under the cherry-tree, till Father Brophy at last said:

“I see you are anxious, but you need not be. Take my word for it, it’s all right.”

“All right! You to say so, Father Brophy!” cried Mrs. Raymond. “A man of whom we know little or nothing? An outsider in faith?”

“You do know very little of him,” agreed Father Brophy, “and therefore I warn you that hasty decisions are wrong. Trust to me, and let him come when and how he will.”

“Why, you talk as if he had some serious intention regarding Kate!” exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, in alarm.

“So he has—a very serious and a very fixed intention to marry her; and I tell you, my dear lady, it will be a fine thing for your daughter if he succeeds. Only all this must be kept a secret for the present.”

Mrs. Raymond knelt a long time that night in her oratory. But she kept faith with Father Brophy and said no word to the girls of this mysterious suitor, whom she acknowledged to herself that she very much liked.

To Mary, Queen.

BY M. J. B. R.

MOTHER and Queen of Mercy! Advocate

Of those who struggle in this vale of tears,
Exiles from God; theirs, too, who still await
In penal fires the opening of heaven's gate!

Tireless to thee, despite all doubts and fears,
Thy children cry throughout the tireless years—
Hail Mary, pray for us!

Thou second Eve, whom sin could not defile,
Pursued by hell with fierce and bootless hate,
Because untainted by its deadliest wile;
Who tramplest under foot the serpent vile;
Triumph of grace, conceived Immaculate,
God's mercy on us sinners supplicate—
Hail Mary, pray for us!

Mother, who stoodst beneath the cruel Tree,
To share the sufferings of thy Son and Lord,
What time His Blood was shed on Calvary
To save a ruined race from misery;
Whose inmost heart was pierced with sorrow's
sword

To see that sacred stream unjustly poured—
Hail Mary, pray for us!

Thou, whom death's bonds could not avail to hold,
When thy bereaved course on earth was run;
Thou, heaven's great wonder, seen by John of old,
Thy queenly brows with twelve stars aureoled,
Shod with the moon and vested with the sun,
Pray that we win the Vision thou hast won—
Hail Mary, pray for us!

The Stained-Glass Window.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

IT was at the back of the apse, above the high altar,—a circular window, beautiful in design and rich in color. The church itself was not beautiful. It had an unfinished, unsatisfactory look and was poor: the fact stared you in the face, in spite of scrupulous cleanliness and the decorum of perfect order. It stood in a crowded, not over-prosperous quarter of old New York, and, after early Mass, few people crossed the threshold; though now and

then some good old woman would come in to tell her beads, or some little child edge into a pew for a moment on her way home from school. On this particular day two young men found their way in. One genuflected, the other did not.

"That is the window," said he of the genuflection.

"Oh! Can't we go nearer and look at it?"

"Certainly. Come on!"

They stood at the entrance to the sanctuary, just outside the altar-rails. Beyond this dim, solitary building God's west was burning, and the splendor of the sunset blazed in the glory of the window.

"What do you think of it?" The Catholic boy was deferential, as became the few years' difference between them.

"Good,—no doubt about it. German stain, isn't it?"

"I think so."

"Raphael's Madonna of San Sisto, with the adjunct of a Della Robbia garland-frame," mused the connoisseur aloud. "It is awfully good." And then abruptly: "Say, Tom, wouldn't old Hell Ochre have a fit if any of us attempted a background of that tone in school?"

Tom was grinning at the prospect.

"He's behind the times, anyway."

"Don't speak of it! I'm tired of his old theories! Julien's the man for me. You just wait till I get to Paris!"

"Wait till we both get there," rejoined Tom, rather pointedly.

"You!"

"Yes, I. Why not, I should like to know?"

"Why, no reason, Tom old fellow! Only I didn't think French art would suit you."

"Why shouldn't it?"

"Well, you see, to begin with, you are a Catholic."

"Oh, yes, I see! I'm a Catholic! I'm a

Catholic, so of course I'm narrow and soft and mushy—provincial we will call it; and I've got to eat milk-pap all my days. The man who did that up there was a Catholic; and Michael Angelo—*your* Michael Angelo, bigger than life,—he was a Catholic, too."

"I know, Tom,—I know. But you just answer me yourself: Who wants religious art nowadays? The time is dead and gone for it."

"Did I say I would be a religious painter? I keep telling you I'm going to be a modern and a realist. *You* put religious art on me: I don't want it."

"I'm glad you don't. I can't endure the soft and 'haloey' style. It's all rot, anyway. Come on out, Tom!"

As the two stamped out into the rose-flooded evening they encountered a woman ascending the church steps.

"Hello, sis! Well, I declare! Rodney, you've met my sister, Mrs. Neuss."

"I have the pleasure. We have been looking at the memorial window, Mrs. Neuss. It is a beautiful thing, isn't it?"

A faint color came into the woman's almost transparent face.

"It is indeed. I love to look at it. How soon shall we have you and Tom painting pictures like it?"

Rodney laughed a little. He had a clever face, and now his glance across at Tom Neuss was very shrewd.

"Oh, I don't know! We've got a lot of work before us yet. And we have just been deciding to be French schools."

The woman's smile was quizzical. She evidently felt that these two were very young, but felt it with a peculiar lingering tenderness.

"You will be good men always, both of you, I know."

"Say, Tom, what did she mean about our being good men?" inquired Rodney after they had parted.

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"There seems to be a prejudice against

French schools. But she needn't talk to us that way, anyhow. We aren't kids."

"You Catholics are a funny lot, I must say," mused Rodney. "I never could make head or tail of you. Some of you think everything is all right, and some of you were born in a strait-jacket. There was a fellow called Blake at the top of the Academy when I went in; he was as brainy as they make them, just chock-full of talent, and he'd got an awfully jolly thing ready for the spring exhibit; and what do you suppose he did? Just when it was about time to hang it on the line he went and" put it in the fire instead,—after working on it two months! I call it a beastly shame. The boys said he did it because he was a Catholic, and he had to do it; but the whole school was in an uproar about it."

In the fall Tom was not on his way to Paris, but he was idling away his days in a beautiful bit of New England country, where his brother John owned a cottage, and where poor Mary was coughing out her life. Half-heartedly, in the attic fitted for him as a studio, he tried to work, but not always successfully. For the background of his picture he had made fifty different studies from nature, sitting long hours in the grass with the sun upon his head and the wind blowing through his hair. The figure he could not finish until he returned to New York. In the meantime he kept the door of his attic locked, and only Rodney had been admitted to view the masterpiece when he ran up for a week to say "Good-bye."

John was a travelling salesman, and he had begged Tom to come hither and stay with Mary and her mother and the boy. John called him "the boy." In reality he was nothing but a cooing, blue-eyed thing, lying about on beds or couches, howling frequently at night, sleeping most of his time, and, Tom

thought, utterly uninteresting. Sometimes Tom did stop to speak to this boy, suffering him to chew his finger or stare at him unreprieved. It was when the pathos stole over him of that great tragedy being enacted silently, he unknowing, beside Baby John's little cot. When this great pity seized upon him, Tom would leave off repining, cease to care that he could not go to Paris, and forgive fate for laying this burden upon him; that he, who wanted things so different, should have been set in this out-of-the-world place to watch a sick woman. Tom knew perfectly why John had sent him thither. It was to keep his eyes open and, when the day came, wire the message that should bring him home in time.

It made a great difference both to Mary and Mary's mother that Tom should be with them. Tom probably never realized himself what it meant, in a house that was always silent, to hear the healthy stamping and splashing of a boy rising to the accompaniment of his "Louisiana Lou" or the delightful nonsense of the Kangaroo Song. Occasionally a hushed knock at his door would prevent him, and the low-voiced injunction: "Please, Tom dear, be very quiet: Mary had a bad night and is sleeping." Tom's warm-hearted "All right!" meant never another sound. In the evening they both watched for him from the porch; and when the knickerbockered figure swung into view, or, before it, his merry whistling reached them across the peaceful quiet of sunset, Mary said it was the next best thing to having John himself come home.

By September Tom's picture was finished, as far as he could finish it; it had reached that stage at which he knew that the best thing to do was not to put one touch more upon it, provided he could command the strength so to leave it alone. Yet Tom did not go out

as much as he had done during July and August; though the warm New Hampshire summer lengthened out its ripeness, as though loath to withdraw from so beautiful a land. He would sit with Mary instead, and talk of all sorts of things that it seemed strange to him to be talking about to her. One day Mary said:

"I have been wanting to speak to you—alone,—Tom."

"Have you?" He could not think of anything in the wide world that Mary should wish to say to him.

"Yes: it's about John."

Tom waited in silence.

"I don't like to say anything before mother, because she feels so dreadfully about—my going. But I do want you so much to live with John, afterward, if you will, Tom,—at least a year?"

Tom did not answer, but she saw what was in his face.

"I know it will be such a comfort to him," she pursued; "and, though you may not think it possible, it is sweet to me to think of you all together—mother and John and you and the boy,—as we are now."

Still Tom said nothing; for the deep waters were rising up, flooding his soul, and he had sworn to himself a man's oath that she should not see him cry.

"John," resumed the faint voice, "is the only one I feel any anxiety about. Mamma will be kept busy looking after baby; and as for him—poor little soul!—he will be in good hands."

There was a trust in her voice and a deep peace that made Tom wonder. The woman may have read the wonder in his eyes.

"Do you remember my meeting you and Charlie Rodney one evening on the church steps?"

"Perfectly."

"It was a happy day for me. I was merely passing by the church, and I

don't know what impelled me to go in; but I thought I would just stop to say a 'Hail Mary.' Rodney's speaking of the window called my attention to it in a special way, and it seemed to me that I was seeing it for the first time. It is beautiful, Tom; isn't it? The sun was getting close down behind the figures so that they stood out gloriously, and the radiance about their heads was a living flame. But the Mother's face impressed me most: it was wonderful."

The sick woman was looking away, dreamily, to the amber and rose of the horizon. Her words were so low and unevenly spoken it was a strain to listen; but Tom wished, nevertheless, that she would go on.

"After that day I went into the church every evening at sunset. I don't know whether I prayed,—I am not sure that I did; but I used to look at her and think how beautiful she was; and the Child—how beautiful the Child was! Do you think that is what pictures are put in the churches for, Tom,—to teach us through our eyes?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I should have thought they were put for decoration."

"Oh, no, Tom,—not for decoration only! When I was a little girl at the Sisters' school we had to attend Mass every day; and it was weary work sometimes, I fear. I know I used to stare about a good deal, but one day I discovered the Station pictures. It was a treasure-trove. One of the Sisters used to scold me for gaping at them; the other Sister did not. And I think that the one who let me gape knew best; for the first impression I have of being really sorry for my sins—the great big sins of when I was not quite seven years old—lies with those same Station pictures."

"You are talking too much, sis, I fear. Mamma will be down on me for letting you."

"Just this one thing more, Tom, because I have always felt that, in some way, I owed it to you and Rodney. When baby came, I could not keep my mind off that beautiful, happy Mother in the glory. She and I seemed to have some precious thing between us. Then, not long after, the doctor told me I was not to stay—with *my* child. Oh, it seemed terrible at first! I used to cry the whole night through. The first day I was able I went up to the church. It was earlier in the afternoon and the light was not so dazzling; perhaps for that reason the Mother looked less bright. The shadow over her face seemed to comfort me and I knew she would understand. Then I began to notice how closely she held her Child to her, how tenderly her dear arms circled the little body; and I asked her, because I was going away—O Tom, you don't know what it means! You can not understand, can you?—you are so young!—but for the sake of her Child, by the love she bore Him, I asked her to mother mine. And since there has been a promise in her face. I have gone in again and again; sometimes I thought I might have been mistaken, because I am sick, and I know that I am sick. But I was not mistaken: the promise has been there clearer and more steadfast always. That is why I can not feel afraid."

Her voice had sunk away into silence, and the radiance upon her countenance was as that upon the countenance of the Woman in the stained-glass window.

"How dim the light is getting!"

Tom started; for the flush of crimson and gold sweeping earth and heaven, to his knowledge, had not granted the shadow many inches since he took the vacant seat beside her.

"Are you tired, dear?"

She motioned an affirmative, laying her head back immediately, with closed

eyes, upon the pillow. Tom stood abruptly, irresolute, full of fear. Behind him a step came to the doorway, and before he could speak Mary's mother was telling him to run for water. That evening a boy with a white awestruck face wired his message to John. Two days later Mary Neuss died with her hand in her husband's.

Tom, who was the member of the family least concerned, spent a week, miserably sick at heart, crying out his eyes in remote corners. Another week elapsed ere he could muster courage to write even to Rodney. He began his letter in disjointed sentences, too weary to care whether they made sense or not. All he had to say was that Mary was dead, and that he couldn't go to Paris because he had promised her to stay with John for a year at least. Perhaps, after that, if John were willing, he might run over for six months; but just now it was out of the question. That was positively all Tom had to say. It made about four lines on the paper, and he stopped short. Then he wondered what in thunder he could add. He had never written Rodney a four-line letter, and it might look unfriendly; but what could Rodney care to hear about that he had the heart to write? Tom chewed his pen more hopelessly than in schooldays over Virgil or Euclid. Then memory prompted those words of Mary's: "I have always felt that, in some way, I owed it to you and Rodney." And because Rodney had entertained a sincere regard for the dead woman, Tom thought he would tell him the story of her hope. The sentences were rough enough, a genuine boy's, unplanned and unpolished; but Tom found that at length his heart was opened and the pen went racing over the paper as when, in days more joyous, he had described plans and work and the cranks at the Academy, in epistles

that delighted Rodney's heart with their classical atmosphere of turpentine and exploded tubes.

"And, Rod, as I sat there and listened, she had no idea what she was doing for me; but she was giving me something I hadn't got before—a creed in art. We paint little figures on little canvases, and people are suffering around us and dying, and the great tragedies work themselves out, while we sweat over the rot we amuse ourselves with. But it *must* contain some hope and some promise, or it is an empty foolery and a most damnable fraud. I haven't got any big ideas about representing eternal truth and eternal beauty, because I don't understand about them yet, and I hate whang-doodle. But Mary told me another story of when she was a little girl. I can't say what *you* ought to do; but, for myself, I feel that my art ought to be the exposition of Catholic truth. (Sorry to use the word *Catholic*, because I know you'll think me sectarian; but I can't help it: that's the word I feel and it has to go.) I don't mean that I've got to be a religious painter exclusively. But what I do mean is that my work should not do me, or the people who look at it, any harm.

"Perhaps—it's an awful big *perhaps*, Rod,—the fellows who take up religious art right-out, clear the long jump at one bound. They are the ones who help people through their lives. Still, I don't mean to set myself any limit but those the Catholic Church itself sets; and they are pretty broad. Following upon this, you will be astonished or not astonished, I don't know which, to hear that I am not going to exhibit 'The Sunbeam'; in fact, that I have scraped it out. It was nothing but mere bluff and show-off; and, though I am deeply convinced of the necessity of professional studies, I am not at all convinced of the necessity of exhibiting one's studies, especially

those of a certain character. To exhibit them you ought to be sure of yourself first and then of every person who will see your work; and the conditions become impossible. Besides, 'The Sunbeam' was objectionable. I have painted another thing at short notice; it's slight, but I think it's going to be awfully jolly; and Harris and Bucksworth say it's a perfect inspiration. To tell the whole truth about it, I dreamt it one night and have helped myself with my New England sketches. It's just a bit of greenwood, with some water in it, and velvety banks, and a patch of fretted light coming through it toward you. And I'm going to call it 'The Sunbeam,' just the same. I don't think I'll go over to landscape definitely, but my mind is too unsettled to paint figures just now. And it's a pure, cool, sweet thing, that will never do any harm."

Charlie Rodney read this letter carefully, being of a critical and meditative turn of mind. In his French studio, of which he was so proud, it seemed to him very strange and out of the way. Rodney, soon after his arrival, had assumed one of those ineffable hats, beloved of art-students, and he wore his *cravattes à l'artiste*; but just now he did not feel French at all.

"Poor Mrs. Neuss!" he murmured. "Such a beautiful woman, too!" And, with brows hard-knitted, he painted away very fast. Then, again, still for the benefit of his easel: "The fellow's been badly hit; but I always had an inkling myself that he'd go the way of Blake." And thirdly, after he had stabbed at the canvas viciously for ten minutes, the frown cleared from his face, and, smiling, he reached for Tom's effusion. "Well, some hope and some promise,—some hope and some promise! Dash it, but the breath of the White Mountains has blown that kid some thinking, after all!"

Sixes-and-Sevens.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

THE only house in Langdale with a bow-window—Miss Elizabeth Merton's—came in time to be called the bow-windowed mansion. Set in a trim garden, all its windows soft with sea-green blinds, and shaded by elms, it had a continual look of having just appeared out of a bandbox.

And Miss Elizabeth and her elderly maid-of-all-work, Joanna Duffy—the one in soft materials of dovelike tints, the other in starched and fresh calicos,—had an equally bandbox appearance.

"Yes, Joanna," said Miss Elizabeth one morning in May, "there has been no dividend declared this year, and I shall have to retrench. What would you suggest, Joanna?"

Joanna looked out the bow-window—they were in the parlor,—let her eyes meditate on the cool, pearl-painted ceiling, then gazed apologetically at her mistress and smoothed down her apron with her broad, honest hands.

"Were you thinkin' of anythin', Miss?" she asked.

Miss Elizabeth colored and cleared her throat. She was a little afraid of Joanna.

"We have a great deal of spare room," she said.

"Sure, an' that's no fault, dividind or no dividind!" retorted Joanna.

"It occurred to me to utilize some of it," faltered Miss Elizabeth.

Twenty years of close and constant intercourse had educated Joanna up to the standard of what some Langdaleans called Miss Elizabeth's "dictionary-talk."

"Miss Ellen will be home from the convint come five weeks, an' that'll be one spare room less," she said; "an' one more mouth to feed, an' no dividind," she added, parenthetically.

Miss Elizabeth never wore more than one jewel. That one she wore day and night—a ring with a small diamond set in it. Close clasped in her right hand, she elevated slightly the hand that wore the ring.

"I could resign the front room, and we might get a good tenant for the summer," she said. "Thirty dollars a month—a desirable person of course,—it would not be much extra work, and Miss Ellen and myself would help—"

"Now, it's no help I'll need; an' it's a man maybe you'll be takin', Miss?" interrupted Joanna.

Miss Elizabeth again blushed. She had thought of a maiden lady like herself or a widow. Even had a thought of a man entered her head, she would not have dared mention it to Joanna, who had sworn enmity to the brutal sex.

"I thought a gentlewoman preferable."

"An' so she is, exceptin' to boord; an' then she's only fit for melanderin' and slanderin', havin' nothin' to occupy her; an' everyone I ever heard tell of havin' boorders declares men are a dale more sinsible and aisy to manage, an', barrin' the smoke, which is good for the flowers, intirely unobjectionable."

Joanna's declaration proved to be an *ultimatum*; and in the *Terrestrial* of Modern Athens appeared a modest advertisement for a single gentleman to board, references exchanged.

Being a sweet, white soul, who never thought to look under the surface of things, Miss Elizabeth's curiosity was not aroused by Joanna's preference for a man-boarder. She had never heard of that delightful creation of Diego Romero, the Señora Valderno, who declares that every good man and woman is a born matchmaker. Neither had Joanna, but she could have shaken hands with the señora.

"There isn't a boy in all Langdale fit for Miss Ellen!" flashed into her brain.

"An' two old maids"—she counted herself as one of the two—"in the family! An' who knows but it'll be a dacint an' respectable man? An' he'll not be without manes, for thirty dollars a month an' extras ain't comin' out of an impty purse. An' Miss Ellen'll be gettin' the house. God keep off that same this fifty year!" she added piously.

In due time came a letter to Miss Elizabeth from a young man, who referred her to the faculty of St. Botolph's in Modern Athens, where he had made a post-graduate course. The letter was signed "Ruperto Gray."

Long years back there entered into Miss Elizabeth's life one John Gray, who desired her to marry him out of the Church. Even at this late day the surname fluttered her heart.

"What an odd alliance, Spanish and English!" was the comment she passed on the signature.

She wrote the faculty, and in another due time a laudatory report of Ruperto Gray arrived. Mr. Gray was of most exemplary character, and he was the son of a wealthy merchant in Mexico. He awaited the advent of his father, a widower, who proposed to make his residence in Modern Athens.

Miss Elizabeth now informed Ruperto, who asked no references from Miss Merton, that her front apartment, with bath adjacent, awaited his disposition.

On Thursday Ellen was to return home, her course of studies ended. On Wednesday Miss Elizabeth sat in the twilight on the porch, expecting Mr. Gray. Joanna stood in the doorway. The garden gate clicked and a sunnily handsome and athletic young man strode up the path.

"John!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, under her breath.

"Sure, it can't be: he's an elder man now," whispered Joanna, who also saw the resemblance.

After supper Joanna said:

"The gentleman, Miss, he'd like his bit 'smoke maybe, an' it's cool an' pleasant on the porch."

"Certainly," blushed Miss Elizabeth; and Ruperto laughed and confessed that, half a Mexican, he was fond of a cigarette.

"But I do not wish to banish you," he said to Miss Elizabeth.

"And I do not dislike the odor," the lady protested. "You say you are half Mexican?"

"My mother was Spanish, my father was a native of this very town. Did you ever hear of John Gray? You could hardly have known him," he added, remembering that Miss Elizabeth had appeared rather youthful-looking in the lamplight.

If one can be, then Miss Elizabeth was inordinately truthful.

"I once knew him very well," she replied, and turned the conversation. That set Ruperto wondering.

Before Ellen's arrival, Mr. Gray was "Ruperto" with Miss Elizabeth, and "Master Rupert" with Joanna, who considered the masculine termination quite superfluous.

They made a superb picture standing under the hanging-lamp in the tea-room. If Ruperto was sunnily handsome, Ellen was midsummer itself. Both were blondes, with an abundance of ruddy tints without which blondness is inane. Joanna, surveying them, felt ready to go down on the instant to Father Wayne with the banns.

"I suppose some people would think it unnatural," Ellen was saying, "but I felt miserable at leaving the convent. You must not think, though, that I do not love my sister."

"I often feel miserable at not being at the college with the Fathers," confessed Ruperto.

Ellen looked at him with clear eyes

and read his saying. He, being a man and not quick as are women, could not read hers. They were thrown much together, and got on amazingly well.

One day Miss Elizabeth and Joanna stood at the bow-window to gaze out on the youthful people pacing the garden path.

"Never," remarked Joanna,—"never did handsomer couple stand before the altar for the holy blessing of wedlock."

"O Joanna!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth. "You should not say such things."

"An' why not when it's the truth?" protested Joanna.

And the pair pacing the garden path were confiding to each other momentous secrets that would have to be made public some day.

"I do not expect much opposition from Elizabeth," said Ellen. But Ruperto acknowledged frankly that he expected opposition of a strenuous nature from his father.

Shortly after this conversation Ruperto was obliged to go to meet his father.

"Should my father decide to come to Langdale, could you let him have a room here, Miss Elizabeth?" he asked.

Miss Elizabeth hesitated, and as usual Joanna decided.

"Sure, why not, Miss?" she observed. "Master Rupert'll be wishin' to be where his father is, an' you'll not be wantin' to drive him away an' rooms goin' a-beggin'."

It turned out that Mr. Gray the elder desired nothing more than to be with his idolized son; and, the heated term continuing, he expressed gratitude for the shelter offered him in the bow-windowed mansion at Langdale.

It happened, too, that the meeting between Miss Elizabeth after so many years was to be without other witness than Joanna. At the last moment Ruperto was obliged to run off to see about a picture delayed in the customs.

"I wouldn't have anything happen to it for the world," said John Gray. "I've brought it as a sort of atonement for wrong thoughts I once had concerning the pastor of the church at Langdale. He's not living, probably, but I want that picture to go to his church. It's a masterpiece; it would have delighted him."

"If you mean Father Wayne, he is still living,—an old man," said Ruperto.

"God bless me, you don't say so!" exclaimed his father. "I shall be very glad to apologize to him—and to Miss Merton," he added.

"Dear Miss Elizabeth!" said Ruperto.

"And her little sister—I never saw her. She is beautiful?" queried John Gray for the hundredth time.

"She is beautiful as she is good, and that is saying much; for Ellen Merton is a saint," returned Ruperto, gazing into the distance.

John Gray chuckled to himself. He, Joanna and the Señora Valderno, all three, could have joined hands at that moment.

Presently Joanna ushered John Gray into the bow-windowed parlor, and Miss Elizabeth rose from her chair.

"John!" she said, and extended her hand. He held it a moment, let it fall, and murmured:

"Elizabeth!"

Then Joanna withdrew to the kitchen to make matches and a bird-pie.

"You have not changed in the least," said John, with a mendacity that was exquisite.

"You have, very much," said Miss Elizabeth, with unnecessary veracity.

And he had changed. He was stout, rosy-cheeked, somewhat bald. But he was a jovial fellow. He had misbehaved himself in the past, and he confessed this to Miss Elizabeth.

"I was a scoundrel," he said.

Miss Elizabeth laughed.

"Not quite so bad as that," she said. "You thought you were right when you abused the Church. You were wofully ignorant, that was all."

Then he told her what had led to his enlightenment. He had been very ill in Vera Cruz, and was nursed by the Sisters of Charity.

"Their lives opened my eyes; for though you may find bad grapes on a perfectly sound vine, you'll never gather grapes of any sort from thistles."

I know of no better illustration of Miss Elizabeth's utter lack of egoism than this: it did not occur to her to think that John might have remained faithful to her. Yet John once professed a very ardent love for Elizabeth.

Miss Elizabeth made a great event of John's reconciliation with Father Wayne, and of the presentation of the painting to the church. She was perfectly content and happy, now that John was safe in the House built upon the Rock. Not once did the picture present itself of a young girl weeping over a bundle of letters, and then going to a little church to tell her sorrow to One who waits on ten thousand, thousand altars throughout a world He fain would make glad.

The conferences between Ellen and Ruperto continued, and their elders judged rightly that these conferences imported much. Joanna lost patience.

"It's time he spoke," she thought. "If he does as the father did—". Then Joanna's face was grim.

"Have you ever thought that Ruperto is in love?" John asked Miss Elizabeth, bluntly.

Miss Elizabeth replied that she put such thoughts out of her head.

"Then you'd better put them in."

Again, on another occasion, he said, but with much hesitation:

"Elizabeth, I am changed, as you say; but could you not let bygones be

bygones,—let the past be as if it had never been? You would make me very happy, Elizabeth."

She looked at him in amazement, and, with a heart too full for utterance, turned and left him.

"Let the past be as if it had never been!" What were men made of? Then the picture of the desolate girl did present itself, and she felt the cold wind in her face as she did on that winter morning when she went to weep in the church and find comfort.

Her sudden turning away humbled him to the ground. She did not come down to supper: she had a headache. And when she appeared the next morning, her face smiling and placid as before, John was made so happy he would have liked to shake hands with her, but dared not.

"Ellen has asked to see me alone," she informed him.

"And Ruperto has asked the same thing of me," he returned.

They gazed at each other, and I do not believe that either knew that they clasped hands.

"I wish it were possible!" he said. "Could we not be happy?"

She did not answer. They knew now that they clasped hands, and the clasp tightened.

"I may tell Ruperto?" he pleaded.

She evaded a direct reply.

"I shall tell Ellen," she said.

John hung his head in a shamefaced sort of way when Ruperto entered the room for the private conference. Ruperto was not shamefaced: he looked like one prepared to overcome opposition.

"My boy," said John, "I know all you have to say. You needn't say it. You have my consent. And I want your consent to something—I want to marry Miss Elizabeth. May I?"

"Father," cried Ruperto, "I *am* glad! Will it be before I go to the novitiate?"

"To the novitiate!" thundered John. "What ails the boy?"

"But you gave your consent,—I wish to be a priest."

Then something like awe came into John's face.

"God in heaven bless you, my boy," he said fervently, "and forgive me for misunderstanding you!"

"I am a foolish old woman," Miss Elizabeth was saying to Ellen; "but I find I never really forgot him."

In her agitation a great strand of her beautiful hair loosened and fell over her shoulder. Ellen brushed out the strand and coaxed her, and asked was that the hair of an *old* woman. And they cooed together, and in the midst of their cooing Miss Elizabeth burst out:

"But why did you not tell me before that you wanted to be a Sister? You knew I would not object."

"Father Wayne advised me to wait—not to leave you alone," said Ellen.

When Joanna heard it all, she stuck her arms akimbo and declared:

"Who iver heard the like? Well, well! It's at sixes-an'-sivins we've been,—sixes-an'-sivins!"

"But we are all even now, Joanna," put in Ruperto.

In a certain splendid temple may be seen daily an elderly gentleman and his wife, with a little boy, reverently following the Holy Sacrifice offered by a priest who is the idol of God's poor. And the little boy is privileged to call this gentle priest "Brother."

And occasions there are when this elderly couple and the boy go to a great hospital, where they see a woman with the sunlight in her face,—a woman who is called one of God's angels by the suffering and the afflicted. And the boy calls her "Aunt Sister Eulalie."

Yes, God has made it very even for these good people.

Notes and Remarks.

While the cry for the reunion of Christendom rings out perpetually in the Western countries of the world, the work of bringing back estranged communities and sects is proceeding quietly but effectually in the Orient. Writing from Van, Father Gallaud, O. P., sends this encouraging report:

Not a week passes without some village or other asking to return to Catholic unity. Yesterday it was Casem Oglu, consisting of 130 houses. We have had to defer our decision till we shall have sufficient resources to organize divine service. Since our expedition with Father Defrance among the Nestorians, the latter have opened their doors wide to us. Twenty-two villages in the districts of Van, Seraï, Norduz, Mahmudié, and Lewin, together with their priests, have become Catholic; and in most of them we are maintaining schools. This represents a population of 2400 souls. From information just received from the district of Gaver, there are also 697 Catholics there. The chief of the Gelo tribe, Malik Benjamin, is a Catholic, and the Baz tribe is also asking for reunion.

Much of the success of this important work is due to the energetic initiative of Leo XIII., who, amid the multiplicity of interests which have claimed his attention during his glorious pontificate, has bestowed great solicitude on the much-divided churches of the Orient.

What promises to be one of the great labor wars of history is now on between "the billion dollar steel trust" and the organized workmen who carry on their industries. Though seemingly unimportant, the contest is really a matter of life or death to the labor organization. It appears that for many years the companies have been accustomed during slack seasons to shut down the mills employing union men, while non-union mills were continued in full operation. This was really putting a premium on non-unionism, and was a stronger barrier to the organization of the non-union men than any other. The men demand that this discrimination shall

cease, and public opinion has so far sustained them in their struggle. There seems, however, to be a general fear that this strike will seriously injure the steel industry in this country, just as the great engineers' strike in Great Britain six years ago transferred the supremacy in steel-working to the United States. But the men are willing to take the risk; for they contend that enormous fortunes could not be so quickly accumulated by capitalists if labor had its due share in the profits of the industry, as both natural equity and the religion of Christ demand.

In the letter of the Holy Father to the religious Orders of France, against whom such drastic legislation is directed, there is a passage which ought to be true, even though at times and in places the infirmity of human nature seems to make it untrue. It is this:

Among many sources of comfort supplied by the faith, remember, beloved sons, those solemn words of Christ, "Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all that is evil against you falsely, for My sake" (St. Matt., v, 11). No matter how they may multiply pretexts for assailing you, the sad reality comes out of itself. The true reason is the deadly hatred of the world for the City of God—the Catholic Church; and the real aim is, if possible, to remove from the bosom of society the restorative action of Christ, so wholesomely and universally beneficent. Everyone knows that the religious of both sexes are a chosen part of the City of God; for it is they who more particularly represent in themselves the spirit and the mortification of Jesus Christ; it is they who by the observance of the evangelical counsels strive to carry the Christian virtues to the height of perfection; and in many ways they render powerful aid to the Church.

It is not strange, then, that against them, as in ancient times and with other iniquitous arts, the "City of the World" rages, especially that part of it which through sacrilegious compacts approaches "the prince of this world" himself most closely and obeys him most slavishly. It is too clear that in their designs the disbanding and extinction of the religious Orders is a clever move calculated to further the studied project of the apostasy of the Catholic nations from Jesus Christ. But if this is so, of you can be said with all truth, "Blessed are you," since you are hated

and persecuted for nothing else than for the kind of life you have freely chosen to lead in obedience to Christ. If you followed the dictates and wishes of the world, it would give you no trouble; it would even pour its favors upon you. "If you had been of the world, the world would love its own"; but because you walk in entire opposition to it, it assails and makes war upon you. "Because you are not of the world, . . . therefore the world hateth you."

These words of praise from the Father of the Faithful will humble, rather than inflate, religious consciousness of their own shortcomings and the lofty ideal they set out to realize.

The idea of a Catholic party in politics is not more repugnant to the general citizen than it is to Catholics; but it is fair to rejoice in the success of our coreligionists in those countries where they have to constitute themselves into a political party to secure their most obvious rights. Perhaps the last country where such organization might be expected to succeed is Holland; yet from Holland comes the surprising news that the Catholic party has triumphed at the polls, and that the next ministry will probably be Catholic. Not long ago we published statistics showing the rapid increase of the clergy and laity of Holland, as well as the strides made by the Church in material advancement. Yet this normal growth is insufficient to explain the success of the Catholic party at the polls; the remarkable Dr. Schaepman is probably the real explanation of that.

We have lately said that the zeal of the Methodist mission in Rome is inspired less by the love of God than by hatred of the Pope. The Roman correspondent of the *Tablet* describes a scene of recent occurrence which tends to confirm that view:

"The Beast of the Apocalypse!"—"The Beast of the Apocalypse!" was the cry heard in the streets of Rome the other day from the loud-

throated venders of a cheap pamphlet. The title was meant to describe the venerable occupant of the See of Peter, whom the University of Glasgow recently called "the most holy and most learned Pontiff." This scurrilous publication is full of the vilest abuse of the Papacy and the Church, of monstrous calumny and gross slander; yet it is allowed to be sold in the streets of Rome. It has been in circulation some two or three years, chiefly in Sicily; and is one of the edifying books found in the list of the Methodist proselytizers, by which they hope to raise the morals of the Romans.

The Holy Father, it will be remembered, complained of the manner in which the Protestant propaganda has been carried on in his own city; and the secular as well as the sectarian press was prompt to attribute the protest to papal intolerance. We have only to say that we could name a hundred cities in several countries where tolerance would not go half so far as it seems to go in Rome.

An American officer, Col. Kennon, writing in the *North American Review*, makes it clear that the same spirit which animated the French Revolution inspires the Katipunan, the secret society which aims at the expulsion of the friars from the Philippines. Its purpose is oppression, its method is murder, and its membership is recruited from the most ignorant and vicious classes of the natives. They are thus described by Col. Kennon:

Murder is scarcely regarded as a crime; familiarity with it has bred contempt. A native will frankly confess that he has killed so many men, but will plead that he was "ordered to do it." He will state that he murdered a man hostile to you or to your party solely to ingratiate himself in your favor. He will, with tears in his eyes, kill a member of his own family because ordered by the *presidente* of the town so to do; he would kill his own child if required to do so by the *presidente*. Another will squat beside a grave in which his companions are burying alive two of his fellow-creatures, hear the muffled cries of the latter as the earth falls upon them growing fainter and fainter as its depth increases, and greedily devour meanwhile a mess of rice rejected by one of the victims of Katipunan "justice." Such people are little above brutes; but of such is the bulk of the membership of the Katipunan—

credulous recipients of its teachings, and mere unthinking instruments for the carrying out of whatever infamy may be directed by the leaders.

It is this sort of native that has clamored for the banishment of the friars and charged them with all manner of extortion and crime. Our people, civilians and officers, believed these natives, and thought them nice, patriotic people, until it was found that the Katipunan was the backbone of the Filipino resistance, and that stories of American atrocities and oppression began to circulate even more freely than stories about the Spaniards and the friars; then we ceased to admire the Katipunan. There is a good deal of human nature in us Americans.

There is no denying that a part of the sympathy so generally felt in this country for the Boers is due to a sentimental admiration of the character of the men and their leaders, and especially of the sturdy and picturesque Mr. Kruger. A bereavement has fallen on the exiled president which will increase the number of his sympathizers: his faithful helpmeet passed away in Pretoria on the 21st ult. She is described as a typical Dutch wife, sharing her husband's fondness for simplicity, disdaining dress and amusements, devoted to Mr. Kruger and the many children that blessed their union. When the news was broken to Oom Paul in the place of his exile, the old man burst into tears, exclaiming: "She was a good wife! We quarrelled only once." The sympathy of the world goes out to this lonely old man, who finds, however, in religion a consolation he could not otherwise know.

No wonder that the school exhibit received from the Philippines at the Pan-American Exposition has been a surprise to many visitors. The inhabitants of our new possessions have been persistently represented as barbarians,

and of course educational work of high excellence was not to be expected of them. The Buffalo Exposition is, fortunately, too early for any one to assert that this exhibit shows the astonishing success of recently established government schools among the Filipinos, so long kept in ignorance by the persecuting friars. One paragraph of the description of the exhibit, too, is decidedly telltale. It refers to the efforts of the pioneer educators of the islands:

The third and most advanced group of the Filipino school exhibits consists of various books ordered for school use by the friars; manuscript poem in Tagalog dialect, about Charlemagne, written by Manuel del Rosario, Cavité province, 1842-3; manuscript arithmetic, over one hundred years old, in use by Rosario family of Cavité province; instruments for striking fire, made of carabao horn; letters to parents of children in Apalit schools written in Spanish, English and Tagalog; colored maps and drawings by pupils at Apalit, with assistance from English teacher; needlework done in Apalit schools; drawings and penmanship work by boys' school, Guagua.

Think of the children of our own public schools writing letters to their proud papas and mammas in three languages,—think of the fond parents reading these epistles!

The death of the venerable Bishop Moore, of the diocese of St. Augustine, Florida, will be widely and sincerely mourned. He was almost as well known at the North as in the South, and he won friends wherever he went. Under his wise and energetic government the Church has made great progress in Florida, where the example of his strenuous life will long be remembered. In the diocese of Charleston, where he was a pastor before his elevation to the episcopate, he also left a record for zeal and devotedness. Though in feeble health for some years past, Bishop Moore managed to perform the labors of a young and vigorous man; and he died as he had hoped to do—"in the harness." *R. I. P.*

Notable New Books.

The Passion. By the Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.
Translated by E. Leahy. Marlier & Co.

The body of literature dealing with the Passion of Our Lord is enormous. There is not a decade of the Church's history that has not made some considerable addition to it. There is, as Father Olivier says, "no study more interesting or more profitable to the Christian" than the study of the Passion; for it yields a robust piety which the more saccharine readings and devotions can not bestow. It holds the mind down to first principles, to the thought of God's love, of sin, of penance; and these are the thoughts that sanctify.

Father Olivier's fame as a preacher will help to popularize this book, though its own intrinsic merit could hardly fail to win appreciation. Not only has the author absorbed the writings of the Fathers and the standard preachers and ascetical writers of earlier times, but he has mastered the work of such moderns as Vigouroux, Fillion, Chevallier, Fouard, and Le Camus. He has also gone carefully over the Holy Places in person, and therefore his descriptions have a sprightliness and color they could not otherwise possess. His references are minute, and he buttresses most of his statements with authority; but he has not disdained what Tyndall called "the scientific use of the imagination," and some of his inferences and conclusions are distinctly valuable. Of the translation we will only say that good translators are more rare than good stylists, and that in this case the original is at times too strictly followed. But for spiritual reading and as an aid to meditation or preaching, the value of the volume is very great.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Translated by the Rev. C. L. Gruenenwald, C. S. Sp. Vol. I.
Published by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Detroit, Michigan.

The personality of the Venerable Libermann is of more than common interest. Born of severely orthodox Jewish parents in 1804—his father, indeed, was a rabbi,—he saw his elder brother Samson enter the Church under circumstances which pained him deeply. The local Jewish consistory, deciding to make some improvements in its schools, had appointed a committee, with Dr. Samson Libermann as secretary, to carry out its wishes. But the secretary had been earnestly reading Christian books, and the committee soon created a sort of Tractarian Movement among the Jews of Alsace. Six of its members became

Catholics, and among them was Samson Libermann. His younger brother, not less than his father, was deeply incensed, and pleaded and argued with Samson to return to the faith of Israel. Two years later, in 1826, this ardent young Hebrew himself was baptized and had determined to become a priest. While preparing for ordination he was stricken with epilepsy, so that it was only in 1841, in his thirty-seventh year, that he was ordained. Seven years later, under the direction of Pius IX., he had effected a union between the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart (of which Order he was one of the founders) and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and had become the first superior-general of the amalgamated community.

While still a seminarian himself, he had been placed in charge of the novitiate of the Eudist Fathers; hence we are not surprised to find that practically all the letters of this first volume are addressed to seminarians. To them, therefore, this excellent translation will be most acceptable. Father Libermann's directions, we regret to find, are nowhere very concrete; but his beautiful spirit is in evidence all through these letters.

Pastorals of Dorset. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans, Green & Co.

The art of Mrs. Blundell is seen to good advantage in these simple tales of the Dorset peasantry, so slight in themselves, yet possessing such simple charm as leads the reader on from one to another and makes it hard to lay down the volume till all are finished. It is the art of artlessness, which seems indeed to be taxed to its utmost in such a vignette as "Johnny at Shroton Fair," for instance; but which is delicious in "Shepherd Robbins" and "The Lover's Wraith." Tidbits they are to delight the jaded novel-reader on whom romance has palled; for, instead of fanciful and often fantastic sketches of the past, they are merely snapshots of scenes that all may see who have an eye. Ah, but the eye!

The Saints. Joan of Arc. By L. Petit de Julleville, Duckworth & Co.

Those to whom the wonderful history of Joan of Arc is unfamiliar can not fail to be pleased with this volume. Instead of a wearisome discussion of political intrigues and military manœuvres, and a study of the persons with whom she was brought in contact, we have Joan's own story of her career, with such a summary of historical events as to afford a clear understanding of the great services she rendered in restoring and

securing the rights of the French kingdom, and in reclaiming the liberty and glory of afflicted religion. The virtues of this saint and heroine shine forth in every stage of her wondrous life, in spite of the misconceptions of many of her biographers, by whom she is represented rather as a warrior or amazon. As M. de Julleville remarks: "Joan of Arc deserves ever to be regarded as the incarnation of all that is purest and most blameless in patriotism, and of all that is most submissive to God and obedient to His call in saintliness. This double glory adorns her brow for all time."

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. By Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L. R. & T. Washbourne.

A popular biography of the author of "The Imitation" has long been a *desideratum*. No doubt most readers of that wondrous book have often felt a desire to become familiar with the life and surroundings of its saintly author. Dom Scully has produced a charming volume, to which Dr. Cruise, another lover of À Kempis and "The Imitation," supplies a brief but satisfactory introduction. It is a book of spiritual reading as well as a history. The vexed question of the authorship of "the most beautiful book that ever came from the hand of man—for, as we know, the Holy Scriptures come from God"—is wisely avoided. Dom Scully feared that his readers might thus lose sight of the personality of the great Canon Regular of St. Augustine; and Dr. Cruise, in a learned work published in 1887, had already upheld the opinion that Thomas à Kempis was the author of "The Imitation."

The book is well published, and is embellished with three well-chosen illustrations—the monument at Zwolle, Holland, and portraits of St. Agnes and À Kempis.

By-Ways of War. The Story of the Filibusters. By James Jeffrey Roche. Small, Maynard & Company.

The Filibuster, according to his present historian, was "a brave, lawless, generous anomaly on civilization." In the more prosaic language of the lexicographer, he was an adventurer who took part in an unlawful military expedition into a foreign country in aid of revolution, or with the object of annexation, personal aggrandizement or plunder. Mr. Roche regards the species as extinct, and, thinking it time to write its history, has given us a book of two hundred and fifty interesting pages devoted to these modern cousins of the old-time buccaneers, freebooters, and pirates. The subject lends itself to more than a

touch of romanticism, and the author writes with not a little sympathetic interest; and the result is a very readable book. Although some space is given to Narciso Lopez and Raoussett-Boulbon, the bulk of the volume is the biography of William Walker, famous for his expeditions into Mexico and Nicaragua. Mr. Roche is always a forceful writer, and his reputation will suffer no diminution on account of this latest of his works.

Mononía. By Justin McCarthy. Small, Maynard & Co.

Nothing could be sweeter and purer than the quality of this romance of Forty-eight. The love-story is of the most tenuous kind, the interest centering chiefly in the historic setting, so distinctively Irish, so crowded with political plots and uprisings and secret meetings, and the dangers which were as an atmosphere around the Irish patriot of those times. The inevitable informer is there, also the inevitable failure and batch of imprisonments. We know of no living author so competent to write on such a theme as Justin McCarthy; for with the gift of literary expression he combines much inside knowledge of the movements he describes, and a clear view of the details of contemporary social and literary life. His style is of the historian rather than of the novelist; but he has observation, power of characterization, and knowledge of life. As with too much of Mr. McCarthy's writing, the strong Catholic flavor is wanting,—he never forgets that there are all sorts of people in his audience. But the book is wholesome, temperate, informing, and full of sane entertainment.

An Original Girl. By Christine Faber. P. J. Kenedy.

Readers who like their novels to be of a generous length, and who rather resent the devices of large type, broad margins and thick paper, by which a comparatively short story is made to masquerade as a big book, will find nothing to cavil at in this latest volume of Miss Faber. Some seven hundred and sixty pages should satisfy even the most exacting stickler as to quantity in a novel. That the story, notwithstanding this length, does not impress the reader as being unduly long-drawn-out speaks well for its quality. The plot is uncommonplace, well-handled, and sufficiently involved to hold one's attention even to the denouement. While the novel is perfectly safe reading for Catholics of any age, the religious note is perhaps more subdued than one would naturally expect from the author and the publisher's house.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

As We Forgive.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

FORGIVE us our trespasses *as* we forgive,—

Thus we pray to our Father each day;
Yet can He conclude, as He sees how we live,
That we really mean what we say?

Our companions offend us: we bear them ill-will,
Pass them by without deigning to speak,
Judge them rashly, and fret with impatience until
Our revenge on their heads we can wreak.

Ah, what folly to think He will pardon our sins
While ourselves unforgiving we show!
The hate-burdened heart Heaven's mercy ne'er wins:
God will treat us as we treat our foe.

Phil's Nephew.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE summer boarders could not decide concerning the relationship of the pair of friends, an old man and a small boy, who sat day after day looking at the sea together. Usually they occupied one of the little benches just above the great Rock; but when the day was exceptionally fair they would climb Burial Hill and wander about among the Pilgrim graves. The boy seemed never to tire of reading the old inscriptions upon the quaint slate headstones, especially one that told how a young lady had died of a "languishmente."

"And what is a 'languishmente,' I wonder?" he asked the old man.

"Sort of a broken heart, I think."

When they were tired they would sit and watch the water. All about them were the low mounds, near at hand the sites of the old fort and watchtower,

in front of them Cape Cod encircling the bay like a great arm, and at their feet the Rock.

They had not known each other long. They did not even know each other's name. One day the boy said:

"We have not been introduced, and we ought to be. I'm Phil Landreth."

"I'm Pilgrim Adoniram Bradford."

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed the boy, drawing a long breath. "That's a mouthful. I never heard of any one being called Pilgrim before. Who thought of that name?"

"My mother."

"Your mother? Why, somehow I can't think of your having a mother. She must have been a very old lady; for you are—well, not very young."

"She was eighteen."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Phil again.

"I never saw my father. He was a sea-captain, and was lost on a voyage before I was born. His name was Pilgrim too. My mother died when I was a baby. I have no relatives."

"Not even an uncle or an aunt or anything?"

"Not one."

Phil looked out over the water for a few moments, then said solemnly:

"I've always thought I should like to be somebody's uncle; and I never will be, for I haven't any brothers and sisters, and I'm not going to live to grow up anyway. Folks say so when they think I don't hear. Now, suppose we pretend that I'm *your* uncle?"

"I think I should rather like it," answered Mr. Bradford.

"Really and truly?"

"Really and truly."

"Well, I'll have to think of something

to call you. How do you think you'd like the name of Charley?"

"First-rate, Uncle Phil."

Then they both laughed.

"I know it's going to be great fun," said the boy. "I don't think there's anything more fun in the world than pretending. Sometimes I play I'm one of the Pilgrim Fathers or the Indian Samoset; and one whole day I thought I was a mermaid. It's dreadful easy for me to pretend. And maybe you won't believe it, but I've been on the stage,—really and truly on the stage. Mamma's an actress, you know; and they had to have a real baby in a play, and I was it. Oh, I forgot! Mamma told me not to tell things to strangers; but you can't be a stranger. A nephew couldn't be a stranger. Could he, Charley?"

"Certainly not, Uncle Phil."

"So I don't think she'd mind if I told you some more, now that you are my nephew and in the family. My papa's dead. He had consumption. I have it too. Did you ever notice how I cough?"

"I believe I have noticed it once or twice," replied Mr. Bradford, evasively.

"Well, the doctor said that maybe the salt-air would help me. That's why we came here. But I don't think it is helping me very fast. Do you?"

"Not very."

"Perhaps, now I have such a nice nephew, I will get better." He stopped for a little while, then went on: "What are pilgrims, Charley?"

"They used to be men who went on foot to holy places."

"I should like to know why the folks who came over in the *Mayflower* called themselves Pilgrims."

Mr. Bradford did not seem to know exactly why.

"I remember," he said, "something about their not having any abiding city. I guess that was why."

"Well, they were very good people."

Of that the old gentleman was sure. "Oh, yes!" he answered. "They were a little narrow perhaps, but good."

"What do you mean by 'narrow'?"

"They wanted everybody to have the same kind of religion that they had."

"How can there be two kinds of religion?" asked Phil.

"Two kinds? Why, there are hundreds of kinds!" Mr. Bradford answered.

This was news to Phil. That there could be any faith except that which he had learned from his mother was inconceivable. He asked her about it that night, and she told him that he would have to learn sooner or later that there were a good many people in the world who, although otherwise very excellent and upright and having a belief in God, were not within the Church which Our Lord founded.

"O dear!" said Phil, anxiously. "I do hope Charley has the right religion."

"Charley who, dear?"

"Why, Mr. Bradford. We just pretend, you know. I play I'm his uncle. He never had an uncle. His name's Pilgrim Adoniram. His folks came over in the *Mayflower*."

Phil was not well the next day, and Mr. Bradford looked him up at his boarding-house.

"Hello, uncle!" he called up the stairs.

"Avast there and climb the rigging!" replied Phil, who liked nautical terms, but was not very sure of them.

"Charley," he said, when they were comfortably seated in a sunny window, "when uncles are not likely to live a great while they give their nephews good advice. Now, I'm not very sure about you in one way. Do you think your religion is all right?"

"I—I—why, I don't know what you're driving at."

"Do you love God and the Blessed Virgin and say your prayers?"

Mr. Bradford admitted that he had

always thought that prayers were just for children to say; but he hoped that he loved God, though he had never been taught much about the Blessed Virgin.

"It's a good thing you have an uncle, then," said Phil. "I'll teach you."

At last the dead leaves were thick upon the graves of the Pilgrims, and the good boat *John Endicott* brought no more loads of tourists to gaze upon the Rock and climb the steep side of Burial Hill.

"We'll have to say 'Good-bye!' pretty soon," said Phil to his old friend.

Somehow, the old friend did not seem to hear; but that might have been "pretending," too.

"Uncle," he remarked, "I've never told you, but the fact is I am rich. I've got a lot of money and not a chick or a child. Now, your mother hates acting, and the doctor says if you can be out doors all the while you stand a pretty good chance of getting well. Suppose you take some of the money I don't know what to do with and go to Mexico for the winter?"

"And will you go, too?"

"I'm too old; and, besides that, I don't think I should like to get very far from where the *Mayflower* landed. But you and your mother must go, and next summer you can come back and tell me all about your getting well."

One day about Christmas the Mexican sunshine seemed to fade all of a sudden as Phil's mother read aloud a letter that told how the old descendant of the Pilgrims had gone on one more quest.

"His mind wandered toward the end," the lawyer's letter said; "and he talked continually of some uncle, although he was never known to have a relative. And he seemed to derive much pleasure from the visits of a Catholic priest, although he had been in the habit formerly of saying very harsh things concerning what he termed the 'Popish

superstition.' I am in possession of his last will and testament, by which your son Philip becomes the possessor of a comfortable fortune, consisting of," etc.

When the leaves again clothed the trees in the old Pilgrim town by the sea, Phil, grown strong and well, wandered among the graves once more, and by one he always paused to offer a prayer for a pilgrim soul that had fared forth on the unknown ocean.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

VI.—EXPERIENCES.

Boys at school or college show to the very best advantage during the first days of term. Many causes conspire to produce this salutary but, alas! too often transitory result. The novelty for the newcomer is an important factor. New faces, new class-rooms, new associates, new professors tend to create in the beginning a state of affairs which would be ideal were it but permanent.

All too soon does the ideal condition disappear. In its place comes prosaic drudgery for teacher and boy, which, however necessary, sometimes ends in positive mutual dislike. In such a case, if the boy have not considerable moral stamina, his college course closes prematurely and disastrously. How many a bright prospect of a brilliant career, military, naval, legal or medical—and but too often ecclesiastical as well—has been shattered and destroyed in traveling over the fallow ground of collegiate preparation! Even in a Catholic college, where there is no costly and often fatal educational experimentation, this state of affairs may sometimes exist.

It would not be fair to say that at any time was Harry Russell in danger of ending his college career through

any incompatibility of taste or method between teacher and pupil. Yet he did experience many a decidedly unpleasant quarter of an hour in the class-room.

When, after about three weeks or a month, the novelty of his surroundings had worn away, and his professor, Mr. Dalrymple, had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Russell's talents and tastes, as well as his application, the professor began to "push" the boy. For the teacher no exercise was quite good enough; no recitation, however much private study had been given to it, was wholly satisfactory; no composition or theme, however painstaking, but what was "cut to pieces."

The teacher recognized the boy's high order of talent, yet he, unfortunately, adopted this peculiar method with him. The consequence was that before very long Harry began to have a dislike for the one who should have been not his teacher only, but his counsellor and friend. Thus it came about that Harry Russell's first year of college life was by no means as pleasant as he had pictured to himself it would be.

Harry's temper was often tried. He was now old enough to realize fully the hardships entailed on the family by his father's monomania for inventions, while the domestic affairs were allowed to take care of themselves. He was often worried and anxious about his mother's failing health, caused by the incessant care to make ends meet. He even deliberated with himself whether he had not better give up the idea of a professional career, abandon his studies, and enter upon a mechanical or commercial occupation, and thus be of some pecuniary assistance at home.

In these perplexities he consulted Mr. Haylon, who always encouraged him to keep on with his studies, assuring him that domestic affairs would eventually right themselves and all would be well.

Mr. Haylon did not tell the boy that in some mysterious way there came certain sums into the family exchequer through his influence. He did not tell Harry that he was paying Clarence Jennings Russell an exorbitant salary as office-boy, although Harry was well aware that his brother had been taken into Mr. Haylon's employment.

All these circumstances tended to cause Harry Russell, in some undefined way, to aim less high in his studies as the months slipped by. In class and in the yard he now not unfrequently dropped into the slang of the street, often using the vocabulary he had acquired when engaged in selling papers. Yet he took corrections and penances for these lapses willingly; for at heart he was desirous of acquiring correctness of expression and a refinement of manners.

One instance of the trouble of this time will give an insight into Harry's character, as well as the method of treating boys which obtained at Rockland. Russell himself admits it was a turning-point in his career.

"My, but didn't we have a time this morning in our class-room!" said Harry Russell to a group of boys in the yard during the noon recess.

"What's up? What was the fun?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Fun! Oh, bushels of it! Guess old Dalrymple won't think he has a picnic at this college."

Boys are, as a rule, fairly good judges of character. They are seldom wrong in their conclusions. Their methods of arriving at these conclusions may be faulty, perhaps; but the results are pretty accurate.

By some peculiar mental deflection, "Old Dal," as the boys nicknamed Mr. Dalrymple, had come to the conclusion that boys, and the boys of his own class in particular, were his natural enemies, with whom it was necessary to wage

perpetual warfare. The boys took up the gauntlet of battle, his own class carrying on most of their operations in their own room. Marbles unaccountably fell from trousers' pockets and rolled across the floor; by some occult means books often found wings; screws in the desks lost their steadying and sustaining powers. Of course the boys disclaimed all responsibility for these misfortunes.

That morning about which Harry Russell was telling his friends, a dozen marbles had rolled across the floor just as Mr. Dalrymple was engaged in explaining the Latin accusative with the infinitive construction.

"Who did that?" asked the teacher.

Of course nobody did it. Matters were not mended when the teacher made the unfortunate remark:

"I know you. I will report you after class. I will have you expelled."

A boisterous laugh followed.

Mr. Merrow, teacher of sciences, saw how things stood. He knew boys well. He knew also how to deal with them, having the faculty of drawing out the very best trait in each boy's character. He had the confidence of the greater number of Rockland boys.

After considering the matter for a long time, he made up his mind to take some of the boys of the special class to task for their conduct toward their professor. Mr. Merrow was aware that the boys outside of their respective class-rooms acknowledged only the regular prefects of discipline, to whom they were responsible. Nevertheless, he decided to speak to them.

By a coincidence the yard prefect, hearing much of the late disturbances in Russell's class-room, came up to the group who were discussing the latest phase of it.

"Boys," he said, "I do not think you are giving the new professor of Special a fair show."

"You don't, eh?" said Russell, somewhat rudely. "Well, I do. Didn't he declare he would subdue us—break us? Didn't he say he was master here?"

"Well, Harry, isn't he?" asked Phil Crawton, a rhetorician, "at least in his own class-room."

"Not much—as yet, anyway," said Harry. "At any rate, we are prefects enough, goodness knows, by the regular prefects, who never, if they can help it, let us out of their sight. We don't want a dozen others looking after us."

"That's right, Harry!" said another boy named Smollet. "There's too many bosses in this penitentiary"—a favorite epithet of opprobrium for Rockland by the students of the malcontent type.

Russell winced. He was a good fellow at heart. He had strong likes and dislikes. The term "penitentiary" applied to a college conducted by the best educators in the country was always offensive to him. He saw that his dislike for his professor—whose only fault, after all, was that he was somewhat tactless—had thrown him among a class of boys whom he at heart despised.

His first impulse was to move away—to desert the mischievous coterie; but he did not go, chiefly because of his dislike for the man who was teaching him and who had on several occasions punished him for offences of which he was not guilty. The memory of these unfortunate mistakes occurring just at the moment determined him to remain with the group.

The more these boys talked about their supposed grievances, the angrier they became. Russell was at the moment in that dangerous state of mind when the smallest thing—the mere turn of a straw—is fraught with serious consequences. It was at this unfortunate instant when Mr. Merrow came up with his, perhaps, mistaken intention of interfering.

"Good-afternoon, boys!" he said.

One lad answered curtly. The rest, contrary to their usual custom, did not respond to the salutation.

"I hear there has been trouble again in the Special."

No one ventured a response.

"I think it is too bad. You bigger boys ought to know better,—and you do. It is unlike you. Such a thing was never heard of here before. Mr. Dalrymple means well, although it may be he does not thoroughly understand you boys. Whose fault is that?"

"Guess he doesn't want to, either," said Harry Russell, shortly and not with the best of manners.

Mr. Merrow looked surprised.

"Why, Harry, what's the matter with you? What has come over you of late?"

"It's no one's business—at least not yours—what's the matter with me."

"What on earth—" but Mr. Merrow stopped short in his speech. The rest of the boys were now silent from sheer surprise. They had never seen their friend Harry in such a rôle before.

"It's just no one's business," he went on, angered now by the silence; "and I'm tired of this interference. First one and then another! There's no peace. Here's Dalrymple been soaking me—"

"Mister Dalrymple, you mean."

"Dalrymple, I mean. There's Dalrymple giving me penances for nothing; then you are at me, and the prefects give us no rest. I'm getting tired of it all, and I guess I had better get out."

"Well, if your present frame of mind continues," replied Mr. Merrow, severely, "I am sure no one would regret your leaving."

"It's none of your business, anyway!" said the angry boy, now regardless of the consequence of his words.

"Do not be too sure about that, Russell. I may think it worth while to make it my business."

With a remark that he would see Harry at a later period, Mr. Merrow walked away.

Russell, still angry with himself, was in no mood to accept the congratulations of his fellows. Disgusted at his burst of ill-mannered temper toward a man whom he really respected, he would not accept the praise of those whom he did not like. Without a word he strode away and walked alone up and down the campus until the big bell rang for class.

(To be continued.)

St. Christina and the Millstone.

St. Christina, who died 295, was the daughter of a noble who lived near Lake Bolseno, and was early a convert to the Christian faith. One day, looking on a crowd of poor people whose wants she could not supply, she broke her father's silver and gold idols and divided them among the beggars. He was enraged and beat her and threw her into a dungeon, but angels came and healed her wounds. Then he was determined to drown her, and fastened her to a millstone and threw both into the lake; but again angels came to her rescue, leading her safely to land. He then thought there must be some witchcraft about her, and threw her into a fiery furnace; but she remained there five days unharmed, singing praises to God.

At seeing these things St. Christina's father became so terrified that he died. Then the governor ordered her tongue to be cut out, but she only sang more loudly and sweetly. Serpents and reptiles became harmless as doves before her; but at last she was shot dead with arrows, and angels carried her pure spirit to heaven. This saint with the millstone is often painted to decorate churches in Italy.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. W. S. Lilly's new book, "Renaissance Types," announced in these columns some months ago, is now selling rapidly in the London book-stalls.

—The editor of the *Writer* recalls John Boyle O'Reilly's motto, and says that it should be inscribed in every newspaper office in the land: "Never say as a journalist what you would not say as a gentleman."

—"What is Christianity?" is the title of a new book by Prof. Harnack, who supplies a special preface to the English translation. The work is a series of lectures, which are said to be notable for signs of deep conviction as to the truth of Christianity.

—The members of the Society of the Holy Spirit have reason to felicitate themselves on the good work it is accomplishing. One of the objects of this excellent association is the dissemination of Catholic literature; and we learn from the annual report just published that since last Pentecost 77,000 books and tracts have been gratuitously distributed. This is an average of over 210 publications daily.

—The current number of Cranbrook Papers, besides attractions all its own in the way of printing and illumination, contains several articles of special interest to book-lovers. From an account of "Earliest Illustrated Books" we learn that the wood cut was first employed in a volume of meditations by Cardinal Torquemada, printed in Rome in 1467. It contains thirty-four wood cuts, representing Scriptural scenes. All are in outline, as if designed for coloring. Cardinal Torquemada was the author of a number of works, including an exposition of the Psalms. His tomb is still to be seen in the Church of S. Maria Sopra Minerva.

—The publication of a new edition of the novels of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard recalls the fine compliment paid to her by a critic so exacting as James Russell Lowell. "Mrs. Stoddard," said Lowell, "is the one woman in America who has revealed the profoundest depths of genius." The name *Stoddard*, by the way, has the same pre-eminence in American literature that the name *Smith* has in the city directories. At least six Stoddards have won distinction in literary work, three of them being of the same family. These are Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard; R. H. Stoddard, her husband, a keen critic as well as a graceful

poet; and Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, their son, the gifted playwright. Once it happened quite by chance that the same issue of one of the magazines contained poems from the father, mother and son.

—Another welcome pamphlet of recent publication contains the funeral sermon of the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Joos, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Detroit, preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Covington. It is a fitting tribute to a noble priest, and affords a most readable account of his great life-work. Pictures of Monsig. Joos and of St. Mary's Academy at Monroe, Michigan, enhance the interest of this *brochure*.

—Many persons who have been inquiring for the best translations of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" and Manzoni's "Betrothed" will be interested to know that the former, translated by T. W. Arnold, is included in the Temple Classics. Four editions of it have already appeared. The translation of Manzoni's masterpiece published in Bohn's Library is said to be the only complete one in our language. The Macmillan Co., agents.

—From the composer, Mr. Giuseppe Lo Verde, we have received an *Ave Maria*, in which the musical setting is most appropriate for the soulful words. From the introduction, with its pleasing modulations, to the final chord of its closing cadence, the composition is religious.—From Falk & Co., Chicago, we are in receipt of a work which will be welcomed by organists,—namely, a Pastoral and Postlude, full of possibilities for a real interpreter of music.

—It is not often that a Catholic paper lives to celebrate its golden jubilee. This has been the good fortune, however, of the *True Witness* of Montreal. Few religious journals on this side of the Atlantic have had abler or more zealous editors than the *Witness*, and not many have higher claims on the Catholic public. The history of this paper is the history of Irish Catholics in Canada for half a century, and nobly has it served their cause. The *True Witness* has our best wishes for increased influence and prosperity.

—The inspiring sermon preached by Archbishop Ireland in his cathedral July 2, on the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of St. Paul's first Bishop, is now happily accessible as a pamphlet. Reviewing the progress made by the Church in the Northwest within the last half century, the Archbishop

offers due meed of praise to all who have contributed to the splendid result. Of the laity he says:

They were the vanguards of the priesthood: they prepared the way, and drew after them the priesthood; and before the priesthood came, they did, as far as they were allowed, the work of the priesthood, instructing childhood in the faith and holding among themselves public prayers on Sundays. The traditions of early settlements, passing down the names of laymen familiarly titled as priests or bishops in their districts, give the proof of this lay apostolate. Nor was the zeal of the laity confined to earlier days: while putting on new forms, to omit newness of circumstances, it but burst forth into more fervent action, as religion was being more firmly established and the range of its needs was widened. How often the suggestion of further work has come from the laity! How readily work, which fell with appropriateness to their own hands, was willingly seized upon by them! How much aid has been given to religion by the many charitable and benevolent associations that have been formed by laymen! And how quick has ever been their response to just and well-warranted appeals of their clergy for encouragement and co-operation! The Church will never prosper in any land, however admirable the priesthood, unless the laity deeply realize that its interests are theirs, and that the labor in furtherance of those interests must also be theirs.

The hearty appreciation of the labors of the early missionaries and the later priests is appropriately set close to a cordial tribute to the charity and fair-mindedness of their Protestant neighbors. The sermon is characteristically large-hearted, broad-minded, vigorous and apostolic.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.

Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Oliver, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.

The Apostles' Creed. *Adolph Harnack.* 75 cts.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana Skinner.* \$1.50.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, net.

Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.

Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.

Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.

Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.

The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.

John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.

Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, net.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., net.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., net.

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands. — HEV., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis M. Fowler, of the Archdiocese of Baltimore; the Rev. John Brennan, Archdiocese of San Francisco; the Rev. Edward Barry, Archdiocese of St. Louis; and the Rev. H. D. Brickley, Diocese of Dallas.

Madame Power, R. S. H., London, Ont., Canada.

Mr. Charles P. Preston, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Col. John C. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. M. U. Gary, Mr. John Tormey, Michael, Mary, and Joseph Ferrall, Halifax, N. C.; Mr. Christian Richert, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. John Rettaliata, Annapolis, Md.; Mrs. Anne Conlan and Mr. Patrick McGovern, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Joseph Britton, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mary McCaffrey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Catherine Kreckel, Lancaster, Pa.; Mr. Samuel Murphy, Saucelito, Cal.; Mrs. Elizabeth Dodwell, Decatur, Ill.; Mrs. Mary T. Donahue, St. Thomas, Canada; Mr. Francis Simms, Columbus, Ohio; Patrick and Edward Reddy, Mrs. Mary A. Troy and Mrs. Mary J. Redmond, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Napoleon Le Brun, Mrs. Paul L. Thebaud, Miss Margaret M. Polan, and Miss Ann McGinness, New York city; also Mrs. James N. Paulding, Cold Spring, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!





THE CORONATION OF OUR LADY.
(FILIPPO LIPPI.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 17, 1901.

NO. 7.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

"Peace! It is I!"

The Celebration at Detroit.

BY SAINT ANATOLIUS.

BY A. T. S.

FIERCE was the billow,
 Dark was the night;
 Oars labored heavily,
 Foam glimmered white;
 Trembled the mariners,
 Peril was high;
 Then said the God of God:
 "Peace! It is I!"

 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest!
 Wail of Euroclydon,
 Be thou at rest!
 Sorrow can never be—
 Darkness must fly—
 Where saith the Light of light:
 "Peace! It is I!"

 Jesu, Deliverer!
 Come Thou to me:
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over Life's sea.
 Thou, when the storm of Death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of truth:
 "Peace! It is I!"

BELIEVING, as I firmly do, that man
 in the distant future will be a far
 more perfect creature than he now
 is, it is an intolerable thought that
 all sentient beings are doomed to
 annihilation after such long-continued
 progress. To those who admit the im-
 mortality of the soul the destruction of
 our world will not appear so dreadful.

—Darwin.



AYET unwritten, though deeply
 interesting, chapter of American
 history might deal with the
 French or Franco-Canadian element in
 the Commonwealth,—the part they
 played as explorers, pioneers or founders
 of cities, especially in the Northwest;
 their subsequent loyalty and service to
 the State during the Indian troubles of
 the War of Independence. For the names
 of Marquette, Duluth, Nicolet, La Salle,
 D'Iberville, Langlade, Juneau, suggest a
 veritable epic. The lives of these men,
 and hosts of others—their endurance,
 their daring, their wondrous exploits,
 and ultimate success,—have no adequate
 record, especially in the English tongue.
 They planted the standard of the Cross
 and the civilization of the Cross side by
 side with the fort and the farm. They
 penetrated into profoundest solitudes,
 cleared dense forests, tilled the ground,
 and caused the wilderness to flourish.

All this, too often forgotten, has been
 vividly recalled to mind by the late
 celebration in Detroit, which during the
 three days of its duration transported
 that modern city, the very flower of
 American progress, back to the dawning
 of the eighteenth century, when the
 foundations of a city replaced the rude
 military outpost already planted there.
 As to the history of the place, it has

been a varied and truly extraordinary one. "Few cities on the continent are more remarkable in their early history than Detroit," observes a paper recently read before the Historical Society; "not one owing its origin to a more majestic river, through whose deep channels the crystal waters of the great inland seas flow swiftly toward the Atlantic Ocean."

Its natural beauties were great,—the lovely river, the smiling shores; above all, the immense strategic value of the spot as commanding the frontier, forming, when once garrisoned, an insuperable barrier to the inroads of the Iroquois and other tribes, and a powerful protection against the English. The advantages of the situation soon attracted the attention of the brave and sagacious Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, who, born in Toulouse, France, in 1661, had embraced the career of arms at sixteen years of age, shortly gaining promotion in the Carignan Regiment, and receiving important commands. In his various journeyings from one perilous outpost to another, he had very soon decided to attempt a foundation at the future Detroit.

A curious bit of tradition, which has come down with the sober facts of history, relates that the night before his departure on his new expedition La Mothe Cadillac sat at dinner with his comrades. A woman was announced who had the reputation of being a sorceress. Cadillac consented to her being brought into his presence, only premising that every man should change places with his neighbor, in order to confuse, if possible, the pretended sorceress. She entered, a colossal figure, bearing the traditional black cat upon her shoulder; and, going straight to the leader of the expedition, took his hand and read its lines as follows:

"Your destiny is a strange one: you will soon undertake a long and perilous

journey. You shall be the founder of a great city, which in the future will have more inhabitants than the whole of New England has at present. But your star shall pale. The policy which you will pursue despite the opposition of the Jesuit Fathers, of selling liquor to the savages, shall cause you much trouble and shall lead to your ruin. During the succeeding years you shall fight many bloody battles; the Indians will betray you; the English, your unrelenting enemies, shall seize upon your possessions. But under the new flag which will one day wave over this colony your possessions shall attain to a degree of greatness and prosperity such as not even your imagination can picture."

By way of a digression, it may be said that the traffic in spiritous liquors with the savages, which was carried on by many of the officials, notwithstanding the protests of the missionaries, was a serious hindrance to them in the evangelization of the aborigines; and it was also the cause of much unjust animadversion against the Jesuits, drawing upon them the active persecution of those who desired to continue this iniquitous traffic unhindered.

Cadillac, with all his companions—including fifty soldiers, fifty artisans, Father Vaillant, the Jesuit and future apostle; Father Constantin, the Recollet, a prospective martyr, who was later to give the testimony of his blood to the truth of the Gospel—set out from Lachine on the 5th of June. The journey was difficult and perilous; for the Iroquois were ever upon the alert. Nevertheless, the little band of adventurers reached their destination on the 24th of July, and at once began the erection of a rude fort. On the morning of the 26th they began to construct a chapel in honor of "the Good St. Anne"; and it was a touching sight to behold officers

and men, priests and laborers, busy in converting the giant boughs of the forest monarchs into a sacred shrine, where Mass was said, and the voice of prayer and psalmody arose from those shores hitherto scarce touched by the foot of white men. For there was the same romance of Christian chivalry at the foundation of Detroit, the same enthusiastic fervor, the same forgetting of the material in the spiritual, which marked the other French foundations in North America, and which moved those toilers to uplift the Cross and illumine with it the darkness of the wilderness.

It was not until 1701, however, that Cadillac actually laid the foundations of the city, which was to have a varied political history, changing its flag so many times; which was to be witness of so many struggles but to attain now in the beginning of the twentieth century, in proportion to its size, a foremost rank amongst the cities of the West. It rejoices in splendid streets and squares, in noble public buildings, in numerous banks, great emporiums of commerce, educational and philanthropic institutes. Amongst its citizens are many magnates of commerce or men notable in the professions; but it has also shadowy presences of the men of the past—the intrepid founders, the devoted apostles, the brave soldiers who once garrisoned Fort Pontchartrain. The list of its commandants alone is a veritable roll-call of nobility.

The history of Catholicity in Detroit and its environs is no less a marvellous one. Three dioceses have grown up in the State of Michigan, with four hundred priests and some four hundred thousand Catholics. Detroit alone has many churches, which are supplemented by schools, colleges, convents, and various institutions of charity. The old St. Anne's, many times rebuilt, is now a stately temple. It was followed in 1834

by an Irish church under the invocation of the Most Holy Trinity. A cathedral dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul was consecrated in 1848. So the work of God proceeds; and the clergy, from those early missionaries downward, have been always the true benefactors of the people, the genuine patriots in regard to the State. Father Gabriel Richard, Vicar-General, may be mentioned in especial as being the only Catholic priest ever elected to the United States House of Representatives, and as one of the founders of the State University.

July 24, 25 and 26 of this initial year of the century marked the bicentenary of Detroit, which was celebrated with surpassing magnificence both by the civic and religious authorities. The public buildings, the principal streets and squares were superbly illuminated; a banquet was given, at which speeches were made by M. de Margerie, the French *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, in the absence of his chief; by the French Consul-General in Canada, M. Kleeskowski; by Mayor Maybury and others. A company of *coureurs des bois*, of the time of Cadillac, paraded the streets with torches, singing the old Canadian folk-song; bells rang out, cannon thundered; the military paraded; and, the most unique spectacle of all, a procession of flowers traversed the principal thoroughfares. This was a fairy-like pageant, vehicles of all sorts being covered—harnesses, wheels and all—with flowers of various hues; one chariot being of rose, another of violet, another of white, still another of yellow, and so on till the colors were fairly exhausted. Scenes were represented in these triumphal cars, such as Cadillac and his noble companions, the brilliant court of Louis XIV., an Indian camp, and also Fort Pontchartrain, with the successive banners waving over it of France, England and the United States.

Hundreds of thousands of spectators witnessed this procession, and there was the same enthusiasm, the same cordial unanimity exhibited by men of all creeds and nationalities; which must have been most gratifying to the organizers of the festival. It was a magnificent ovation to the past,—one heartfelt turning backward to the memory of the men who encountered primeval toil and hardship that the splendor of this day might be, and who, through strenuous endeavor and unspeakable privation, gave this new settlement to the old civilization.

It, however, remained for the word of the enigma to be spoken, the keynote sounded to that harmony of entrancing sights, that grand display of modern wealth and beauty, that outpouring of a people's enthusiasm, that transformation of the past to a living page of history. This note was sounded by his Grace the Archbishop of Montreal at the ecclesiastical celebration at St. Anne's on the 26th of July. His Excellency Mgr. Falconio pontificated at the Mass, which was attended by the Governor of Michigan, the Mayor of Detroit, and many other notables.

Some of the lessons inculcated in that noble and impressive discourse are: that loyalty to the past is in itself a virtue; that civilization to be true must be Christian; that the modern pioneer too often compares but ill with those men of the bygone, who were true Christian heroes—Cartier and Champlain and Maisonneuve; that the descendants of these worthy sires should imitate them and carry on, by word and example, the work they began. Some extracts from the sermon will best illustrate the beauty and harmony of the whole.

"It is not Detroit in its present splendor which you celebrate," said the Archbishop; "it is neither its superb edifices nor its magnificent avenues

and incomparable streets which you are invited to admire. No, no! You are looking backward to its origin, so full of faith and of poetry. It is the names of Cadillac, of Delhalle, of Vaillant, of Richard, of the poor friars of the brown habit, which are upon your lips; it is the toilsome path of your fathers through trackless forests which you are contemplating; it is the little chapel built by their piety which your imagination reconstructs; it is their virtues and their intrepid courage which you are recalling; in fine, your hearts, beating in unison, have met beside the cradle of your faith and your civilization. Honor to the nations who possess the memory of the heart! Citizens of Detroit, you are amongst those peoples. Therefore, give us your hand; for we Canadians, sprung like yourselves from France, truly rejoice in keeping sacred the days that are no more. Our shield proclaims this, bearing engraven upon its surface the device, 'I remember!'"

In deploring the decline of faith, the absence of the supernatural motive in modern exploration and colonization, the orator paid tribute to the heroes of the Cross, the sword, the ploughshare, who have given their names, in some instances, to the rivers, lakes and hills, to the province or the town:

"Are the explorers of all nations animated with the same patriotism and the same supernatural motives in taking possession of the regions which they discover to-day? The thirst for gold may, indeed, induce men to undertake long journeys and to accept the most painful sacrifices; but in extending the boundaries of empires do they think of the Cross which has saved the world—that is to say, of the Redeemer, of God, the soul, eternity? Our fathers were believers; they had faith in the genius of men, but they trusted still more in

the protection of Heaven; they rejoiced in their discoveries as increasing their country's glory, but they also realized that these discoveries were to the glory of the Eternal. They understood that the works which men constructed, counting only on the power of their own arm, have been, ultimately, but a succession of Towers of Babel, which Time speedily reduced to ruin. They knew that works never attain immortality by depending upon that which is mortal; and in the building of cities they sang as they built: *Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam*,—‘Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.’ And, moreover, when the Gospel is there it has to be reckoned with, its lessons put in practice, and its oracles remembered. The world has been Christian for nineteen hundred years, and to forget this is to ignore its origin and its end.

“Now, I ask, what does the Gospel teach us? That Christ is the King of the universe; that every creature should adore Him; and that His reign shall extend forever, even to the end of time. Every man who seeks to accomplish anything great here below should accomplish it for the glory of Christ and the triumph of the Gospel. Therefore, unless we renounce all sane philosophy and mutilate history, there is no real civilization but Christian civilization, and no true colonization but that which Christianity inspires. All others are but for earth, those alone avail for eternity. And, after all, as regards nations or individuals, it is only eternity that matters. We are not made for the grave alone, and the coffin is not the last word of our destiny.”

Pursuing this idea, the Most Reverend orator, in a passage of singular beauty, referred to the Apostles, who, treading in the footsteps of their Divine Master,

carried everywhere the lessons which He had left them:

“Shall I tell you who were the first, the most notable civilizers of the world? They were the Apostles, who, without arms or money, without human protection of any sort, went about amongst the nations preaching the truths and the virtues which their Master had bidden them to preach. For themselves, neither honor nor reward nor pleasure: only poverty and suffering and the final shedding of their blood. But therefore was man baptized, the great mystery of the Cross was accepted and adored, and thence dates the unquestionable transformation of the universe.”

Such were the lessons which Mgr. Bruchési, with consummate art and ever forcible expression, drew from the ceremonial of those days of national joy,—lessons of the noblest patriotism, the truest loyalty, the most practical utility; in short, the only true philosophy of history, which, accepted, saves the State; and rejected, ultimately works its downfall. In a splendid passage, the discourse touched upon the triumph of the Cross,—the Cross which Cadillac planted, which Vaillant and his fearless companions preached there on the shores of the beautiful streams.

“Cadillac has disappeared; Delhalle fell under the murderous bullet of an Indian; Father Richard died the victim of his zeal while ministering to the plague-stricken; the other missionaries met death while following in the footsteps of the first apostles, their brethren. The little chapel, several times burned, always arose from its ruins, richer or more beautiful, till it became the superb temple which shelters us to-day.

“This colony was lost to France and acquired by England, who lost it in her turn. It finally enriched the American Union, but the work of God continues the same. Flag has succeeded flag; the

Cross retains its place of honor. Europe and America, the adherents of all creeds, have solemnly acknowledged its blessed influence; and here, in the midst of your city, it has been accorded a magnificent ovation. *Stat crux volvitur orbis.*"

In the sanctuary, with many other distinguished ecclesiastics, was the Rt. Rev. John Foley, who occupies the lofty position of bishop of so flourishing a diocese, and who has so largely contributed by his personal efforts not only to the advancement of all works of zeal and charity, but to the good-feeling existing between Catholics and their non-Catholic fellow-citizens.

Archbishop Bruchési, in conclusion, declared: "The Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ shall end this discourse; to Him be all honor and glory, world without end." And so that self-same name which was the inspiration of those bygone pioneers, which was pronounced by the venerated missionaries who accompanied them at the very foundation of the colony, was heard once more re-echoing not only through the aisles of that splendid church of St. Anne, successor to the forest chapel of long ago, but through the streets of the fair city which arose in the wilderness, and by the medium of the press to the world at large.

The celebration of the bicentenary of Detroit was, indeed, marked by every feature that could impress the mind and captivate the imagination; and it is one of which the organizing committee, the citizens at large, the chief pastor and the clergy of St. Anne's especially may well be proud. Many an eloquent word was spoken, many a distinguished speaker was heard. But the pulpit orator from the North, the compatriot of the brave men of the past, the priest and the prelate, lifted up his voice and delivered the true message, giving thus a dignity, a coherence, a harmony to the whole proceedings.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXIV.—HENRY MORAN INVITES JACK HOLLOWAY TO VISIT HIM.

NOW, all this time it must not be supposed that Henry Moran neglected his Wall Street affairs. The business side of his nature was practically untouched by those softer and more sentimental elements which had crept in, as it were, unawares. He was punctually on time in his office, conspicuous as ever on Change; keen, alert, lithe of frame, composed of manner. None who conversed with him on the rise in Anaconda or the drop in War Eagle, on the softness of mines or the jump in railways, could have suspected those evenings in the garden, which became more and more frequent. Nor, hearing him curtly decline an investment, pooh-pooh a prospectus, put his finger on a fraud or a weak point in such a scheme, would it have seemed possible to imagine him in the character of a Romeo who was daily falling more and more under the sway of a Juliet.

In the meantime the people of Vine Cottage had written to Mr. Mortimer concerning their neighbor—for Mrs. Raymond considered this to be a very necessary measure of prudence,—and received a reply as follows: "A capital fellow every way, and I only hope you will have as much of his society as possible." The name, however, remained unmentioned. Mary also had hinted the subject to Jack, who wrote back an enthusiastic encomium on their new acquaintance, but likewise suppressed the name, because Moran had taken his precautions.

On the very morning after his first visit to the cottage, Henry Moran had telephoned Jack Holloway to come over

to the office; and Jack had presently come bounding in, as usual the picture of life and health and strength.

"Halloo, Moran!" he exclaimed gaily. "Why, what's up?"

"Only that I want you to come out on Friday for that long postponed visit."

"You don't say so, old man! Oh, I'll go on wings."

"All right! But look here: it's on one condition."

"Conditions again! Hang conditions! I suppose you'll want to prevent my going to see Miss Mary?"

"No: I shall want you to go to the cottage as often as you please; and we must get up a driving party or two."

"Moran," said Jack, "you have met them, then; and isn't she the dearest—"

"Which *she*?" quizzed Henry Moran.

"Hang it all, old fellow! No chaff!"

"I should say the young ladies of the cottage were dear, dearer, dearest," said Henry Moran; "only different men might disagree as to the superlative."

Jack gave him a quick look, but the other went on.

"For instance, your dearest is not the dearest to my mind."

"You don't mean, Moran—"

"I don't mean anything. Let us go back to the condition. You are not to mention my name now, nor in any way let your friends know who or what I am. To them I am 'Mr. Moore.' They took up my name wrong, I suppose, when they first heard it mentioned. I am their neighbor, known not unfavorably to you, to Mr. Mortimer, and to one or two other acquaintances."

"But why all these mysteries?"

"I never was noted for explaining *whys*," Henry Moran said dryly. "If you come out, I trust to your honor and conscience (for I suppose even a Wall Street man has some of these qualities) to keep my secret till I give the word."

"Of course, if you wish it," said Jack.

"But I wish I knew what it all means."

"How did you come out at the races?" asked Henry Moran, decisively changing the subject.

"I came out well enough, in so far as I took your advice," said Jack, with a grimace; "but for the rest, down on my luck, as usual."

"As a prospective Benedick, you must give up this sort of thing," observed the broker. "I gave it up long ago."

"Are *you* a prospective Benedick?" asked Jack; so quickly that his friend could not but betray some confusion.

"Get out!" he cried, throwing a paper-weight after him as Jack made for the door. Before he had got it open, Henry Moran called him, speaking this time in a very low and guarded whisper. "Jack," he said, "buy steel!"

"Eh?" cried Jack.

Mr. Henry Moran merely repeated the two monosyllables; and Jack, nodding delightedly, vanished.

This interview, therefore, prepared the way for Jack Holloway's long-deferred visit to his friend's country house. He had been often there in the days before Vine Cottage had been occupied, and had often admired the pretty garden, the cherry-trees and the acanthus which shut the deserted house as in a bower.

"Who could ever have guessed," he said as he surveyed the spot from Henry Moran's lawn, "that one day the place would have such an interest for me?"

And Henry Moran, who stood near, re-echoed the words, only he did not say them aloud. The two men had just come forth after a dinner in which Mary Geraghty had tried to surpass the once incomparable Martha Finney; and they were waiting the proper moment to pay their respects at Vine Cottage. Jack was all eagerness and would have gone in at once; for there was no ceremony between him and the Raymonds, whom he had always known.

But his host, who was none the less eager, was, of course, as yet on more formal terms with his neighbors; and was mindful, moreover, of the various duties which kept the girls next door busy for some time after their evening meal. As they paced to and fro upon the lawn, smoking and waiting, Henry Moran cast more than one quizzical glance at the shrubbery where he had so often sat solitary, gazing at the cottage from afar.

"Those trees were the beginning of my undoing," he said to himself. "But I wouldn't have it otherwise if I could."

The chief business of that evening was to arrange a driving party for the morrow. Henry Moran felt particularly nervous about this occasion, because he had determined to make it a decisive one. He felt that he had too long shirked the necessary understanding with Kate. It had always been his habit to face the great crises of life with unfaltering determination; and, now that his mind was made up, he told himself that nothing would induce him to delay any further. Still, it was an ordeal which he could not anticipate without dread. Should the girl refuse him—and he had, after all, very little encouragement as yet to hope otherwise,—he felt that it would require all his fortitude to begin life over again without those new elements of softness and brightness. He was far too strong and resolute a nature not to know that he must ultimately triumph over any feeling whatsoever which should hinder his onward progress or interfere with the daily routine of his affairs. But he knew that it would be hard, painfully hard, and that he should have to suffer as few men were capable of suffering.

So he was, for the most part, silent and constrained during the whole of that evening at the cottage. He spoke little to Kate, but watched her with

a curious fascination and a half feeling of bitterness, as though she were one of those beautiful sirens who had lured him to the rocks, only, perhaps, to destroy him against their hardness. Every time she smiled at him, every time she let drop a word, he looked at her eagerly, pathetically almost, to discover some sign of the fate which awaited him on the morrow.

Kate, on her part, was somewhat surprised and offended. Since the evening when he had annoyed her by his unlucky reference to Mr. Henry Moran, she had been upon her guard, and had interpreted her neighbor's looks and hints, and the occasional compliments he paid her, as so much social coin which he jingled, perhaps, in many ears. Still, a pleasant friendliness had sprung up between them; and the broker's visits had been looked forward to by Kate with an unconscious eagerness, which she would not have made known for worlds, and which, in fact, she scarcely understood herself. And there were undoubtedly moments when she would have been very glad to believe that there was any genuine meaning to be attached to those mysterious words which he constantly said, and to those glances which to a more experienced woman would have very plainly spoken of a real devotion.

Hence she knew not what to make of his manner upon this occasion, and she watched him furtively; and once or twice when she caught his eye she turned away, coloring, with quick embarrassment. But as this embarrassment between the two increased visibly, and as they spoke very little to each other, Jack Holloway on that first evening had no suspicion of the truth. He was at home with all—laughing, and jesting even with Mrs. Raymond, with whom he was an especial favorite; bandying words with Pauline and

Elinor, and following Mary about with an almost servile devotion. He was, indeed, exuberantly happy at being once more in her company, and frankly said so to all listeners.

When the drive was proposed, there was not a dissentient voice save Kate's. She declared that she thought she might have to stay at home. Her mother promptly overruled the objection, but Kate gave no promise. As the two visitors rose to go, the elder contrived to get near Kate, who stood somewhat apart, as it were indifferently.

"You must go to-morrow," he said quietly.

Kate looked up into his face with defiance. There was a mastery in the tone,—a note of that power which had made the man before her a leader amongst his fellows. But Kate was in no mood for quiet submission.

"*Must!*" she said, raising the finely-curved eyebrows and throwing back her head.

"You know how I mean the '*must*,'" Henry Moran said, imploringly; "for my sake,—to give value to this drive."

"For *your* sake?" she said, with a curious emphasis upon the pronoun.

"Yes," Henry Moran said,—"because I want to tell you something."

"Perhaps," observed Kate, suddenly breaking into a laugh, which was as clear and rippling as the mountain stream,—"*perhaps* it is about Mr. Henry Moran?" For she had never quite forgotten nor forgiven.

"Perhaps it may be," he answered slowly, looking full at Kate; and for the first time she realized that this man exercised over her an unbounded influence and could control her almost at his will. It was as if she had measured herself against a superior strength, before which she must succumb. Her will was as nothing. It was that other will of iron which must prevail

in any contest between them. And this knowledge did not disquiet her: on the contrary, it pleased her and gave her a sense of security.

"You will come!" Henry Moran said.

"Yes," replied Kate, dropping her eyes; "if you make a point of it, I will come."

He shook hands with her then, and went off with Jack Holloway; but they had scarcely got half-way down the path when Mary called out some triviality to Jack, and Pauline and Elinor began to bandy jokes with him. Kate, who was standing somewhat silent at the head of the steps, suddenly cried in her musical voice:

"Good-night, Mr. Moore!"

As the person addressed did not seem to hear, she repeated: "Good-night, Mr. Moore! And, for the last time, good-night, Mr. Moore!"

Henry Moran, struck by the coincidence, hastily wished her "good-night," saying to himself:

"It is, indeed, for the last time 'Good-night, Mr. Moore!'"

"By Jove," cried Jack, "but that girl is beautiful standing there like that!"

"The '*dearest one*'?" inquired Henry Moran, sarcastically.

"No: my future sister-in-law Kate. She is far and away the *prettiest* girl, I know."

"Prettier than the '*dearest one*'?"

"Oh, yes, she is far more of a beauty than Mary! But Mary is handsome enough for me."

Henry Moran turned his head; for the two men had resumed their way to the gate, and looked back at Kate.

"Far and away the *prettiest* girl, I know," he repeated.

"You are an incorrigible scoffer!" cried Jack Holloway.

"What am I scoffing at now?"

"At me for admiring, or perhaps at the picture itself."

"Was I scoffing at the picture itself? Do you think I have no eyes, man?"

"Your eyes are sharp enough, but your critical spirit is sharper."

"You are a keen observer, Jack my boy. But don't talk about my eyes to-night or my critical spirit. I'm off to bed."

And, having installed Jack in his room, he went to his own, muttering:

"Stars, stars, and all eyes else dead coals!"

The next morning Jenkins ran over to the Greggs in a paroxysm of excitement. On the way he met Miss Wilkins and cried out to her:

"Have you seen them?"

"Seen whom?" asked Miss Wilkins, snappishly.

"Why, Moran and his intended, and Jack Holloway and his girl, and the whole lot of them going off for a drive,—two traps?"

"Well, and what then?" inquired Miss Wilkins.

"I thought you might like to see them,—that's all."

"I'm not as interested in other folks' affairs as you seem to imagine."

"Not in Mr. Henry Moran's!" cried Jenkins, shaking a waggish finger at the young lady. "Fie, Miss Wilkins, when I caught you more than once watching him off to the train of mornings!"

The girl turned furiously red. The man in his obtuse vulgarity either did not perceive her vexation or was determined to pay her the grudge he owed for that day of humiliation upon her gallery.

"He was a bit out of our sphere, though, Miss Wilkins," he continued. "He belonged to quite another."

"Mr. Jenkins," cried Miss Wilkins, angrily, "I'd thank you to mind your own business, if you could do it for one whole minute together!"

Thence the girl passed on to a more convenient point of observation, where, safe from Jenkins' eyes, she could watch,

not without bitterness of spirit, that brilliant driving party, which presently indeed swept past her, unconscious of her very existence, their gay talk and laughter filling the village street.

Jenkins stood looking after the girl for a moment, then he said to himself:

"No doubt she's sore, very sore, about this engagement of Moran's. Poor little house-sparrow soared too high. Deserved a fall and got it."

He dared not waste time, however. He must reach the Greggs to announce to them further tidings for their discomfiture. They had never ceased to regret their indiscretion toward the cottage people, for which they held Martha Finney responsible. Mrs. Gregg was particularly severe upon that individual, and so expressed herself while she and her husband awaited the passing of the driving party.

"That Martha Finney was so mad when she was sent packing—which served her right and should have been done sooner—that I guess she made up a pack of lies about them people at the cottage and Moran, too."

"She lost us their trade, anyhow," piped Joshua; "and they weren't such bad pay, after all. Old man Mortimer was at their back, I guess; and she lost us Moran's trade, too."

"Yes, she was a dangerous person," declared Jenkins, pursing up his lips. "I put my foot in it some, too, trying to warn Moran of what was going on. He took it very ill and there has been a coolness between us ever since. And I felt it, I assure you, Mrs. Gregg and Joshua,—I felt it; for I'm a man that doesn't want to meddle with anybody's affairs. So it seemed hard that Moran should blame me and treat me as if I originated the gossip."

During this speech Mrs. Gregg shot a glance at her husband, which conveyed a world of meaning; but neither husband

nor wife desired to quarrel with this man, who supplied the place of a local newspaper and was as good as an advertising agency.

"I only wish Martha Finney had never darkened these doors with her vile talk and her backbiting!" Mrs. Gregg cried. "We might then have the custom of both houses."

"And I guess the trade will be bigger now in both," added Joshua, mournfully. "There will be no end of dinners and lunches, I guess, after the bride's settled down there."

"If they don't go abroad," observed Jenkins. "I have heard some talk of that. They're to be married, some say, a month from next Tuesday and sail by the North German steamer for the Continent. Other folks say they're to stay at home next winter, so that she can swell it for all she's worth."

"Take my word for it, that's what she'll do," decided Mrs. Gregg, nodding emphatically. "She ain't going to waste no time in furrin parts when she can cut a shine in New York city."

"Here they come!" cried Jenkins, who had poked his head out of the door. "Now, Mrs. Gregg, if you want a sight of the future Mrs. Henry Moran! And there's Jack Holloway driving the team, and I guess a young swell or two from Wall Street to amuse the other girls. (Must have come out by train to-day.) And the old woman, Mrs. Raymond, sitting up grand as you please."

"Are you sure and certain those two is engaged?" asked Mr. Gregg, slowly, after the driving party had passed on. For Kate sat very cold and still beside Henry Moran. She found his manner strange and chilling; whereas he was undergoing so severe a nervous strain that his face was pale and tense and drawn,—with a look of determination, however, which gave his countenance

an unusual sternness. Neither looked happy nor exultant, nor in any manner delighting in each other's society.

"They do look pretty glum for a pair of lovers!" cried Jenkins. "Eh, Gregg? I wonder if there could be any mistake?"

"Lovers often look glum enough these times," said Mrs. Gregg, stitching away industriously. "They marry for most every reason except love."

"That's true," agreed Jenkins. "But Moran, I take it, can't have any other motive."

"The girl may have got round him, as Martha Finney said," Mr. Gregg conjectured; "and now he can't get out of it, and don't like it when he feels the noose tightening round his neck."

"Don't talk to me of that spiteful old cat, Martha Finney!" exclaimed the implacable Mrs. Gregg.

"They're going to spend the day up yonder, I guess," said Jenkins, looking up the ridges of rock as if he had some thought of clambering up in pursuit; "so there's nothing more to be seen at present. We'll have to look out for the wedding now. Good-morning!"

"Well, if that man ain't the greatest gossip!" ejaculated Mrs. Gregg, looking after him.

"It just shows what I often tell you, my dear: that folks ought to mind their own business, as I try to do."

"I guess I ain't no more inquisitive than my neighbors," said Mrs. Gregg. "Land's sake, I just sit here and give no more heed to what's going on than the meat axe there. Only you can't stop your ears when some of those gossips come in."

"We should all bridle our tongues," said Gregg, piously; and he was very soon, engaged in giving a customer detailed information of the great event which was shortly to take place in that town. At which Mrs. Gregg sniffed.

Song of the Lily Bells.*

BY CECILIA M. CADDELL (1813-1877).

LILY bells down in the vale are ringing;
 Hark to the message their chimes are bringing!
 It comes on the breeze, and it sinks and swells
 With each new peal of those silvery bells:
 "From earth and its brightness we fade away,
 But to bloom forever in endless day;
 Then follow us, Mortals; for heaven is near,
 And your home, like ours, is no longer here."

The Lamb is the lamp of that land so fair,
 Pouring golden light through the summer air;
 O'er the river of life our white bells wave,
 And our cool green leaves in its waters lave:
 "Then follow us, Mortals,—we fade away,
 But to bloom forever in endless day;
 For the earth is passing and heaven is near,
 And your home, like ours, is no longer here."

There we bind the brow of the Virgin Bride
 Who hath put the pomps of the world aside,
 And we wreath the crown to the Martyr given
 Who has won with his blood the Lord of Heaven:
 "Then follow us, Mortals,—we fade away,
 Forever to bloom amid endless day;
 For the earth is passing and heaven is near,
 And your home, like ours, is no longer here."

There we mingle the chime of our fairy bells
 With the choral hymn that forever swells
 From the glorious band that, enrobed in white,
 Still follows the Lamb through fields of light:
 "Then follow us, Mortals,—we fade away,
 Forever to bloom amid endless day;
 For the earth is passing and heaven is near,
 And your home, like ours, is no longer here."

So all the day long their bells are ringing,
 This message of love to mortals bringing;
 And Nature repeats it both day and night
 In all she possesses of fair and bright.
 "From earth and its sweetness we fade away,"
 In their fragile beauty they seem to say;
 "Then follow us, Mortals; for heaven is near,
 And your home, like ours, is not always here."

* From a book of manuscript verse in the possession of a relative of the author.

A PATH once fairly differentiated by the successive passings of feet will keep, almost forever, a spell for the persuasion of all that go afoot.

The Vision of Toulouse.

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin Mary began in the earliest dawn of the primitive Church, and expanded, according to the words of Scripture, "as a turpentine tree stretches far out its branches." She who from the creation of the world was to crush the serpent's head was destined likewise throughout future ages to extinguish heresy.

Montalembert, in his introduction to the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," records that it was the two great Mendicant Orders founded by Francis and Dominic that carried the cult of the Blessed Virgin to that summit of light and power from which it was never to descend. These two Orders, that peopled heaven and stirred Europe to its centre, despite the diversity of their characteristics and means of action, were one in promoting the knowledge and love of Mary.

A modern historian says that there was, perhaps, in the influence and teaching of the Friars Minor something more ardent and more touching. St. Mary of the Angels may be considered as their cradle. In the celebrated Chapter of 1219, St. Francis established among his religious the custom of solemn Mass on every Saturday in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Duns Scotus, the Subtle Doctor, became the brilliant champion of this doctrine, and imparted his conviction to the University of Paris. St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, composed the Psalter of Mary; Jacopone de Todi wrote the *Stabat* of Calvary and that of the Crib. One alone of these incomparable sequences would suffice to establish the poetic and Christian genius of its author.

St. Anthony of Padua, another son of St. Francis, ever defended with jealous ardor all the privileges of our Blessed

Mother. In childhood he frequently lisped the *O Gloriosa Domina!* It was the favorite hymn of his life, and on his death-bed he intoned it with his last breath. He appears to have received from Our Lord, beyond his Franciscan brethren, the special mission to promote belief in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary in body as well as in soul.

At this epoch the doctrine met with some opposition, as it did in the seventeenth century from the Jansenists. St. Bernard had affirmed it with tender ardor; and as early as the ninth century St. Leo IX. instituted the Octave of the Assumption and extended it throughout the Church. It may be said that from the beginning of the thirteenth century the popular belief was absolutely in favor of the glorious privilege celebrated in the "Golden Legend," by Blessed James of Voragine.

In our own times the excavations made in the ruins of religious monuments establish beyond any possible contradiction that Christian antiquity held in honor and in faith the bodily assumption of the Mother of God. A fresco discovered by Cavaliere Rossi in the crypt of St. Clement at Rome represents Our Lady rising out of her sepulchre, above the heads of the Apostles, with arms extended heavenward, in the attitude of the *Orantes*.

The great wonder-worker of Padua, inspired by Heaven, drew from his heart the belief the Church had left undefined. As Duns Scotus had argued in defending the Immaculate Conception, "it was only just to recognize in the Blessed Virgin the finest gifts a creature can receive from God, especially as neither the Holy Scriptures nor the Fathers contradict it," so St. Anthony, after the same manner, maintained that the virginal flesh, first living tabernacle of Christ, the material envelope of the

co-redemptrix of the human race, could not have been subjected to the ordinary humiliation of the grave. He had long and deeply meditated those beautiful traditions concerning our Blessed Lady's Assumption collected by St. Andrew of Crete. St. Anthony held that the Feast of the Assumption illustrated in a special way the union of Jesus and Mary.

While teaching theology at Toulouse, and combating by his words and miracles the heresy of the Albigenses in its stronghold, St. Anthony reached one of the most memorable stages of his short and wondrous life. On the eve of the Assumption, according to custom, the Friars were to read in choir the Martyrology of Usuard, which, after commenting on the death of Mary, adds: "The Church, in her prudent reserve, prefers a pious reticence to a vain and apocryphal belief." The saint's biographer says:

"The fervent and learned disciple of the Immaculate Virgin could not consent to read words so objectionable and abhorrent to the firm conviction of his soul. He could avoid this trial only by being absent from the choir, but this act would have made him guilty of a fault against the rule. Kneeling down in his cell, he besought Our Lady to put an end to his perplexity. The Queen of Angels and of men was not slow to answer his ardent prayer. She appeared in the midst of dazzling light, in all the splendor of her radiant beauty. He was allowed to contemplate her with his human eyes—she who is more brilliant than the stars, more transparent than crystal, whiter than snow on the mountain top. He heard that voice so full of harmony that it ravishes angels, and Mary spoke to him with ineffable sweetness: 'Be assured, my son, that this body, the living receptacle of the Word Incarnate, was preserved from the corruption of the grave; be assured also that it was

carried above, after the third day, upon the wings of angels to the right of the Son of God, where I reign.'

"Each word falling from those august lips filled St. Anthony with ineffable consolation. When the vision disappeared it seemed to him as if all the joys of heaven had been granted to him; yet it was only one moment of the partial bliss enjoyed by the elect."

St. Anthony felt that this marvellous apparition was not merely a personal grace to bury, like so many others, in the habitual depths of his humility. He spoke, taught, and everywhere paid homage and testimony to the truth, becoming more and more the apostle of the Assumption. He loved to comment upon the magnificent verse of the Office appointed to be read on the 15th of August: "On this day the august Virgin was carried into heaven and placed above the angelic choirs."

In St. Peter's at Rome can be seen a mosaic, an exact reproduction of the painting of Bianchi, representing the Blessed Virgin venerated by the Eastern and Western Churches. The first is symbolized by its illustrious doctor, St. John Chrysostom; the second by St. Francis and St. Anthony of Padua. The same subject is treated in another mosaic at Santa Maria Maggiore. It depicts the crowning of the Blessed Virgin, and the great Thaumaturgus appears as the herald of the mystery of the Assumption.

Perhaps a day may come in this new century when, emulating the zeal of Pius IX. proclaiming the Immaculate Conception, the Sovereign Pontiff shall be inspired to add the last gem to the diadem of Mary by promulgating the dogma of the bodily assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

—♦♦♦—
Ah, they to the Christ are the truest
Whose lives to the Mother are true!
—Father Ryan.

A Practical Joke.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

IT could not be said by any one with a character for veracity that Geoffrey Vane was a favorite with the other young men who, like himself, found board and lodgings at the Empire House. For one thing, he was very reticent concerning himself and his affairs; for a second, he was lamentably ignorant of racing-matters, and did not care to form one of the group that surrounded the card-table. Neither did he show any appreciation of the jokes in the comic papers, nor did he frequent the music-halls. It was known that he was a clerk in the employment of Ingram, Leesom & Company, and that he was no more popular in the office than in the boarding-house.

"Old Well—Wellborough the manager, you know—actually hates him," another employee of the firm said one evening when Geoffrey had left the drawing-room of the Empire House.

"Why, how's that, Green?" some one questioned.

"Oh, well, he's a duffer! He's too conscientious maybe, and bothers old Well a dozen times a day about things he should know," young Green said.

"Or assume to know," his neighbor remarked, with a wink. "That's how you manage, Green."

"Perhaps," Green assented, and looked round the room. It was the hour after supper, and most of the inmates of the Empire had taken themselves off for the night. "But look here, boys, we'll have some fun out of Vane. He's so vastly superior that he needs letting down," added Green; and the others drew their chairs closer.

"What do you propose?" said Arthur Sewell. "What's your plan, Green?"

"Lady Ingram's in London. She's the Ingram in the business, you know," Green explained.

"We know that. Old Ingram left her a snug pile," Sewell remarked.

"Each time she is in town she gives a dinner to the other partners, and old Well always receives an invitation," Green said.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" somebody implored.

"Now, why shouldn't Vane receive a card?" Green inquired.

"Because the lady won't send him one," Sewell answered.

"We'll save her the trouble. I believe I can get a card, and you, Sewell, must fill it up. I'll get you a specimen of the old lady's writing."

"Will he accept, though?" a young fellow asked. And Green said promptly:

"Won't he! I'll bet you a guinea he will."

"Done!" the other said, and the bet was duly recorded.

"But about the card, Green?" Sewell said. "Can you manage the card?"

"I have it!" and Green produced a pocket-book. "Old Well received his 'invite' this morning, and, by some lucky chance, a blank card was also in the envelope. I happened to be in his own private room when he opened Lady Ingram's letter, and when he was poking afterward in the safe for some papers I secured the blank card. The idea of sending Vane rigged out in his Sunday best to her ladyship's dinner struck me at once" (the young fellow laughed at his own perspicacity). "She's a high and mighty personage," Green continued. "I went once with some message from Leesom to her. The way she puts up her eye-glass and surveys one isn't pleasant."

There was some further talk among the young men ere they parted for the night; and it was arranged that

Sewell—who was clever in imitating handwriting—should be provided with a model of Lady Ingram's penmanship, and that the fictitious invitation should be sent to Vane on the morrow.

When the young man received it he felt considerably surprised; but that surprise was lessened a good deal when he recollected that he had heard Frank Green wonder which of the clerks would be asked with Mr. Wellborough to Lady Ingram's dinner. He had barely noticed the words at the time, but they came back to him as he held the bit of paste-board in his hand.

He had come to London a year before from a country town. There he had been brought up by an aunt, when the death of both parents left him at an early age an orphan and unprovided for. Miss Esher had managed somehow to educate him; and when he obtained a place in Ingram, Leesom & Company's office she had rejoiced exceedingly, and had looked forward with much delight to her nephew's first holiday; but ere Geoffrey was two months in London she had died rather suddenly. The young man had already felt London life lonely, but it became more so in the months following his aunt's death. He was no more of a success in the office than in the boarding-house; therefore he did not mention to any of his companions that he had received an invitation to dinner from Lady Ingram; so that Frank Green was by no means certain he should win his bet when the evening of the dinner party came round. He and a few others had stationed themselves at one of the windows of the house, from which they had a view of the street beneath; while Sewell, also in company with kindred spirits, was stationed opposite the door of Lady Ingram's fine house in Berkley Square.

"There he goes!" Frank ejaculated, after an anxious ten minutes. "Well, I

was becoming rather doubtful. Look! He's going to be extravagant for once. He's hailing a cab."

A half hour or so later the cab drew up at Lady Ingram's, and Geoffrey's knock brought a stately, solemn-faced domestic to the door. That functionary bestowed a prolonged stare on him as he briefly explained the business which brought him to the house.

"Invited to dinner! Not *him!*" the footman communed to himself as he softly threw open the door of a long, handsomely-furnished drawing-room. It was occupied by half a dozen people. Lady Ingram, an aristocratic-looking woman of some forty years of age, was conversing with Mrs. Leesom and her daughters; while Mr. Leesom and Mr. Wellborough were listening with grave attention to the remarks of a young lady who was a niece of Lady Ingram's deceased husband. Both gentlemen looked up cheerfully at the sound of the opening door. It was long past their usual dinner hour.

"Mr. Geoffrey Vane!" the footman announced, and retired.

For a minute or two there was a dead silence. Lady Ingram gave a startled exclamation:

"Geoffrey Vane!"

"I—I—" Geoffrey stammered, and looked round. Mr. Wellborough had difficulty in remembering he was not in the office; while Mr. Leesom, who was near-sighted, fixed his eye-glass on his left eye.

"I suppose I am the dupe of some practical joke," Geoffrey said, advancing intuitively toward Lady Ingram and producing the card he had received. "I thought I had been asked to dine here. Allow me to apologize for my mistake and to retire."

He turned to the door as he spoke, without noticing that Lady Ingram raised her hand as if to stay him; and

Geoffrey was arrested in his course by Mr. Wellborough, who said in his most managerial tones:

"Stop, Vane! Don't you see Lady Ingram wishes you to do so?"

Geoffrey paused with his hand on the handle of the door. Lady Ingram was laboring under some strong emotion.

"You are Geoffrey Vane?" she asked; and he bent his head in affirmation.

"And your father's name?" the lady demanded, in low, excited tones.

"I bear his name," Geoffrey replied, and wondered at the inquiry.

"Your mother's name?" Lady Ingram catechised further.

"Hilda Esher," was the young man's reply; and his questioner made a quick movement toward him and seized both his hands in hers.

"I knew! I knew! The resemblance is wonderful. You are Geoffrey's son—my dear brother's son!" Lady Ingram exclaimed.

She soon recovered her composure in a measure, and, still holding Geoffrey's hands, began an apology and a brief explanation to her astonished guests:

"You will pardon me when I tell you I have been seeking my brother's child for years and without success. Now, by a chance—a mere chance,—I have found him. Geoffrey my brother and I were the only children of our parents. Geoffrey was older than I by some years, but I remember only too well that he and my father did not get on together. There were faults, no doubt, on both sides; and at last Geoffrey openly defied my father and married a girl who was a governess near us—Hilda Esher. My mother was dead at that time."

Lady Ingram paused. No one spoke and she continued:

"My father was furious. He refused to hear aught of Geoffrey. I hoped and prayed that he would ultimately forgive him. That he did so at last I am sure;

but it was after long years and when death was near. He died of apoplexy, leaving all his possessions to me. By this time all trace of Geoffrey had disappeared. He had moved about a good deal. Then I heard of his death, and later of his wife's death. I heard also that there was a child. Now I have found him."

The butler came and announced dinner. No one except Mr. Leesom and Mr. Wellborough noticed him.

"You will require proof—" the former gentleman remarked.

His hostess interrupted him with a tremulous little laugh.

"Of course; but I am satisfied as it is. No, no, Geoffrey: you must not run away. You must remain for dinner."

"Yes, yes, certainly," Mr. Wellborough said hastily. "It was announced a few moments since."

Sewell and his companions meanwhile had waited vainly for Geoffrey's hurried exit from the house; but when he did not appear they hastened to Green with their news. That person was more mystified still when Geoffrey did not put in an appearance at the office on the next day. "Old Well," however, took an early opportunity of informing him of the change in the fortunes of his fellow-clerk.

"Some one"—he looked suspiciously at Green—"thought fit to play a trick on the young fellow by sending him one of Lady Ingram's invitation cards. Her ladyship was delighted to find in him a nephew she had long been seeking. He'll take possession of his grandfather's estate at once. So you see he's none the worse for having been the victim of a practical joke,—practical and very contemptible."

WHEN the best things are not possible, the best may be made of those that are.

—Hooker.

The Light before the Altar.

"I WILL now tell you a little story," said the missionary, who during the five days he had been preaching to the simple congregation that hung upon his words had endeared himself to them in a wonderful manner. The people stirred expectantly in their seats, and the priest began.

—

A group of children were playing in the school-yard adjacent to the new church in a thriving little Western town, where until recently the Catholics had been obliged to hold services only once a month, and then in a large room over a grocery store. But now they had a pretty little church of their own; and to the school lately opened near it—and taught for a mere nominal sum by a fervent, kindly old maid, who loved children and was capable of instructing them in their faith,—several Protestant boys and girls had come. One of these, a delicate, fair-haired child of ten, now stood during the recreation hour gazing wistfully over the white paling through the partially opened door of the church.

The teacher, observing him from the porch of the school-room, thought she would go and have a little chat with him. He did not see her until she stood beside him.

"Well, Herbert," she said, "are you trying to read the inscription over the door? The gold letters are confusing in this strong sunlight."

"No, ma'am," he responded. "I was trying to peep inside. What do the letters say?"

"Church of the Blessed Sacrament."

"How pretty! I wish I might go in!"

"And so you may, dear," answered the teacher. "Come, let us go together."

"Do they allow Protestants to go inside?" he asked.

"Certainly, Herbert, provided they are respectful and do not talk aloud."

Taking his hand, she led him up the steps and into the clean, new church, with its dainty, flower-decorated altar, for the previous day had been the Feast of the Assumption. She knelt on the lowest step of the sanctuary; the boy did the same.

"How very still and beautiful it is!" thought the child. "How lovely that light before the altar, twinkling and smiling there to honor God! They believe He is in that little room they call the tabernacle, and that is why the lamp is always burning."

He would like to have lingered, but the teacher arose, and they passed out.

"I think it is very pretty. I should like to have stayed longer."

"Well, you may go there whenever you wish," rejoined the teacher; and perhaps she murmured a little prayer for the simple boy as she hurried to ring the bell.

After that he went daily to visit the Blessed Sacrament, sometimes passing his entire recess there. If something happened to prevent him he could not rest until he had stolen to the church just after supper—the time he really liked best, it was so calm and quiet, with that one quivering star of ruby brightness making a radiance in the dim twilight. And yet the boy, conscientious as he was, had some misgivings; for he had never told his parents of these visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He feared that they might prevent him if they knew, so he had not the courage to speak.

One evening his father and mother were sitting on the porch when he returned.

"Where have you been, Herbe?" asked his father.

"Visiting the Blessed Sacrament," said the boy, his heart beating rapidly.

"Oh!" replied his father, patting him on the head. "You have been in a good place. I worked for Catholics when I was a boy and know something about their belief. If my mother hadn't been a Presbyterian and made me promise to stay in her church, those people would have made me a Catholic years ago. Not through any persuasion, my boy: just by their example."

"Many a time I've gone in myself when I felt sad and lonely," said the mother. "That was in Newark, long ago, when I was an orphan—before I met your father."

"Ah!" sighed Herbert—but it was a happy sigh,—“I'm so glad you don't care if I go!” And he went to bed with a joyful heart.

Many thoughts had that little boy as he knelt evening after evening before the ever-burning light upon the altar. Nearly always he was alone—entirely alone; and he would say to himself: "The Catholics believe that here in the tabernacle is Jesus Christ Himself, always present; and the light is the sign that He is here. Why, then, do they come so seldom to pray before it? And why do they leave withered flowers on the altar if they believe that God is there?"

The boy had listened attentively to all the teacher's instructions, and had gradually come to know a great deal about the doctrines of the Church.

"They are taught," he would further soliloquize, "that if they come to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with all their troubles and trials, He will help them and comfort them and show them what to do. If they are glad, He will rejoice with them; if they are sad, He will console them. Why, then, do they remain away?"

Again, looking at the crucifix above the altar, the wounded body of Our

Lord but faintly visible in the half-darkness, he would think: "He died for me, too,—He died for all men. And what a lovely thing it is to feel that He is here day and night in the tabernacle, as Catholics do! But, oh, how *can* they leave Him all alone!"

And at length there came a day when the plenitude of faith descended upon the child, and he cried out in the joy of his heart: "Truly Our Lord said: 'Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' And this is what He meant. And again: 'This is My Body, this is My Blood; do this in commemoration of Me.' O my Lord and Saviour, I, too, believe as the Catholics believe!"

After that it was not difficult for the boy to obtain the permission of his parents to be instructed and baptized. In the providence of God he afterward became a priest—a Father of the Blessed Sacrament, as I am,—forever preaching devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, as is his mission and my own.

Our Divine Lord asks for so little from us, and yet that little we deny Him. Five minutes every day before the altar,—yet how few of us can spare it from the occupations of this world! One half hour a week to kneel, adore and pray to the God who waits silently for us in the halo of the undying sanctuary lamp,—yet how many among us can declare, "I give to Him that short half hour"? I once heard a Protestant say: "Could I believe that Christ is in the Sacrament, it seems to me I would never leave the spot where you Catholics are sure He is concealed." O my brethren, how thus are we not often put to shame!

..

The delicate-featured, fair-haired priest descended from the pulpit, and presently his beautifully modulated voice could be heard, as, kneeling in front of the

tabernacle, he recited the devotional ejaculatory prayers to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with which he was accustomed to end his discourse. As the congregation joined fervently in the responses, there were few present who were not convinced, and justly so, that he was the same child of predilection who in the days of his innocent boyhood had loved to kneel and watch and pray near the light before the altar.

Diabolical Manifestations in Annam.

WE have already noted in these pages the publication, in *Les Missions Catholiques*, of an exceptionally attractive series of "Annamite Sketches," contributed to our interesting French contemporary by Father Sajot. A recent issue has a chapter on "The Devil in Annam." In a prefatory paragraph, the missionary says a word or two about the strong-minded individuals who, when subjects of this nature are broached, shrug their shoulders and indulge in a supercilious smile or an incredulous sneer. "Let them do so," says Father Sajot. "As for myself, I ingenuously avow it, I am simple enough to believe, first, in the existence of demons; second, in diabolic manifestations." To a self-assertive acquaintance who once told him, anent demonology, "That sort of thing is impossible, therefore it doesn't exist," the missionary replied: "That sort of thing exists, my good sir; therefore it is possible." We have been struck with the coincidence between the views of this Annamite missionary, writing of what he has actually witnessed, and those of Dr. Brownson, as given in "The Spirit-Rapper," published about half a century ago, and still a timely as well as an authoritative work.

"Out of the Christian society," says Brownson, "where there are wanting the

means which Christians have to defend themselves against his approaches, and to drive him away, his [Satan's] power is, no doubt, far greater. Among Mahometans and among the pagan tribes of Asia, Africa, and America, inhabiting a land which has, so to speak, never been baptized or sprinkled with holy water, his power is still very great." And Father Sajot writes: "In Catholic, or even merely Christian, lands, diabolic manifestations are practically confined to certain circles. In pagan countries the demon suffers less restraint.... Sons of Christians, baptism makes us children of God from our infancy; and thenceforth, it requires a positive act of the will to lose that quality and become slaves of Satan. The pagan, on the contrary, is born and lives under the domination of the demon, who consequently has a certain right over him, so long as the pagan is not by a positive act withdrawn from his power. Moreover, religious emblems—crosses, statues, etc., the use of sacramentals, especially of holy water, the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament—all so many obstacles to his action in Catholic lands,—scarcely exist in missionary countries. In consequence, diabolical manifestations, cases of obsession and possession, the practice of sorcery, and the use of amulets and philters, are everyday occurrences among pagans."

The cases cited by Father Sajot are distinguished by the conditions mentioned in the Roman Ritual as signs of diabolic possession; and, moreover, are clearly inexplicable on any theory of hypnotic suggestion. An Annamite child of five years, for instance, may possibly be hypnotized by an Annamite adult; but that possibility won't account for the child's talking Latin, a language of which the adult knows not even the existence.

Notes and Remarks.

We note with special pleasure one good result effected by the discussion of the English Coronation Oath. As amended by the Select Committee, the Oath involved the repudiation on the part of the King of "the adoration of the Virgin Mary" as practised by Catholics. A number of Catholic peers strongly objected to the expression as a misstatement of the doctrine of the Church; and so cultured a gentleman as Lord Salisbury, among others, expressed astonishment when the impropriety of the phrase was pointed out in Parliament. For centuries the information which the sapient Premier found so new and startling has been given out in Catholic books, newspapers and sermons, but seemingly in a language that was not understood. As the British public is following the discussion with unwonted interest and attention, it is hoped that non-Catholics may at long last be brought to understand that we do not pay divine homage to the Mother of Our Lord.

At a banquet in Columbus last month Mr. T. B. Minahan, a prominent official of the Knights of Columbus, suggested that a proper work for the society would be a vigorous crusade against the habit of "treating." Earnest students of the drink evil agree that if that baneful and senseless practice could be eliminated from American social life, half of the drunkenness would go with it. Sane men do not usually ask friends or strangers to join them in taking quinine, and there seems to be no good reason why people should feel obliged to drink beer or whiskey—which is often distasteful to them—merely to please another. In most countries of Europe it would seem as strange to pay for another

man's drink as it would be if one offered to pay his dog-tax or his doctor's fees; but the habit of treating has become so deep-rooted in this country that only a very strong effort can destroy it. One council of the Knights of Columbus has already adopted Mr. Minahan's suggestion. It will take a vast deal of moral courage to practise it, but if the Knights generally take it up in an earnest spirit many others will follow their example.

We presume that, now the Law of Associations has been passed, the French government will intimate to the various scientific bodies of France that henceforth it will be high-treason against the Republic for any such body to award medals or even votes of thanks to scientific geniuses who happen to be religious. In the meanwhile the Geographical Society of Paris has been so wanting in consideration for the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry that it has actually eulogized in the most laudatory terms the Lazarist missionary, Father Arnaud David; and to the Jesuit, Father Stanislaus Chevalier, has given the Legerot gold medal. This will never do. Consistency is a jewel; and the sagacious members of the Assembly of Deputies will doubtless object to their being constructively proclaimed fools by the Geographical or any other Parisian society.

It is probable that no sane Cuban now cherishes the delusion that the island will ever be independent. The cry of "Cuba Libre!" has been silenced, and everyone knows that our solemn pledge to give the Cubans freedom and take no advantage to ourselves is utterly worthless. "Industrially as well as politically, they are at this country's mercy," to use the expression of a leading administration organ. The American people and most of our newspapers are too much

under the sway of the politicians to cry out against the breaking of the nation's vow, but something better was to be expected of the religious press. It must be admitted that the rebuke administered by Mr. Charles F. Lummis is as well deserved as it is stern. He says, writing in his magazine, *Land of Sunshine* :

How completely the bulk of the so-called religious press has ceased to be religious, and has left its conscience in the business office, is shown by the ghastly fact that a majority of these sheets are now lining up to swallow the perjury of breaking our faith with Cuba and the civilized world. The old and strong *Independent* is an honorable exception. So is the Chicago *Advance*, I believe. Yet one should insert a qualifying phrase, though by "religious press" we generally mean the Protestant weeklies. For it is a sarcastic commentary on our intolerance that the Catholic papers seem to be without exception against the proposed iniquity.

Mr. Lummis' qualifying phrase is pleasant reading after one has been charged by some of one's own people with lack of patriotism.

A celebration of more than ordinary interest recently occurred in Copenhagen. Protestant though the Danish capital is, its council and leading citizens entered heartily into the plan of worthily commemorating the anniversary of the death of the city's glorious founder, Absalon, Bishop of Röskilde in the twelfth century. A handsome statue of the great Catholic prelate now occupies the honor-place on the façade of Copenhagen's city hall. The Bishop is represented wearing his mitre, and holding in either hand his crosier and his sword; for Absalon was one of the warrior-prelates of the Middle Ages. The military rather than the apostolic side of his career was naturally made most prominent by the non-Catholic orators of the occasion; and they insisted principally on his having founded the present capital of Denmark, and on the many splendid victories by which he delivered his

country from the inroads of pirates, won new provinces to her dominion, and assured her maritime pre-eminence in northern seas. On the Catholics of Copenhagen devolved the task of emphasizing Bishop Absalon's glory as a valiant and successful apostle of the true faith; and European exchanges furnish abundant evidence that the duty was fittingly accomplished under the direction of Mgr. von Euch, Vicar-Apostolic of Denmark. The different speakers on this occasion retraced the missionary labors of the warrior-bishop, whose wars were veritable crusades; dwelt on his moderation in victory and the generous terms granted to the vanquished, whom he often won as allies, and thus prepared for the reception of the faith; and noted how truly Absalon always remained the Catholic prelate even beneath the soldier's armor, winning as he did from Pope Alexander III. the title of "Pillar of the Church." Mgr. von Euch remarked that this year 1901, which is the seventh centenary of Absalon's death, is to see the re-establishment in Denmark of the monastic life.

It was a high compliment that the Marquis of Ripon paid to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in this country when he exhorted the English associates, of whom he is president, to imitate the example of their American brethren. "This," he said, "is a case in which the child may teach the mother." A point on which the child may still be instructed, however, is the enlisting of college students in the work of the Society. We are sure that our readers will read with as much interest and edification as we have read the following appeal addressed by the distinguished Marquis to Catholic college men:

Come and see! By joining the Society of St. Vincent de Paul you take upon yourselves no permanent burden. If you do not find our work congenial, if you derive from it no spiritual

advantage, you can retire from it at any moment. It is an eminently Catholic work, sanctioned and blessed over and over again by the Holy Father. It will bring you into contact and sympathy with the Catholic poor, the poorest of our land; it will teach you how they live, and will show you how marvellously they adhere to their faith in the most trying circumstances. You have something to teach them,—to me it seems that they have yet more to teach you. The condition of the poor occupies a large space in the thoughts of the most thoughtful of the men of our time. You who are young Catholics will find in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul ample means of becoming acquainted with what that condition really is. Do not reject this opportunity, but seize it in order that you may be able to gain in the fulfilment of your duties as members of the Society the practical knowledge which will enable you as your life advances to show to the world that Catholics are peculiarly fitted by their creed and by their lives to deal with those great and complex social problems which will occupy the thoughts and test the wisdom of the men of the twentieth century.

We trust our college graduates in this country will seriously meditate these words. When, after taking their sheepskins, they are casting about for "something to do," it would be wise to begin by imitating the busy Marquis of Ripon whose labors among the poor are so fruitful and so edifying.

A physician in St. Louis takes occasion of the death of a hard-playing, middle-aged golfer of that city to warn men no longer in their youth against violent exercise. Whereupon the *New York Sun* sagely comments:

The danger of violent exercise on the part of people who are not used to exercise is obvious enough, but do many people need to be cautioned against it? Most middle-aged golfers take their pleasures easily; and there are thousands of men who put on flesh and take no exercise and die for the want of it. The lazy men are numerous enough, and they don't need to be encouraged by physicians or anybody else.

The New York editor is quite right. The majority of those whose ordinary life does not furnish them with the requisite amount of physical exercise, take, as a rule, too little rather than too much; and the middle-aged man who overdoes the matter of exercising

is an exception too rare to need special prescriptions. The proper plan is, of course, that pursued in the case of the classic youth who began by carrying the calf and kept at it every day until he easily shouldered the full-grown ox,—is to begin with a slight amount of exertion and increase it gradually. To instance a better exercise than golf, the middle-aged cyclist who for the first few days of the season contents himself with riding five or six miles a day, increases the daily spin to twelve or fifteen miles in the second or third week, and to from twenty to thirty in the fifth or sixth week, can by the middle of the season safely make a “century run,” between sunrise and sunset, without unduly taxing his constitution. So, at least, we are assured by a contributor who occasionally performs the feat, and that in a country district wherein “Good Roads Associations” have not yet improved the highways.

English Catholics are rejoicing over the return of the relics of St. Edmund, King and Confessor, to the land over which he ruled so virtuously. For almost seven hundred years the bones of the sainted King have been kept religiously in France. The Holy Father recently secured them from the Archbishop of Toulouse, and, after keeping them for some weeks in his private chapel in the Vatican, transferred them to England. They are now in the chapel of Arundel Castle, in the keeping of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshall of England, until a fitting shrine shall have been prepared for them in the new cathedral of Westminster. It may be well to recall that St. Edmund, who began to reign in England in his fifteenth year (855), was put to death for the faith at the age of thirty. Fighting against the Danes he was taken prisoner, and because he would not renounce his

faith he was scourged, fastened to a tree and pierced with arrows, and finally beheaded. The return of his remains to England is a happy omen for that country in the great religious crisis through which it is passing.

The London *Tablet* relates that during his excavations in the cemetery of Antincë, in Egypt, M. Gayet has discovered the tomb of a Christian martyr of the third century of our era. In the grave he found four interlaced palms, quite intact—the well-known symbols of martyrdom in the early centuries; also a kind of rosary, in the form of a ladder of three steps pierced with holes, in which were placed rings to be used like beads. Among other objects, an instrument for making hosts, a bunch of “roses of Jericho,” another of everlasting flowers; whilst the martyr holds in her arms a basket of plaited reeds and a vase. These latter objects at once vividly recall the words of St. Jerome: “No one is so rich as he who carries the body of Christ in a *basket of plaited reeds* and His blood in a *glass vase*.”

Bishop De Cabrières, of Montpellier, France, had the temerity, some two years ago, to speak and write openly in favor of the religious Orders. So criminal a proceeding could not, of course, be overlooked by the scrupulously impartial French government, and the prelate was forthwith informed by the Minister of Public Worship that his episcopal salary would henceforth be suppressed. We notice that *l'Eclair* newspaper of Montpellier has for the third time turned over to Bishop De Cabrières the sum of 12,000 or 13,000 francs, raised by public subscription to supply the unjustly withheld governmental stipend. 'Tis a pity the old concordat that exposes French ecclesiastics to such humiliations at the hands

of official whipper-snappers was not entirely done away with decades ago. We fancy that the system of voluntarily and directly contributing to the support of their pastors would have retained in the French peasantry a more lively faith and prompted them to more Catholic action than that which has of late years distinguished them.

Although the aim of the *Lutheran Witness* is 'to bear witness unto the truth,' it holds fast to the old fables regarding Martin Luther. Possibly a future editor of this belated journal may be induced to read the results of historical research regarding the founder of Protestantism, whom one authority has not hesitated to call a monster and his reformation a myth. The *Witness* is of opinion that the greatness of this vast republic of ours is due in no small measure to Luther. Most persons suppose that Columbus and Washington had most to do with the finding and founding of our country. Luther had as little part in it as the workers on the Tower of Babel. Still, he has his memorial amongst us. His followers have made this pre-eminently the land of free-love.

In a letter to the London *Times* the Protestant bishop of Worcester, England, expresses wonderment that the King or any one else should be able to express belief in "the Protestant religion." What the bishop says is very significant:

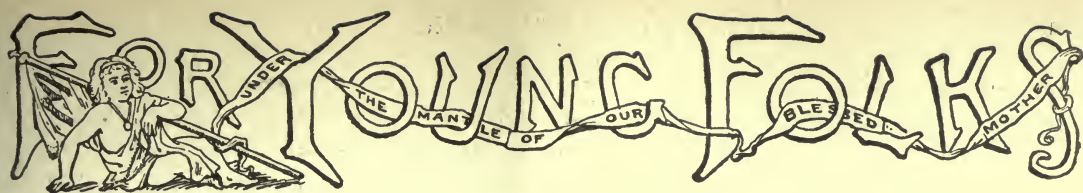
First, I really do not know what is meant by "the Protestant religion." I can understand what is meant by the Christian religion, the Buddhist religion, the Mohammedan religion. But what is the Protestant religion? Where is it to be found? What are its articles of belief? It is vague, shadowy, intangible. Protestantism under its one form has many variations, and you must gather together all these before you can speak of the Protestant faith. At the best you can only speak of it as a system which is the antithesis of Popery. The committee, by the addition after "the Protestant religion" of the words, "in which

I believe," suppose the Protestant religion to be a harmonious and consistent whole, which is notoriously not the case.

The divided character of Protestantism, as late events have helped to demonstrate, is one cause of the ill success of sectarian missions in pagan countries. It is a weak spot which the Person Sitting in Darkness easily perceives; and the suggestion that missionaries agree among themselves regarding their message before they attempt to give it is a common taunt. The wonder is that Protestant persons should not be able to see the point.

The *Catholic Telegraph* chronicles the sudden death of Dr. Langen, the only surviving representative of Old Catholicism in the Catholic theological faculty of the University of Bonn. His position was held through government support. The deceased was a priest, but had been under sentence of excommunication for many years. He was an eminent Scriptural scholar and the author of several able works in the department of exegesis. The report that this unfortunate man had sought reconciliation with the Church is without foundation, as he had lectured the day previous in defence of the Old Catholic claims, and he was buried without religious ceremony.

It can not be truthfully said of the religious Orders in this country that they show a disinclination to throw themselves into work in congested districts. Indeed it might be asserted that in all our large cities their labors are chiefly among the poor. It is not fitting for any comfortable and languid individual to deny this. And the members of religious Orders who take the vow of poverty do not need to be reminded that when they neglect to observe it, and begin to shun work among the poorest and most destitute of the population, they begin to be hypocrites.



Found—a Grandmother.

I.

SAY, Jim," said one street gamin to another as a handsome carriage passed them, "see that good-lookin' feller sittin' with the old lady in that rig?"

"Yes," said Jim. "What's he done?"

"He's struck it rich. He was lost pretty near all his life—strayed away or somethin'; and he jist wandered down here and was taken on at Henderson's for cash-boy. Then one day the old lady reco'nized him for her long-lost grandson. And there he is."

"Wot ye givin' us?"

"Facts—nothin' else. Ask any of the fellers: they'll tell ye the same."

"Wish I was in his luck!" said the other. "But there ain't nothin' like it in store."

There was more truth than fiction in the street boy's tale. I, who know all about it, will give it to the reader.

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A clean, bright-looking, handsome boy stood gazing in at the window of the largest drygoods house in Santa Magdalena, one morning about two years ago. Presently the proprietor appeared at the door. The boy touched his cap. The gentleman smiled,—it was so unusual a thing in his experience.

"Good-morning!" he said. "Are you admiring our window?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer;—"and wondering at the same time whether I might find any work inside."

"Well, you might. One of our cash-boys—our very best—met with an accident this morning, about an hour

ago: he fell downstairs and broke his leg. I don't know but what we might take you on while he is absent. It will probably be for six weeks or more. Have you ever worked in a store?"

"No, sir. I always went to school till now. My mother worked."

"And is she unable to do so any longer?" said the man.

"She is dead," replied the boy, sadly. "She died two months ago."

"And are you alone?"

"I am all alone. I spent my last dime this morning."

"Did she die here?"

"No, sir: in San Francisco. But I had a reason for coming here. First, I went to Los Angeles. I was there six weeks; then I came down here."

"Have you friends?"

"Not a friend in the world, sir."

"Well, you look like an uncommonly well-brought up and bright boy. Come along. We'll see what you can do. What is your name?" Mr. Henderson inquired, as the boy followed him to the office.

"John Slocum," was the answer.

"Well, John, Mr. Harmon here will tell you what you have to do. A boy to take Ellsworth's place while he is at home," he explained to the clerk, and went his way.

John Slocum soon became a favorite in the store. He was always willing, always quick to perform his duties, and was altogether destitute of that obnoxious "smartness" which is so disagreeably characteristic of the modern young American.

At the end of two months, when Ellsworth came back, John expected to be discharged. But instead of that he

was kept on and his wages raised. Mr. Henderson had found him a boarding-place, where he lived comfortably for ten dollars a month. The house was kept by a widow, whose daughter did fine hemstitching and marking for the establishment. John spent his evenings in the sitting-room with the two women, to whom he had endeared himself from the first.

One morning he was sent out with a parcel to a carriage in front of the store. Its occupant was an old lady with very white curls and a pale, gentle face which had once been remarkably handsome. As her eyes met those of the boy a slight flush rose to the faded cheeks. She leaned forward and asked:

"Little boy, what is your name?"

"John Slocum," he replied.

The old lady sighed and leaned back on the cushions.

"Thank you!—that is all," she said.

John returned to his duties, but a little later was summoned to the office.

"There has been a mistake," said the bookkeeper. "You were given the wrong package to deliver just now. As the wagon does not go out again till afternoon, and there was special hurry for it, you will have to go up with the right one. Here, John, take this to Mrs. Vachel Elliston—No. 4064 West Grand Avenue,—and be sure that you see the lady herself, explain, and get the bundle you took to the carriage."

While Mr. Harmon was speaking John's face turned a deep crimson.

"Don't be bashful, John," said the bookkeeper. "No one will hurt you at Mrs. Elliston's. She's a fine old lady."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy. "It wasn't—it wasn't—I was thinking of something."

"Well, well! Run along now as fast as you can and do your errand."

Mrs. Elliston had just discovered the mistake, and was about to dispatch

a servant to Henderson's when John arrived. He had never set foot in such a beautiful house in his life. Perhaps that was why he seemed embarrassed as the old lady came forward.

"Ah, it is the same little boy!" she said wistfully, and once more her cheeks flushed pink. "Sit down, my child," she went on, pointing to a hall-chair. "I believe you have run all the way."

"Yes, ma'am, I did," John answered. "Mr. Harmon said I must hurry."

He looked up in her face as he spoke, and something in his eyes made the old lady draw a quick, sharp breath.

"What did you say your name was?" she asked, sitting down beside him.

"John Slocum," he replied; but this time he faltered.

"Yes, yes, I remember," she said softly. "You remind me of some one—some one. Come here: I will show you."

She led him to the parlor. Above the mantel hung a picture of a boy which bore a marvellous resemblance to the one at her side.

"That is the portrait of my only son, taken when he was about your age. Do you not think it is like you?"

"Yes, it is," answered John, in a voice scarcely audible. "Where—where is he now—Madam?"

"He is—dead!" said the old lady, turning away. She opened the door for him, and smiled kindly as she went on: "My boy, I do not want to lose sight of you. Have you a mother? Do you live with her?"

"I have neither father nor mother."

"Well, I must see you again. Perhaps I may be able to help you a little—to a better position. Do you like your place?"

"Very much," said John, heartily. "Mr. Henderson is a fine man."

"I know that," she rejoined. "I will speak to him."

The next moment the door was closed, and he was hurrying down the steps.

II.

Mrs. Elliston had finished her dinner that evening and was about to go up to her sitting-room when the bell rang. The servant appeared immediately after and said:

"A boy to see you, ma'am. He says his name is John Slocum. He is from Henderson's."

"Strange that he should come at this late hour, James! But I shall be glad to see that little fellow again."

She found him in the hall, seated on the same chair where he had sat in the morning. He rose at her approach.

"Come in here, child," she said. "It is pleasant by the fire."

He followed her.

"Another mistake?" she inquired, with the sweet, sad smile which made her old face so beautiful.

"No," he answered; and then his self-possession left him and he trembled violently, while his face grew white.

The old lady perceived the change.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Are you in any trouble?"

"I will try to tell you," he replied. "This morning you said that I looked like your boy—and I know I do. When I saw your face in the carriage I thought you were very like—some one—a picture. I have it here."

He took a small package from his breast-pocket and opened it. It was the face of a middle-aged woman, very beautiful and sweet.

She took it from his hand.

"Where did you get it?" she gasped.

"It was my father's," he said. "It is the picture of his mother."

"It is *my* picture!" she exclaimed.

"I know it is," said the boy,—"I can not help knowing it."

"What is your name?" she asked, seizing his hands.

"My name is Vachel Elliston," he said.

"It was my father's name."

"You told me it was John Slocum. What—what does it mean?" inquired the old lady.

"I will tell you. But come sit down. You look weak and pale."

The boy led her to a sofa, and then went on:

"I do not remember my father much. He died in Nevada, at Thundering Bells, where I was born."

The old lady winced.

"What kind of place was Thundering Bells?" she asked.

"Not a nice place, but we lived there. When my father died, my mother married again, a mining engineer."

"What was your father?"

"He—he played cards."

"Ah!" The old lady winced again, and clasped her hands tightly; though she said nothing.

"My stepfather was good to me, but he had not liked my father and he wanted me to take his own name, John Slocum. That is how I came to be called so. When *he* died we came to California, and my mother taught school until a few months ago, and then she died. One evening she gave me this and said:

"Somewhere in Southern California you have a grandmother, and she is rich. I think she treated your father badly, but perhaps not. If you ever find her you may do as you please about revealing yourself to her. But I think it best that you should make inquiries and look for her."

"When mother died I got to love the picture more and more. I knew that with that face you could not have treated my father badly, and that you would not treat me badly either. I could not find you in Los Angeles, and so I came here."

The lady took him in her arms and tenderly embraced him.

"My boy," she said, "this poor old

heart went out to you the moment I laid eyes upon you first. I have been longing to see you again the whole day. You are right. I was a loving mother but I had a wayward boy. For years I have not known whether he was living or dead. Ah, my poor prodigal son! How I have mourned him! How these arms have yearned for him! Thank God, thank our Blessed Lady, who have heard my prayers at last!"

And so that is how John Slocum—otherwise Vachel Elliston—happens to be riding about in the carriage with the wealthiest and kindest old lady in Santa Magdalena.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

VII.—HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

Our young friend was in no mood when the big bell tolled to go and study Greek for the next hour. Studying this difficult branch, most boys will be willing to admit, is not conducive to the recovery of a lost temper. The greater number regard the study of this beautiful language as a necessary evil connected with their college course, to be gone through with as little waste of the grey matter of the brain as possible. This is the capital adolescent error; and, in spite of all that has been said or written for the student's benefit, it will probably remain so until the end of time, or until we shall be able to imbibe by absorption, or by some patent electrical or other recently discovered process. So it was not surprising that the notes in Greek of the competition in the special class were low.

"I congratulate you as a class," said Mr. Dalrymple, when the session opened that afternoon, "on your proficiency in

Latin. The competition showed very satisfactory results in all branches except Greek. You must brush up your Greek. Smith and Russell, you were both below sixty notes."

"That's a lie! That's not true!"

All were thunderstruck. Never had the bright-eyed Harry Russell so far forgotten himself. The boys looked up in amazement, expecting they knew not what. They seemed to be waiting for a professorial explosion of wrathful indignation. To the surprise of the boys, and, it must be confessed, somewhat to their disappointment, nothing of the kind occurred.

Russell, now crimson to the roots of his hair, was about to continue, but an imperious gesture of the professor's hand commanded silence. In a most ordinary conversational tone, without the least trace of anger or annoyance, Mr. Dalrymple remarked:

"Russell, leave the room!"

Harry began to speak again, but that commanding gesture of the right hand stopped short all attempts. Oh, that imperturbable calmness of the professor! If he would only scold! Harry began to pick up his books. Mr. Dalrymple went on calmly with the matter of the day's lesson.

When the boy had at length collected his books and papers, he cast one glance at the professor, who, had he not other purposes in view, might have strained a point and accepted the tacit, partial apology of a look. With the double inflection, first down and then up, he made use of one word:

"Go!"

The boy went out hastily. He was too much of a gentleman to use any vulgar display of displeasure, such as disturbing the others in passing or slamming the door behind him. As he closed the door he caught a glimpse of his teacher talking in his easy, subdued

tone to his class, as if nothing in the world had happened to ruffle his equanimity. Harry lingered in the corridor, ashamed to go down to the office of the prefect of studies to report his disgrace.

"Hello, Russell! What on earth are you doing out here with your books?" said that official, suddenly appearing.

"Expelled from the room, Father," replied Harry, sullenly.

"Go to my office, and I'll see you presently."

Russell waited in the office for nearly half an hour before the master of classes returned with a list of absentees. By this time the boy's anger had cooled considerably. He was beginning to be ashamed of himself.

"Now, what's all the trouble?"

"Mr. Dalrymple, Father, said my Greek competition notes were below sixty."

"Well? I am afraid that is too true."

"I told him it was a lie."

"You told him *what!*"

"It was a lie. I felt sure I made more than that number."

"Dear me! dear me! What trouble you foolish boys make for yourselves! Well, until this is settled and he consents to take you back again, you will not be excused from your lessons. I must hear his version of your offence, though your own is bad enough. You can go into that window alcove and work there; but, Harry—"

"Yes, Father?"

"Before you begin I recommend you to make a visit to the chapel. There is some One there who can help you in this trouble better than I can."

Harry was still a little out of humor. He started for—the alcove. He then hesitated a moment and turned around to look at the speaker, but that busy individual had already left the room on some other duty.

The boy went to the chapel. He spent some time on his knees there. When he returned to the prefect's office he was in a much better frame of mind. He went to the alcove and began to work. After all, it was a pleasant place to work in. Close by was a cupboard used for stowing away stationery and text-books. After a short time a timid rap was heard at the office door,—probably one more "unfortunate," a candidate for condign punishment.

"Wait!" said the prefect of discipline.

He then went to the cupboard and opened the door, leaving it open in such a manner as to serve as a door or screen for the alcove, perfectly hiding Harry from any one in the room. The motive did not escape Harry Russell. He was touched.

The next morning Harry Russell went to the class-room as if nothing had happened. It was not, however, Mr. Dalrymple's intention to condone the offence so lightly. Catching sight of him in his usual place, the professor said:

"What are you doing here, Russell? You do not belong here."

Blushing with confusion, the boy retired, but without attempting to say a word. He spent the day in the office alcove. He was pleased to see that the cupboard door was kept open all day long. That evening his ill-humor was completely gone. He had even determined to apologize to Mr. Dalrymple.

The following day Harry once more ventured into the class-room. As soon as the teacher entered he stood up, and, although he was blushing frightfully, said in a manly, deferential way:

"Mr. Dalrymple, I apologize, sir, for my insulting conduct."

A gleam of pleasure shot across Mr. Dalrymple's rather careworn face. He was sure he knew his boy all along, yet he tried him still further.

"My boy, you can not insult me, but

you have insulted your class. You must apologize to it."

"Gentlemen," said Harry, bravely, without a moment's hesitation, "I apologize to you all. I was angry at the time I offered the insult; and to you, too, sir, I apologize again."

The boys gave a loud cheer. Harry Russell had always been their favorite. Mr. Dalrymple, now all smiles, put his forefinger to his lips and pointed to the transom over the door, as a warning not to make so much noise and disturb the other classes. But his "S-s-sh!" was not heard amid the applause.

"Now, boys," said the professor, as soon as he could be heard, "I forbid you, one and all, by all the pains and penalties I can think of or that you can conjure up, ever to breathe a word of this affair outside of this class-room. It's a family affair, and no one else's business but ours. But, gracious!"—looking at his watch—"twenty minutes gone! Now, Smith, hurry and begin the translation of to-day's lesson."

Affairs went more smoothly with the professor after this; and Harry had the satisfaction at the end of the year of making quite a good showing, and of passing with honors into the first academic next year.

Russell became more and more popular as time went on. He was a favorite with the boys, because he was a capital first baseman in the great game. He also held the position of a quarter-back on the second football eleven.

But we pass over Harry's academic career, because it is as a Freshman—the first class of the collegiate course—that his real story begins. It was not until Harry became a Freshman that those strange events occurred to him, and those almost weird circumstances began to enmesh him, the relation of which is the reason for this story.

(To be continued.)

Miron and His Dogs.

There lived in a certain city a rich man named Miron. Against this man arose complaints from his neighbors on all sides. And the neighbors were so far right that, although he had millions in his strong box, he never gave even a copeck to the poor.

But who is there who does not like to gain a good reputation? In order to give a different turn to the conversation about him, our Miron made it publicly known among the people that in future every Saturday he meant to give away food to those in need. And, indeed, any one who passed his house at the end of the week could see that his gates were not closed.

"Poor fellow!" some said. "He will be utterly ruined." But of that there was no fear; for every Saturday he unchained a number of ferocious dogs; so that it was not a question with the poor who visited him of eating or of drinking, but simply of escaping with a whole skin.

In the meantime Miron was looked upon almost as a saint. Everyone said: "One can't sufficiently admire Miron. Only it's a pity he keeps such savage dogs, and that it's so difficult to get near him; otherwise, he is ready to give away all he has, even to the last coin."

"It has often occurred to me to see," says Krilof, the Russian author of this fable, "how hard of access are the palaces of great people. But, of course, the fault is not due to the Mirones. It is always the dogs who are to blame."

It is very common to see a scroll put into the mouths of the figures of engravings to indicate the words they are supposed to use. This was first practised by Simon Memmi of Siena, a fourteenth-century painter, and the scrolls were called "speaking scrolls."

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Born of poor but *Irish* parents" is Mrs. Elinor McCarthy Lane's variation of the traditional biographical phrase. Mrs. Lane is among the latest novelists whom the Appletons have introduced to the reading world.

—A new French quarterly magazine that is receiving the warmest praise from ecclesiastical dignitaries has appeared at Limoges. Its purpose is sufficiently indicated by its name, *Le Recrutement Sacerdotal* (Sacerdotal Recruitment); and its field is one that needs strenuous cultivation in these trying times for the Church in France.

—Professor Hermann Grimm, the German art critic who died recently at the age of seventy-three, was a son of Wilhelm Grimm. The father's fame will probably long survive that of his eminent son; for Wilhelm Grimm, in conjunction with his brother, wrote that perennially popular book for children of all ages, "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

—A third French edition of Father Schouvaloff's "My Conversion and My Vocation" has been brought out in Paris. The Barnabite author was a Russian lord and courtier whom Providence conducted by marvellous byways into the fold of the true Church, and his story is one of palpitating interest. An English translation was published in London a few years ago.

—Those in search of a very small breviary of convenient proportions, good print and flexible binding, with the latest Offices in their proper place, and a complete index where it should be, would do well to examine the new edition just published by H. Dessain, of Mechlin, and for sale in this country by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. Though thin, the paper is not transparent, and the binding is durable as well as flexible. In many respects this breviary is a marvel of bookmaking. 4 vols. Price, \$6.50, net.

—The Church Literature Pub. Co., Box 1552, Philadelphia, Pa., have issued two timely pamphlets, the circulation of which Catholics would do well to promote as much as possible. One is a refutation of the error of Christian Science, the other deals with "The Spiritual Danger of Occultism or Sorcery." Both are well written and eminently Christian. The religion of Mrs. Eddy is shown to be unscientific as well as unchristian, neither newer nor better than pantheism. The sin of Spiritism, so common among non-Catholics, is a natural result of the neglect of the Bible. It is a great mistake to suppose that modern Protestants

"search the Scriptures," and it was an ill day when they ceased to do so. The Old and New Testaments denounce intercourse with familiar spirits as "an abomination unto the Lord."

—A volume of verse by an English minor poet, Mrs. Hamilton King, will be published in the autumn. Mrs. King's poems won the admiration of so exacting a critic as Cardinal Manning long before he had the pleasure of receiving her into the Church.

—Mr. Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz, announces that there will be no continuation of "Quo Vadis?" Sienkiewicz is now at work on a story having John Sobieski, the Polish patriot, for its hero. When this is finished the novelist will begin what he regards as the great work of his life, a series of romances dealing with the career of Napoleon. For this series Sienkiewicz has been collecting materials for years.

—In answer to the sneers of certain English newspapers at American mammon-worship and want of culture, the *Bookman* points out that not only are the three most honored names in contemporary art the names of Americans—Whistler, Abbey and Sargent,—but the standard Latin and Greek lexicons in use at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are the work of American classical scholars.

—Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who has excellent opportunities of knowing, has aroused much discussion by his statement that only forty novelists in England "live in a reasonable way on the profits of their books, and another eighty-five on what they receive from the publication of their books as serials as well as in volume form." The writing of fiction, therefore, may be regarded as an agreeable dissipation, but not as a profitable profession. As Thackeray said, "it is a good staff but a bad leg." The late Sir Walter Besant's opinion of the literary profession as a career is as optimistic as one would expect from a comfortable and—from the financial viewpoint—fairly successful author:

The literary life may be, I am firmly convinced, in spite of many dangers and drawbacks, by far the happiest life that the Lord has permitted mortal man to enjoy. I say this with the greatest confidence, and after considering the history of all these literary men—living and dead—whom I have known and of whom I have read.

In striking contrast to this view is the opinion of another successful author, who died on the

day following that of Sir Walter—the late Robert Buchanan. He says:

I say to you now, out of the fulness of my experience, that had I a son who thought of turning to literature as a means of livelihood and whom I could not dower with independent means of keeping Barabbas and the markets at bay, I would elect, were the choice mine, to save that son from future misery by striking him dead with my own hand! "Whom the gods love die young," I would say to myself; "whom the gods and Barabbas preserve, survive on for despondency, sadness, madness and despair"; and my son should surely die. For what I have seen I have seen, and what I have suffered I have suffered. . . . For complete literary success among contemporaries it is imperative that a man should either have no real opinions, or be able to conceal such as he possesses; that he should have one eye on the market and the other on the public journals; that he should humbug himself into the delusion that bookwriting is the highest work in the universe, and that he should regulate his likes and dislikes by one law, that of expediency. If his nature is in arms against anything that is rotten in society or in literature itself, he must be silent. Above all, he must lay this solemn truth to heart, that when the world speaks well of him, the world will demand the price of praise, and that price will possibly be his living soul.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, *net*.
 Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.
 An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, *net*.
 The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.
 By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.
 Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.
 Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.
 The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Oliver, O. P.* \$1.50.
 Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., *net*.
 Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.
 The Apostles' Creed. *Adolph Harnack.* 80 cts.
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana Skinner.* \$1.50.
 The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, *net*.
 Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.

- Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, *net*.
 Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, *net*.
 Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, *net*.
 The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.
 The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.
 John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.
 Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, *net*.
 The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.
 The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., *net*.
 Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., *net*.
 A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.
 The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, *net*.
 The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.
 Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., *net*.
 Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.* \$1.50, *net*.
 The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.
 Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.
 The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$20.
 The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.
 Hans Memling. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James Brennan, of the Diocese of Erie; and the Rev. Paul Carbray, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Pauline, O. S. B., Covington, Ky.

Mr. David Ledwith, of New York city; Mr. John Black and Mr. William Darrah, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Doran, Fargo, S. Dakota; Mr. Thomas Todd, Melbourne, Que., Canada; Mrs. Mary Davidson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Robert McCrae, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Mr. Vincent Schnoeblen, Riverside, Iowa; Mr. Owen O'Connell, Akron, Ohio; Miss S. T. Hamilton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Michael Ryan, Mrs. Rosa McKeown, Mrs. Mary Quinn, and Miss M. E. Scanlan, Ireland; Mrs. Josephine D. Furz, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. E. Ritter and Mr. George Winslow, Pittsburg, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 24, 1901.

NO. 8.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Hosanna—Miserere.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

WHAT pulsing rapture fills the seraphs' heart
Where by the pinnacles of God they throng,
Lifting their tremulous pinions high, while song
Hosanna-winged rends their vast souls apart!
Eternity swirls round them at a glance,
As with the flame (pure moths immune from death)
They crave supernal unity; their breath
All love; their one despair, His countenance.
Not ours, High Princes, your immortal palms!
But by the Sea of Mercies, hark, our souls
List where the sunken bell of sorrow rolls
The *Misereres* from eternal calms!
Ours is His promise—ours the nail and thorn
And anguish flowering glorious on His tomb;
O God, the light and beauty of the gloom!
The sweetness from Thy saving penance born!

Our Lady of Hermits at Einsiedeln.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

FEW travellers in Southern Europe fail to visit Lucerne, and none who have had that delightful experience will ever forget the superb scenery in the midst of which the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons lies embosomed. Thousands of tourists during the summer months throng to this best-known bit of Switzerland; and, having revelled in the magnificent aspect of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus, and paid their tribute of unqualified admiration to the colossal figure of the crouching Lion of Lucerne,

and felt their patriotism intensified amid the legendary haunts of William Tell, pass on to others of the show-places elaborately described in the conventional guide-books. Now, of every hundred American Catholics who annually swell these battalions of tourists to the noted Swiss canton, probably not more than half a dozen are aware of their proximity to a millenarian religious shrine that is yearly visited by more than a hundred and fifty thousand devout Catholic pilgrims—the Holy Chapel of Our Lady of Hermits.

Just twenty-two miles northeast of Lucerne, in the canton of Schwyz, lie the little town and the great Abbey of Einsiedeln. The history of this famous Benedictine monastery and of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Hermits which forms the central attraction of its holy chapel dates back to the ninth century. Its first chapter has to do with the pious life and tragic death of St. Meinrad.

The son of Prince Berthold of Hohen-zollern and of the Countess Sulich, the Saint was connected with the most illustrious houses of Europe. Countess Sulich, his mother, was a woman of exceptional talent and scholarship, and she herself initiated her son into the first circle of the religious and secular sciences. While yet a mere boy, however, Meinrad was sent to the Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau, two leagues distant from Constance, for the purpose of finishing his studies. A few years spent

under the direction of the scholarly Benedictines sufficed to fit the grave young student to assume, himself, the rôle of professor. His uncle Erlebald, abbot of the monastery, recognizing in the youth that mingled energy and modesty which characterizes the man of sacrifice, foresaw for his talented nephew a glorious future. Distrusting, however, the glory that is not based on sanctity, he longed to see Meinrad embrace the monastic life. When the latter was spoken to upon the subject, he declared that, while his own inclinations led him to gratify his uncle's desires, he would give no definitive reply until he had consulted his father. Prince Berthold having assured him that he would consider himself wanting in his duty to God were he to antagonize his son in the matter of his vocation, Meinrad took the habit of St. Benedict in 822.

The simplicity, the gentleness and the intellectual attainments of the youthful novice soon charmed the whole community. A professorial chair becoming vacant at Bollingen, a little monastery dependent on the Abbey of Reichenau, the religious requested that Meinrad should fill it, and should, moreover, be charged with the general direction of their studies. Meinrad was unfeignedly astounded at the request; but, being commanded by his superiors to accept the position, he obeyed with religious simplicity. His success was marked. His erudition and his affability soon won for him the genuine esteem and affection of all his subordinates.

At the expiration of a few years, however, Meinrad experienced an ardent longing to withdraw himself still further from the world, and so retired to Mount Etzel, which overlooks the Lake of Zurich. There a pious citizen of Altendorf built him a small hut with an oratory and supplied him with the necessaries of life. Once in this desert,

Meinrad seemed to have inherited all the virtues of that model anchorite, St. John the Baptist. Crowds came to hear and consult him as an oracle of divine wisdom and truth.

After seven years of this apostolate, Meinrad grew uneasy on his own account, and began to think of securing a retreat less accessible to the outside world. He found one by penetrating still farther into the solitudes beyond Etzel. Where now stand the Abbey and town of Einsiedeln, there extended in the ninth century a wild, wooded tract known as the Sombre Forest. A sparkling spring, bubbling at the foot of a hill, caught the eye of the holy hermit; and there he fixed his habitation, building himself a hut and a little house of prayer. Later on the Abbess Hildegarde, daughter of Louis the German and superioress of a convent at Zurich, caused a chapel to be constructed for Meinrad; and tradition has it that the same Abbess presented him with the statue of the Blessed Virgin which, more than a thousand years later, is still venerated in the chapel at Einsiedeln.

Many a long year did the saintly hermit dwell in his beloved solitude. The practice of the evangelical austerities and the contemplation of the mysteries of Our Lord and the grandeur of Mary were his habitual occupation. Now less in touch with the world, he was more centred upon heaven,—without ever ceasing, nevertheless, to act as a consoling angel toward any who sought him out to confide to him their trials and their woes. Finally, he fell a victim to his hospitality.

Two ruffians whom he charitably received into his lowly hut, and who fancied that they would find treasures hidden therein, seized him and beat him to death with clubs. Instead of treasure, the murderers found only the hermit's books and instruments of penance.

They fled to Zurich, flattering themselves that at least their crime had been witnessed by no one. St. Meinrad, however, like the Fathers of the desert, had friends and avengers among the very birds of the air. Two crows, companions of his solitude, followed his assassins all the way to Zurich, attacking them with their bills, and even breaking through the window of the tavern in which the miserable men had sought refuge, to continue their assault. So strange an occurrence excited public curiosity. Brought before the magistrates, the culprits confessed their crime, which they soon afterward expiated on the scaffold.

For forty-six years after St. Meinrad's death, his cell remained unoccupied; but the memory of his virtues continued so vivid in the minds of the people that numerous pilgrims sought it out, and the statue of the Blessed Virgin was religiously preserved in the chapel of his hermitage. At length, in the year 907, St. Bennon, canon of Strasburg and afterward Bishop of Metz, felt himself drawn toward this locality, already somewhat celebrated; and, with several companions, he took up his residence there. These servants of God began by clearing the forest lands and building separate cells—one for each—near the original oratory of St. Meinrad.

Perhaps the most celebrated of those who followed the example of St. Bennon was St. Eberhard, a son of one of the most illustrious houses of Suabia, and grand provost of the Strasburg cathedral. Devoting to the enterprise his own large fortune and munificent gifts received from several noble lords, St. Eberhard had new edifices erected around the chapel. He built a regular monastery and a large church, the nave of which contained the chapel itself, as does, indeed, the Einsiedeln church of to-day. The hermits who had heretofore

been living in separate cells scattered through the forest took up their abode in the monastery, where they followed the rule of St. Benedict, under the direction of St. Eberhard.

The completion of the church brings us to the most remarkable occurrence that challenges the admiration (or, it may be, taxes the credence) of the reader of Einsiedeln's history—namely, that church's miraculous dedication. One might hesitate to transcribe the narrative in these days, when aught that savors of supernatural manifestation is so generally received with an incredulous smile, were it not that it is recorded in a pontifical bull of Leo VIII., issued in 964; which bull was afterward confirmed and ratified by no fewer than thirteen other Popes.

In September, 948, Abbot Eberhard begged St. Conrad, Bishop of Constance, to come to Einsiedeln and consecrate his church. The prelate hastened to comply with the request, and proceeded thither, accompanied by Ulric, the holy Bishop of Augsburg, and a number of distinguished friends, lay and clerical. The ceremony was fixed for the 14th. On the eve of that day, toward midnight, Conrad and several religious, following their usual custom, entered the church to devote some time to prayer. All at once they beheld the edifice illuminated by a celestial light, and saw Our Lord Himself, assisted by the four Evangelists, celebrating at the altar the office of the consecration. Heavenly thurifers were swinging golden censers, from which arose aromatic perfumes; and an angelic choir, led by the glorious Archangel Michael, rendered the sacred chants. Before the altar was the Holy Mother of God, surrounded by an aureole of glory; to the right and left of the divine Celebrant stood St. Peter and Pope Gregory, wearing the insignia of their office; while SS. Stephen and Lawrence,

the first deacons to win the crown of martyrdom, performed the functions of their order. Conrad himself states, in his book "*De Secretis Secretorum*," that the text of the *Sanctus* was thus modified by the angel voices: "Have pity on us, O God, whose holiness reveals itself in this sanctuary of the Virgin full of glory! Blessed be the Son of Mary, who is come here to establish His dominion forever!"

The Bishop remained in prayer for hours after the miraculous service had been concluded. Finally, Eberhard drew near and urged him to begin the consecration. "There is nothing to be done," he answered: "the chapel is consecrated to the Mother of God, and it is her Divine Son Himself who has performed the ceremony." He forthwith related what had occurred. Knowing the holiness of the prelate, some of those present accepted his narrative as a reality, while others believed him the victim of a dream. In any case, he was pressed to perform the ceremony for which he had come to Einsiedeln, and so he prepared to do so. Just at that moment there resounded throughout the vast enclosure a mighty voice, which repeated in the language of the Church: *Cessa, cessa, frater! Capella divinitus consecrata est.*—"Stop, stop, brother! The chapel is miraculously consecrated." All present were now convinced that the holy Bishop's story was authentic; the consecration was not proceeded with; and sixteen years later Leo VIII. declared that no other consecration should take place.

Restricted as is our space, we can not do more than glance at the multiplicity of important events—the varying tides of prosperity and adversity; the eras of fervid piety followed by a partial decadence that necessitated reform; the fires that destroyed old edifices and the energy that replaced them with others more spacious and more beautiful,—the

vicissitudes of every kind, in a word, through which a monastic foundation must naturally have passed in the course of an existence that measures more than a thousand years.

At the outbreak of the Reformation the true spirit of St. Benedict seemed to have died out; material losses followed, and the monastery was threatened with extinction. Fortunately, a new abbot, Louis Blarer, assumed control, and such was his vigor and prudence that in a few years he restored to Einsiedeln its ancient glory. The French Revolution again brought disaster to the abbey. The monks were driven out, the buildings pillaged, and the holy chapel destroyed. The miraculous statue, however, was sedulously guarded. At first hidden underground near Haggen (a chapel still marks the spot), it was afterward transported to St. Gerold. In 1803 the monks had returned to Einsiedeln and rebuilt the shrine, in which the statue was again solemnly installed.

The most notable occurrence in the religious history of Our Lady of Hermits during the last century was the celebration, in 1861, of the one thousandth anniversary of the death of St. Meinrad. The series of solemn commemorations witnessed at Einsiedeln during the months of September and October of that year made a deep impression on the vast throngs of pious pilgrims to Our Lady's shrine, and gave to the devotion which attracts all classes to the chapel and the miraculous statue an impetus that still endures. Upward of one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims annually prostrate themselves in the sacred place, and test the efficacy of our Blessed Mother's intercessory prayer. It would serve no purpose to cite here countless scores of striking miracles that have been wrought in this venerable sanctuary: the crowds who visit it still, after the lapse of more than

ten centuries, sufficiently proclaim their reality and their frequency.

One has but to kneel for a few moments within the consecrated precincts of the holy chapel to understand the sweet attraction that draws thither these multitudes from every class of society. Interior light permeates the soul, delicious hope springs juvenescent from the ashes of a repented past, love of Mary takes on new tenderness, life's knottiest problems present no difficulties, and unutterable peace lulls every anxious fear to rest. Even the non-Catholic visitor does not escape the peculiar influence that exhales from the shrine of Our Lady of Hermits. Goethe went there on more than one occasion, and in his memoirs has this to say:

"This antique hermit-home of St. Meinrad affected me as something extraordinary, such as I had never seen before. The sight of this little shrine, environed by pillars and surmounted by great vaults, led me on to serious reflection. It is there that a single spark of sanctity and fear of God lighted a flame ever vivid, illuming always,—a flame at which faithful souls, not without painful sacrifices, were to come to light also their little torches. It is this that makes us understand that the human race has an infinite want of the same light and the same heat as the first solitary who came thither saw and felt in the depth of his soul."

After the German poet, hear an Italian saint. Writing in 1576 to his cousin, the Cardinal of Hohenems, St. Charles Borromeo says: "I have a thousand things to tell you of my journey, and I will tell you only one. I have just returned from Our Lady of Hermits. After the Holy House of Loreto, transported by angelic hands beneath other skies, I know no place where my soul has been more inflamed with pious ardors than at Einsiedeln."

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXV.—MR. HENRY MORAN DECLARES HIS IDENTITY.

WHILE Jenkins thus prematurely settled the destinies of two lives, and even named the date of a marriage which had not yet been spoken of between the principals, the carriages swept on and upward over that famous mountain drive. It was an exquisite morning. The trees—now light, now dark—stood ranged in thick masses, giving glimpses of cool distances down on either side of the path, or away and over the heights. Birds sang, busily darting hither and thither, pouring out liquid notes; myriad living things stirred in the grasses and trees about. Nature was in its full glow and glory; and it was precisely a day on which might be studied out in fitting surroundings that mysterious problem which was occupying at least two of the party, and which is forever being worked out upon the earth for evil or for good, for joy or for sorrow.

There was something in the solemnity of those heights, in the calmly majestic solitude, which was chastening to all human emotions, and which appealed to the soul and its higher faculties. In too few love affairs does the soul enter at all; that is to say, that higher attraction which recognizes certain moral qualities, and loves because of them; which reverences and is drawn upward by the object loved; which despises for its sake all that is low and grovelling, and for the time being lives in a purer sphere, in that companionship where souls may meet and enjoy each other.

It was suggested at last that the whole party should get down and walk,

seeing the sights and enjoying the rustic holiday. A groom had been provided for each trap, so that there might be no difficulty about leaving the horses. Now it had suddenly dawned upon Jack Holloway that there was something amiss with his friend; and he had taken it into his head, though not a word had been said by any of the family, that Miss Kate Raymond might be at once the cause of the trouble and its remedy. It was he, therefore, who proposed a walk through the shady groves, and who called out in his hearty fashion:

"Come, Mrs. Raymond, let us go this way! It looks awfully cool and shady. Bronson and Miller, you look after Miss Elinor and Miss Pauline; and—my friend, will you take care of Miss Kate?"

"All right!" said Henry Moran, who was just then helping Kate to descend from the trap. There was some little delay in this, and in getting that young lady's parasol and arranging what wraps were to be left behind; so that Jack and his party, who had been the first to alight, had disappeared before the others were ready to move.

"We shall follow them," said Henry Moran aloud, for the benefit of the grooms, who were busy at the horses' heads. "They can not have gone far. But we shall not overtake them, if I can help it," he said to Kate as they walked together along the broad, green forest path; "because there is a subject upon which I want to talk to you, and I am sure you will give me the opportunity."

"You look quite tragic!" declared Kate, trying to laugh naturally; for she was in reality a good deal startled.

"I am very much in earnest, if that is what you mean," said Henry Moran; "and I hope you will be simple and direct with me and try to help me over rough places."

"I'm afraid I don't like seriousness,"

said Kate, somewhat petulantly; "it frightens me."

"It should not. Life is mostly serious; and even love, which you girls are so fond of playing with, is full of the most tragic possibilities."

They were walking along the bypath which Moran had chosen, and which diverged from the highroad along which the others had gone. It was redolent with wild flowers and sweet with the sweet wholesomeness of nature.

"I remember once telling you that I would ask you a question," he said. "It relates to the old gentleman next door, who seemed to have taken such a hold upon your fancy."

"Yes, I loved that old man!" said Kate, with animation.

"Would you prefer that I had been indeed an old man, decrepit, infirm, out of the range of the happier possibilities of life?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because don't you see what lurks behind it? Have I been unable to inspire any interest, any affection, any appreciation of my own personality?"

Kate felt intuitively that whatever jest had been hitherto about this matter, it had passed into the region of sober prose, and she was at a loss how to answer the question. Her heart gave a vehement denial to any assertion she might make with her lips that the old man was to be preferred to this other, stalwart of frame, living with an intense vitality, strong of will and magnetic of manner. But she did not care just then to give any hint of her true sentiments, and indeed the words did not rise very readily to her lips.

Henry Moran was meanwhile gaining confidence from the very strength of his resolution, and determining within himself that there should be no further evasion of a subject so important to himself. He soon regained the ease and

self-control which are, after all, of such value in any emergency. He knew the tendency there would be in Kate to evade such an issue as he was about to raise, and he concentrated all the power of his will on the set purpose of compelling her to give a definite answer.

They had reached in their walk a spot where, through an opening in the trees, the farm lands were displayed in a glory of sunlight, and the lower slopes of the hills stretched downward in masses of undulating green.

"How would it be if you were to sit down upon that fallen tree while we have our talk out?" suggested Henry Moran.

And Kate, who felt herself dominated by the strength of her companion's personality, agreed without a word; seating herself daintily upon that fallen monarch of the forest, with the waving branches of its successor over her head, and her own sweet youth shining about her, white as the gown she wore.

Henry Moran threw himself down upon the grass at a little distance, so that he could watch her face as he talked and learn something from her mobile features. To him she was as a child, so far apart was she from the influence of that vast, wicked world which he knew so well; and yet a queen, gracious and remote, reigning over him as her devoted subject. He felt toward her that special tenderness which a man has for one who has raised him upward and given him a view of heights beyond the earth. For, let the pagan author say what he will, the true man loves best and longest what uplifts him, because he has a grateful sense that in the happiness which the beloved object has occasioned him there is nothing which his cooler judgment or his better self might later repudiate.

"I suppose it will surprise you to hear," Henry Moran began, so quietly

that Kate was not alarmed, "that I have loved you ever since I first saw you? That was under the trees in your own garden, when you stood upon an old stump and kissed your finger-tips toward my house, and bade defiance to the old man and his wealth, and mocked him with your lovely youth."

Kate, remembering the scene, colored swiftly and vividly.

"O Kate, Kate!" said Moran (and it seemed very natural, now that he had spoken and her doubts had vanished as frost before the sun, that he should so address her), "I don't know what you did to my heart that night, but you made it young again,—you woke it up. I suppose in Wall Street we don't need hearts." He paused and drew a long breath. "I wish I could tell you how lovely you looked in the moonlight; and I, watching you, solitary and alone under the trees, succumbed once and forever to your sweet influence."

There was still a half-humorous vein in his words, as though he were amused at finding himself at last in the rôle of a lover; but it did not at all interfere with the genuine and manly sincerity of his tone.

Nor was this style of love-making at all displeasing to Kate. She sat erect, hiding her embarrassment under a certain girlish dignity, and looking very lovely. For there are lovely girls to-day as always, though it is no longer the fashion to put them into print. The dawning glow of pleasure in her heart was reflected upon her face, suffusing it with a soft radiance, as the dying sun tinges a landscape with its shimmering glow. A sense of exultation possessed her; for she could not but be conscious that this was no common man who had chosen her out from other women, and who was confirming now in words what he had before implied. She looked at Henry Moran and smiled—that sweet,

captivating smile in which he found each time a fresh attraction.

"You were there when I thought you bedridden or being wheeled about in a chair?" she said.

"I was there, and I confess that I saw and heard everything."

"For shame!" cried Kate, who was not sorry to divert him for a time from the main issue.

"Don't be too hard upon me, Kate. You were so enchanting in that filmy dress you wore; and what did anything matter after that, except seeing and hearing you? But if you were in love yourself, my dear, you would easily find excuses for me."

Certainly it was not dislike which lent that softened expression to the girl's eyes as she stole one glance at this special pleader and looked away into the distance.

"How many evenings after that I sat upon my lawn or at my library window simply for the same purpose I need not tell you. Had you looked very closely, you might have seen the red point of my cigar."

"I should have thought it a fire-fly," said Kate, with her winsome smile. "I would never have dreamed of such an old man smoking."

"Do you mean that my present age is too advanced for that solace to my woes?" asked Henry Moran.

"No: I meant in your former state, of course. But now I understand many things."

"There is one thing I am trying hard to make you understand just now," Henry Moran said, "and that is the fact of my love for you."

Kate, however, was thinking of the hamper of fruit and game, of Farmer Hobson's opportune arrival with the mutton, and of the settlement of Boomer & Company's account.

"Yes, I understand many things," she

continued, ignoring his last remark "You heard us talking."

"Do not be angry," Henry Moran urged. "It had got to be my one pleasure hearing and seeing you. Every moment of my busy day in Wall Street was spent in looking forward to those delightful evenings. And I ceased to ask my friends to visit me. I accepted no invitations. All I wanted was to get home and be near you."

Moran paused, as if for a word of encouragement.

"Have you nothing to say?" he asked.

"What can I say," Kate answered, in a low voice, harmonious and sweet from the very joy of her spirit, "except that we have so much—so very much—to thank you for?"

"Don't say that, Kate, above all things; for it proves how little you realize how I feel toward you. If you did you would never thank me for what was my greatest pleasure."

"Nevertheless," observed the girl, "by your tact and delicacy you helped us through many difficulties."

"And that is what I want to go on doing. I want you to give me the right to help you at all times—everywhere."

"You are very good," she murmured.

"O Kate—my bewitching, provoking Kate, the bonniest Kate in all the universe,—I am afraid you know very little about love. You can not for the life of you understand this infatuation which overtook a man who had been counted indifferent. But you are excuse enough for anything."

"I fear you are a skilled flatterer."

"If I were, I should never flatter you," he said, sincerely; "and I only speak the truth when I tell you that you have riveted fetters about me from which there is no escape. When I got your letters, especially that first captivating epistle—well, if I hadn't been all yours, you were sure of me ever afterward."

From that time forth I could have followed you to the ends of the earth and thought it no hardship."

"You sent me some letters."

"Yes, picture-letters; and I suggested the other day having the last one altered to bring it up to date. But, after all, what are letters? It is a great deal more satisfactory for me to tell you all that I want you to know, and to let you snub me for my presumption, if you are so disposed, or—"

"I wonder," the girl interrupted, and a half-mischievous, half-wistful look came into her face, "if all this is genuine, or if you have told these pretty stories many times before?"

"Kate!" cried Henry Moran—this time his tone was downright angry and aggrieved,—“look me in the face and dare to ask me such a question.”

"I wouldn't be so rude," Kate said, playing a little with his anger, as the best of girls will.

"Well, you certainly have the art of provoking a man to—love you more and more," said Henry Moran, with a half-comical grimace. "And as to this story of mine being true, why even Martha Finney knew it before I was aware of it myself."

"Who is Martha Finney?"

"My ex-housekeeper and a—viper. Jenkins saw it."

"Who is Jenkins?"

"An elderly gentleman who regulates as far as possible all the affairs of the neighborhood. He took you and me under his protection long ago."

"Odious man!" ejaculated Kate.

"Quite so; but a veritable mine of information on his neighbors' affairs, and it appears a tolerably shrewd judge of character. Miss Wilkins saw it."

"Who is Miss Wilkins?"

"A young lady of our neighborhood, who did me the honor to inquire into this affair upon the train."

"Perhaps *that* young lady had a personal interest?"

"None whatever. Pure philanthropy. Mr. and Mrs. Gregg saw it."

"Oh, I know *them*!" cried Kate.

"So I need not dilate upon their perfections; but you see, my dearest, that since all these people are aware of my condition and pity me, why, you must pity me too; and you know what pity is akin to."

Kate looked at him, half-shy, half-amused. And as she looked—reading far more than he was able to express, in the earnestness of his look, and rejoicing that she possessed him,—slowly the smile faded from her face, and she put one hand over her eyes as if to shut him out from her sight.

"Think, Kate," Henry Moran urged—and his voice now was low and tense, having thrown aside all its mockery,—“what it means to me whether or not you return my love. I can not make you understand how a man may love, and suffer if his love be rejected. That is not to be expected. But try, at least, to realize what I am offering you: a love and devotion which I have never offered to any woman before, and the assurance that if you confide yourself to me I shall leave nothing undone to make you happy.”

"It can not be!" murmured Kate.

"Oh, it can never be! What you ask is impossible and what you offer I can not take!"

"And why? Is there any one else in question?"

The words trembled on his lips.

Kate shook her head. She saw the pain that was visible in every line of the strong face before her; and she almost trembled at this responsibility which had been thrust upon her,—at this power of making another suffer. Love had been something of a jest with the pretty, careless group of girls at

Vine Cottage. Now it had assumed another aspect and it terrified her.

"Kate!" cried Henry Moran, "love makes many very abject. Half an hour ago I would have said: 'I do not care for your pity; if you can not give me your whole heart, there is no more to be said.' But now, Kate, I beg of you, if there be no one else in the case, to marry me for my money or for any other reason you wish."

"Have you much money?" she asked, naively. For Moran had forgotten for the moment that she did not know him as the wealthy stockbroker. "Not that that matters in the least. I wouldn't marry you for money nor for any other reason but one; and as it is, I can't marry you at all."

She hurried over the words as if they were painful to her, and Henry Moran grew pale as he listened.

"Have some pity and tell me why," he pleaded.

"Well, simply because you are not a Catholic. It is no use saying whether I care for you or not. Nothing is any use, since you are not a Catholic."

Henry Moran had forgotten that other circumstance, that Kate did not know of his visits to Father Brophy or of the change that had been wrought in him spiritually as well as otherwise by that wonderful summer.

"Is that the only reason, my Kate?" he cried, with sudden triumph, sudden gladness, such as he had never before known,—as if all the sunshine about them had suddenly got into his heart, and as if all those bird songs were trilled into his ears alone.

"That is the only reason," Kate said, gravely and simply; and there was a look of real distress upon her face. "Why should I hesitate to admit that much, since you have told me all?"

"But I *am* a Catholic, Kate!" said Henry Moran. "Think what that means,

my dearest, dearest Kate; since I am a Catholic and you care for me a little, and I—"

"Forgive me," said Kate, interrupting his joyous rhapsody; "but you must be a very bad one."

"Nothing to boast of yet; but if you will only take me in hand I shall climb the narrow path in no time. I was a very bad Catholic till I began to see and hear your family and Mr. Mortimer. Much that I saw and heard set me thinking. I suppose my father's faith was still there; and I went to Father Brophy and asked him to help me to be a good Catholic, if possible. Of course, it was slow work, and there is a lot to be done yet; but the upshot of it is that I have been to confession and Communion, and have been trying hard ever since to be worthy of you."

Kate drew in her breath sharply. This was so like her dream of what she might have done for another man—that impersonal Henry Moran—that the coincidence struck her forcibly.

"Are you satisfied now, Kate? Is not that a true test of love?"

"It is," said Kate; "and I am very glad of this."

It was impossible even if she had wished to keep the radiant joy out of her face, which, indeed, seemed made for joy as some flowers are for the sun; and the sunshine seemed now flowing in upon her too. Neither spoke for a few minutes. Happiness, nor indeed deep feeling of any sort, is seldom eloquent; and Henry Moran did not wish to force her too suddenly into any more explicit declaration of her feelings. It was Kate, therefore, who broke the silence. She appreciated the reserve which failed in that first moment of surprise to force her to an avowal, and she was not sorry to change the subject.

"You spoke of Mr. Mortimer?"

"Yes: I spoke of him as having had

a strong influence upon me both by word and example," said Henry Moran. "But, talking of him, I have a letter of his in my pocket."

"Oh, what does he say?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Moran, with laughing eyes which were yet full of tenderness. "Or shall I let you read the letter? It is in reply to my invitation to him to visit me this week."

Kate took the letter, where Henry Moran had turned it down in order that his name might not appear, and she read as follows, crimsoning from chin to forehead:

"I am very sorry indeed that I can not make one of your charming circle this week. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure. But I will come—God willing—for the wedding, which must be soon. For Kate shall take you, unless she wants to incur my displeasure. And be you not too tardy with the asking nor too backward in urging your suit, or I shall lose respect for you."

"You see, I couldn't lose his good opinion. And don't look as if you were so angry with the dear old gentleman; or is it with me? O my own dearest, don't look angry with me!"

"It wasn't fair," said Kate; but she laughed, and Henry Moran saw that her anger was not deep.

"And so to please Mr. Mortimer, Kate, and because I love you better than the whole world, just say that you love me a little and that you will marry me some day."

"The others are coming!" she cried, springing up.

"The more reason to tell me quickly that you'll have me."

A gleam of humor came into the girl's eyes.

"Since Mr. Mortimer wishes it," she said, very demurely, "and since the one you call the viper and Jenkins and Miss Wilkins and the Greggs all expect it,

I should be sorry to disappoint them."

"And you couldn't find it in your heart to disappoint me!" added Henry Moran. "Now that you know all about it, you'll have to reward me for all my silent devotion."

"Here we are, Mary!" cried Kate, suddenly raising her voice; and she wondered what all those others would think. It seemed so short a time and yet so long since they had gone away. For a wonderful thing had happened, and she had virtually given herself to another, and had realized in those brief moments that another belonged to her entirely, and he so strong, so self-centred, so superior to the average man.

"You are very cruel!" whispered Henry Moran, as he stood bracing himself for the target of eyes he should presently have to encounter, and only too certain that there would be no concealment possible as to what had occurred. When Kate smiled back at him, however, he didn't think her so very cruel, after all; nor did he look particularly ill used, and he felt himself suddenly indifferent as to whether or no the others were good at guessing.

Kate, who was moving on in advance, suddenly stopped.

"Why did you say you wanted me to marry Mr. Henry Moran?"

"I will tell you, if you just say once that you love me."

"Well, I suppose I do, since I have promised to have you."

"Then, darling, I shall throw off my last incognito. I said that because I am Henry Moran!"

(The End.)

THE kind of honesty that won't actually steal's a kind of fool honesty that's common enough; but the kind that keeps people's mouth shut when they hadn't ought to talk is about the scurcest thing going.—"David Harum"

I Come, O Lord!

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

NOT through a fear of storm-clouds in the sky,
Nor the white foam upon the ocean's breast;
Not flying gladly from the sad world's cry,
Nor wearied, seeking rest,—

I come and ask no smother path to tread,
No lighter burden for my arms to bear;
I fain would follow where Thy footsteps led,
E'en though I stumble there.

I come because my soul hath sought and yearned
For stainless love and spotless purity;
And, finding only mockeries where I turned,
I end my quest in Thee.

Life in a French Chateau in 1788.

SO unfading an interest still attaches to all that relates to French social life under the *ancien régime*, that every fresh addition to the rich store of the literature of the close of the eighteenth century is always greatly welcome. That period is still so near to us: men of middle age may have heard it described by actors in its scenes; it was so superior in splendor and picturesqueness to our own. Some of the minor arts in which it was rich, and which we have lost, would provide us with so much delicate pleasure in the impossible event of their revival—who writes a letter or holds a *salon* now, in the eighteenth-century acceptance of the terms?—and it was cut off from our own century by a gash so deep and red that we look back upon it across the terror of the Revolution as men might look back upon a beautiful landscape across the dismal ruins of some sacked and devastated town.

In the first volume of the "Mémorial" of J. de Norvius, edited by M. de Lanza de Laborie, and published some two years ago by Messrs. Plon, Nourret, of Paris, we find the country life of the old French *noblesse* described with a

graphic and facile pen that now and then makes us think of Madame d'Arblay's lively pictures of the life at Streatham.

Fifty years ago De Norvius had his hour of celebrity; he had written his "History of Napoleon," the first important and detailed biography of the great Emperor. Its success was remarkable: between 1824 and 1854 as many as twenty-two French editions were published. It was translated into Spanish and Italian, and it is even related in the Norvius papers that the Sultan had had a Turkish translation made for his own personal use. Except among men of letters, his name then gradually fell into oblivion; now his "History of Napoleon" is valued only on account of the illustrations by Raffet and Charlet; and even the Rue Norvius, named after him in the day of his fame, had failed to keep him in the minds of his fellow-citizens when M. de Laborie edited the "Mémorial" from the original manuscript.

The three volumes deal respectively with his youth and emigration; with his imprisonment in 1797 under the Directory, and the expedition to San Domingo in which he took part; with the glorious campaign of Friedland, his service in the new kingdom of Westphalia, and the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise.

Jacques Marquet de Montbreton de Norvius, to give him his full name, was born on the 17th of June, 1769, of a good Gascon family; his father, Marquet de Montbreton, being Receiver-General of Finance, and possessed of a handsome fortune and considerable estates. Allied on his father's side to the famous Minister, M. de Calonne, and through his mother to the Archbishop of Toulouse, Loménie de Brienne, future Cardinal and Prime Minister; and to his brother, the Comte de Brienne, Minister of War in

1787-89, young De Norvius began his social career under the most favorable auspices, and was well qualified to describe the brilliant society in which he moved.

From the age of seven, when, in 1776, he accompanied his parents for the first time to the Chateau de Brienne, in the province of Champagne, until his emigration in 1791, De Norvius was one of the favorite guests of Monsieur and Madame de Brienne. He thus begins his description of the castle and its inhabitants,—the family consisting of the Comte and his wife; of his brother, the Archbishop Loménie de Brienne; and of his first cousin, the Marquis de Loménie, and his wife and daughter:

"I shall speak of the Chateau de Brienne and of the life we led there as of a forgotten or unpublished chapter of the 'Arabian Nights' of the French monarchy, then one and indivisible. But it would be impossible ever to restore the society of these reminiscences of my youth, now that the grand seigneurs of the past have become so small, and that the great people of to-day do not know and can never learn how to be grand seigneurs. To be a Levite one must needs belong to the tribe of Levi."

How much money was needed to keep up the state of a grand seigneur, and how natural a thing it seemed in those days that the revenues of the Church should contribute toward it, we see in the following passage:

"The building of the Hôtel de Brienne in Paris, now the War Ministry, and of the Chateau, absorbed some two or three of the seven millions of francs Madame de Brienne, who was the daughter of a wealthy commoner, M. Fizeau de Clémont, had brought her husband as her wedding portion; the remainder, joined to his own patrimony, would have been quite insufficient to maintain the state he held, had not

his brother, the Archbishop, who had already renounced his rights in his favor, and whose affection for him could only be compared with that of which he was himself the object, brought his immense ecclesiastical revenue to the common purse. Thus was the Comte able to lead in all its plenitude the stately country life of a great landed proprietor and a great noble, a keen sportsman, an admirable amateur actor, delighting in magnificent festivities, and possessed with the desire of making his house the chief of the province, as if he were Comte, or at least Constable of the whole of Champagne."

De Norvius accepts this strange misapprehension of the proper uses of church revenues as a matter of course, all unconscious that it was one of the chief determining causes of that Revolution which was even then nigh at the doors. He remarks that "the treasures of the church and the treasures of commerce, at first astonished and then charmed to find themselves united in one family-chest, of which the Comte held the key, produced without difficulty and without control the marvels of the existence of the house of Brienne."

De Norvius goes on to describe the Comte de Brienne's stables and hunting establishment; and we can understand that the vast pile of buildings called the "Communs," which cover so much ground in the ruins of many an old French chateau, were none too large for their requirements:

"There were fifty carriage horses and fifty hunters and saddle-horses in the stables at the foot of the hill on which rises the Chateau de Brienne; and in the two adjoining kennels as many hounds, two-thirds of which were stag-hounds and the rest boar and wolf-hounds. The chase was M. de Brienne's passion. The ladies who did not ride followed in low, open calashes, of which there were relays

wherever there were relays of horses. Everyone taking part in the hunt, ladies as well as men, had to be provided with two liveries: one for the stag-hunt—a scarlet coat laced with gold and silver, with collar and facings of sky-blue velvet; the other for the wolf and boar-hunts—dark green laced with silver, and crimson velvet collar and facings: this was the Loménié livery. The huntsmen wore the same. Independently of the Comte's horses, every guest brought his own, which notably increased the equine population of the castle. The whole troop was more or less brought into action on the days of the 'grand hunt,' when about a hundred horses would be distributed over the country as relays, not only for the gentlemen but also for the huntsmen.

"We drove to the meet in great *guimbardes*, each drawn by six horses. At daybreak the spare horses and hounds had preceded us, as had also the *fourgon* filled with cooks, who were to prepare the dinner either in a big shed or on the grass, according to the season and the weather. The immense forests of Orient and Montmorency were the theatres of these truly regal hunts, which at times used to lead us ten or twelve leagues from the castle. We did not always bring down our quarry, in which case we were assailed on our return with a fusillade of jokes by those who had remained at home. On the occasion of a stag-hunt, the gentlemen of the neighborhood were invited, and after the day's sport shared with us the castle hospitality."

After this description he takes us through the houses; and it is interesting to find that the great library was a real factor in the daily life of the chateau—perhaps more so than in the great houses of to-day,—with one or other of its two learned custodians ever ready to expound its treasures; and it is

almost startling (so apt are we to think only of the frivolities of that brilliant epoch) to hear of the laboratory, and of the regular courses of lectures on scientific subjects.

"The Chateau de Brienne, as may still be seen, is a building three stories high. On the ground-floor, besides three suites of rooms devoted to the ladies, one of them being the Countess' private apartments, there were five vast rooms,—a banqueting hall for eighty persons; a billiard room; an immense drawing-room opening onto the avenue and gardens; a library two stories high and surrounded by two circular galleries, containing from twelve to fifteen thousand volumes after its fusion with the Archbishop's, and also containing a natural history collection of great richness. This collection was under the care of a Benedictine monk called Dom Millière; and there was also a librarian, an ex-secretary of the Archbishop; so that one always found some one to talk to. Farther on was another large room, arranged as a laboratory, and furnished with some of the best scientific instruments, where M. de Parcieux, the celebrated professor of chemistry and physics, came each year to give us an instructive and amusing course of lectures on these two sciences.

"So, even as regarded instruction of the most varied kind, there was plenty of employment for one's time in this great chateau, and all were free to dispose of it according to their pleasure; for the host and hostess reserved only the right of rendering it agreeable to everyone; and as the principle of individual liberty and of the greatest independence was in constant practice, it would have been impossible to feel more completely at home than when under their roof. As all the guests brought their own horses, it made this independence all the easier to practise.

There was a state apartment on the first floor, in the bedroom of which rose a majestic four-post bed under a plumed canopy, with royal blue velvet curtains heavily fringed with gold. This room was reserved for Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans, the stout old prince-father of Philippe-Egalété and grandfather of King Louis-Philippe, who often did M. de Brienne the honor of spending a few days with him....

"On either side of the main entrance court stretched two long wings, forming, with the body of the building, three sides of a square. The Archbishop and his ecclesiastical household lived in the one to the left. Its basement had been converted into a charming theatre, capable of holding between two or three hundred spectators. The scenery and appointments of this little theatre were as complete as any in Paris. The pit could be raised to the level of the stage; and I have seen, as at court, suppers at a horseshoe table at which a hundred guests were seated."

In reading the following description, a series of pictures by Watteau, Lancret or Pater seems to rise before us, with the gay and graceful groups of a *fête champêtre* in the cool verdure of stately glade and avenue; in the somewhat artificial but so exquisite sylvan scenes of a great eighteenth-century French park, where stone or marble fountains and seats and statues mark the favorite spots for the dainty *al fresco* concert or repast:

"These monster *fêtes* were held twice a year: on the namedays of Monsieur and Madame de Brienne, the feasts of St. Louis and St. Mary. The rejoicings lasted several days, and people came from Versailles and even from Paris to assist at them. The famous Ralph, the Franconi of the period, was engaged to bring his circus and his whole troop to give free performances in the park to

the populace, who flocked from all parts of the country and from the towns of Arcis and Bar-sur-Aube and Troyes. Conjurers, jugglers, singers and tight-rope dancers came, bringing with them the materials of their trade; and were provided with tents and platforms in various parts of the park, that they might furnish amusement to the good people of Champagne.

"At night the greater part of the park and the whole of the gardens were illuminated. It was a vast Tivoli, with open-air dancing, ginger-bread stalls, and *marchands-de-coco* who came expressly from Paris. The fireworks, instead of announcing the close of the entertainment, announced the beginning of the nocturnal *fête*, which daylight generally surprised. And meanwhile the castle theatre opened its doors.... There, before an audience composed of all classes (for the boxes alone were reserved for his guests), M. de Brienne and his company would act one of Molière's masterpieces, or some modern play, such as 'The Barber of Seville,' with remarkable talent. After the play, the stage was turned into a ballroom, and the occupants of all the boxes figured upon it. After the ball came the supper."

The crowds who took part in these two great festivals could hardly have had time to recover from the fatigues of the first before plunging once again into the vortex of pleasure; the Sainte Marie, the nameday of Madame de Brienne, being the Feast of the Assumption; and her husband's, that of St. Louis of France, falling ten days later, on the 25th of August,—unless, indeed, the latter was celebrated on its octave, out of compassion for the entertainers as well as for the entertained.

(Conclusion next week.)

DUTY is the body to which love is the soul.—W. G. Jordan.

A Moorish Martyr.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE first Christian councils, we are told, held their conferences at Toledo, in the church dedicated to St. Leocaldia. This church still exists, though now it is known under the title *Cristo de la Vega*.

Who was St. Leocaldia, whose name—one which recalls the primitive ages of Christianity—was given to a church in the fourth century? The answer to this inquiry was found not in a work on hagiology, but was gleaned from the pages of a German periodical, where we read the following Moorish legend.

History tells us that in the fourth and fifth centuries the south of Spain—the ancient Iberia—was overrun by the Moors, who ruled over the land they conquered with a rod of iron, putting to death or torturing all who would not accept the creed of Mahomet; for it is by the sword, not by peaceful weapons, that the followers of the prophet seek to propagate the tenets he taught. The inhabitants of the fertile, smiling provinces of the south, to a great extent Christianized by the preaching of St. Paul and other missionaries from Palestine, finding themselves impotent to repel the fierce, ruthless invader, fled for the most part from their homes to take refuge in the fastnesses of the northern mountains; and those who remained had to bow beneath the yoke of Ebn Zoheir Hassam, a ruler of the Moravidian dynasty, who fixed his royal residence at Toledo and was noted for his barbarity.

No one dared to expostulate with the dreaded oppressor, not even his only daughter Zoraïda, a fair and gentle maiden, who, grieved to the heart at the atrocities committed by her father's orders, wept over them in secret, and

did all in her power to mitigate the sufferings of the downtrodden people and afford them comfort and relief. Almost daily she might be seen issuing from the walls of the gloomy castle, attended by her slaves, to minister to the afflicted, to dry the tears her father caused to flow, to heal the wounds his hand inflicted. Consequently she was loved by all around, and everyone wondered how so sweet and compassionate a maiden could be the offspring of one who inspired terror in all who approached him.

Ebn Zoheir knew that his beautiful child, whose countenance reflected the noble qualities of her soul, whose eyes beamed with sympathy and kindness, from whose lips soft words of charity and benevolence proceeded, was loved as universally as he was hated. While he would not at her entreaty refrain from acts of violence and barbarity, he did not interfere with her good works, or forbid her to alleviate the misery of his destitute and persecuted subjects.

After a time of peace, war broke out afresh; the Goths took up arms against their oppressor, but only to be defeated in every encounter. Troops of prisoners, mostly Christians, were brought to Toledo and thrust into the dungeons beneath the castle or confined in caverns hewn in the rock whereon it stood. In these, where no ray of light and but little air could penetrate, the unfortunate captives were left to languish and die; crowded together, with no charitable hand to bind up their wounds, and but a scanty supply of water to quench their feverish thirst.

Up to that time Zoraïda, herself a devout Moslem, had restricted her ministrations to those among the victims of her father's brutality who professed the same creed as herself; but when she heard of the wretched condition of the prisoners, her tender heart was touched

with profound commiseration; throwing herself at the feet of her inhuman parent, she besought him with tears to have mercy on them and relax the extreme rigor of their treatment. Thereupon Ebn Zoheir flew into a rage, and swore with a loud oath that he would root out every rebel and unbeliever from the soil; and he even threatened, by the soul of the prophet, to curse his daughter should she attempt again to move him to clemency, or herself to alleviate their sufferings.

Slowly and sorrowfully Zoraïda left his presence; but, far from allowing his menaces to deter her from pursuing the course she had adopted, she did not rest until she bethought herself of the means of evading his unjust command. Hitherto, brought up in the lap of luxury, the maiden knew not the power of gold; now she was to learn that few can resist its might. For a sufficient bribe the prison warder was induced to unlock the gates at night and admit a trusty slave, who dispensed the gifts of his noble mistress to the most needy of the captives. Before long, however, Zoraïda was not content with showing mercy by proxy: she conceived the bold design of visiting the dungeons in person and judging for herself of the state of the unhappy inmates.

One night, therefore, under cover of the darkness, accompanied by two of her attendants, she caused herself to be conducted by the slave who acted as her almoner to the portal of the subterranean prison. At first the door-keeper refused to unbar the gates at her command; but she would take no denial, and, preceded by a torch-bearer, she entered the noisome dungeons where the unhappy prisoners lay. Dazzled by the sudden glare, they started from the ground; and, seeing the slender, graceful, form of the lady clad in white, they thought it was an apparition—an angel

from heaven come to visit them,—and fell on their faces, shading their eyes from the unaccustomed light. Then Zoraïda spoke to them in gentle accents, encouraging them to bear their cruel fate with manly fortitude; promising them that no effort on her part should be spared to succor and solace them.

Deeply dejected at the sight of the misery of these half-starved, heart-broken, tortured men, who invoked blessings on her head as she distributed to them the loaves her attendants carried, Zoraïda proceeded to visit some of the subterranean chambers. In a narrow recess in one of these she perceived an old man with silvery hair and beard, on whose countenance, pale and emaciated as it was, an expression of peace and resignation rested. She was attracted by his dignified appearance, and she paused and inquired kindly how long he had been there. On hearing that for ten years he had worn the heavy fetters that bound him to the rock, she asked in astonishment how he could possibly endure such a terrible lot, far from the light of day, banished from home and all whom he loved, breathing a poisonous and fetid atmosphere.

"The Christian faith," replied the old man, "affords consolation to those who observe its precepts. I bear my lot with patience, knowing it to be the will of God. No one living needs me, and calmly I await my summons to depart. Once I enjoyed what the world calls happiness: I had lands, wealth, a loving wife and gifted children. Your people came: they put my sons to death, they reduced us to beggary; my wife died of grief, and I was cast into prison. The God of the Christians, who permitted these great trials to befall me, gives me courage and strength to bear them."

The maiden's eyes filled with tears. She stooped and reverently kissed the old man's hand; then she swiftly left

the prison. From that day forth she was a changed person. The pleasures in which she formerly delighted had no attraction for her; her youthful gaiety forsook her; the only thing that gave her happiness was her secret visits to the prison. These she no longer made by night, since she discovered a passage in a remote part of the grounds which led out beyond the castle walls, and almost daily she went to the dungeons with a basket of provisions. But her cruel father, who was planning fresh persecutions of the Christians, had his suspicions awakened, and set spies to watch her.

One day, when the princess was passing through the garden with a covered basket on her arm, Hassam suddenly confronted her and angrily snatched the basket from her. Zoraïda trembled. "Save me, O God of the Christians!" she inwardly ejaculated, not daring to raise her eyes to the wrathful tyrant's face, while he thundered out: "What have you here, you traitress!"—"Look and see," she answered. And when the lid of the basket was uplifted two snowy doves were seen nestling in it. The king went on his way without a word; his daughter sank upon her knees and from the bottom of her heart gave thanks to the God of heaven who had deigned to work a miracle for her deliverance. Instantly she received the gift of faith. After that she repaired more frequently than ever to the prison, to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity by the aged prisoner, who had won her confidence and affection. Ere long she was baptized, receiving the name of Leocaldia in the place of her Moorish appellation.

The neophyte was fully aware that when her conversion became known a great storm would burst upon her head; but she did not know how soon the day of trial would come. Zamira, one

of her attendants, when she saw that her mistress had completely forsworn the Moslem creed, thought it her duty to acquaint the king with the fact. Ebn Zoheir was transported with fury. Uttering wild imprecations, he rushed to his daughter's apartments and called upon her to deny, to refute, the report that had reached his ears. Zoraïda stood firm; she respectfully told her father that she was convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and had become a follower of Jesus Christ, and had consecrated her heart and her life to His Holy Mother, the Virgin Immaculate. She also praised the great God, whose omnipotence had wrought a miracle on her behalf.

"Then your God may work another miracle and deliver you from the dungeons into which you shall be cast, where you shall see neither the light of the sun by day nor that of the stars by night," her inhuman parent rejoined; and he gave orders that the gentle maiden, together with the accursed rascal (as he termed him) who had misled her, should be confined in the most dismal of the vaults beneath the rock, and left to perish of hunger.

In vain did the servants implore the fanatical tyrant to reverse his decision. Unmoved by their entreaties, unmoved by the tears that Zoraïda could not restrain, he commanded his behest to be instantly executed. This was done, and the entrance to the cavern was concealed with stones and bushes.

For three days the haughty Moor knew no rest: his violence was so great that his slaves durst not approach him. At the end of that time his demeanor changed entirely: a prey to bitter remorse, he sat in gloomy silence, stung by the reproaches of his conscience, fancying he heard his daughter's voice, in most pitiful tones, beseeching him to relent or branding him as a murderer.

Was it too late, he asked himself, to rescue his child, to save her life?

Whilst he sat brooding over what he had done, parental affection struggling against the ruthless fanaticism instilled by the teaching of Mahomet, a confused murmur of many voices was distinctly audible, and the watchmen from the castle towers came to him in alarm to announce an insurrection on the part of the populace of Toledo, who, surging in crowds around the walls, threatened to demolish the proud fortress if their dear benefactress was not restored to them. When the oppressor showed himself on the battlements, hoping to appease the people, shouts of execration met his ears, and loud voices demanded the immediate release of their princess. The king promised to accede to their demand, and himself proceeded to the vault, from the entrance to which, when it was pointed out, busy hands set to work to remove the stones and earth that closed it.

Agitated and trembling, in fearful suspense, alternating between hope and despair, Ebn Zoheir stood by with his satellites, waiting until the last stone was rolled away, and the soldiers with flaring torches, followed by an anxious crowd, penetrated into the recesses of the dark and dismal cave. Then a joyful shout arose: "Zoraïda is alive—she is saved!" The king, unable to control his emotion, pressed forward eagerly, longing to clasp his daughter to his heart once more. What was the sight that met his eyes? The venerable old man seated on a stone, his head leaning against the rocky wall of his prison, was sleeping peacefully, his fettered right hand resting on the dark locks of the beautiful girl, who sat at his feet, her head upon his knees. She, too, was in a deep slumber; her veil had fallen back, disclosing her fair features; a soft smile hovered round her lips; her eyes were closed.

"Zoraïda, dearest child, forgive your father! Come to his arms!" the king exclaimed, as, taking the maiden's hand, he sought to rouse her. Then, with a cry of horror, he fell on his knees beside her. The noble maiden and her aged friend were sleeping that sleep from which there is no awakening on this side of the grave.

Zoraïda's—or, we should rather say Leocaldia's—memory was long and lovingly cherished in the city which had witnessed her birth and her burial, and a splendid church was erected in her honor. For her sake Ebn Zoheir Hassam set free all the Christian prisoners, and from that time forth ceased to persecute the followers of Christ. Amongst the fine frescoes in the magnificent Gothic cathedral which is Toledo's pride there are four which represent scenes in the life of St. Leocaldia, the Moorish martyr.

A Word Concerning the Unruly Member.

THE Greek poet who said that he had never repented that he had held his tongue but often that he had spoken, merely voiced the experience of most men and women in every age of the world's history. Nine-tenths of humanity undoubtedly think too little and talk too much. Taciturnity is not, perhaps, an especially amiable habit, but it is clearly a safer one than is its opposite—loquacity; and the average man, when he forsakes the golden mean between the two, tends to the latter rather than the former extreme. The founders of religious Orders have never failed to recognize this truth: they have invariably laid particular stress upon strict observance of the rule of silence as a means of preserving the interior spirit, and an effective preventive of innumerable imperfections, not to say grievous faults.

The ordinary Christian is, of course, bound by no rule that serves as a check upon his talkativeness; and, one is tempted to add, the more's the pity that he isn't. The Fathers of the Church are of the opinion that a third part of all the sins committed in the world are sins of the tongue; and the experience of observant students of character in all lands corroborates their view. Holy Writ furnishes us with many warnings against misusing that little member of which St. James declares: "But the tongue no man can tame, an unquiet evil, full of deadly poison." "In the multitude of words there shall not want sin," says the Book of Proverbs. And again: "He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his soul: but he that hath no guard on his speech shall meet with evils."

Loquacity, then, or excessive speech, has its dangers. In the first place, the most innocent, guileless and charitable among voluble talkers are still guilty of delivering themselves of many an idle word; and St. Matthew tells us: "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall render an account for it in the Day of Judgment." The man or woman who has acquired the reputation of being a "great talker" (in which phrase *great* means "constant" rather than "noble" or "weighty") should have very little difficulty in recalling, at the examination of conscience, frequent half hours given up to speech that was idle at least, even if not otherwise, and more seriously, culpable.

In the second place, the loquacious are safe to commit unnumbered sins of either vanity or uncharitableness. As a rule, the great talker has an infinite deal to say about himself or his neighbors; and, as his listeners are apt to be better pleased with his criticisms of others than his eulogies of self, detraction and calumny are unfortunately quite as

common in his ceaseless flow of speech as are boastfulness and vainglory. We say "unfortunately"; for as between the two evils, undue lauding of self and evil speaking against our neighbor, the latter is far and away the greater. The egoist is an unlovely character, and the loquacious egoist is undoubtedly a bore; but, on the whole, he perhaps possesses a quieter conscience than his witty and entertaining social brother who never praises himself because he is always depreciating others. Both the egoist and detractor need to exercise circumspection and deliberation when they purpose removing the muzzle from their unruly member.

It is evident that, other things being equal—interior disposition, provocation, and occasion being the same,—the loquacious are of all people the least apt to follow the advice of Ecclesiasticus: "Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? Let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee." It is equally clear that, in the most common of all kinds of calumny, that of exaggerating evil reports, magnifying molehills into mountains, they are constitutionally prone to be adepts. While there is no necessary connection between loquacity and untruthfulness, still, in uncharitable discourse, exaggeration is so extremely facile that the bloom of truth most frequently vanishes in the test to which the loquacious usually subject their neighbor's character or good name. For a variety of excellent reasons, therefore, it is well even for those outside the cloister to put restraints upon their talkativeness.

THE mind has unconsciously marked a path long before the feet have traced it.—*James Lane Allen.*

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart.—*Addison.*

Notes and Remarks.

In view of many warnings that have been given of late years regarding the spread of leprosy and the divergence of opinion among medical scientists as to its contagiousness, it is interesting to note that so eminent an authority as Dr. Koch is strongly of opinion that this frightful malady is transmitted from person to person, "though only when they come into close contact." Sir Morrell Mackenzie, who made special investigations on leprosy some years ago, and called attention to its revival, was of the same opinion. The disease is said to be spreading to an alarming degree in Russia, especially in the Baltic provinces; also in Sicily. Portugal already has more lepers than any other European country except Norway. The seeds of the "most ancient and the most human of diseases," as it has been called, are known to have been sown in as many as six of our own States. Dr. Blanc a few years ago reported the existence of forty-two cases of the disease in New Orleans alone, and they are said to be numerous among the Chinese wherever they have congregated.

For years Italian publicists of a certain sort have been advocating a divorce law for Italy, but the conscience of the country has been so immovably set against such a law that its advocates have been content with the discussion of it outside of Parliament. It is now certain, however, that Minister Zanardelli will introduce a Divorce Bill at the next session, and the Holy Father has written a letter to the bishops of Italy urging them to leave nothing undone to protect their flocks from so serious a menace to morals. The press of the country is divided in sentiment. The better class of journals strenuously

oppose the measure; the subsidized government press "knows whose mule it is, and kicks accordin'." Opponents have happily arisen in unexpected quarters; Prof. Enrico Morselli, a scientist of European reputation, being the most important. "The more man progresses intellectually and morally," says Prof. Morselli in an impressive indictment of the principle of divorce, "the more does he incline toward monogamy. In the face of this fact the institution of divorce is not a blessing, as some alleged liberal sociologists maintain, but an evil which constitutes a retrograde movement in human evolution." Now, these words, be it noted, are not of a clerical: Prof. Morselli is the author of a philosophical apologia for Giordano Bruno.

The readers of Catholic newspapers must often wish that the editors of them would exercise a little more discrimination in what they reprint from secular journals. An American actress' account of her stay in a convent at Tours has almost completed the rounds of Catholic newspapers in this country,—no one, apparently, recognizing it as an advertisement, of which it bears the ear-marks. The writer is naïve enough. She tells how she grew to be a "great pet" of the "dear nuns," who deprecated the fact that such a "sweet creature" as herself should be addicted to theatrical work. She wore the "novice costume" for the time being, she informs us; although the "Sisters who had pronounced eternal vows" "screamed in holy terror" when the sweet creature confessed her calling. "Among their strong though innocent prejudices is a rooted belief that the stage is directly connected with the Satanic realm." We have only to say that no such idiotic idea prevails among nuns anywhere, and that many among them could inform actresses—and editors—that the first

beginning of the drama was in a convent, and the work of a nun, a certain Hrosvitha, who lived in the Abbey of Gandersheim about 980. Her compositions were written in Latin, though one of them was afterward translated into German for performance. There is no record of further dramatic attempts until the thirteenth century.

Mgr. Oury, Archbishop of Algiers, not long ago made a pastoral visit to the Aumale district. A number of the native chieftains, whom circumstances prevented from greeting the prelate personally, forwarded to him an Arab letter, of which the following translated paragraphs may prove interesting as a specimen of Oriental style:

The personage to whom God has granted the mantle of glory and of veneration, to him whom God has dowered with goodness and distinction, to him to whom God has given power,—to our lord the Archbishop.

May the purest salvation rest upon your Grace!

We come by means of our letter to kiss the dust trodden upon by your august feet. We are overjoyed and supremely honored by your advent in Aumale, and poignantly regret our inability to present to you our most respectful homage.

Our unique desire is that you may restore the fullest peace and tranquillity.

From those who kiss the traces of your footsteps.

The writer's signature is fully as imposing as are the terms of his letter. It runs, "Sidi Maamar Abdel-Kader Ben Mahammed Taieb." A grandiloquent style must come natural to a man with a name like that.

The death of Crispi, who was a bulwark of the monarchy, bodes fresh evils for Italy. The anarchists have already shown renewed activity, and declaim in violent language against the Crown as well as the Chambers. Poverty is on the increase, strikes extend and multiply; and there is an increasing agitation against the army, the condition of which has grown worse since

the disasters in Abyssinia. Clear-sighted minds in Italy have seen that her sole chance of salvation lies in reconciliation with the Papacy; but the socialists, anarchists and republicans will be sure to frustrate any efforts that the new King may make to effect an alliance with the Church. A college conducted by the Salesians at Messina has been closed because one of the students referred to Garibaldi as an adventurer; while socialists are permitted to revile the memory of Crispi, and to make open threats against all opponents of their association.

The value of Catholic news as usually given to the public in the secular press may be accurately measured in the lengthy telegram from New York in which Archbishop Keane's arrival from abroad was noted, and his interview, in New York, extending three hours, with Archbishop Ireland. Their conversation was given almost *in extenso*. Editorial comments, wise and sage, were given in certain sheets over the matter discussed. Now, the fact is, Archbishop Keane is still abroad, and is somewhere in Germany at present. A priest of the St. Paul Archdiocese, with a name somewhat similar to Archbishop Keane's, arrived and called on Archbishop Ireland at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. —*The Pittsburg Catholic*.

The public ought to know by this time that, as a rule, accuracy is not even aimed at by the majority of those who write for the daily press. Their chief object is to provide what people will read; and whether it be exact or exaggerated, true or false, is generally a matter of no consideration with newspaper editors. There is no time, anyway, to investigate or to verify; besides, to-day's fake may be turned into a joke to-morrow. Our Pittsburg contemporary has shown the general unreliability of the secular press.

Periodically, like the sea-serpent, comes the demand of the unfriendly forces in Rome for the transfer of the catacombs from religious to state control. These shrines, hallowed by so many sacred

memories and consecrated as the burial-places of the martyrs, have had an interest not alone for archæologists and sight-seers, but for devout folk of every nation. These pilgrims gladly pay the modest fee that is demanded for admission; and that is expended in the care of the catacombs, the deciphering of the inscriptions, excavations, etc. The Italian newspapers, which have an eye for small change, are now filled with solicitude for the catacombs—a hostile army might easily enter Rome through them; the Commission of Sacred Archæology has not funds sufficient to care for them, etc., etc. The zeal of the government organs would be more edifying if they displayed equal concern about other historical monuments to which no fees are attached; but Italian editors are above all things “practical.”

Mgr. Scalabrini, Bishop of Piacenza, has set an excellent example of apostolic zeal by undertaking a journey to this country with a view to ameliorate the spiritual conditions of his countrymen. Twenty-five Sisters from Piacenza are soon to follow him to take charge of the schools which are to be founded. For years the religious condition of the Italian population of the United States has been an acute problem, to which zealous laymen as well as the clergy have devoted much attention. It is a notorious fact that the priests of Italy have not followed their people into strange lands so numerous as priests of other nationalities have done; and it is even said that some of the clergy who did follow their flocks have chosen, for reasons best known to themselves, to consecrate their energies to non-Italian congregations. If the bishops of Italy ever fall into the habit of visiting America, this evil may be remedied, and the countrymen of the Holy Father will be as well cared for as the immigrants

from other parts of Europe. Such is sure to be the case if the example of the nuns of Piacenza is followed. The co-operation of religious women seems nowadays to be a necessity of Church progress everywhere.

Those who desire to see truth prevail over falsity, and who like to have anything worth doing done in the most effective way possible, will not regret the action of two members of the Society of Jesus in England, against whom an odious calumny was put in circulation by the editors of a religious and a secular journal. The *London Tablet* says:

A few weeks since the *Methodist Weekly*, having published the so-called “Jesuits’ Oath” and consequent repudiation of the same by Father John Gerard, S. J., then inserted a statement charging Father Gerard with mendacity in his denial. Also the *Rochester and Chatham News* about the same time admitted a statement that Father Bernard Vaughan had taken the Oath. Father Gerard and Father Vaughan at once put the matter into the hands of lawyers; and we understand that the *Rochester and Chatham News* is publishing a full apology, whilst the *Methodist Weekly* is going to fight. We are glad to hear it; and so, we are sure, must be Father John Gerard himself, who will at last have the opportunity of repudiating this odious calumny against himself and his religious brethren in the witness-box. It will be interesting to see how the *Methodist Weekly* will attempt to hold its position; but at least it is in its favor that by fixing the charge on a definite person it has made it possible to repel it.

It does not say much for the intelligence of modern Protestants that whenever a man is ejected from the Roman Catholic community for the worst forms of misconduct, he can at once secure a livelihood for the rest of his days by dubbing himself “ex-priest” or “ex-monk” and lecturing on the iniquities of Romanism.—*London Truth*.

Mr. Labouchere is a shrewd observer, and he has a way all his own of telling little truths to people. But we think he is too hard on modern Protestants; and, as our readers are aware, we are always disposed to say a good word for Protestants whenever we can. Their fondness for ex-priests and ex-nuns is an inheritance, and they came by it very honestly,

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Vronnie's Vacation.

BY L. W. REILLY.



RONNIE WALSH (who would hardly know who was meant if she were addressed as Veronica) threw the towel on its nail at the side of the cupboard. Then, taking the dishcloth out of the pan, she squeezed it loosely, and next began to mop up with it the water on the table. A frown was on her face as she said aloud:

"I'm tired of washin' dishes and sweepin' floors and mindin' the baby! I'd like to be rich and go 'away way off' on a vacation."

Even as she spoke she looked out and saw the steamer *Francis J. Florence* going up the Monongahela River with a boat-load of gay excursionists.

"There's more of them agoin' and enjoyin' themselves, and I'm stuck in this hot house and never go nowhere!"

At this point Baby Regis began to fret, made restless by a fly that had somehow gotten in under the netting on the cradle. So Vronnie hurried to the rescue. She patted the infant with one hand, while with the other she raised the netting, chased out the intrusive insect, and pulled down again the protecting bar. When she was sure that the little one's sleep would not be broken she began to sweep the floor.

The house of Vronnie Walsh was perched on the hillside near where Forbes Street makes its sharp and long curve above St. Agnes' Church. It was an old four-room shanty, in rather poor

repair. It was hard to get at from either street, being part way down from one and part way up from the other. Its front gave out on the steep slope, but from its little back porch a wide view could be obtained of the river, the mills, the long bridge, and the hills of the south side.

The sun beat down on it fiercely all day long; the fires of a hundred furnaces intensified the heat of the air that reached it, and clouds of smoke from the factory chimneys swept over and through it all the time. Even at night a breeze like a blast from an oven came sweeping down on it from the paved street above. Its two small sleeping-rooms, with nothing but plaster between them and the reeking roof, made sleep in summer hard to get.

Vronnie's father was a day-laborer in one of the mills, toiling for the pittance of a dollar and a quarter a day; and her mother went out to do washing.

Vronnie was the eldest of the children and was tall for her age of fifteen. One brother was at work in a screw factory on Liberty Street. Two others and one sister, who attended school in season, were now out at play somewhere in the neighborhood; two others were dead. And the baby, now nearly a year old, completed the family.

Low wages and lack of employment, sickness, doctors' bills, rent, moving, and other expenses and drawbacks, had made the struggle for existence uncommonly keen for the Walshes; so that now, after the bare necessities were provided, there was nothing left for "the rainy day," much less for costly recreation. No: life for them was toil and struggle, stint and worry, plan and plan all over.

Vronnie no longer went to school: she had to keep house while her parents were off at work. There was no rest for her. But she knew some school-girls and store-girls who did go away in the summer time to the country or to the mountains or to the sea-shore, and who, when they came back, had, as she said, "lots and lots and lots" to tell of what they had seen and enjoyed. She envied them. She longed to behold with her own eyes the woods, the fields, the hills and the ocean, of which she had heard so much.

"Oh, if I could only go 'away way off' and see everything just once," she would say, "I'd be happy ever after!"

Once, when she was giving expression to her discontent, her mother remarked:

"Do try to be patient, Vronnie! If the Lord won't let you have a vacation, be resigned and offer up the sacrifice of the longing for it. Look at poor Josie Collins. Sure she needs a vacation more than you do, and she never says a word about it. Besides, dear, you mightn't be so happy as you think."

Josie was the delicate, sixteen-year-old daughter of a neighbor.

"Perhaps she don't care," answered Vronnie. "But I can't help Josie, and I do know there's lots of girls can have a vacation away from this horrid city, and I just long to go myself."

When she could, Vronnie would go to Schenley Park, and there she would walk on the grass and sit in the shade of the trees, and make believe that she was at every summer resort she had ever heard of. And when she stood before the railroad sign-boards that had painted on them the scene of a seaside bathing beach, with a multitude of persons revelling in the surf, the poor girl nearly went sick from a craving to behold the reality.

Vronnie thought so often and talked so much of a vacation that everyone

of her acquaintances knew how her heart was set on it.

One Sunday, after Vespers, Sister Irene said to her:

"Don't be worrying so much about a vacation, Vronnie. You'll make your mother unhappy if you keep on, because she'll feel bad that she can't let you go. Be like Josie Collins: happy to suffer if that be the will of the Sacred Heart. But, if you will fix your mind on a trip, why not try to earn enough money to take you away for a week or two, if not this year, well, then, next?"

This put a new idea into Vronnie's head. But how could she earn money? She had no skill at anything for which she could get pay at home. She could not go out to work in factory or store, because by day she filled the place of mother in the house.

However, she did begin to save up. She got a nickel from her father on Sunday for her work during the week; a neighbor on Tuesday rewarded her with two cents for minding her baby, as well as Regis, that whole afternoon; her mother managed by some maternal sacrifice to give her a dime; her brother who worked promised her a quarter at the end of the month; and she herself found an old three-cent piece on the car tracks on Water Street. But these trivial sums only made the vacation seem more of an impossibility.

At this juncture Mrs. Walsh met with a painful accident—the broken metal of a washboard nearly cut off the little finger of her right hand. The doctor who attended the case forbade her to work with that hand until the wound was healed.

The poor woman sorely regretted this enforced idleness until the fourth day, when—just as if this were a made-up story instead of being a history of a real incident—well-to-do Mrs. McKenna, who lived up on Fifth Avenue, near the

Mount Mercy Convent, and for whom Mrs. Walsh did laundry work every Tuesday, sent word that she was going to Atlantic City for a fortnight to recuperate, as she was just up and about after a sick spell; and that she wanted a little girl to go with her to relieve her of the care of her two-year-old boy, Raymond. Could Vronnie go, if Mrs. McKenna would defray her expenses and pay her two dollars a week? If not, would Mrs. Walsh direct the messenger to Mrs. Collins', to see if Josie could be got?

Vronnie was at home when the message came, delivered by the McKenna housemaid. As soon as she heard it she cried out:

"Oh, say 'Yes,' mother,—please do!"

"But we'll have to ask father."

"Oh, he'll say 'Yes' if you do!"

"But it would do Josie so much good, and she needs it more than you do."

"But Mrs. McKenna wants me first. Josie's too sickly herself to mind the baby right. And I do so want to go! Oh, please say 'Yes,' mother!"

So Mrs. Walsh said "Yes," and told the maid to assure Mrs. McKenna that Vronnie would go up to her house the next morning to make preparations for the journey, and would be ready to start the following day.

The next morning Mrs. McKenna took Vronnie down to Koffman's and bought her a complete outfit, including two pretty dresses of dimity cord and lawn, a sailor hat and a pair of shoes.

Heaven had no longer any immediate attractions for Veronica. She had the dresses of the patterns that she had long desired, and at which she had often and often gazed in the store windows in an ecstasy of admiration; and she was really going on a vacation "away way off" to Atlantic City, where the vision of the bill-boards would come true. Was it all a dream? Would she

wake up to find happiness still beyond her? Then suddenly came an inward whisper that seemed to be almost an audible sound:

"Let Josie go. Make the sacrifice. She needs it."

Let Josie go? Never! It was Vronnie herself that had been asked and that was going. Why should she give away her great happiness? But all that day the suggestion was reiterated to her by the same interior voice:

"Let Josie go. Make that sacrifice. She needs it. Mrs. McKenna would likely let you keep the dresses. Josie has two of piquet and batiste. Let her go. You'll be much happier in self-denial than in selfishness. Let Josie go!"

"Indeed I won't!" she finally said. "I've got the chance to have a vacation and I'm goin' to have it and be happy."

The repeated suggestion, however, worried Vronnie and rather marred her anticipated enjoyment of the morrow's journey. But she did not adopt it. She told no one of it. Her mother, noticing her clouded face, asked her what troubled her; and she forced herself to smile while replying:

"Oh, nothin', mother! You know I was just thinkin'."

The next morning came, and Vronnie, dressed in part of her new finery, was at the McKenna home in good time. A short half hour before the train started, the three travellers, accompanied by Mr. McKenna, took a trolley car and went to the station. They had not long to wait there. The parlor car was ready for its passengers. After seeing them to their seats in it, Mr. McKenna bade them good-bye, as he had an important engagement. He had not been gone five minutes when the train started.

Oh, the rapture of that ride for Veronica! The unexpected had indeed happened! The sky had rained down its favors! She was off on a vacation!

The trees seemed to know it and be glad. The fields must have heard of it, they looked so green and smiling. The houses along the way were bright with the joy of it.

But why couldn't that bothersome thought of pale-faced Josie let her alone now? It pestered her almost all the way. It blurred the sunshine; it cast a shade over the good-humor of nature. It pursued her. It kept up with the train. Even the roar of the wheels going over the breaks in the rail took up the reproachful suggestion and said to her:

"Let Josie go! Let Josie go!"

The novelty of the ride gave way to fatigue toward evening, especially as little Raymond had been troublesome all the afternoon; so that Vronnie was very glad when Atlantic City was reached at six o'clock.

The next day was a new delight. The hotel, the board walk, the stores, the beach swarming with bathers, the ocean, etc., all had their charms for the city child, after her poor starved life on the grimy hillside. This was indeed Paradise. It gave her so much to think of and to enjoy that she went about all day intoxicated with delight.

But when evening fell the sense of loneliness came surging down upon her among all those strangers in a strange land. She yearned for home. Yes, she longed for the four-roomed shanty on the Pittsburg bluff; for the homely duties, for Baby Regis and for mother.

Within a couple of days more the attractions of the place palled on Vronnie and became tiresome to her. After all, there is little to "do" at such a resort. Except for the sea, the charm of which is perennial, there is nothing there that does not soon grow stale.

"How long more must I stay here," she found herself thinking, "before I can start back?"

Then one sultry night, when the moon was full, Mrs. McKenna, Raymond and Vronnie went out on the beach after eight o'clock and stayed there for more than an hour. Mrs. McKenna felt faint in the stifling hotel, and the boy was restless from the heat. Vronnie was sad. She had been homesick all day. Now the prolonged swish of the waves on the shore smote her to the heart in melancholy and remorse. She was ashamed of herself for having left home so eagerly, for enjoying all these luxuries of recreation while her hard-working parents had no rest from toil, and for selfishly snatching away the chance of health from suffering Josie. She began to cry. With averted face, quietly she let her tears flow. She was sick and tired of this vacation. She just hated Atlantic City. She despised her own self. The happiness that she had expected was not there.

The next day was terribly hot. But little air was stirring, and what there was came across the land. The sun was aflame all day. The sands were burning. The board walk was deserted. At dark there was no coolness until toward midnight; and, then, the number of the mosquitoes was legion. Not a breath of wind was stirring. The narrow rooms of the hotels were close. The very beds were warm. Even Pittsburg was more endurable.

Rain came the following morning—a heavy, dismal, steady rain,—with a downpour that lasted the livelong day. It made everybody miserable. If there is anything more dreary than a pleasure resort in a storm, what is it?

The rest of the two weeks, however, was clear. Day followed day in the monotony of getting up, eating, walking on the strand, and going to bed again. Vronnie kept counting them for her release. Anticipation, so her experience proved, was sweeter than fruition.

Besides, she was homesick, and her conscience gave her no peace for her selfishness.

Moreover, Mrs. McKenna was quite exacting and quick-tempered; Raymond was noisy, mischievous, and hard to keep within bounds; and Vronnie herself had taken some food that had disagreed with her, accustomed to the plainest fare; so that body, as well as mind and heart, was ill at ease.

Even her new clothes did not give Vronnie lasting comfort. They were commonplace to the silks and fine linens of most of the girls of her age whom she met on the board walk. Besides, they were store-made and did not exactly fit her. And they soon got soiled.

Gladly, therefore, when the two weeks were up, Vronnie boarded the train to go back to smoky Pittsburg. The ride was pleasant, but the cars did not travel fast enough to suit her wishes. When the station was reached, she was well pleased to alight. Mr. McKenna was there to meet them. He had an affectionate welcome for his own and a kind greeting for Vronnie. He went with them to the trolley car.

Vronnie was allowed to get off at the street-corner nearest to her home. She hastened to make her way there. She hardly got inside the door, when, after rushing around to kiss everyone, she exclaimed with a passionate fervor:

"O mother, I'm so glad to be back! I had a fine time that I'll never forget; but I was unhappy most all the while. I was thinkin' of you and father and the baby and all, here in the heat and the dust, and me livin' there, where they had carpets on the floor and colored servants to wait on us. And I was thinkin' of Josie and wishin' I had let her go. It was all fine, but I was homesick, and soon got tired of it all; and I never want to go away from you again for another vacation."

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

VIII.—AN EXCITING EVENT.

"I wonder who told on him?" said a speaker in one of the many small clusters of boys in the college yard.

"I wouldn't like to be in that fellow's shoes, whoever he is," said another.

"Well, it knocked Grantley's chances sky-high, didn't it?" observed a third.

There was great excitement in the yard. It was noon, and three days before Christmas. The boys had just emerged from the college hall after the distribution of premiums of the holiday competition. Something quite unusual had happened at the exhibition. Many boys now stood in groups discussing the untoward event with absorbing interest, unmindful that nearly a foot of snow was on the ground, or that the thick flakes were ceaselessly falling on their caps and shoulders.

"Yes," continued the first speaker, "it knocked out Grantley, as you say, and Russell got the twenty-five-dollar prize. Well, Harry was the next best in the Freshman class, and this year that class is about as good in English as any in the college. He needs the money more than Grantley does; so perhaps, after all, it happened for the best."

The snow was too deep for any outdoor sports—even for football,—yet the various knots of boys showed no inclination to leave the yard. They continued to discuss excitedly, and to give their opinions concerning a few words spoken by the president.

An unusual thing had happened that day. At the beginning of the school year, a friend of the college had offered a cash prize of twenty-five dollars to be awarded at Christmas for the best English essay on St. Anselm. The prize

could be competed for by any member of the four collegiate classes. Every boy in the college believed that Claude Grantley, although only a Freshman, was by far the best English writer, and would easily carry off the prize.

The president created a first-class sensation that morning when, after having distributed all the class medals and premiums, he said:

"With regard to the Anselm essay prize I have this to say. In point of merit the money should go to Claude Grantley; but as an official complaint has been laid against him that he was seen copying from a book, the prize is awarded to Harry Stanley Russell, who is a very close second."

So great was the astonishment among the boys at this announcement that they forgot to cheer the successful one,—a most unusual thing. As Harry Russell walked up to the stage to receive the money, nothing was heard save a subdued hubbub of voices.

Grantley and Russell were popular boys. Many were the guesses as to who was to blame for the reporting. Seeing the deep blushes on Russell's face as he stood on the stage, many of the boys were at first inclined to suspect him of telling on his comrade and friend; but when he stood there facing the whole college, and with an open face and fearless eye deliberately looked from side to side and from front to rear of the hall, as if challenging everyone present, many began to change their rapidly formed opinion. No boy with so bright and fearless a look could be a sneak, they argued with school-boy logic. Besides, no boy would tell on his own friend. They were at a loss to imagine who could have lodged the formal complaint. It was in consequence of their complete mystification that they lingered in the yard and about the corridors an unusually long time,

discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the case.

The prefects saw it was useless to prolong the unprofitable discussion. Not being at liberty to tell all they knew, they sent the boys home with many a cheery word and kind wish for the Christmas holidays.

Claude Grantley was in no amiable frame of mind when he left the college yard. He did not care so much for the loss of the twenty-five dollars, but the president's announcement of his copying had deeply humiliated him. His pride was wounded. From an ethical point of view, he did not regard the fact of copying anything more than a penal offence at most. He told himself at the time he was willing to take the punishment if found out. So that view of the question did not disturb him, at least for the time being.

He did not stop to talk in the yard, but started for home at once. On this day the small boys, without the usual formula, "Gimme leave," pelted him unmercifully with snowballs. The bombardment he sulkily disregarded,—something so contrary to his usual custom that it was quite evident he was not a little perturbed.

As he walked homeward he pondered deeply. Before his journey was finished he had made up his mind, by some inexplicable process, that Harry Russell must be, and was, the one who had laid the formal complaint. The more he thought over it the more angry he became. What would he not do to Russell if he were only certain!

Perhaps the bitterest moment for Grantley was when his younger sister, Ethel, ran down to meet him, saying:

"Did you get the prize, Claude? Did you win?"

"I was first in Latin, Ethie, first in rhetoric and third in mathematics."

"Oh, that's beautiful!" exclaimed his sister, clapping her hands. "And you

won the essay prize, too, of course?"

Ethel saw a dark cloud gathering over her brother's face.

"Why don't you speak, Claude? You won, didn't you?"

"No."

"O-o-oh!"

Ethel's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Who—who won it, then?"

"Russell."

"O-oh!" and Ethel's eyes opened wide, flashing through her tears. "Well I just don't believe he won the prize fairly, then,—there now!"

"Hush, Ethel! You mustn't say such things. There now, run into the house, like a good little girl."

"But I *will* say things,—I will, I will! I don't believe it was fair, and that's what I'll tell Harry Russell the very next time I see him."

Claude Grantley did not tell her all. He had not the courage to do so. Yet, being naturally of a noble, generous disposition, he felt doubly mean when he left his sister under the impression that Russell had obtained the prize by meanness rather than that he himself had lost it by an act that was, at least, not honorable.

Christmas Eve came. During all this time the memory of his defeat had been rankling in Grantley's breast. The more he thought over the matter, the more sure he felt that it *must* have been Russell who was the informer. Claude determined to go and "have it out" with his hitherto firm friend.

Early in the afternoon he started for the Russell's cottage. Arriving there, he gave a loud and lordly knock, strongly indicative of his ruffled frame of mind. It was the kind of knock which always gave poor Mrs. Russell the cold shivers.

The door was opened by Harry's sister, a frail little girl of twelve years,—two years younger than Claude's own sister.

Her pale cheeks and large, wondering eyes, shaded by sweeping lashes, made her resemble some fair lily. Her winning ways disarmed Claude at once.

"Does Harry Russell live here?" asked Grantley, half his anger already gone.

"Yes, sir. Will you kindly come in?"

Claude walked into the little living room. He found himself in the presence of Harry and his mother. He saw at a glance that the latter was a delicate, refined lady, whose perfect grace and even elegance of manner told him that which the reader already knows—that she was superior to her surroundings. The visitor noticed that the room was barely furnished. Already half ashamed of his errand, he was experiencing an extraordinary sense of awkwardness, when Mrs. Russell remarked:

"It is kind of you, dear, to come to congratulate Harry on his success. I suppose you must have been very close to him in merit?"

"So Hal hasn't said anything about me at home! That's noble of him, at any rate," thought Claude.

"N—no—yes—that is, I did come to talk over the matter with Harry," he said aloud.

Harry was uneasy. He blushed again and again. He had a presentiment of something unpleasant about to happen. He was anxious to get his mother and sister out of the room in order to save them any annoyance, but he did not know how to manage this.

Mrs. Russell, with immediate and delicate intuition, saw that the two boys would like to be alone. With graceful tact she remarked:

"I have no doubt you two have some profound secrets to discuss. Grace and I are somewhat busy this Christmas Eve, so I beg you to excuse us for a short time."

She and her daughter left the room.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We must not neglect to offer our cordial congratulations to Messrs. Herder & Co., who have just celebrated the centenary of the establishment of their firm. The founder, Bartholomew Herder, was a staunch Catholic, who ever held his business capacity and profit subservient to the highest and noblest aims, thus rendering incalculable services to the Church and humanity. His successors have maintained the traditions of the firm, whose many important publications have caused it to be known in all parts of the civilized world.

—There are symptoms of a reaction against the somewhat exaggerated lengths to which the analytic method is carried in the study of literary masterpieces. In so far as poetry—the best poetry—is concerned, it is undoubtedly true that the supreme quality, that which makes Shakespeare Shakespeare, and not Algernon Smithers or Ronaldson Danvers, is precisely the quality that defies all analysis. It would, perhaps, be as well if the ordinary student were allowed to content himself with the beauty of an artistic creation as a whole, without being forced to differentiate its harmonious pigments, its lines and angles, its curves and sinuosities. Analysis is well enough in its place, but it is quite possible to misplace it.

—Reviewing one of the new novels, Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, says:

We have heard "Robert Annys" spoken of as a book inimical to Catholicism; but we do not ourselves regard it in this light. To be sure, its descriptions of fat abbots, time-serving, heartless priests, and crafty cardinals will not be pleasant reading to good Catholics, who may, perhaps, dispute its accuracy in these matters. But to us the single and most impressive figure of the great Bishop of Ely blots out any recollection of all the rest. He is the true representative of his faith, loyal alike to his Church and to his country; no less an English patriot because he is so devout a Catholic; wise and gentle, far-seeing, liberal and patient; recognizing the weaknesses of our common humanity, and willing to work with imperfect instruments toward the attainment of perfection. His speech to Robert Annys in that striking scene—the finest thing in the book—where the russet priest goes to him with defiance in his heart and ends by falling upon his knees before him—is a noble apologia for the Church, whose sons have numbered many such as he.

The speech of the Bishop of Ely, which the editor of the *Bookman* admires so warmly, runs as follows:

The Church is a more intricate matter than any one book or any one rule. Why think you it was that the Wolves of the North, as St. Jerome well called them—those wild tribes of Franks and Burgundians, of Vandals and Goths and Visigoths,—savage as their onslaught was, yet paused

in the face of Rome? Was it not because the churchmen, at the critical time were no idle dreamers, but the greatest statesmen the world ever saw? Ah, my son, if temporal power meant a fall from the early Apostolic Church, do not forget that it was a fall brought about by the very greatness of its own servants. It was to the early Bishops that the world was forced to look for its rulers when the reins of government were slipping from the weak hands of all others....No one more than I realizes...the terrible greed of some of the powerful churchmen, their criminal neglect of their charges; no one realizes more that the people have wrongs that should be righted. But I am sure it is for the good of the people that these wrongs be righted from within the Church. The people have no better friend than the Church. It has been the one institution which has sought out the individual and asked of him only what service he could render it. In its bosom it has held the divine spark of the equality of man, and kept it there and protected it while the world was not yet ready for it. It has nourished it until it will be a flame great enough to light the torch of Freedom.

—The scholarly *Athenæum* has no praise for a new life of Abélard, by an apostate priest, just published by Duckworth & Co., though the work has met with favorable notice at the hands of less discerning critics. Although Dante makes no allusion to him, Abélard is undoubtedly one of the celebrities of his time. "His weaknesses and misfortunes have earned for him a fame which his talents, considerable as they were, would never have obtained." Anent the biographer's remark that "Abélard was not a cad," the *Athenæum* has this to say: "We are afraid that that is just what we have always considered him to have been, and not only in respect of his behavior to Héloïse....What his present biographer calls his frank, buoyant pride and ambition seem to have been coupled with a good deal of self-advertisement and arrogance. That he possessed a considerable share of personal fascination we are not concerned to deny, nor is it, as many instances show, at all inconsistent with a large share of personal vanity. It is all very well, again, to say that 'the high and gentle spirit of these latter days, that studies the feelings of an antagonist...did not commend itself to the mediæval mind'; but if it is meant to imply that arrogance was universal among the scholars and theologians of that age, one need only point to such men as Bishop Otto or Peter of Cluny to prove the contrary."

One might feel some surprise at seeing a charge against St. Bernard by a renegade Catholic refuted with warmth in a secular journal if the journal in question were not the *Athenæum*.

After remarking that a life of Abélard, if written in a scholarly manner and judicial spirit, would be welcome, the writer adds:

This, however, is what Mr. McCabe has failed to give us. Written in a flippant journalese, his book seems intended less as a study of Abélard's career than as a peg on which to hang more or less spiteful remarks about Abélard's opponents, from St. Bernard downward. On almost purely *a priori* grounds he charges Bernard with having lied when in 1141 he wrote that up till then he had known very little of Abélard's views,—not so very improbable a piece of ignorance, one would have thought, in a man who had from the age of twenty-five been occupied, first in founding and organizing an important religious community, and then in attending to the politics of half Europe. The theological rights and wrongs of the matter we must, of course, leave undiscussed; but the probability that a man of Bernard's character would tell a perfectly gratuitous falsehood—for it is hard to see what he had to gain by concealing the extent of his acquaintance with Abélard's works—is a question on which any reasonable person can form an opinion. Moreover, we have reason to fear that Mr. McCabe is not unbiassed in these matters by personal circumstances.

"Personal circumstances" is a delicate touch, which no one will appreciate so thoroughly as the unfortunate Mr. McCabe.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.

Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.

The Apostles' Creed. *Adolph Harnack.* 80 cts.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana Skinner.* \$1.50.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, net.

Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. \$2.

Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.

Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.

Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.

The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coube, S. J.* \$1.

John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.

Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, net.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., net.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., net.

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, net.

The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.

Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., net.

Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis Voet, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati; and the Rev. Pierre Gagnon, O. M. I. Sister Mary Fidelis, of the Order of the Visitation.

Mr. George Morgan, of Giles, Prov. de Buenos Aires, S. Am.; Mrs. Mary Chidwick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. John Burns, Hamilton, Canada; Mr. Justin Ehrler, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. James Henneberry, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. James Carrigan, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Kruse, Dayton, Ohio; Miss Elizabeth Gaffney, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Joseph McBride, Ottawa, Canada; Mrs. John Wees, Piqua, Ohio; Mrs. Susanna Bonner, Alpena, Mich.; Mr. John Farley, Margaret A. Gibney, and Ellen McAleer, New York city; Mr. Frederick Hegemann and Mr. Joseph Nebel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Catherine Crummey, Albany, New York; Mrs. Anna McCloskey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Clancy, Round Hill, Co. Tip., Ireland; Mr. John Plappert, Baldwin, Pa.; and Mr. John Gessner, Union, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 31, 1901.

NO. 9.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Coming of Night.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

BBETWEEN the slowly darkening banks

The dull brown water flows,
Half slumbering in its pebbly bed,
And crooning as it goes.

While faintly, through blue misty air,
Up from the haunts of men,
Resounds the deep-toned Angelus
Again and yet again.

Harshly the grating jackdaw caws,
Softly wood-pigeons coo,
In a dead tree the woodpecker
Still taps his hammer true.

Now through the foliage steals a hind,
With steps suspended, slow;
Until the sounds of daylight cease,
Uncertain where to go.

Silent and motionless I wait
Amid the shadows deep,
Till, nest by nest and leaf by leaf,
The forest is asleep.

The History of the Little Office.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

THE earliest account of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is to be found at Monte Casino. Cardinal Bona says: "I have the testimony of Peter the Deacon, a Casinese. He wrote a remarkable commentary on the Rule of St. Benedict, the manuscript of which is kept at Rome by Dom Constantine Cajetan. In this book, Peter, speaking of the consecration of the Abbot of

Monte Casino, says: 'On this day the abbot must take nothing but bread and water, and must not omit the seven canonical hours in commemoration of holy Father Benet; besides that which it is customary to perform in honor of the Holy Mother of God, which Zachary the Pope commanded under strict precept to the Casinese monastery; ordering that all the year round, in summer as well as in winter, before the night or day Office, the brethren, as soon as they enter the choir, should begin the Office of St. Benet; and that finished, they should commence the Office which the Rule prescribes, adding thereunto the Office of the Holy Mother of God and Virgin Mary.' This aforesaid Peter elsewhere refers the institution to Gregory II. But Gregory, according to Baronius, began his pontificate in the year of salvation 715, whom, after Gregory III., Zachary succeeded. Therefore the use and ordering of this Office is more ancient than is commonly thought."*

From the way Peter the Deacon speaks of it, the Office of Our Lady must have been already in use. In the "Acta Sanctorum" we read that St. Ildephonsus, the great servant of Our Lady in Spain, composed an Office in her honor, the greater part of which is embodied in the modern liturgy for the Feast of the Expectation, December 18. St. Ildephonsus lived in the latter

* "Bona de Divina Psalmodia." Ed. 1677, p. 327.

part of the seventh century. How much further back the devotion can be traced we can not safely say. But the Carmelites, who claim to have kept up continued succession on Mount Carmel from the very days of Elias, will have presumably an earlier date for their Office. In the Eastern Church the earliest example of an Office of Our Lady is that of the Greek Church, which, it is said, can be traced back to St. John Damascene (730). It is called the "Paracletica," and consists of fifty-six sets of Vespers, each containing several hymns, lessons and prayers.

The foregoing will suffice to show that a liturgical form of prayer in honor of Our Lady is of the earliest times. But what precise form it had we have not, at present, the means of saying. For it must not be supposed that it was the same as what we have to-day or anything like it. What, then, is the origin of our Little Office? Here we begin to tread on surer ground. Mr. Edmund Bishop, in his masterly essay for the Early English Text Society's edition of the "Primer, or Layfolk's Prayer-Book," has given a patient and masterly account of the origin.

In the great Benedictine revival which began in England in the days of St. Dunstan, St. Ethelwold, and St. Oswald, we find introduced into England some customs which had already found place in continental monasteries. These are contained in the "Concordia Regularis" of St. Ethelwold, which represents the practice of English monasticism of about the middle of the tenth century. They consisted mainly of the addition of prayers to the Divine Office.

In England, where we find customs taken from the great abbeys of Fleury and Ghent, the additional prayers were: the Gradual Psalms, said before Matins (during the longer hours of winter extra psalms were said sometimes to the

number of thirty); the Penitential Psalms, with the Litany of the Saints said after Prime; the Office of the Dead,* the Office of All Saints (Lauds and Vespers only); and after each hour the *psalmi familiares*, — that is, two psalms with collects said for the king and queen and other benefactors.† "The devotional accretions whereby the Divine Office was so greatly lengthened were not said in full during Eastertide or on feast-days of a high grade; speaking technically, they were said in full only on ferial days."

By the close of the tenth century, perhaps before, these additional prayers were in use in the Benedictine monasteries of England, France, Germany, and, most likely, of Italy. But while here are the facts, how are we to account for them? Their origin is thus:

"It will be readily conceived that such devotional additions and accretions will not easily have found their origin with the secular clergy engaged in the active duties of the ministry and generally dispersed, or at most but loosely organized; whilst, on the other hand, such additions to the prescribed divine service almost inevitably must ensue upon the decrease of manual labor in the monasteries, such as already had taken place by the ninth century; and any revival or reform of monastic discipline would, in such circumstances, be naturally

* "The origin of this Office is obscure," says Mr. Bishop; "a recent writer has declared it to be purely Roman and a creation of the beginning of the eighth century. Extant testimonies by no means warrant so confident a tone.... It is probable that the Office of the Dead, at least in the general way, represents practices prevailing in Italian monasteries also." (p. 17.) "It is, after all, not improbable that Benedict of Aniane may actually have introduced and practised the devotion of a daily recital of the Office of the Dead." (p. 20.)

† Reyner's "Apostolatus," iii, 77. It is worth noting the frequent use of the psalms as prayers for all occasions. The Psalter was the general prayer-book.

accompanied as a dictate of piety, by the adoption of novel and extraordinary devotional practices in addition to the traditional Offices.”*

This we find, as a matter of fact, was one of the results of the reforms made by St. Benedict of Aniane; and it is almost certain that the custom of saying the fifteen Gradual Psalms before Matins dates from him. Some of his ideas had a wide influence. “By the second half of the tenth century, as has been observed, the testimony of monastic custom books is uniform that the recitation of the fifteen psalms before Matins obtained everywhere.”†

It will be noted that some of these extra prayers took the form of Offices—e. g., of the Dead, of All Saints. “Themselves an imitation of the original Divine Office, or *Cursus* (as it was from long tradition called), such Offices, once fairly established, were in the then temper of men’s minds sure to call forth imitation; and, in fact, ingenious piety invented many a new *cursus*. Those of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Cross are the first to appear; and by and by were added those of the Incarnation, the Holy Trinity, and the Holy Ghost. Each represented a special devotional attraction of some individuals, and each was said in the same way in which the customary recitation of the Office of the Dead and of All Saints had made familiar—viz., as a private daily devotional addition to the Divine Office itself, in strict imitation of it, and, like the Office, as a daily exercise throughout the year.‡ Of these numerous products of

an exuberant piety only one, the Office of the Blessed Virgin, was destined to take its place as an additional *cursus* to the Divine Office, alongside of the Office of the Dead, and, like it, secure public recitation in the church; in time ousting, even in the monasteries, the long established, older *cursus* of All Saints.*

But when exactly are we to locate its origin? When the Norman Conquest took place the English Church was thoroughly reorganized according to the ideas of the new masters. As part of the work, Lanfranc drew up a set of statutes for the use of the monks of the primatial Church of Canterbury. These very statutes are a clear proof that the Office of Our Lady was not introduced into English monasteries by Norman monks. They are a further proof that, if it had been in vogue in these monasteries before the Conquest, the new men, who somewhat posed as models of regular observance, had not hesitated to abolish it as “mere Englishry.” There can be but little doubt that the Office is connected with that great spread of devotion to Mary which was so marked a feature of the English Church from the days of SS. Dunstan and Ethelwold, and of which the above mentioned feast is a striking evidence. The trend of all the evidence points to English Benedictism as one, if not *the* one, origin of the Little Office of Our Lady.

St. Udalric, Bishop of Augsburg (about 970), is an early example of its use: “The daily *cursus* with his clerics he carefully observed in the choir of the mother-church. Moreover, unless some inevitable necessity prevented him, he was accustomed every day to say one *cursus* in honor of Holy Mary the Mother of God, a second in honor of the Holy Rood, and a third in honor

* p. 15.

† Ibid.

‡ The Einsiedeln Customs, drawn up not long after the year 970, as it would seem, and certainly before 990 or 995, not only confirm the existence and the spread of such a *cursus* of the Blessed Virgin in Germany at this time, but they also show that the transition from the stage of a mere private devotion to an actual place in the public Office of the Church was already accomplished. (p. 27.)

† pp. 25, 26.

of All Hallows, besides many other psalms and the whole Psalter."

In the year 1095 Pope Urban II., the friend of St. Bruno, held a council at Claremont for the purpose of stirring up Christendom to undertake the Crusades. On this occasion, to obtain a special blessing from Heaven, he ordered that all clerics should follow the example of the monks and add the Little Office of Our Lady to the Greater Office. At the same time he earnestly recommended its use to the faithful laity.*

St. Peter Damian, O. S. B., was a great promoter of the Little Office of Our Lady. Writing to the hermits of Gamugnensis, he speaks of the monastery of Our Lady of Mount Petra Pertusa, where for three years the Little Office had been daily added to the ordinary *cursus*; and where, at the suggestion of a certain monk, it was discontinued. But presently storms and attacks and losses of all kinds fell on the monastery in punishment; and ceased only when they resumed the pious practice.† In a beautiful letter to one Stephen, a monk, he exhorts him to say the Office of Our Lady every day; and quotes the example of a certain French cleric of Nivers who said it every day, and in reward was specially helped by Our Lady at his death.‡

In the next century we can trace it somewhat further. The White Monks (Cistercians) began to sweep away the accumulations of extra prayers which had gathered round the Greater Office, and they were followed by the White Canons of Prémontrè, but with different results: the White Monks keeping only the Little Office of Our Lady, and the White Canons that of the Dead.

It seems to have come down to the clergy through the Black or Austin Canons—a body that formed, as it

were, the link between the monks and the clergy. This was in keeping with the past, as we have pointed out in the case of Matins, which was adopted, some six or seven hundred years before, from the monks, and was at length imposed on the clergy as a duty. These later accretions to the Divine Office were also at first taken up by the clergy in imitation of the monks, and finally became an acknowledged part of their daily duty. The date of this was in the course of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, thus coinciding with the establishment of cathedral chapters on the new model, and with that magnificent outburst which would naturally give rise to a revision of the church offices in general. By the end of the thirteenth century the Little Office and that of the Dead were established in secular use. Sarum and Lincoln bear witness to this; from the books of these two churches we learn that Matins, Lauds, and Vespers of Our Lady were said in choir; the "Little Hours," in the Ladye Chapel before the daily "Ladye Mass"; while Compline was said privately after the Compline of the day. When the Council of Trent left the reformation of the Missal and Breviary to the Pope, Pius IV., in the bull *Quod a Nobis* (1568), released the clergy from an obligation which had for so many hundred years been laid upon them. The Pontiff says:

"On account of the various businesses of this life and indulgent to the occupations of many, we have thought it well to remove the occasion of sin from this matter; but, warned by the weight of the pastoral care, we vehemently exhort all in the Lord that, seconding our remission, as far as can be done, by their own devotion and diligence, they should, by these prayers, suffrages, and praises, endeavor to provide for the salvation of themselves and of others."

And he also grants to all who say

* Mansi tom 20, p. 827.

† Ed. Migne, vol. cxliv, p. 431. ‡ p. 420.

the Office of Our Lady on the days mentioned in the rubrics an indulgence of one hundred days for each recitation. The days prescribed are all simples and ferials throughout the year, except Saturdays, which from old custom had a special votive Office in honor of Our Lady.*

This Office, then, of Our Lady, the growth of many years, is still largely practised in the Church. The older Order of monks and friars keep up its recitation on fixed days; and the numerous congregations of women called to active work have no other Office than this. St. Francis of Sales says: "The Office of Our Lady is the soul of devotion in the convents of the Visitation." Most of the newer Orders say the Office in choir, carrying out as far as possible all the choral ceremonies. Some others, who are called away for hours by the nature of their work, have to content themselves with private recitation, keeping choir with their Guardian Angels.

Having thus traced the history of the Little Office, it will not be amiss to see what evidence there is for its recitation among the laity; and, confining ourselves to England, we may easily gather that in the "Dowery of Mary" it was a favorite devotion. The rise of the art of printing naturally gave a great impulse to the recitation; for manuscript books of the Hours, such as are still kept in our museums, would be too costly for the generality of layfolk. But when printing made it possible, we find an extraordinary growth; and this, too, in a remarkable way. Not only was the Little Office available for the body of the faithful, but it was given them in the vernacular, in books called the "Primer, or Layfolk's Prayer-Book."†

* In the Einsiedeln Customs, written some time after 970, we find the votive Office of Our Lady assigned to the Saturday.

† The one recently reprinted by the Early English Text Society is from a MS. of about 1420.

Caxton's "Boke of Courteseye" (1477) contains some verses to "Little John" concerning his behavior. Among them is the direction:

And while that you be about honestly
To dress yourself and do on your array,
With your fellow well and trefably
Our Lady Matins look that you say;
And this observance use ye every day
With praise and hours withouten drede
The Blessed Lady will quit y of your mede.*

The Eton statutes prescribe that the scholars after rising and making their beds should say the Matins of our Blessed Lady after "Sarum use." And Henry VI., the munificent founder of the college, had a special devotion to the Office, which he said every day. Cardinal Fisher, in his funeral sermon on the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., says: "First in prayer every day at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock; and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the Matins of Our Lady," besides the greater Office which she said with her chaplain.

The Venetian Ambassador, in "A Relation of the Island of England,"† about the year 1496, tells his government a great deal about the life of our Catholic forefathers. "Although they all attend Mass every day and say many *Pater Nosters* in public (the women carrying long rosaries in their hands, and any that can read taking the Office of Our Lady with them, and with some companion reciting it in the church verse by verse after the manner of churchmen), they always hear Mass on Sunday in their parish church and give liberal alms, because they may not offer less than a piece of money of which fourteen are equivalent to a golden ducat; nor do they omit any for incumbent upon good Christians."

About the period of the Reformatio

* p. 5.

† Camden Society's Publications, p. 23.

we find editions of the Primers printed in 1538, 1546, and several between 1551 and 1558. When Elizabeth destroyed the work restored by Mary, many of the people still clung to their old practices of devotion. In 1569 "Thomas Wright, vicar of Seaham, confesses that he says daily in his house, with certain others, the Office of the Blessed Virgin."* One of the earliest publications of Dr. Allen was a Primer for the use of the persecuted Catholics, issued in 1571. It was followed in 1599 by Richard Verstegan's edition and many others.† It was the favorite prayer of our brave confessors, and shows that they formed themselves on the simple, bold, direct prayer of the Church, and were thus able to cultivate a spirit of solid Catholicity, which withstood all shocks from within and without.

Nowadays many pious layfolk use the Little Office as their daily prayer. It is part of the rule for Dominican, Carmelite, and Augustinian Tertiaries. St. Francis ordered it also for his Third Order; and when Leo XIII., by his late letters, brought the Tertiary rule more into harmony with the state of modern society, although he did away with the obligation of its recitation, and ordered instead the recital of twelve *Paters*, he wished that all who have time and opportunity should say the Little Office.

* "Depositions," p. 199, Surtees Society.

† Besides those in the text, there are editions of 1604, 1615, 1619, 1632, 1650, 1658, 1684, 1685. All these were printed abroad. The first one printed in London was 1687. In 1706 appeared one with hymns translated by Dryden, and there are editions of 1717 and 1732.

No man can amount to much without constant practice of stern self-denial and rigid self-control.—*W. D. Hyde.*

SOLITUDE is the mother-country of the strong.—*The Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.*

The Professor's Mistake.

BY E. BECK.

THE Professor was in a royal rage. There was no doubt about it. He had entered the breakfast room and taken his accustomed seat without making any return to the salutation of his sister-in-law or his daughter. He complained of the coffee, pushed the dish of bacon and eggs half across the table with an angry snort, and shortly declined to try the buttered toast Mrs. Lascelles forced on his notice. His daughter Agnes, who knew more of the Professor's temper than Mrs. Lascelles, sipped her tea placidly, knowing well that by and by her father's anger would reach boiling point, and that they would then learn the cause of his annoyance. Nevertheless, she started when, after several irritated grunts, he demanded: "Where did you meet young Digby?" "I?" Agnes asked and blushed. "Yes, you," her father replied. "I met him first at a ball given by Mrs. Wylmot," Agnes said. "I was a fool to allow you to go to London!"

"Really, Anthony—" Mrs. Lascelles interposed.

"Really, Mrs. Lascelles, I blame you in no small degree," Professor Carlyon went on. "When I permitted Agnes to accept your invitation, I stipulated—expressly stipulated—that you should not encourage any intimacy between her and any undesirable person."

"Mr. Digby is not an 'undesirable person,' by any means," Mrs. Lascelles said, indignantly. "He's a very worthy young man, who has already made a name as an architect."

The Professor waved his hand.

"I have no desire to know anything about the person," he said. "It is

quite enough for me that he is Sydney Digby's son. I have had a letter from him this morning telling me that he wishes to marry my daughter. The effrontery!"

"But, father, you must be mistaken," Agnes began. "He—"

"I will not listen. He is *that man's* son!" he interrupted.

"What did Mr. Digby senior do?" Mrs. Lascelles inquired, her curiosity overcoming her indignation. She had been glad when her dead sister's only child had been permitted to spend the better part of a London season beneath her roof, and had exerted herself to an unwonted degree that Agnes should have as much pleasure as possible. When fashionable London emptied itself, Mrs. Lascelles had brought Agnes back to the paternal mansion, and for a few days the Professor had been as courteous toward his guest as one could expect a man to be who lectured daily to the students of H— College, and who had on one or more occasions given a book to the world. This was the first time the lady had been treated to one of the outbursts of temper to which those who came in close contact with the Professor were accustomed.

"What did he do!" that gentleman echoed in answer to Mrs. Lascelles' query. "He was the editor of the *Landmark* when my work on Greek literature was published, and he attacked it in a most malignant fashion."

"Oh!" Mrs. Lascelles ejaculated. "But was that all?"

"All!" Professor Carlyon glared at her. "All!"

"Aunt Jane means that many people differ in their opinions and tastes," said Agnes. She had not been altogether surprised to hear of Charles Digby's letter, and she was very anxious that her father should give the young architect the answer he wished for.

"Tastes! Opinions!" the Professor growled. "He dared to contradict facts, to impugn my veracity. I'll let the young man *know* my opinion of his presumption."

"But Agnes—is the girl not to be consulted?" Mrs. Lascelles asked.

"Agnes consulted! Certainly not. Why should she?" (The learned man still regarded the young lady of twenty as a mere child.) "I'll act for her, and for her ultimate good. And I may as well inform her now that my old friend, Roy Charles, and I have already arranged that his son and Agnes shall be married in due time."

"Father!" Agnes exclaimed. "I won't marry him!"

Her father surveyed her in angry astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you intend to disobey me?" he asked.

"In that,—oh, I must in that!" the girl answered.

"Perhaps you also intend to marry Sydney Digby's son?" he demanded.

"Not without your consent, father," Agnes said.

"*That* you won't get, be certain. And now, Mrs. Lascelles, you can behold the deteriorating effect of your artificial society life on the girl. I yielded to your wishes and hers against my better judgment. But I will not be so weak again,—trust me." So saying he rose and marched out of the room.

Mrs. Lascelles was for returning to town at once, but Agnes prevailed upon her to remain. The girl wiped away a tear or two before she said:

"Well, that is ended. I am glad now that Charlie did not come here as he at first intended. Father is so irritable."

"So Mr. Digby meant to pay your father a visit?" Mrs. Lascelles asked.

"Yes. I suggested writing. He will never consent to our marriage," Agnes said, despairingly.

"Oh, perhaps! He may change his mind after a time."

Agnes shook her head.

"And you, Agnes?" Mrs. Lascelles asked, with some wonder. "You will agree to his wishes?"

"No, no! I shall not marry Charlie against my father's will, but I shall not marry any one else."

"I'm afraid you'll find the position disagreeable," Mrs. Lascelles remarked, still wroth with her host's discourtesy.

Agnes assented despondingly.

"But what can I do?" she said; and her aunt was silent. She had known and liked Charles Digby and his family for years. Still, she could scarcely counsel rebellion on her niece's side, and could only hope that her brother-in-law might change his mind.

"If he knew Charlie!" Agnes sighed.

"I'm afraid he would close his eyes to Mr. Digby's virtues," Mrs. Lascelles answered. "Do you know anything of this other person?"

"No. Old Mr. Charles and father have been friends for a long time. He's a great authority on everything Grecian, I know."

The Professor was not seen by either of the ladies till the dinner hour approached. He had cooled his passion by penning a most insulting refusal of Mr. Digby's proposal, and was therefore in no worse than his usual temper. He had also written to his old friend. Now that their children were old enough to be troublesome, it might be as well to have them married at once. In a few days he received a satisfactory reply, and an intimation that Fred Charles would pay him a visit in order to make Miss Carlyon's acquaintance. Next day the Professor announced the fact at the breakfast table with becoming solemnity. Neither Mrs. Lascelles nor Agnes made any comment.

"You will see that everything is in

order, Agnes," he said, after a silence.

"Oh, yes, papa! I shall speak to the housekeeper," the girl responded, with just a shade of carelessness in her manner. It annoyed and also frightened the Professor.

"One never knows what a woman will do," he thought to himself. "Agnes is very dutiful certainly, but one can't be sure even of her; and Mrs. Lascelles is a bad influence. I wish her visit were over. Now, let me see. The young fellow arrives to-morrow by the 3.30. I'll meet him at the station myself."

So the Professor arranged, and the arrangement was announced as usual at the breakfast hour.

"Aunt Jane and I are going to Mrs. Masters' garden party," Agnes said.

"Oh!" The Professor gathered his brows in a frown, and then a sudden idea struck him. Mrs. Masters lived midway between his house and the station. He would send the trap on with his prospective son-in-law's luggage, while the young man and he could put in an appearance at the garden party. Half the county folk would be there; among others, a certain Lady Veillers, a distant connection of Sydney Digby's. He would take a decisive step and introduce the young man as Agnes' future husband. Agnes was, fortunately, conventional; and so, too, was her aunt. However much they might object to the arranged match, they would of necessity agree to it.

So pleased was he with this brilliant plan that he found himself chuckling over it more than once as the day wore on. At dinner, too, he was almost jovial; and on the following morning he hastened down to breakfast without examining the post-bag. Nor when a new housemaid, in dusting his study, laid it under a heap of pamphlets did he remember that he had not read his morning letters. At half-past three in

the afternoon he was waiting outside the station house gates. A rheumatic pain in his left knee left him disinclined for much mounting and dismounting from vehicles, so the groom was hastily dispatched to find out if any one for Professor Carlyon's house had arrived by that particular train.

The groom touched his hat to a tall, well-set-up young fellow who was one of the few passengers by the 3.30.

"Friend of Professor Carlyon's?" he inquired; and Charles Digby started.

"Yes."

"My master is outside with the trap," James explained. "Where's your luggage, sir?"

Young Mr. Digby started again. He had certainly not expected that he should be met in such a manner when he wrote to the Professor that he hoped for a personal interview on that day. Had the old gentleman repented?

"I haven't any luggage," he said in answer to the servant's query, and hastened to the spot where the Professor was in waiting.

"Glad to see you, Charles my dear boy!" that gentleman exclaimed, quite affectionately,—*"very glad!"* And the young fellow took the outstretched hand and muttered something in reply. "No luggage?" the Professor went on. "That won't do. We expected a long visit before this. However, that was my fault and your father's. Well, well! You're here now, at all events."

Young Digby said he was, and could think of nothing else to speak of. He clambered into the old-fashioned trap, and was further astounded when his companion remarked:

"Agnes and her aunt are at Mrs. Masters' garden party. If you don't mind we'll drop in upon them there. Later we can take a short cut across the meadows home."

Of course the young man was pleased.

Perhaps Agnes would be able to explain the change in her father's attitude; so he contented himself with making the usual remarks on the weather and the country. By the time Mrs. Masters' gates were reached, the latter topic was exhausted.

The groom was dismissed, and the two men made their way through the grounds. The younger man was both gratified and disconcerted when his companion loudly whispered to a friend that the young man by his side was, he hoped, his future son-in-law. As such he was introduced to Mrs. Masters.

"And now, Mrs. Masters, we'll try to find the young lady," the Professor said jocosely when Charles had answered her civil speeches.

"Yes, do. Oh, I see Agnes and Mrs. Lascelles! They are speaking to Lady Veillers yonder."

The Professor made for the group indicated at unusual speed, and three very astonished ladies turned to greet him and the young man by his side.

"How do you do, Lady Veillers! Lovely day, isn't it?" said the Professor, hastily. "Let me introduce Mr. Charles, my future son-in-law, to you."

"Charlie my dear boy, I'm awfully pleased to congratulate you!" Lady Veillers cried. "But"—the lady spoke to the Professor, for the young man had hastened to Agnes,—*"isn't this a sudden arrangement?"*

"Sudden! Not at all," the Professor replied. "His father and I arranged the matter long ago."

Lady Veillers looked surprised, and then laughed.

"Oh—well, my cousin Sydney is not communicative about personal affairs!" she said, and moved away.

The Professor stood gazing after her for a moment.

"I am so pleased, Anthony!" Mrs. Lascelles touched his arm. "You have

acted as I hoped you would, but it was none the less a surprise to see Charles Digby with you."

"Charles Digby!" her brother-in-law ejaculated. "It is not—" He paused abruptly. What had he done? What should he do?

"I—I—" he stammered,— "I have important business to attend to. The young man can come with you and Agnes. I must get away."

In his study he quietly unearthed the morning mail. Among the letters was one from his old friend, informing him that his son could not pay his visit till a week later; and one from Charles Digby, telling the Professor that he hoped to have a personal interview with him that same day. The Professor, in his bewilderment, sat long looking over the two epistles.

If there was one thing he had a fear of it was ridicule, and he knew well how the story of his mistake would be laughed at, should it once get abroad; and Lady Veillers would see to that, he had no doubt, if she got the chance. Agnes, too, had looked absurdly happy; and Charlie Digby was, to give him his due, a modest, well-looking young fellow. The Professor thought and thought till the sound of wheels on the ground beneath his window roused him. There was nothing for it but the sacrifice of his own and his friend's plan; so he hastened as fast as his rheumatic limb would allow to greet Mr. Digby on his own threshold.

"Did I give you a surprise, ladies?" he asked, with a laugh that sounded a bit queer. "I like to surprise people, Charles, you see. You'll remain for a day or two?"

When Charles Digby returned to London the wedding day of the young people was fixed; and no one has yet hinted, though three people suspect, that the Professor made a mistake.

At the Shepherd's Gate.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

LAST night I dreamed I stood beside the gate
Without the little town where Christ was born;
I was a lost lamb, meek, disconsolate,
Sad and forlorn.

And while I cried, not knowing He was there,
And while the snow fell from the wintry sky,
I heard, through all the storm that rent the air,
A faint, far cry.

And one there came who softly took me in,
And carried me within the close-locked wall,
Far from the howling wind's incessant din,
Unto His hallowed stall.

And there a Child—how glorified He seemed!—
A little Child turned His white face to me;
And in His eyes a look of wonder gleamed,
And sweet felicity.

And then I dreamed that when I saw His face
The hunger in my little heart was fed;
That when I entered in that holy place
I was all comforted.

There is no wanderer near His city gate
Unknown to Him who suffers in the cold;
And He who sent for me will, soon or late,
Send angels from His fold

To bring the bleating lamb back to His home,
To guard him from the world's hard, bitter fate.
Oh, there are none who very long may roam
Outside the Shepherd's gate!

Life in a French Chateau in 1788.

(CONCLUSION.)

SOME of her contemporary critics, as well as modern searchers into the causes of poor Marie Antoinette's overthrow, have pointed to her love of theatrical performances as one of the factors in her later unpopularity; they say that by appearing herself upon the stage in the gorgeous representations at Versailles which she delighted in, she derogated from and cheapened her royal dignity and laid one of the first stones of her downfall. This cause must have weighed but as a feather among

the many heavier reasons, in no way imputable to that poor lady—heiress and victim of the faults and crimes of the old *régime*,—which were to end in such catastrophe; but it is interesting to note how great was the taste for amateur theatricals among the nobility of France in the years immediately preceding the Revolution.

As carried on at the Chateau de Brienne, the diversion seems to have been innocent enough, the plays acted of the highest order, Molière's masterpieces taking the chief place; and De Norvius incidentally remarks that "the clergy-box was always full." He speaks in terms of high praise of the histrionic powers of M. de Brienne, of his cousin the Marquis de Loménie, and some of their companions; and it strikes us rather oddly to find him mention the Count's old valet as one of the best actors of the troop,—he was "first-rate as 'Michaut' in the 'Partie de Chasse' to his master's 'Henri IV.'" The ladies seem to have been inferior to the men. "If the truth must be told, at the risk of hurting the feelings of shades that may yet be susceptible to praise or blame, the actresses were not on a level with the actors, except one or two—whose names, for love of the memory of the others, I shall not reveal."

De Norvius was himself too young an actor "on the stage of the world to venture upon that of Brienne by the side of those who trod it with so much distinction." But he tells us that he had the exclusive privilege of composing and acting proverbs, the drawing-room being his theatre. He was also the castle-poet, taking Florian, the popular ballad-writer of the day, as his model; while he followed Carmontelle, the originator of dialogue-proverbs, for his own "*Proverbes*." He modestly says that he was vastly inferior to them both, but had the incontestable advan-

tage of having his public always with him. "I built up my proverbs according to my fancy; and sometimes, when I was in the vein, I drew my audience into the play without their knowledge. Then, I had two admirable assistants in M. de Brienne and M. de Vandœuvre, to whom I merely gave a slight framework upon which we embroidered according to our humor,"—often in the presence of more tangible work-frames upon which three ladies, whom he calls "the three Fates of the Chateau—Mesdames de Brienne, Cunningham, and de Dampierre,—and often the Bishop of Comminges or the old Chevalier de Courcy, a descendant of Enguerraud, used to embroider velvet coats, tapestry arm-chairs, and church vestments."

This picture is indeed one of the most pleasing of De Norvius' pages,—the stately ladies in their picturesque and beautiful dress, the Bishop in his purple, and the old Chevalier bending their powdered heads over the embroidery frames, working at their velvet coats, tapestries, and church ornaments; or lifting them to look at the young poet and his companions, exercising their intelligence and wit before them,—all in the sumptuous setting of the great drawing-room at Brienne, with furniture and adjuncts the relics of which are nowadays worth almost their weight in gold. He goes on:

"These *surprises-de-salon*, which at an unexpected moment would break in upon some grave conversation between the bishops, or a game of Boston, or the unending flow of the ladies' gossip, would also interrupt a no less serious game of billiards in the adjoining room, and bring an often necessary diversion to the long autumn evenings. So when M. de Brienne and I were seen moving aside the chairs, pushing back the card-tables and work-frames, and bringing

forward one or two tall screens, there was a murmur of pleasure, especially from the clergy of both sexes—for we often counted canonesses and an abbess or two among the company. I seem to see the good Bishop of Comminges, whose lameness had made him take orders, leave his game of billiards, at which he would have spent the night without regret, and come to hear the proverb, leaning on his cue, like Achilles on his lance; but not forgetting to bid the billiard-marker not to disturb his game. 'Lejeune,' he would say, 'you will remember it was my turn to play.'"

With our knowledge of the fate that was fast advancing upon that brilliant company, there is a tragic note in two significant facts related in connection with these proverbs. After describing their style, and saying that he had taken as a model for his own acting Bordier, the best player of his kind, De Norvius says: "But not that part of his style which led him to be hanged for sedition at Rouen, the year after my *début*." And he continues: "This reminds me that on one occasion, at the Chateau of Le Marais, belonging to my cousin, Madame de la Briche, we were about to act either 'Guerre Ouverte' or 'La Nuit aux Aventures,' when the performance was prevented by an order of exile launched by Parliament against two of our actors—M. de Méry and M. de Treffous,—and I was left forlorn with my part of 'Mosquito,' which I had most carefully studied. This *exil du Parlement* was the prologue of a drama from which none of the actors would be a-missing."

We have seen how high was the standard of intellectual occupation and of accomplished diversion which ruled at the Chateau de Brienne, and which would compare favorably with that of the society of any period in the history of civilization, including our own. We

have seen the rustic population admitted to share its *fêtes*, its hospitalities, and the regal splendor of its sports,—its servants taking their intelligent part in their masters' amusements; and it is instructive to find that De Norvius nowhere presents the manner of life at Brienne as differing—except in degree of magnificence—from that of other great French chateaux of the period.

Let us now follow him on different and still more important ground, and see what were the relations between a grand seigneur as represented by the Comte de Brienne and the tenants and peasantry on his estates. We are too apt, perhaps, to think of the latter merely as wretched serfs, *taillables* and *corvéables* at the pleasure of their lords, dragging out a miserable existence in ignorance and squalor; and such a description as our author gives of matters within his own observation throws a much pleasanter and a truer light upon a picture which has been uniformly painted in colors perhaps too sombre. Of his sincerity and accuracy it is impossible to doubt:

"In the midst of the great intellectual and material movement of the life at Brienne, another work, unceasing also, but noiseless and unobtrusive, constantly occupied its master's mind. It was, on the one hand, the relief of the poor, and on the other the maintenance of peace among his peasants. The village priests and their helpers [we should like to know who these helpers were] had orders to make themselves acquainted with the true position of those who, in addition to the promiscuous daily distribution of alms, had solicited some special assistance. The result of these paternal inquiries, while protecting him from imposture, was that the expectations of his clients were generally more than fulfilled. '*Bien donné, bien reçu*,' he would say to me,—for he often admitted

me to the secrets of his good works. This disposition of heart—the most sincerely merciful I have ever seen, and to which I can only compare that of the Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, celebrated for his philanthropy—led him constantly beyond the limits of his own domains, as if all sufferers were his by right; and he extended afar what I may call the usurpations of the charity which in truth possessed him. Assistance of all kinds was distributed among the villages; each year he dowered a number of young girls. If a hailstorm or an inundation afflicted the country, he organized means of subsistence; if these troubles attacked his own tenants, he remitted, if needful, two years' rent.

"All the miseries of that large tract of Champagne rightly called Champagne la Nouilleuse sought the chateau for relief. There were many chateaux, but this one needed no other name; it was the chateau *par excellence*, the chateau of help for all the unfortunate—not all of the rank of peasants. But these cases were known only to M. de Brienne and to his brother the Archbishop, whose generosity was equal to his own. When a fire took place in the country, even five or six leagues distant from Brienne, the instant the news reached the castle two or three fire-engines, always kept in readiness, started off at the full speed of four horses attached to each; and M. de Brienne gave the example, calling out: 'Come, young men, to horse!' Arrived at the spot, he directed, often at considerable danger to himself, the work of rescue, and then opened his purse to provide for the necessities of the moment. Whatever might have been the plans for the day, everything had to give way in the cause of humanity. And I remember that once we had to leave the dinner-table to follow him upon an expedition of the kind."

It would be difficult to trace a finer

portrait of a great landed proprietor of a bygone day, possessed with a full sense of his duties and responsibilities, fulfilling them according to the best of his ability and power. A new era was dawning upon France. The old laws and habits were as old garments which could no longer fit the restless limbs of a new and vigorous generation; but in the great upheaval which was to destroy so much that was unworthy to remain, much also was swept away which France could ill spare, and has not yet, in a century of ceaseless struggle and agitation, been able to compensate for or replace. Nor is it possible to believe but that there were many more grand seigneurs of France as innocent of wrong-doing to their subordinates, of any responsibility for the defects in the social system they had inherited from their fathers, and as little worthy of the fate before them as were the Comte de Brienne and the Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.

De Norvius completes his admirable portrait of M. de Brienne by describing him in his office of "unpaid magistrate and general arbitrator of the whole country-side,"—an office thrust upon him by the confidence of the people:

"Every Sunday a number of persons, of both sexes and all ages, might be seen arriving along the balustrade of the castle. 'Ah, there come my litigants! Come with me and learn a landlord's duties.' And I went with him to his private reception-room, to which his clients were successively introduced. M. de Brienne seated himself in a vast arm-chair, I beside him, and a table in front of us. No paper, pens, nor ink: the proceedings were purely oral and without *procès verbal*. In this tribunal, akin to that of the shepherd-kings, he quietly listened, not without occasional humorous interruptions from one side or the other, to the pleaders before him.

Then, with a judgment and tact that could proceed only from a deep sense of justice and a thorough knowledge of the character of the peasant nature, he pronounced his verdict,—a verdict against which I never remember to have heard a protest. ‘You are in the wrong: your adversary was right,’ he would say to the one. ‘You wanted to cheat him. If you have not paid what you owe him within twenty-four hours—and I shall know it,—never let me see you here again.’ At other times he settled family disputes as to the division of property, saving by this prompt and gratuitous intervention law expenses which might have ruined the disputants. It was a real pleasure to him when he could reconcile those at variance. ‘Shake hands now, before me,’ he would say; ‘and let no more be said on the subject.’ I was careful never to miss one of these singular audiences, which often lasted several hours, and where I studied the practical policy of a man who might truly be called the elected chieftain of the population.”

This sketch of the country life of a great noble concludes with a few words about the servants. We have seen how M. de Brienne’s old valet, besides a servant’s ordinary duties, could take a distinguished part with his master on the stage of the theatre at Brienne. Servants considered themselves part of the family; though sometimes punished, they were rarely dismissed, living and dying in the same service. As in Germany to the present day, a certain amount of corporal punishment was legally allowable; and the familiarity which ruled between masters and employees often included traits of impudence on the one hand which called forth a sound caning on the other. A valet was expected to be a good barber and hairdresser, to be able to read and write and to carry the post. “At

Brienne, where there were five of them, they could, moreover, shoot straight, play a good game of billiards, and act uncommonly well on the stage,—talents which made them a sort of *arrière-ban* to the company where they were often requisitioned to take a part; in those days such familiarities were never considered derogatory.”

In the course of a conversation on the harshness of some masters toward their servants, the Count de Brienne related the following anecdote: “I have been young, too, and violent. This is how I was cured. My valet having seriously displeased me, I had given him a thrashing. The next morning I had forgotten all about it, but he had not; and while shaving me he suddenly held the razor to my throat and asked: ‘Whose turn is it to-day, Monsieur le Comte?’—‘Still mine,’ I replied coldly. ‘Go on!’ He finished shaving me; we were both pleased with ourselves and with each other; but, a longer association appearing undesirable, I gave him a hundred *louis* and his dismissal.... Never beat your servants, young men; sooner dismiss them; for your life is at their mercy, and you would find it hard, as I did, to owe it to them.”

The end was now drawing near. The marriage of one of M. de Brienne’s three adopted sons, Charles de Loménie, with the youthful daughter of Comte Carion de Merville was celebrated with great splendor at Brienne in 1788, and was the last grand festival ever held there. For fifteen months the Archbishop of Toulouse as First Minister, and the Count as Minister of War tried to serve their country, and struggled against the tide that was about to overwhelm it. They returned to Brienne, delighted to be relieved of the cares of office,—the Archbishop with the cardinal’s hat and the archbishopric of Sens; his brother with the *cordon-bleu* of the Order of

the Holy Ghost, and two pieces of cannon, the gift of poor King Louis XVI. The Archbishop had just been burned in effigy by the Paris mob at the foot of the statue of Henri IV. on the Pont-Neuf, and the Count's hotel had only owed its preservation to the energetic resistance of the troops. "For," remarks De Norvius, "it was upon them, whose philanthropy and goodness were so universally known, that were turned the first essays of that popular fury that was so soon to take such monstrous proportions." The Count de Brienne and his three adopted sons were guillotined on May 10, 1794.

M. H.

A Point of Self-Delusion.

THE statement that the sermons which snatch the greatest number of souls from the thralldom of hell are those on the flight of dangerous occasions is quite credible; and it has probably been verified time and time again by all who are charged with the care of souls. At any rate, there is, along the same line of thought, a declaration which each one may verify for himself: that in seven cases out of ten our relapses into sin are directly due to our non-avoidance of the occasions of sin,—to our seeking, instead of shunning, such occasions.

There are few points on which the ordinary Christian is more averse to probing himself, more inclined to be thoroughly satisfied with a superficial examination of his inner self, than the matter of determining what particular occasions among those to which he habitually exposes himself are dangerous. As to some of these, there can be no question. To frequent the society of the dissolute, to read anti-religious or immoral books, to attend theatres in which the plays are unequivocally

indecent, to examine freely sensuous pictures in which the nudity of art is replaced by the nakedness of art's degeneracy,—this, of course, is avowedly and unmistakably to seek the occasion of sin; and is, in itself, irrespective of subsequent thoughts, desires or deeds, positively sinful. So, in general, is our deliberate quest of such persons, places or things as have heretofore been the means of leading us into sin.

Now, as regards most of such persons, places or things, we are probably willing to acknowledge that they are real dangers to our spiritual welfare; and we can without much difficulty bring ourselves to a determination, genuine at least for the moment, henceforth to avoid them. Concerning some of them, however, we are loath to adopt either the opinion of friends, the decision of our spiritual guides, or even, as has been already said, the verdict of our own thoroughly awakened conscience. True, we have relapsed into sin because of our continued intimacy with such companions; through our continued reading of novels that we knew to be salacious; in consequence of frequenting a circle wherein gossip, slander, calumny, backbiting, and all uncharitableness is as the very atmosphere; but we try to persuade ourselves that, in similar cases in the future, we shall experience no difficulty whatever in avoiding any transgression; that, as a matter of fact, such conditions or circumstances constitute at most a remote, not a proximate, occasion; and hence that there exists no preeminent need of our shunning them.

Repeated experiences give the lie direct to such specious sophisms. We have time and again lamentably failed to make good our statement that sin would not result from our dallying with these incentives to sin. We have unfortunately proved to a demonstra-

tion, in the sight of all men save ourselves, that the persons, places or things in question are to us undeniable occasions, and *proximate* occasions at that; yet we obstinately refuse to be convinced. If ever the maxim, "No man should be judge in his own cause," finds appropriate application, surely it is applicable here. When our confessor, experienced in the tortuous windings of the human heart, skilled in diagnosing moral diseases and in applying adequate remedies thereto, uninfluenced by any other than a wholly unselfish desire for the rehabilitation of our spiritual life,—when this physician of the soul warns us against what his practised eye recognizes as veritable dangers, it behooves us to acquiesce in his judgments, distrust the promptings of self-love, and sacrifice affections which, in the final analysis, are plainly incompatible with a really firm purpose of amendment.

We all admit that "he that loveth danger shall perish in it"; that no one can touch pitch without being defiled; that to delight in occasions of evil and to fall into sin are, as St. Augustine says, one and the same thing. What we, perhaps, need to be reminded of is that some practice which we persist in declaring to be quite innoxious is in reality, so far as we are concerned, a true and proximate occasion of sin; and that, however much it may cost us to give up that practice, our spiritual welfare requires its abandonment. "If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee," applies to more Christians than are at all willing to admit the application.

ONE righteous man confutes all the specious arguments against the supremacy of righteousness in this world; such a man makes it clear that righteousness is not only sovereign, but that it is the only reality.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

A Royal Example.

DURING the latter part of his reign, Philip II., of Spain, weary of the world, led a life of seclusion in the Palace of the Escorial,—built by him partly as a royal mausoleum, partly in fulfilment of a vow made to St. Lawrence, on account of which the ground-plan is in the form of a gridiron. He did not, however, resign his sceptre, as did his predecessor, Charles V., and exchange his regal diadem for the cowl of a monk; but continued to rule, governing his dominions by means of orders given to his generals and ministers. His reign was long and stormy, and he is said to have died of a broken heart. Historians make many accusations against him, but his good qualities are not denied.

Half a monk, yet still a monarch, wholly a recluse, he used to take his place in the choir with the grave, silent monks, whose monastery formed a part of the vast edifice, and who at the appointed hours filled the stalls of dark wood, splendidly carved, a hundred and twenty-four in number, whence a view of the high altar was obtained. There, it is said, Philip was kneeling, hearing Mass, when tidings were brought to him of the victory of Lepanto,—that momentous battle which was to decide the fate of Europe,—to decide whether it should fall under the sway of the Turk, or the Christians should prevail over the infidels. The King heard the whispered news without betraying the slightest emotion; he knelt motionless in his place, his eyes fixed upon the altar, until the Mass was ended, giving no sign whatever either of surprise or satisfaction at the issue of the battle.

Let those who allow their attention to be distracted by every trifling occurrence—nay, even by an unwonted noise—whilst assisting at the Sacrifice of the Mass, take example from this devout

monarch. Let them learn of him to show by their outward demeanor that they know what reverence is due to this the highest act of Christian worship; that they understand to some extent the infinite dignity of the holy mysteries, the celebration of which, we read in "The Imitation," "honors God, rejoices the angels, edifies the Church, helps the living, and obtains rest for the dead."

A Striking Figure.

A STRIKING feature in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland for well-nigh a century was Bishop Chisholm's description of the late Monsig. Clapperton of Edinburgh. He died in his eighty-eighth year, having outlived the entire and long reign of Queen Victoria. At the time of his ordination in 1836 there were less than fifty priests in the whole country. To-day there are one hundred and seventy-six priests in the city and suburbs of Glasgow alone. Monsig. Clapperton's was the first name entered in the register of Blairs College, and his sister was the first nun to take the veil in Scotland in modern times. Let us quote what Bishop Chisholm had to say in reference to the wondrous change in the position of the Church and in the attitude of outsiders toward her during the span of Monsig. Clapperton's life:

When he was a young man the word "Catholic" was a name of opprobrium: now other churches look upon it as a sign of narrow-mindedness on our part when we refuse to acknowledge their right to claim that designation for themselves. By the law of the land a priest was forbidden to wear any distinctive garb as such: now there is hardly a clergyman in the land but appears in what used to be the distinctive and forbidden garb of a priest. He saw Catholic Emancipation passed; he saw Catholics admitted to represent their constituents in Parliament—closed against them for nearly three hundred years. There are to-day seventy-seven Catholic members in the House of Commons and thirty-three peers in the House of Lords. Catholics in his day were not allowed to rise to any position in the state or

community: now Catholic generals lead the armies, and a Catholic nobleman is in the highest post in the navy. Catholic judges administer justice in our courts. There is hardly a family of position and title throughout the kingdom but can claim a Catholic relative or connection. The highest positions in the land are open to Catholics as well as to Protestants, with, I think, three exceptions, if not only one—that of the Lord Chancellor in England, the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, and the King over all.

If things will progress in the future as they have done during the lifetime of Mgr. Clapperton—and there is every reason from the signs of the times to think that things will go on even more rapidly and sweepingly,—what may we look for in the not distant future? If such a state of matters as I have described to you has come about in the comparatively short space of one man's lifetime—in spite of opposition, of poverty, and of enmity on all sides,—what may we not reasonably expect in a much improved state of matters, when the Church is as free as other churches, and when men are beginning to pay attention to her position, to listen to her claims, to respect her teaching, whilst they are becoming indifferent to the teaching of their own?

What an interesting personality Scotland's oldest priest must have been—pious, zealous, single-hearted, learned, disputatious, hating sham and pretence as common men cherish them! We must make room for two more short extracts from Bishop Chisholm's funeral oration:

He used to say to me, with a smile and a gratified twist of the head: "I did in those days what is now the work of sixteen priests." And it is not that the numbers were so very much less in that particular district in those days, because he had to attend the large number of Irish navvies employed in laying down the great railway schemes of the North British Railway Company. It was not a rare thing for him to return from a long sick-call in one direction at midnight and be called thirty miles away in another.

Mgr. Clapperton was a man of strong and keen intellect. He was a good classical scholar, and he kept up his classical studies to the end. Almost the last time I called on him I saw on the table beside him his constant companions—his Breviary and his Horace. He was a great reader; he delighted in a keen argument on theological or other subjects. If I might point out one characteristic feature, not to say virtue, it was his punctuality. He was punctual in great things and in small. He was punctual in saying his Office, in his studies, in his walks, at his meals. He was a man of sterling virtue. He hated sham and pretence; there was not a shadow of either in his open, manly nature. *R. I. P.*

Notes and Remarks.

More than one Roman correspondent reports an improvement in the health of the Holy Father; and it is announced that of late his excursions to the Vatican gardens have become more frequent, not to speak of extraordinary audiences, functions, etc. The death of Crispi strengthens the conviction that his Holiness bids fair to outlive the last of his old-time antagonists. He has already reigned twenty-three years and six months. Only four out of the two hundred and sixty-two Pontiffs who have preceded him in the Chair of Peter have ruled the Church longer than he—Adrian I., Pius VI., Pius IX., and St. Peter himself, whose “years” were thirty-four. The prophecy made to each successive Pope—“Thou shalt not see the years of Peter”—is, of course, a very safe one; however, it is quite probable that Leo XIII. will complete the reign of Pius VI., which lasted twenty-four years and a half.

We are informed that there was genuine consternation among the physicians who attended the recent convention of the American Medical Association at St. Paul when listening to a paper by Dr. Englemann, of Boston, in which statistics on sterility in this country were presented. The following abstract is from the *New York Medical Record*:

The generally accepted ratio of sterility among civilized nations was eleven per cent. In this country the average was twenty per cent. In some States it reached twenty-five per cent. The fecundity in some parts of Europe reached eight to the family. The average was five to a marriage. In this country at present it was but two to each marriage. The sterility of foreigners in this country was thirteen per cent. Among college graduates sterility reached thirty-three per cent. The English Canadians in all these relations come under the same category as the women of the United States. The French Canadian had the highest fecundity of any nationality, amounting to nine to every marriage. Among

college graduates there were but one and four tenths children to each marriage. Normally, there was one miscarriage to every three and one-half labors; in the United States, one to every two and one-half labors. In Canada there was but one divorce in every sixty-three thousand marriages; in France, one in twelve thousand five hundred; in all the United States, one in one hundred and eighty-five; in Rhode Island, one in eight marriages. This condition of sterility went hand in hand with increase in divorce. There was an absolute and primary sterility due to utero-ovarian disease, which was to be distinguished from secondary sterility—i. e., conception and miscarriage. This primary sterility was much less frequent: twelve per cent among Americans, three to six per cent among foreigners; showing that among American born there was a much greater proportion of sterility due to abortion.

The facts in Dr. Englemann's paper were based on records and statistical data gathered in various parts of the country, each one of which corroborated the other. No wonder the medical gentlemen who heard these statistics were astounded at them. They are as significant as they are staggering. It would lead us too far afield to comment upon them; besides, we are not disposed.

A cultured correspondent thinks that our reference to the late Prof. John Fiske does “scant justice” to that versatile and singularly well-informed man. “His ‘Through Nature to God’ and ‘The Idea of God’ are calculated to reach minds that are entirely outside of the theological world, and to prepare the soil for something more exact and Christian. They will never draw any one away from the Church, but make faith scientific and intelligent to minds that crave the harmony of science and theology.” Prof. Fiske was unquestionably an open-minded scholar; and when some of the misconceptions of his “Idea of God” were pointed out by the Rev. Dr. Shanahan he avowed his willingness to make the necessary corrections in a new edition of that work. And, although we can see no reason to revise our assertion that he passed unlamented by Catholics,

it is true that religious men outside the Church have been immensely benefited by his writings. His career, by the way, affords a curious illustration of the change that has come over Harvard in the last twenty-five years. Mr. W. D. Howells assures us that when Fiske was a young man the overseers of Harvard declined to appoint him librarian of the University "because of his agnosticism." Later he became one of Harvard's most respected leaders, and was regarded as austere orthodox by the younger professors and the callow undergraduates, who had far outstripped the learned man in "scientific doubt." The change was indeed in Fiske as well as in Harvard; for, as Mr. Howells says:

John Fiske was first an apostle to the scientific heathen, and preached Darwin and Spencer and Huxley to the multitude, before he began to bear the torch they were supposed to have extinguished, relumed, and fed with fresh fire, back to the stronghold of question. . . . It was when he had dissatisfied himself with the psychological outcome that he began to speak as one having authority, and to say those things, new and glad, of God and of the soul which are possibly more important than anything said of either in our darkened day. They have indeed been so heartening to so many anxious spirits, overjoyed to find themselves alive, that it would not be strange if we had exaggerated his mission somewhat, and too confidently hailed the philosopher as a prophet.

We in this country have had our own experiences with bigoted anti-Catholic societies, but they seem tame and uninteresting when compared with the doings of the Loyal Orange Brotherhood in Belfast, Ireland. For weeks every true-blue Orangeman in the county has carried a club, and the Catholic minority has submitted with remarkable forbearance to a veritable reign of terror. Under the protection of the military and police, some of them have been able to pursue their ordinary avocations in the city; but in the suburban districts a Catholic workman risked his life whenever he ventured outside his own house.

Orange rowdyism has been connived at so long by the authorities of Belfast that they could not suppress it in a single year even if they had the good will. The evil has now become so intolerable and so notorious that the Irish Chief Secretary has felt obliged to declare publicly in Parliament that drastic measures would be taken to repress the exuberant loyalty of the Orangemen. In the south of Ireland the Catholic majority find it easy enough to live in peace with their dissenting neighbors; the Belfast outrages offer a curious and instructive commentary on Protestant tolerance.

The deeply-regretted death of Mgr. Isoard, the Bishop of Annecy, removes from a life of great activity one of the ablest members of the French hierarchy. An ardent advocate of the Republican *régime*, though a vigorous opponent of the party in power, his name was a household word through France. He contended that the era of monarchical government had ended for the nations of Europe; that a new order of things had begun which it were folly not to recognize. Mgr. Isoard was remarkable for piety and zeal. His eloquent pastoral letters have often been quoted in these pages.

The *Standard and Times* quotes some words from a Protestant exchange which will go a long way toward correcting the exaggerated impression produced by the unfortunate statement, "Puerto Rico is a Catholic country without religion." Dr. George G. Groff, late secretary of the Board of Health in the island, writes as follows in the *New York Independent*:

Puerto Ricans are honest, sober, and very hospitable. As a proof of their honesty, the writer did not have his rooms nor his trunks locked in two years; and, although he has been in hotels and boarding-houses all over the island,

he has yet to miss the first article, large or small. In eating and drinking they are temperate almost to a fault....With a stranger they will share all they have. The farmer will kill for his guest the calf or the kid, and will accept no pay for the entertainment. A clean cot will await the stranger in the poorest house.

As to religion, the people seem to pay the same respect as in other countries. The fundamental truths of the Christian religion they believe. The practice of their belief has made great crimes rare, and the people tractable and lovable. But if the inquirer looks for a superstitious people he will not find one here. They seem to be as nearly free from superstition as a people can be. Even the poor Africans have forgotten the superstitions of their Dark Continent. The people—white and black alike—are all members of the Roman Catholic Church, except a few thousand Spiritualists and a few more who claim to be Positivists.

The snap judgment of the wayfaring man, like the snapshots of a kodak, are likely to be blurred impressions. We have seen some very pretty landscapes caricatured by a kodak.

The sermon of the Bishop of Dacca, Mgr. Hurth, C. S. C., at the funeral of the lamented Archbishop of Calcutta, Mgr. Goethals, S. J., was a splendid tribute to a prelate whose charity, zeal and prudence were as conspicuous as his learning. "Few," said Bishop Hurth, "could lay claim to so vast a store of information upon all the questions that occupy the attention of the learned. And how zealous was his interest in all that seemed helpful to the efficiency of his work; how diligently he sought the original, the fundamental, the thorough, became manifest by the now well-nigh priceless library of Indiology which he collected, and made more complete than any other that owes its existence to private effort and search, and which remains after him as a monument to his ardent love of letters, of exploration and research,—a monument also to the fact that even at the dawn of the twentieth century literature and science still hold the place of honor in the home of the priest." Archbishop Goethals

expended all his personal patrimony on the upbuilding of his diocese and in largess to the poor, who hold his memory in benediction.

It would seem that the worst enemies of the Church in Italy generally seek to be reconciled with her when they come to die; and it sometimes happens that they are buried with as much honor, seemingly, as if they had been champions of the Faith. A reliable Roman correspondent states that Crispi, who was responsible for so much of the evil that has befallen the Holy See and religion in Italy, really "died a Christian death." Catholics in this country are often heard to express wonder at such events, being taught that the sincerity of such as put off their conversion until there is no longer opportunity to offend is to be questioned; and, furthermore, that any one who should decline to receive the last Sacraments through fear of irreligious friends, or of what the world might say, would be unworthy of Christian burial. But allowance has to be made for Italian patriots. Their circumstances are peculiar, and the situation in Italy is hard to be understood by outsiders.

It is now certain that the effort to secure a revision of the English Oath of Accession has failed. The *London Weekly Register* brings the news that, "owing partly to the lateness of the session, and partly to the certain opposition it would encounter in the Commons, the measure will not be introduced into the Lower House this session, but will be quietly abandoned, and possibly not brought forward again by the present government." It is regrettable that a movement which started so well should in the end arrive nowhere. Lord Salisbury himself has described the Oath as "a stain on the Statute-Book," and every public

man of weight has condemned it in terms as unmistakable. This and the better instruction of the English people on Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin are the net results of a prolonged and very lively discussion.

We rejoice to note that it has become a very general policy of our bishops to administer the pledge of total abstinence to children on the day of Confirmation. At the general convention of the C. T. A. U. of America, Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, said: "On my elevation to the episcopate I resolved that one of my chief aims should be the planting of the seeds of temperance, especially in the hearts of the rising generation; and, as announced last year, in this small diocese, numbering only 70,000 souls, I have during the past six years administered the total abstinence pledge to over 12,000 children." These figures show to what an extent the control of the drink evil rests with the bishops and priests of the country. If the children can be organized into cadet societies, to be graduated later into the C. T. A. U., it will be only a question of time till the reproach and the sin of drunkenness will be unknown among our people.

The Rev. Mr. Kent contributes to the Bulletin of the Department of Labor a report on Co-operative Communities in these United States, which report contains somewhat interesting information as to the outcome of the Communistic and Socialistic ventures of Americans during the past century and a half. Generally speaking, such ventures have resulted in failure and collapse. Those communities which have survived more than a decade have been forced to modify their original constitution in order to escape a similar fate. The history of America, as of other countries

of the world, teaches clearly enough that the only communism practicable and stable is that evidenced in the religious Orders and congregations of the Catholic Church. Every such Order or congregation is, on the face of it, a co-operative community; and the growth and development of these bodies furnish the most striking attainable evidence that the Utopia for which so many visionaries sigh is close at hand,—under their very eyes, would they only deign to look upon it. The religion of Jesus Christ, and the perfection of His Gospel as contained in the counsels of voluntary poverty, chastity, and obedience, is the sole cement capable of preserving co-operative associations from more or less speedy disintegration. And to our religious congregations, in a far fuller measure than to these non-Catholic communities, is applicable Mr. Kent's assertion "that a feature common to all communities, whether successful or unsuccessful, is their freedom from dissipation and crime. The men and women who compose them are, with few exceptions, high-minded and honorable, however visionary."

The *Chicago Chronicle* thinks that sneers at the people of the Philippines as a mass of semi-savages, etc., are no longer in good taste, even for administration organs, in view of the fact that Judge Taft, in delivering his decision in regard to the official language of the courts in the islands, declares that there is an entire "educated class" of the people, which is all that can be said of any people. This is a striking admission, and it is of the highest importance that it should be recorded among the official documents of the United States. Only those who are themselves ignorant will hereafter descant on the universal illiteracy of the Filipinos.

Notable New Books.

A Day in the Cloister. By Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. B. Herder.

It is told of St. Ambrose by his contemporaries that when he went to preach in any town mothers would not allow their daughters to be present at his sermon, fearing that they might be persuaded to embrace the religious state. We feel certain that if this charming description of life in a modern monastery were to have as many readers as it deserves, a multitude of them whose duty lies in the world would wish to enter the cloister, where, as St. Bernard says, life is happier and death more peaceful. But it is chiefly for the pleasure and profit of persons living in the world that Dom Camm has prepared this delightful volume; and he reminds his readers that, "after all, the monastic life is but a restoration of the ideal Christian life; the religious community is, before all else, a model for the Christian family—nay more, for the Christian state. The monastery is a humble copy of the Holy House of Nazareth, and in it we see family life raised to its highest and noblest expression."

Not to speak of those outside the Church, many Catholics have wrong ideas about the religious life. They feel the curiosity of the generality of people regarding the cloister, and its charm attracts them as it does even the worldling; but, like the worldling, their notions of monasteries, unconscious to themselves, are mostly obtained from novelists, so many of whom present pictures as false to the religious life as they are frequent. Thinking it a pity that such caricatures should be left without correction, the present writer seeks to gratify the innocent curiosity of outsiders, by describing the daily routine of a Benedictine abbey of the nineteenth century. The concluding paragraphs of this volume will give the reader some idea of its spirit and charm.

It is related of the holy Emperor Henry II. that, being once on a visit to the Abbey of Cluny, he was so struck with the pious life of the monks that he threw himself at the feet of St. Odilo and begged to be received into the community. The holy Abbot at last said that he would accede to the entreaties of the Emperor; and, having assembled the convent, he gave the holy habit to the imperial postulant. Then, in virtue of the obedience he had promised, he imposed upon his new son, as his first obligation, the command to take again the royal sceptre and to continue to govern his realm to the glory of God.

Now that the guide has brought our visitors back once more to the cloister door, this beautiful old story of the Emperor Henry inspires him with the earnest wish that God may lend to his poor words, flowing as they do from

the superabundance of his own happiness, power and efficacy to bring about a like change in the hearts of his guests. And then, like St. Odilo, he would beg them to continue to be in the world outside, sympathizing and affectionate friends of our house, true sons and daughters of our holy Father St. Benedict. May they be penetrated with his spirit; may they rule their household and their family under his protection, and be ever defenders of the faith, upholders of morality and justice, and zealous combatants for the liberty of the Holy Church! May God be glorified in them and in all things!

It should be said further that "A Day in the Cloister" is excellently published. The large, clear type and fair paper, together with the quaint head and tail pieces, render it a delight to the eye. Not for many a day have we reviewed a book more pleasing in every particular.

Beyond these Voices. A Novel. By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

This is a two-part novel. The first and longer part, styled "A Modern Pagan," clearly justifies its title; but scarcely so much can be said of part two, "A Voice Cried from the Summit." Individual readers will probably differ as to the identity of the voice in question and as to the particular message it delivers. Mrs. Eastwick's story is not without considerable merit; yet one could wish it to be somewhat more cheerful in its tenor and more satisfactory in its unravelling. That it is unhackneyed in its incidents and affords opportunity for the delineation of two or three strong and lovable characters—Catholic characters—is, perhaps, a sufficient recommendation to ensure its perusal by that conscientious portion of our reading public which believes in encouraging all Catholic literature; but "Beyond these Voices" is not a book that one is apt to place among the volumes one honors with a second reading.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. By the Rev. Bernard Feeney. B. Herder.

The sub-title more accurately describes the contents of this book than does the title. Father Feeney has given us not indeed a rhetorical treatise, but a series of essays on points which touch very closely the wants of preachers, but which, for obvious reasons, are not treated in the college text-books. In portions of the work the author does indeed descend for a few moments to the undergraduate level and discusses elementary questions; but usually he presupposes a mastery of some such treatise as Adam Sherman Hill's "Principles" or Prof. Genung's admirable treatise on Rhetoric. Portions, at least, of these text-books every earnest young priest ought to review regularly; then, with Father Feeney's

manual to assist him in applying the general theory and to supply the points special to sermon-writing, he will have secured all the help that instruction can give him.

This volume grows on the reader as he progresses through it. Evidently Father Feeney has not only analyzed the sermons of the most famous preachers, but he has had an observant eye on the man who only "says a few words." His strictures on the bulk of modern sermons are many and frank, but kindly always. He never screeches and therefore he will be heard. A friend or parishioner wishing to make a suitable present to a seminarian or a young priest would do well to send him—if he can do so without seeming to convey an insinuation—a copy of this book. The donor need not say that he has read this review.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. By Cyril Creed. Longmans, Green & Co.

This novel has the merit of timeliness, its theme being the progress of a Ritualistic vicar through the customary vicissitudes of High Churchism into the peace and security of the True Church. The vicar, Mr. Goring, is an amiable rather than a strong man, though he becomes more interesting as the story nears completion. The early chapters are decidedly hard reading; but the movement is less clogged, the narration simpler and the figures much more distinct toward the end. It is only then, too, that one discovers that the story is the work of a Catholic writer, some of whose pages are strong and thoughtful. Briefly, this book may be described as a moderately successful novel, with a wholesome flavor and a religious theme.

The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

Father MacLaughlin is known over the whole English-speaking world by his valuable work on the besetting heresy of the day, "Indifferentism; or, Is One Religion as Good as Another?" Having shown in that work that the answer to this question is a clear and emphatic No, Father MacLaughlin now undertakes to prove that Christ had a definite plan for His Church, easily discernible in Holy Scripture; and that that plan is now realized in the Catholic Church and not elsewhere. The body of argument is too large to be even summarized here, but we may say that it is the old arguments more tactfully presented and more persuasively reinforced. The book throughout shows signs of being written with an eye to the Anglican body; indeed, it was written because the author believed that a study of the words of

Christ places the identity of His Church beyond dispute, and will do more to enlighten honest men than lengthy discussions regarding the validity of Orders. Obviously, this is true; and, obviously, too, the method is as fatal to all other sectarians. We have only unqualified approval for the manner in which the work is done, and we hope Father MacLaughlin's new book will be read as widely as its predecessor.

The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. By Saint Teresa. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. John Dalton. Thomas Baker.

The spiritual writings not less than the life of St. Teresa are so well known to devout souls that the mere announcement of this volume is recommendation enough. But a word must be said for the translation, which seems worthy of special praise. Certainly it is a smooth and readable one, with a touch of distinction in the style that makes it all the more suitable to convey the spiritual direction of Teresa of Jesus.

In addition to the two works enumerated in the title, this volume also contains in appendices sixty-nine aphorisms of the Saint, besides an interesting dissertation by Father Dalton on her writings, and a few fragmentary "Relations," from her own pen, of the spiritual favors enjoyed by her. It is a neat as well as a goodly volume, relishable and profitable to salvation.

The Story of Rome. By Norwood Young. J. M. Dent & Co.; the Macmillan Co.

Skilfully printed, tastefully bound, exquisitely illustrated, provided with valuable maps and a complete index, it would be a pleasure to recommend this dainty volume of the Mediaeval Towns series were it not for the many ignorant and bigoted statements made by its author. For instance: "From that time [1292] Jubilees and indulgences became the chief features in Papal policy.... Originally to be earned only by personal attendance in Rome, indulgences were extended to all who visited certain specified churches in other countries, until the pilgrimage came to hold a secondary position to the payment of money." Again, among "the explicit instructions" left to his disciples by St. Ignatius Loyola, Mr. Young cites this most monstrous doctrine: "A sin, whether venial or mortal, must be committed if it is commanded by the superior." And we are informed that the Jesuits built their whole system of education upon the virtue of obedience, and the theory that the end justifies the means! It need not be said that these are entirely

gratuitous assertions. There is next to nothing in the way of evidence to justify the imputation of mercenary motives to the Popes in connection with Jubilees. Even so unfriendly a witness as H. C. Lea ("History of Confession") expresses the belief that the proceeds of seven Jubilees were "much less than the expenses." Dr. Moore, the Scotch Presbyterian, writing of the Jubilee of 1775, says that ninety-nine in a hundred of those who flocked to Rome were supported by alms during their journey. Of the first institution of the great Indulgence under Boniface VIII., Father Thurston writes: "If any motive is to be sought for the Pope's action besides a spiritual one, it is to be found rather in the political circumstances of the times than in any hope of pecuniary profit." ("The Holy Year of Jubilee.")

It will be sufficient refutation of the other assertion which we have quoted to say that it is the common teaching of Catholic theologians that under no circumstances whatever may a ruler command a subject to commit the slightest sin. The doctrine of the Church concerning sin, so admirably stated by Cardinal Newman, is this: "She holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions that are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin,—should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse."

It is hard to have patience with so reckless a writer as Mr. Young. Protestant hatred of the Popes ought to have some limit. Granting that Alexander VI. and a few others were monsters of avarice, etc., has our author never heard of the large-heartedness of many Popes like Gregory XVI.; of the disinterestedness of Clement XIV., who counselled a wealthy man to leave his money to needy relatives rather than to the Church; of the charity of Pius IX., who many a time emptied his treasury on behalf of the distressed? But we must not do Mr. Young any injustice: his prejudices do not always get the better of his judgment. Referring to the reputed epidemic of poisoning by Alexander VI., he says:

In the fifteenth century medical knowledge had not advanced far. Little was known of drugs. The physicians had small skill in diagnosing the cause of death, and an autopsy was seldom attempted. That certain substances, crude poisons, would cause death if swallowed, was recognized; but the opinion of a medical attendant of that age, who had not seen poison administered, as to the cause of death, can carry no weight to the modern mind....

No doubt poison was sometimes used effectively by the princes of that time, and Alexander VI. would not hesitate to avail himself of its powers. But the extent of his operations must have been exceedingly limited. His own death was caused by supping, on a hot summer evening, in the garden of the Cardinal Adrian, in the Borgo Nuovo. The Cardinal, the Pope and Cesare, who was also present, were all attacked by fever. The aged Pontiff died; the younger men recovered. Voltaire anticipated modern opinion when he said that it was the illness of Cesare and the unscrupulous character of Alexander which gave a ready acceptance to the inventions of the enemies of the Borgia family.

It is only fair to state that "The Story of Rome" contains a vast amount of archaeological and miscellaneous information, industriously gathered and admirably condensed.

Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way.

By Michael of Coutances. Translated by Kenelm Digby Best. Gill & Son; Benziger Brothers.

The work of which this treatise is a part is entitled "*Liber Exercitiorum Spiritualium Triplicis Vitæ*." Its author, a prior of the Grand Chartreuse, was elected forty-fifth General of the Carthusian Order in 1594. When his fellow-religious chose him for this high honor they deemed it necessary to admonish him in Chapter "to refrain from the too many vigils, austerities and prolonged prayer in the church wherewith he macerates and reduces himself; and to have a care of himself, so that he may the more easily sustain the charge of the whole Order." Annalists of the Order tell us of his meekness and the sweetness that was united with austerity in his character.

These Meditations undoubtedly reveal a soul set in a high plain of sanctity, and remarkably skilled in leading other souls upward. The plan of the work is most original, being very similar to that employed in the most modern text-books of secular sciences. A meditation on the love of God, for instance, is followed by a set of exercises on it. Nothing could be more practical in method or more easily understood, though the subject-matter is often difficult. While the fulness and finish of the work leave nothing to be desired, the affections as well as the understanding are called into play constantly. As the title would show, these exercises are not intended for beginners in the spiritual life, but for those who have already gone through the cleansing experiences of the Purgative Way. They are not suited for community meditations in which the points are read aloud in common. The volume will have to overcome some prejudices arising out of the eccentric printing and binding; but souls travelling on the Illuminative Way will not be daunted by such considerations as these.



The Grumbler.

MARIA was a "cranky" child:
She often wept but seldom smiled;
She could not bear to go to school;
She never learned by heart a rule,
Or spelled a single word aright.
To grumble thus was her delight:

"I wish it was vacation time,
Then I could run about and climb
The cherry-trees, and all the day
Do nothing but stay out and play!
I hate to study or to write
When the sun shines so warm and bright."

Vacation came; on pleasure bent,
The family to the sea-shore went.
But poor Maria prospered not,—
She could not find a shady spot;
The sand too soft, the sun too hot.

Alas for this poor foolish child!
She almost drove her people wild.
When last I heard Maria speak,
A tear was rolling down her cheek,
While piteously she cried: "Aunt Pen,
I *wish* school would begin again!"

What Turned the Scale.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THE Meriton Brothers' wholesale and retail millinery store was the largest in Philipson. That is not saying a great deal, perhaps; for the town numbered only twenty-five thousand souls. But it was inhabited for the most part by people of wealth, and the store of "Meriton Brothers" would have done credit to a larger place. The proprietors were known for their probity and their unceasing endeavors to oblige customers, as well as for their uniform kindness to those who worked for them.

To be a clerk at Meritons' was to ensure lifelong employment, if one gave satisfaction and wished to remain with them. Therefore, vacancies were eagerly "snapped up," as old Silas Blinn, the porter, was wont to say. He had been thirty years with the Meritons and really considered himself a member of the firm. It was the custom—time-honored and to be commended—whenever a vacancy occurred to promote a cash-boy who had been for two years employed in the store.

One evening Mr. Charles Meriton and his brother were seated in the office conversing. The inner doors of the store were closed; the clerks had departed, and only Silas, pattering about with his broom, remained to lock up for the night when his employers should have taken their leave. At length he began to think that they were overstaying their time. Putting his gray head through the sliding window commanding a view of the long store, he said, with the familiarity of an old servitor:

"It's pretty near dark, Mr. Charles."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meriton. "We shall be going presently. Silas, we've just been discussing a neat little question."

"Yes, sir. Something about business, I take it. Hope nothing is wrong?"

"No, no," interposed Mr. William Meriton. "We can hardly decide between two. Silas has more opportunity than any one, perhaps, of judging which [is the more deserving," he added, turning to his brother. "We usually see them both on their best behavior."

Silas chuckled. He was both quick and shrewd.

"Probably you were talking about Phil and Ben," said the old man. "I

understand Miss Baker is leaving the 1st of September."

"Yes, that is what we were talking about," said Mr. Charles; "and we can't decide which of the lads to put in her place. Phil is the slower and the quieter boy, but he is very reliable."

"Ben is reliable too," replied Silas, slowly. "He's smarter than Phil, in a way, and in another he isn't. They're both pretty good boys."

"Ben makes a fine appearance," said Mr. William. "There is something very spruce-looking about him."

"Yes," answered Silas, stroking his stubby chin,—“well, yes, Phil is a little awkward-looking, but he's really the neatest of the two. But Ben's the quickest,—Ben's the quickest."

"Well, we'll think about it," said Mr. Charles, rising to his feet. "There's time enough to decide yet."

"That's so, sir," rejoined Silas. "It's kind of hard to choose between them two boys. They both came on the same day, and they're a right deserving pair." So saying he bustled about his duties.

A fortnight passed, and it was the beginning of the last week in August. Miss Baker was to go on the following Saturday night; and while each of the boys hoped that he might have the promotion, not a word had been said to either. There was also considerable speculation among the clerks as to which of the two would be chosen. Both stood well in the opinion of their fellow-employees, yet it must be acknowledged that several of them had a slight leaning in favor of Ben. Phil Ryan was an Irish boy and a Catholic—the only one at Meritons'. This fact caused a slight—only a very slight—prejudice. "Paddys" were not much in favor in the town of Philipson.

On this particular day the Meritons were as far from a decision as they had been two weeks before. It was

early, business not yet in full swing, and the two cash-boys were seated on a bench underneath the sliding window.

"I wonder which of us will get put up, Phil?" whispered Ben,—for there was little else in the hearts of both these anxious days.

"I don't know," sighed Phil. "Most likely you; you're much quicker than I am. And you go to *their* church," indicating his employers by a backward inclination of the head.

Ben's spirits rose. He thought it likely that Phil's prediction would prove true. He had been in Mr. Charles Meriton's Sunday-school class. His two younger brothers were there still.

"If I'm promoted, I'm going to try to get Dave in my place," he said, in a very hopeful tone. His brother Dave was next to him in age.

Phil made no reply. His plans had been quite different. If the good fortune should fall to Ben, he had resolved to ask if his own young brother Terence might not be allowed to take the vacant position; but if, as he scarcely hoped, he should be chosen to fill Miss Baker's place, he had determined not to say a word about Terence, but to suggest to Ben that he speak for his brother Dave. He was wondering if Ben's attitude were not a little selfish, his eyes cast downward reflectively, when a quick, short laugh, followed by an exclamation, aroused him from his reverie.

"Whew!" said Ben. "If that isn't a comical-looking party just coming in the door! Wonder if she's escaped from a lunatic asylum?"

Phil looked and started up. With a few long, quick strides he was standing beside the old woman who had been the occasion of Ben's mirth. Her neat black gown was almost ludicrously short; across her shoulders she wore a gray plaid shawl, thin and worn with

many washings; on her head was a ruffled cap, and over that a black bombazine bonnet of an ancient and long-departed fashion. In one hand she carried a stick, from the other arm depended a bright silk patchwork bag.

The poor old woman was looking confusedly around when Phil reached her, in the midst of an ill-suppressed titter from the clerks in her vicinity.

"Oh, is it yourself, Phillie?" she cried, with glad surprise, as she looked into the crimson face of the boy.

"Yes, grannie," he answered. "How came you here?"

"I was goin' down to Ellen's to spend the day, and I got tired waitin' for Mary, who was comin' along with me. So I made my way out of the yard and along till I come to this; and then I got very confused altogether, and I thought I'd venture in and ask did any one know where Ellen Morrison lived. Sure I never dreamed 'twas here you were workin', Phillie darlin'. 'Tis a fine place, isn't it?"

"If you'll just wait a moment, grannie," said Phil, "I'll ask Mr. Meriton if I may run down with you to Aunt Ellen's. It isn't far."

"I'd like to sit down a bit, Phillie. I'm feelin' tired, dearie," she said.

"There's a bench yonder. Come and rest," said Phil.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and, with several pauses here and there when any bright or pleasing-looking object on the counters attracted her eye, made her way to the bench where the boys had been sitting.

Ben stood, open-mouthed, within speaking distance; and as the old woman sank, greatly fatigued, upon the seat, he grinned at Phil with an unmistakable clicking noise in his throat as of suppressed laughter. But Phil's eyes flashed him into immediate silence, and he retreated to an obscure corner

as he detected the glance of the elder Mr. Meriton fixed upon him in marked disapproval. All that had occurred had been seen by the brothers; both stood at the sliding window as "grannie" took her seat upon the bench.

"It's my great-grandmother, sir," said Phil, respectfully. "She's not long from Ireland, and can't find her way about the town. I thought perhaps you would let me off for fifteen minutes, when she's rested, to show her where she wants to go. She's eighty-five, sir."

"Certainly, certainly," answered Mr. Meriton, coming round to the front. "And I must shake hands with the good old lady!"

Whatever Mr. Charles did, so did Mr. William also; and presently both the proprietors, well into the seventies themselves, were standing beside the wrinkled old woman, who never forgot the honor done her to her dying day.

There was no smile of ridicule on any face as, still leaning on Phil, she passed down the aisle between the counters, bobbing her head with a kindly smile on either side. Nor was there any surprise in the establishment when on Saturday night the boy was bidden on Monday morning to step into the place made vacant by Miss Baker's departure. If he never suspected the reason of the preference, others did; and the number included his former companion Ben, who took the lesson to heart and profited by it; as he did, moreover, by the knowledge, when it came to him through Mr. Meriton, that Phil had asked and obtained his old position for Ben's brother Dave.

THE great painter Hogarth published a drawing illustrating the cruelty to which horses are subjected. One day a driver was whipping his poor animals when a passer-by called out: "Man, have you never seen Hogarth's picture?"

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

IX.—“HAVING IT OUT.”

When the two students were left alone there was an awkward pause. Claude felt instinctively that his position was a false one. Already he had more than half repented that he had come. He was now, he thought, in such a position that he could not withdraw. He sat silently twirling his seal-skin cap, not knowing how to begin.

“Well, Claude, what is it? There’s something wrong, I see,” said Russell.

“Yes, there is something wrong,” replied Claude, “and I want to find it out. I want to find out who ‘gave me away’ for copying. I strongly suspect you had a hand in it.”

Oh, if Harry Russell could only get over that awkward blushing! No more upright, honorable boy ever lived; but the compromising blushes *did* make him appear so guilty.

“I do not think there is any difficulty in that,” he answered. “You have merely to ask the president of Rockland. He will tell you, I suppose.”

“I need hardly go so far as that. One nearer home could say something, I believe, if he chose to speak.”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes, I do,”—sullenly.

“But do you not believe that whoever did it might have thought he was actuated by correct motives?”

“Correct motives! Humbug! Nice motives, getting a fellow publicly exposed, let alone losing the money!”

“But if one didn’t earn that money fairly?”

“Who says I didn’t earn it fairly? Did the professor who presided at the essay writing catch me? My offence, if any, is only penal, at most.”

“Even in that case, then, you must admit that you have no cause for complaint. You suffered the penalty.”

“I mean to get even with the fellow who told on me, though.”

“If that is so, it is unlike you.”

“Is it? What’s that to do with you? You know something about this affair.”

“I do.”

“Ah, I thought so!” hissed Grantley between his teeth.

Both had risen and were facing each other. Russell was blushing still, though he looked frankly and fearlessly into the other’s eyes. Grantley, for the moment, seemed blinded by passion.

“Sneak!” he hissed.

“Prove it,” replied Russell.

“Coward!”

“Prove it.”

“You are guilty of a dishonorable act,” inconsistently charged Grantley; but, then, passion is rarely consistent.

“Oh! Indeed! Prove it.”

“I wouldn’t take the trouble to prove it to such as you,” said Claude, picking up his cap and about to leave the cottage.

Russell stepped forward between him and the door.

“Excuse me, Claude! I know you are excited. Perhaps you do not mean all you say, but I can not let this pass. You must prove your accusation to be true, or if you can not do that—and you can not—you must listen to me for a short time. I am sure you will acknowledge that I acted right when you hear me, and that I am still worthy of your friendship, which I really and truly value.”

As has been said, Grantley was of a really generous nature. As in the case of all generous natures, his anger subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen. Instinctively he felt that Russell was in the right, but how at present he could not see. His own innate sense of justice

began to reassert itself. Suddenly there came to him the conviction of the falseness of his position. Yet the sting of the mortification he had received at the distribution remained. Between these two contending ideas the angry flash died out of his eyes. Russell saw the change gladly. He spoke again.

"Let me tell you, Claude, what I know. Then perhaps you will see my part in this affair in a different light."

The two sat down again, Harry politely offering a chair to the other.

"In the first place," Russell continued, "for my own and my mother's and my sister's sake I was anxious to obtain the honor of winning that prize. I saw you—don't be angry!—I saw you deliberately using Rule's *Life of St. Anselm* during the competing for the prize. For a long time I deliberated whether I should tell on you. We had been close friends so far in our college course. That friendship, I believe, was founded on mutual esteem. By reporting you I felt that this friendship would be irrevocably sundered. But in justice to myself I resolved to do so and take the consequences. It was a great struggle. Again and again I changed my mind. Finally I concluded that I would sacrifice the honor that would accrue to me to the strength of our friendship. So you see that what the president said was not said upon information from me. I was deeply sorry that he spoke publicly. No one sympathized with you more truly last Saturday than I did. Do you believe this, Claude?"

"I do,—indeed I do," said Grantley.

"I am glad of that, for it makes the second part of my story easier to tell. It is this. Look around this room, Claude, and see its poverty—I may almost say its squalidness. (It would be squalid were it not for mother's touch.) For reasons I can not explain to you, my father's income is little or

nothing. I wanted that twenty-five dollars badly. You may realize what a sacrifice I made in not reporting you. This amount of money to you is of little importance: to me it means a great deal. What was I to do? I examined myself closely once more. Again I decided that I was justified in reporting you—and I was sure I was second. Yet friendship for you once again prevailed. I could not tell on a friend."

"But," said Claude Grantley, now very much softened and with suspiciously misty eyes, "you say that you did not tell on me. Who did, then?"

"I am not at liberty to say. Two others beside myself saw you copying."

"Who were they?"

"I will not say."

"Why?"

"Because whichever of the two gave in the report acted, I am quite sure, as he thought he should do."

"You won't tell me?"

"No. But, as I said before, I was deeply grieved for your disgrace, which I could not prevent. Do you believe in my motives now?"

Russell, with outstretched hand, waited for the reply. He saw Grantley's face twitching with emotion. Half afraid that he was getting angry again, Harry was quite unprepared for what followed. This is what Grantley said:

"Say, Hal, I'm a brute. I didn't know things were as bad as this. I ought to be kicked."

The speech, though school-boyish, was undoubtedly genuine.

"Then, Claude, you do not think I was a sneak?"

"No, indeed I do not. I think you have done nobly; but it was all hard on me, wasn't it?"

"Yes, undoubtedly. 'The way of the transgressor'—you know the quotation. Nor a coward?"

"Look here, Hal, if you ever hear me say that word again, I give you leave to kick me as hard and as often as you like. If anybody says it about you in my hearing, I'll kick him. Shake! All right, old fellow! You are more of a man than I am, anyway."

Mrs. Russell and Grace re-entered the room just as the two were shaking hands. Mrs. Russell saw by the marks of emotion on both faces that something of importance had taken place between the two boys, but she could not divine its nature.

"Are you going so soon, Claude?"

"Yes, Mrs. Russell, I must go now. I heartily congratulate you, and Grace too, on Harry's success. He deserves every dollar of the prize-money. I wish it had been a hundred!"

There was a gratified look in Harry Russell's face as he again shook hands with his reconciled friend. Praise of a son, too, is doubly valuable to a fond mother. Claude was rewarded by seeing the delicate flush of pride mantle the careworn face of Mrs. Russell. Grace's large eyes fairly snapped with delight that there should be found another worshiper of her hero.

The rest of the day was a busy one for Claude. Now he could go to the parish church and make his Christmas confession with some degree of comfort. Ever since the distribution day, owing to the feelings of anger and spite he had indulged in, this confession had loomed up as something to be dreaded. Now everything was smooth sailing.

Late that evening Harry Stanley Russell was very much surprised to receive a note by a messenger boy, from Claude Grantley, cordially inviting Mr. and Mrs. Russell, with Grace and Harry and Clarence, to the Christmas dinner at the Grantley house. Mrs. Russell declined; Mr. Russell was absorbed in

completing some new invention which was going to revolutionize the world: he had no time for Christmas dinners.

And poor Clarence! It was too bad. The family council decided that his shoes and his oft-mended trousers and his torn coat were not in a condition to render him presentable. It was too bad that the little fellow had to stay at home.

On Christmas morning, after the High Mass, the Stanleys' sleigh called for Harry and Grace. This was the first time Ethel saw Grace. The girls soon became as fast friends as were now their brothers.

That night after their young guests had departed—not without a tremendous bag of "goodies" for Clarence,—Claude said to his sister:

"Say, Ethel, do you believe the brother of your newly-found friend could do anything that wasn't fair?"

"I—don't—know. I know that Grace is the loveliest character I ever saw. The brother of such a girl can not be very bad."

Then, by way of self-imposed penance, Claude told his sister all he had said to Harry the day before. During the recital it was Ethel and not Claude who choked up two or three times.

"Well," said this loving little girl, reflectively, "I am glad I did not see Harry Russell before Christmas, because I know I should have said something disagreeable, and then I should never have found a friend in his sister."

"But I know a little girl who said: 'I don't believe he won the prize fairly.' Do you think there was anything unfair about it, after all?"

"No," said Ethel, judicially. "Boys who act as you and Harry Russell have done can not be called unfair."

For this wise judgment Claude administered a sounding kiss on Ethel's cheek as she bade him "Good-night!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new volume of verse by Mrs. Meynell is announced. It will be issued simultaneously in England and this country by Mr. John Lane.

—A "Life of St. Lydwine of Schiedam" is the latest production of the pen of J. K. Huysman, the French author whose conversion was a seven months' wonder a few years ago. He has since been living in seclusion near a Benedictine monastery at Ligugé.

—Charles Warren Stoddard has written a sketch of Father Damien, "The Martyr of Molokai," for the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. Mr. Stoddard knew the apostle of the Hawaiian lepers intimately, and was the first to describe his life and labors at the now famous lazaretto. It need not be said that this fresh tribute to Father Damien is charmingly written, and we are glad to say that it is also well published.

—It is ill news that the Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., has been compelled by the condition of his health to resign the direction of the Seminary at Brighton, Mass., and to return to France to recuperate. Dr. Hogan is one of the most learned ecclesiastics in America, a writer whose work frequently recalls the fine touch of Cardinal Newman. His departure from this country—temporary, we hope—is a distinct loss.

—The editor of one of the leading literary journals in England is evidently of opinion that second-rate novels do not call for extended notices; but, no matter how brief his reviews may be, one is never at a loss to know what is to be thought of the books under consideration. Of two recent productions it is said:

An instinctive antipathy to cats is a not uncommon phenomenon, of which various explanations have been offered. Altogether rarer and more unaccountable is a constitutional aversion to clergymen, which, together with gigantic stature and a taste for painting and sculpture, characterizes the hero....

The scene of this story—if story it may be called—is laid in Scotland, but we find nothing characteristically Scotch about it except *shall* for *will*. For the rest, etc.

—Louise Betts Edwards contributes to the current *Critic* a suggestive paper on "The Literary Cult of the Child," and takes occasion to prick the bubble of ephemeral fame that floats above the little Lord, Fauntleroy and Sentimental Tommies of recent years. There is a good deal of discrimination evidenced in the distinction of the little lady who informed a public librarian who proffered what he considered to be a good book for children:

"It's a kind of a children's book, but it's now a *children's* children's book." The children's children's books are decidedly difficult writing, and are very much rarer than is generally supposed to be the case.

—At the age when they usually leave the parish school, more than at any other, boys have need of a wise counsellor; and a good book suited to their needs may, if placed in their hands at the right moment, change the whole aspect of their lives. Father Guibert, a Sulpician, favorably known as the author of "In the Beginning," has essayed to supply such a work in his new volume, "On the Threshold of Life." It is wise and moderate, as well as lofty of purpose, and will please by its "sweet reasonableness" while it helps and edifies with its good counsel. Christian Press Association.

—A correspondent of the *Ratcliffian*, who has been revelling in the mellow pages of mediæval manuscripts in the British Museum Library, contributes this scrap of religious folk-lore,—one of many devotional pieces which were familiar to the ears of young and old, in mansion and cottage, when England was Catholic:

Vpon my Ryght syde I me leye
blessid lady to the I pray
for the teres that ye lete
vpon yowr swete sonnys feete
Sende me grace for to slepe
& good dremys for to mete
Slepyng wakyng til morowe daye bee
Owre lorde is the frwte oure lady is the tree
Blessid be the blossom that sprange lady of the
In no'i'e patris & filij & sp's s'e'i amen.

—Our teachers would do well to examine a number of new school-books which have been sent to us for review. Our notices of text-books are purposely brief and generally uncritical, because we hold that practical teachers are the best judges of such works. Mr. J. J. Burns, M. A., Ph. D., in "How to Teach Reading and Composition" (The American Book Co.), points out defects and suggests what seem to be remedies in this branch of educational work. The book is intended for primary teachers and has a few attractive illustrations. A new Spanish grammar by Samuel Garner, recently professor of modern languages in the U. S. Naval Academy (same publishers), has at least simplicity and clearness to recommend it. It affords all the essentials of syntax without entering into theoretical or abstruse questions. Another useful publication of the American Book Co. is an edition of "El Capitan Veneno," by D.

Pedro A. de Alarcón, of the Spanish Academy, edited for American students by George Griffin Brownell, professor of Romance languages in the University of Alabama. This is the first of a series of similar Spanish readings which will represent the most popular of Spanish writers. Teachers in primary grades who hold that some knowledge of the body and the laws of its health should be imparted during the first three years of school life will welcome still another publication of the American Book Co.—“Oral Lesson Book in Hygiene.” The illustrations of this work are very attractive, more so than the text—to us. The Fourth Reading Book in the Columbus Series, published by Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, is the only issue of this series that we have seen. Paper, printing, illustrations and binding are all that could be desired; but we must be allowed to say that in text-books prepared for Catholic schools Catholic writers should have special prominence. In this Fourth Reader there are at least seven selections from Longfellow, none from Aubrey de Vere. Names like Brownson, Faber, Stoddard, Spalding, etc., do not figure in the table of contents. Why should Catholic schools use the Columbus Series in preference to any other series?

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, net.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Cyril Creed.* \$1.50.

The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., net.

Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coutances.* 70 cts., net.

Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, net.

On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.

The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Dorck.* 75 cts., net.

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.

Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.

The Apostles' Creed. *Adolph Harnack.* 80 cts.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana Skinner.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. William Grutza, of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee; the Rev. Thomas Barry, Archdiocese of Philadelphia; the Rev. Bernard Flood, Diocese of Davenport; the Rev. Aloysius Lauer, O. S. F.; the Rev. M. D. Lilly, O. P.; the Rev. Patrick Carroll, C. M.; and the Rev. Anselm Leiter, S. J.

Sister M. Dominic, of the Order of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Dymphna, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. Felix Clinger, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. George Tischler, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Catherine Murphy, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. George Schimmele, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. John Sullivan, Iowa City, Iowa; Mrs. Annie Ruffing, St. Clair, Pa.; Mr. James Lenaghan, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Smith, Green Island, N. Y.; Mr. Frank Devery and Mr. Patrick Devery, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Julia Clark, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Patrick Tracy, Victory Mills, N. Y.; and Mr. Philip Powell, Canton, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: Samuel Dougherty, \$1; T. F. Murphy, \$3; P. M., 25 cts.; M. M. Person, \$1; A. J. McE., \$2.

For the Indian Missions:

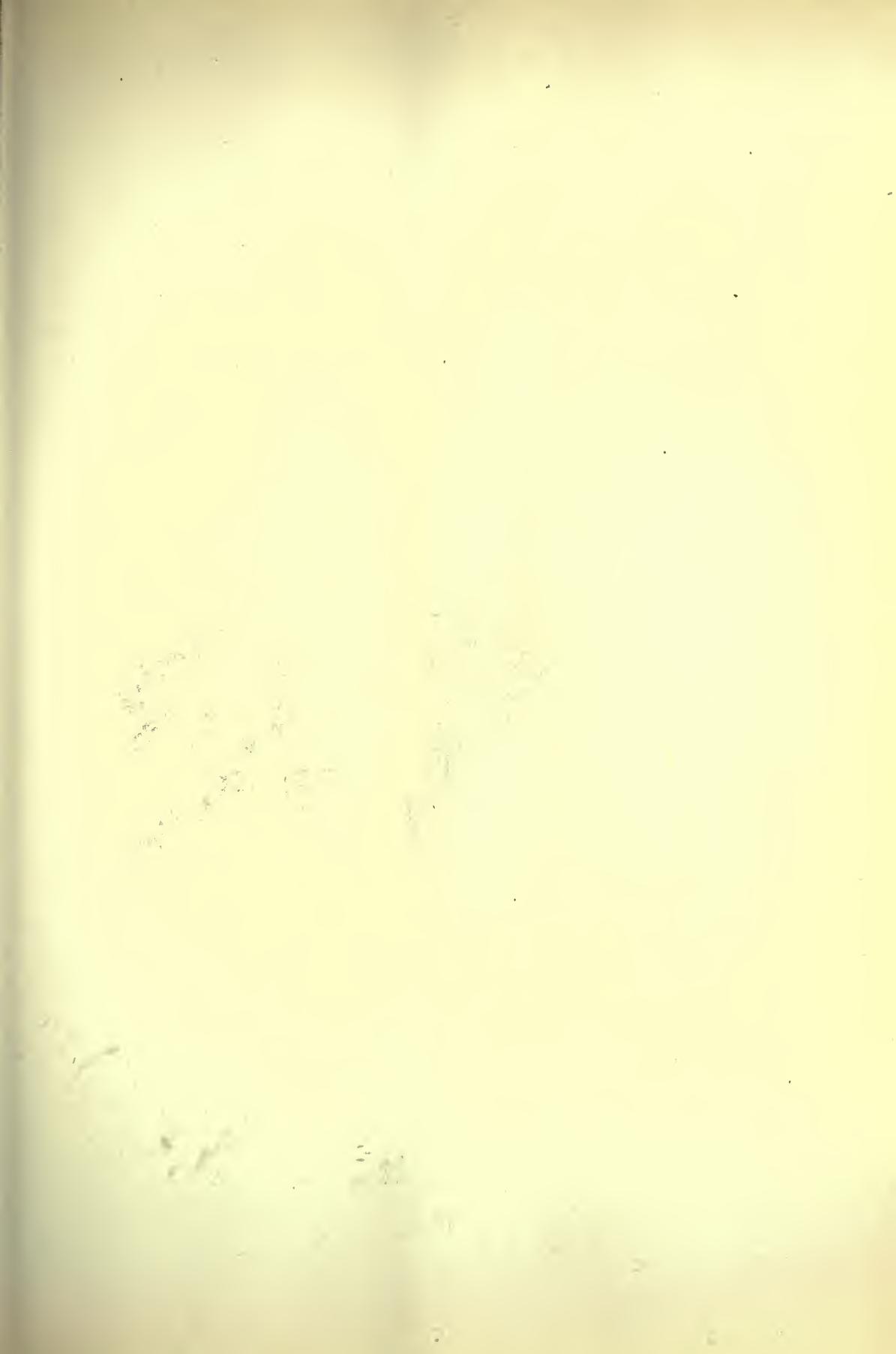
Mrs. Reide, \$1.

For the orphans of the famine in India:

A Friend, \$1; Mrs. H., \$3.

For the Propagation of the Faith:

M. M. D., \$1; A. J. McE., \$3.





REGINA ANGELORUM.
(W. BOUGUEREAU.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

NO. 10.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Te Lucis ante Terminum.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

THEE, God, before the close of light,
Thy clemency and care we pray,
That through the darkness of the night
Our hellish foes may scare away.

Hence evil dreams that torture sleep,
Hence fancies of voluptuous guile,
Our souls in deadening sloth to steep,
Our forms with visioned sins defile.

My suppliant voice, O Father, hear!
O Son, my wants, my wishes see!
O Paraclete, now grant the prayer
My heart adoring lifts to Thee!

The Birth of Mary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

DEARLY BELOVED," says St. Augustine, "we have to-day that longed-for feast of the blessed and ever-venerable Virgin Mary; therefore with the greatest joy let our earth rejoice, exalted by the birth of so great a Virgin. For this is the Flower of the field, from whence is sprung the precious Lily of the valley, and by whose birth the nature of our first parents is changed and their fault removed."

"To-day," cries out Holy Church, "is the birthday of Mary the Virgin, of the seed of Abraham, descended of the tribe of Juda, though most illustrious of the royal stock of David. To-day was she born whose beautiful life [with

its wealth of merit] enriches all the churches."

The child was called Mary: "And the Virgin's name was Mary." "Let us, my brethren," says St. Bernard, "consider one moment or two the meaning of this blessed name, which is interpreted 'Star of the Sea,' and is most fittingly adapted to the Virgin Mother. For think that as a star, without loss of any kind, sends forth its light, so did she bring forth her Child. And just as the ray of light does not lessen the brightness of the star, so neither did her Child diminish her virginal integrity.... Oh, whosoever thou art that in this quagmire of the world findest thyself amidst shoals and tempests rather than walking on firm ground, turn not away from the brightness of this Star! If gusts of temptation rise up against thee, if thou strikest against rocks of tribulation, look on the Star—call upon Mary... If overwhelmed with the hideousness of sin, if confused with the filth of your own iniquity, if terrified by the threats of the Judge, thou shouldst begin to be drawn into the whirlpool of sadness and the abyss of despair, look upon Mary."

If it were permitted me, I should like, for the honor of Mary, to tell about a young man who was studying for the priesthood. When the last moment of his college life came he feared to take the irrevocable step of receiving Holy Orders. He had, in the ordinary course of things, at the end of the term to

leave the college. He was in great agony of mind. For months before he left the college, every night, while others were asleep, he was thinking, reflecting, weeping. He went out into the world. His agony of mind followed him, and life was like a living purgatory on the earth. He could willingly go on and become a priest, but he was afraid of the irrevocable step. If it were once taken, he never could retrace it: once a priest, "then a priest forever." Months of agony passed. One day, while he was walking the fields and saying "Hail Marys," a light shone visibly before his eyes. All his doubts were dispelled, all his fears were removed; and he saw his position, in that lightning flash of an instant, as clearly as—more clearly indeed than—he saw God's beautiful creation around him. He became a priest and was blessing God all his days.

Let us follow that priest to the altar. It is the Feast of the Nativity of Holy Mary,—one of those tender mornings that come upon us here in our northern latitude in mellow September, as if a dream of Eden broke upon us. Let us listen to that priest, full of love and gratitude to Holy Mary, end the opening words of the Introit:

Hail, Holy Mother, who, laboring with desire, didst bring forth the King that rulest heaven and earth forever and forever! A good word [well mightst thou say] has my heart brought forth. I speak my works to the King. Glory be to the Father.

How humbly and solemnly does he read the Collect! Bestow on Thy servants, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this gift of heavenly grace; that we, to whom the birth of the Virgin was the beginning of salvation, may, by this celebration of her Nativity, receive a blessed increase of peace. Through the same Christ, etc.

How gladly that priest will find the type of Holy Mary far away back in the

eternal years, foreshadowed by Wisdom, the most beautiful attribute of God!

Epistle from the Book of Proverbs: * The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning. I was set up from eternity and of old before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet and I was already conceived; neither had the fountains of waters as yet sprung out; the mountains with their huge bulk had not as yet been established; before the hills I was brought forth. He had not yet made the earth nor the rivers nor the poles of the world. When He prepared the heavens I was present; when with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths; when He established the sky above and poised the fountains of waters; when He compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits; when He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him forming all things; and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times; playing in the world, and my delights were to be with the children of men. Now, therefore, ye children, hear me: Blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates and waiteth at the posts of my doors. He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord.

Before we listen to the Gradual, let us think of these two words, "blessed" and "venerable"; let us apply them to Holy Mary; let us think of the unction that would be around these words in the mouth of a saint of God or of a very holy priest when using them of the Mother of God. Now, let us listen to our priest, whose heart is devoted to Holy Mary, while he reads:

* viii, 22-35.

Gradual: Blessed and venerable art thou, O Virgin Mary, who, without the least stain on thy modesty, wast found Mother of the Saviour! O Virgin Mother of God, He whom the whole earth can not contain was made flesh in thy sacred womb! Alleluia. Alleluia. Happy art thou, O sacred Virgin Mary, and most worthy of all praise; for from thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our God.

The Gospel read on the Feast of the Nativity is the Gospel that tells of the generation of Our Lord. These Gospels will at times lose some of their meaning to us, if we do not call to mind some circumstances that give them a special meaning. Now, on the 15th of August we had the death of Our Lady; here we have her birth. With these two facts, and beside them, let us place this fact from church history: that a certain heresy arose, which taught that Our Lord's flesh was not real flesh: that it was a mere phantom; that, therefore, He was not really *man*.

If you want to prove to others or to yourself that Christ our Lord was indeed man, how could you do it better than by saying that He was born of a human mother, and that she was born of parents in the ordinary way; and to show that she was really flesh and bone as we are, God willed that she should die; whereas, in the consistency of Catholic theology with regard to original sin, she ought not to have died? For by sin, death; then by no sin, no death; yet God wished her to die. And the strongest reason that I can offer to my own mind to explain the puzzle of death in her is, for fear that any one should have the slightest foundation for saying that Our Lord was not made flesh really and truly.

"Mere Protestants," says Cardinal Newman, "have seldom any real perception of the doctrine of God and man in the one person. They speak

in a dreamy, shadowy way of Christ's divinity. At times they are shocked—thinking it a mark both of reverence and good sense to be shocked—when they hear the man spoken of plainly and simply as God. Now, if you would bring out simply and beyond evasion the Catholic idea that God is man, could you do it better than by laying down St. John's words, that 'God became Man'? And could you declare this again more emphatically and unequivocally than by saying that He was born a man or that He had a mother? The world shrinks from confessing that God is the son of Mary; for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which violates and shatters its own unbelieving view of things."

We see, then, that the Church has many reasons for celebrating both the birth and death of our Blessed Lady. We do not know how many, and perhaps no single man, saint or theologian, knows all the reasons; but, focusing our attention on one—that of the true and real flesh of Our Lord,—we see how marvellously it is brought home to us by the repetition all through the Gospel of the word *genuit* (begot):

"Abraham genuit Isaac (begot Isaac); Isaac genuit Jacob (begot Jacob), and Jacob begot Judah and his brethren." Just as really and truly as Abraham was the father of Isaac, and Isaac the father of Jacob, and Jacob the father of Judah and the brethren; and as they were not phantoms but real and true flesh and real and true sons of their fathers, so was Christ real and true flesh and real and true son of Mary.

There is something very impressive in reading down this long list of patriarchs, some of whom were holy, others unholy, men. There is something alarming, too, in reading "Abraham begot Isaac," but not a word of Ishmael or the rest. Isaac begot Jacob, not a word of Esau.

Can we say, "Not written in the Book of Life"? That indeed does not conclusively follow,—at least not in all cases. But it suggests itself to our fears: that as they are not written in the Gospel, we had better take care—we who have now our opportunity—lest our names be not written in the Book of Life.

Gospel according to St. Matthew: * The Book [or name-roll] of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham. Abraham begot Isaac and Isaac begot Jacob.... And Eleazar begot Mathan; and Mathan begot Jacob; and Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.

"A new thing," cries out St. Bernard, "hath the Lord wrought on the earth! Go forth, daughters of Sion, and see the diadems with which [He who is to be] her son hath crowned her. On her head a crown of twelve stars; and worthy is that head to be crowned with stars, which, brighter than they, enlightens rather than is enlightened by them. And what have the stars crowned but her who is clothed by the sun? And as the days of spring, so do the flowers of roses and the lilies of the valley surround her. Who shall declare the value of those gems, who shall tell the names of those stars that form the diadem of Mary?"

"What, then, is it that beams starlike in Mary's genealogy? That she was descended from David? That she was of the seed of Abraham? That she was the noblest daughter of a kingly line? Aye, if that seems little, add that, by a special privilege of holiness, it was granted to that genealogy that long previously she should have been promised by Heaven to these same Fathers; that she should have been prefigured by the most sacred wonders and foretold by the most striking oracles.

For it was she that the priestly rod overshadowed when, without root, it blossomed; she that Gideon's fleece prefigured when, in the midst of the dry threshing-floor, it was wet with dew; she that Ezechiel beheld in the Eastern Gate which opened to no man."

Offertory: Hail, O Mary! full of grace art thou. The Lord is with thee, blessed among women, and blessed too [shall be] the Fruit of thy womb.

Secret: Of Thy sweet mercy, O Lord, and by the intercession of the Blessed Mary, who was ever a virgin, grant that this day's Oblation may be to us both present and everlasting prosperity and peace. Through Our Lord.

Communion: Blessed is the womb of Mary, that brought forth the Son of the Eternal Father.

Post-Communion: Having been made partakers, O Lord, of those heavenly helps to salvation, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be ever protected by the powerful care of the Blessed Mary ever-virgin, in whose honor we have offered these [holy gifts] to Thy majesty. Through Christ our Lord.

"I see," says St. Hilary, "the whole assembly of the saints filled with heavenly joy because they are called together by the holy and ever-virgin Mother of God; [and they cry out] Glory and praise be to thee, O Holy Trinity, because Thou hast called us all to this celebration! And praise to thee, O Mother of God, for thou art the one precious gem of the whole world; the inextinguishable lamp, the crown of virginity, the sceptre of orthodox faith.

"Through thee the Blessed Trinity is hallowed, the precious Cross is celebrated and adored throughout the earth. Through thee heaven exults, the angels and archangels rejoice; the demons all put to flight, and men are brought to paradise. Through thee the adorers of wood and stone, withdrawn

* i, 1-16.

from error, are led to truth, are made faithful by baptism and become members of the Church of God. By thee the nations are brought to repentance. What more? By thee has the Son of God, the true Light, enlightened them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. By thee did the Prophets foretell and the Apostles preach salvation to the nations. Who can enumerate the glories of thy praise, O Mary, Mother and Virgin? O beloved brethren, let us honor her; adoring her Son, to whom be honor and glory forever and ever! Amen."

— ♦ —
Eugénie Forrester.

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A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.
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I.

MY dear father always called me his little Jenny, although my real name is Eugénie,—a decidedly foreign appellation. The reason why I have a French name and an English rendering of it is very simple. My father was a native of Britain, my mother a French lady of good family. Thus I had the advantage of speaking both languages fluently and with their proper accent; though perhaps a watchful reader may detect in this story some expressions borrowed from our lively neighbors.

My mother died when I was ten years old, and it was my father who undertook my education. He was an old army officer and a clever man. He taught me many things that young girls seldom learn; he knew, besides, some German and a little drawing; and, being fond of music, had me taught the pianoforte.

Since my mother's death we heard nothing of my French relations; but in the year 1868, I being at that time fifteen years old and in rather delicate health, my father took occasion of some

business he had in London, to write to Madame de Cambrésis, my grandmother, announcing his intention of sending me for some weeks to France. My grandmother had never quite forgiven my father for being an Englishman. Time, however, softens bitter feelings, and her reply was all that could be desired. She was longing, she wrote, to embrace the child of her dear Eugénie, and would be glad to have me at her country-seat near Compiègne, where many of my uncles, aunts and cousins were spending their summer months.

So one beautiful afternoon in August my father took me over to Calais. The sky was cloudless, and the sea turned the waves lazily as if the heat was too great for any effort on its part. I enjoyed the crossing; but at Calais my dear father, after placing me in the train under the protection of an elderly lady, took an affectionate leave of me. I had never been separated from my father before, and tears were in my eyes when I found myself alone in the compartment. My thoughts were soon diverted, however, by the entrance of my fellow-travellers. What a confusion of tongues! The elderly lady, with innumerable parcels, took possession of the corner opposite me; then came a young German returning to his fatherland; and lastly two French gentlemen, evidently brothers, from the similarity of their size, features and clothing.

We started. The blinds were let down to keep out the burning sun; and, having nothing else to do, I took up my book, "The Last of the Mohicans," and was just reading about Cora and Alice hidden in the cavern, when, overcome by fatigue and heat, I fell asleep. In my dreams I followed Hawkeye into the depths of the cavern, when the war-whoop of the Indians sounded with such distinctness in my ear that I woke with a start. The two French brothers were having

a lively discussion with their German *vis-à-vis*, and in their excitement spoke so loudly and with such violent gestures that I stared aghast.

My face, no doubt, expressed surprise and alarm; for the Frenchmen burst into a laugh, but the German said kindly:

"Poor child! hast we frightened thee?"

I shook my head, too confused to answer, and tried to hide my blushes in my book.

"Yes," the German was saying in his broken French,— "yes, France has defeated Germany often, but Prussia not so often. We went last to Paris."

"Then we must have revenge!" cried the fat little men in one breath. "We will return the visit at Berlin."

"My heart's thanks for the politeness!" said the other, a tall man with keen grey eyes and martial bearing. "But we Germans could not allow such a thing. Our visiting-cards are ready; yours are not."

The Frenchmen smiled contemptuously.

"If you mean arms and munition," said the elder, "History must have taught you the wonders performed by our soldiers with very inadequate means. The courage of the French is irresistible: our people are the bravest in the world."

"What boasting!" exclaimed the other. "Wait till you see how a German can fight."

And he glanced at the fat little men disdainfully.

"You two can never have been soldiers," he said.

"And why not?" asked the younger Frenchman, reddening at the other's tone,— "why not? I was."

"Silence, Charles!" observed the elder. "A lie is never justified. Monsieur," he added, turning to his adversary, "you have guessed correctly: we have neither of us served France. My mother was a widow, and on that account I was exempted from the service. Ten years

later my brother was about to join. One night a cry of fire was raised. A little girl was in danger; my brother saved her from the flames, but fell and hurt his spine. He was ill for a long time and could not be a soldier. But my third brother served in the Mexican war and he never came back."

The Frenchman's voice trembled a little, and the German was silent.

"But," said Charles, standing up and raising his hand impressively, "we shall meet again. I shall be in the ranks of the next army that enters Berlin."

"Good gracious! what a smell of fire!" These words from the elderly lady changed the direction of our thoughts.

"What does she say?" asked the younger Frenchman.

"A fire," I explained.

The German put his head out of the window, but drew it back immediately.

"*Der Teufel!*" muttered he, "there is no time to be lost." And he threw open the window on my side, calling out: "Fire! fire!"

But "Fire!" he cried in vain. The wheel was on fire, and, fanned by the motion of the train, the flames gained ground rapidly.

One after another did the occupants of our unlucky carriage pull the alarm-bell and shout for help till they were hoarse; but in vain. The sound of their voices was covered by the noise of the train; and the bell, broken no doubt, remained unanswered. Our situation was most appalling. Hot puffs of smoke entered the carriage, and the sensation of heat was overpowering.

"Can't some one go to the guard?" asked the elderly lady.

The German quickly translated this into French.

"*Bêtises!*" said Charles, impatiently.

"Why so?" asked the Teuton.

"Who is to go?" queried Charles.

"You, of course," said the Prussian.

"Do you not belong to the bravest nation in Europe?"

The elder Frenchman looked at his brother. Charles bit his lip; he was stout, unwieldy, but the taunt made him desperate. He got up and took off his coat. But I was before him. The wordy warfare had sounded like a challenge to my girlish imagination. France the bravest nation in Europe? or Germany? No, no: it must be England. Without a word of warning, I swung myself out onto the footboard. I went at a steady pace, for I was strong and active. Suddenly the train swerved; I grasped convulsively at the hand-rail, unable to move another step. I did not even venture to look up when I heard a footstep. Then an arm was placed round me and my courage returned.

"Go to the guard!" I murmured.

"No, child," answered he; "there is the station."

II.

"Mademoiselle Eugénie Forrester?"

"That is my name."

"I am your cousin Jean."

The speaker was young—sixteen or seventeen perhaps,—slight and rather tall. It was the evening of the same day. Our carriage had been replaced at Amiens, and, with the exception of sundry shocked glances and admonitions, the latter half of my journey had gone off very fairly. Now we were at Paris, that focus of French railways. We had all alighted, but cousin Jean was staring into the carriage with a ludicrous expression of dismay.

"Is this your luggage?" he asked, pointing at the numerous "belongings" of the elderly lady.

"No, no!" I said, laughing. "I am not quite so rich." And I held up my hand-bag and umbrella.

The English lady coming up just then with a porter, Jean stepped aside.

"I expected one of my uncles to meet me," said I, as we stood waiting for my luggage.

"Yes: my father. The Emperor sent for him this morning; and, though this is not quite the conventional thing, he told me to come in his stead."

"Quite French that," said I.

Jean laughed.

"Ah, cousin! you have made me friends with your countrymen. I thought all the English had scanty flaxen or reddish hair, a turned-up nose and projecting teeth; but you, Eugénie,—you have a turned-up little nose, it is true, but lovely blue eyes and thick curly hair; and you speak French with such a tiny bit of an accent that I think it actually improves the language."

"Then you should be English too!" I retorted, a little vexed at all this blarney; "and, to begin with, forget how to pay compliments."

"Never!" replied Jean, with a little gesture essentially French. And, the door opening, we went into the baggage-room. My trunk found and examined, we drove from the Gare St. Lazare to the Gare du Nord.

"Eugénie," said my cousin after a while, "I don't think you realize our relationship yet."

"And why should you think so?" I asked.

"Well, you did not even kiss me when we met at the station. Won't you do so now?"

"Never!" I answered, mimicking his tone and gesture of a moment before.

Jean said nothing, but looked out of the window.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*"

"Why—what is it?" I cried, getting up to look out of the window, not a little alarmed. Our heads were very near together and—Jean took advantage of our cousinship.

At Capharnaum.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I SAW Him as He passed; as from within
A light shines from a lamp in holy place,
So shone a flame upon His noble face
And on my sin.

The town is full of Him. Some even say
That He is God,—they speak it not aloud;
The healed youth whispered it, as from the crowd
He came to-day.

I shall believe it soon; I love Him so;
He looked at me into my heart straight down!
He saw the evil there, but did not frown,—
And I knelt low.

I dared not touch His robe, as others did;
Afar off will I stand, and o'er and o'er
Think of that look,—but follow evermore,
If He should bid.

My very soul He saw,—its heart and core,
Its very heart and all the loathsome things
That in that heart from daily hatred springs,—
Yet He forbore!

Love in His gesture,—love! His eyes did shine
Like veiled stars; He did not for me weep;
(I should have died!) yet there was anguish deep,
Deep and divine!

Since He can pity me, He must be God;
He must be God since I can love Him so,
For in my heart all vilest hatreds grow
As plants from sod.

Can He be God? With tears my hard eyes brim,—
He looked at me!—He must be from above,
Or there's no God. Ah, surely He is Love!—
I'll follow Him.

He sees me as He passes,—God! one saith;
I know He's Love, and He is all for me,
And I for Him. Love leads me verily,—
Love! Love to Faith!

THE beauty of the work makes the
glory of the workman. To diminish the
glory of the Blessed Virgin, is to diminish
the glory of her Author.—*M. D'Arville.*

GREAT souls are always loyally sub-
missive, reverent to what is over them;
only small, mean souls are otherwise.

—*Carlyle.*

Amalfi the Glorious.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

IF there be a spot in all the smiling
land of Italy more favored by Nature
than all the rest of that beautiful
country, it is that part of the western
coast-line which stretches from Naples
to Salerno. The people have a saying
that when the world was made there
was not enough material to finish this
corner of it. A piece was therefore broken
off from the shores of Paradise, and
from it were made Naples, Sorrento, and
Amalfi. Though not very theological,
this proverb goes to show the deep
appreciation felt by the inhabitants of
that charming district for their delightful
surroundings.

It would be hard indeed to imagine
scenery equal to that which delights the
eye of the traveller along the new road
skirting the Bays of Naples and Salerno
through almost all their length. Such,
at any rate, was the impression made
upon the mind of the writer, when,
with a college friend, he found himself
speeding rapidly from the ancient town
of Salerno—renowned of old as the first
medical school of the world—toward the
once famous seaport of Amalfi, renowned
still as possessing within the walls of
its grand cathedral the body of the
Apostle St. Andrew. We had arrived at
Salerno, tired and hungry, on the eve of
Pentecost, after a tedious journey from
Rome, begun the previous midnight.

It was with feelings of delight and
refreshment that we felt the cool evening
air rushing past us as we drove along
beneath the sea-girt mountains. Good
spirits soon came back as our two little
steeds carried us along, racing at top
speed up and down hill, and whirling us
round the many sharp turns with which
the road abounds, our driver shouting
the while with joy, and cracking his

whip to warn all foot-passengers to stand well away. On one side of us were the steep cliffs, washed by the deep blue waves of the Mediterranean; on the other, huge rocky mountains, rising to the clouds, which shed refreshing dews upon the fertile slopes below.

Those craggy hills through which we passed, and whose beetling cliffs hung in perilous fashion over our path, are by no means bare and verdureless as their rocky nature would lead one to suppose. True, not much depth of soil can find a lodgment there; but what there is has been carefully preserved, and is kept from falling into the valleys by terraces of stone. The effect is marvellous; for every hill, even to within a little distance from the summit, is one gorgeous series of verdant steps. The bright green of the vine, the sombre hue of olives, the wondrous splendor of the groves of orange and lemon, from beneath whose shade the ruddy gold of the one and the paler yellow of the other fruit peep forth, deck those everlasting hills with the hues of perennial youth; and all the earth appears as if it had but now come forth from the hand of the Creator.

Along the road, and dotted here and there upon the slopes, lie the whitest and cleanest of villages; brilliant, almost too dazzling to behold in the bright sunshine. From every village rises the dome or campanile of the church, often a building of considerable size. The influence of the Orient is everywhere visible in the architecture of house and church. The domes are of truly Eastern form; each campanile is topped by a graceful minaret, from which one would not be surprised to hear the clear sound of the Mahomedan call to prayer. The white houses are topped by low, vaulted roofs, such as one may see in Jerusalem or Bethlehem or Jaffa.

But this is no Mahomedan country:

Christian, Catholic faith is strong and vigorous here. Not Allah and Mahomet but Christ and the Madonna, angel, archangel and saint, are here revered. Not the Crescent but the Cross raises its sacred sign on every hill and tower; and the sweet sound of Christian praise and prayer, of the worship of the Triune God, fills these lovely valleys. Many times indeed the Saracen infidel descended on these inviting shores; but the Cross has triumphed, and the faith is keen and living in spite of the sad changes that have passed of late over Italy's fair face.

At last we come to Amalfi, most beautiful of all the towns along this coast. As we round a point it bursts upon our view: its white houses climbing the hills, its feet washed by the bluest of blue water, its summit crowned by a noble castle standing lone and solitary like a watchful sentinel; while behind, in all their glory of varied foliage, rise the fertile hills, great scarps, of the bare rock piercing through the clouds and lifting their crests to the sun.

We draw up at the foot of a flight of stone steps leading to the entrance door of an ancient and substantial building founded upon the solid rock. Beneath it is a neat esplanade and a strong seawall. This is the Albergo della Luna, or, to put it into English, the Moon Inn. A pleasant hotel it is, and one with a history. It is full of romance, and, for a Catholic, replete with sacred memories. Once the humble sons of St. Francis dwelt within its walls, and the seraphic Saint himself made it for two years his home. Suppressed by the new government, it was converted into an hotel; and the old cloister, with its arcades of Oriental arches, its quaint well, its spacious ambulatory, is now the home of passing tourists seeking health or pleasure on these shores. The change is sad to contemplate; but the convent is a most agreeable resting-

place, in the hands of good and simple folk, not yet spoiled by the growing popularity of the place, and who show to their guests a kindness and thoughtful attention not always easy to find. The church of the former monastery is still in use as a place of public worship, and the voices of children singing at the evening Benediction may often be heard resounding through the cool cloister.

Amalfi has many glories. With its three large churches, its old convents; its rock-bound coast, where the sea runs inland up the green gorges, and the land runs in bold promontories far out to sea; with its quaint round watch-towers on every point and headland, built as a protection against the pirates who once infested these waters; with its groves of orange and lemon, scenting land and sea for miles around; with its fruitful olives and smiling vineyards, it is indeed a proud little city.

Its chief glory in the past lies in the fact that for many years—from about the sixth to the twelfth century—it enjoyed independence as a republic presided over by a doge. Here was found the celebrated manuscript of the Pandects of Justinian, carried off by the men of Pisa, and now resting in a library at Florence. Here was born the famous Flavio Gioja, who gave to the world the mariner's compass, and so laid the foundation of the glories of other lands than his own. Early in the Middle Age this was a seaport of great fame, not second to those of Pisa and Genoa, and numbering a population of more than fifty thousand souls.

These prosperous days have passed. The sea has at various times made great inroads upon the land, and much of old Amalfi lies buried beneath the clear waters, where the fishermen say are still to be seen walls, spires and streets of ruined houses. Trade, too, has declined even within the last two decades, crushed

by the heavy taxation to which all Italy is now subjected. The coral fishery is no more, for the demand has ceased; and fortunes are now no longer made, as once they might be made, in a single night. Numbers of the people, like those of almost every town in Southern Italy, have emigrated to America; and the only hope of those who remain lies in the visitors from far-off lands who come for the short winter season to escape the rigors of the North.

But it is not in the past alone that Amalfi glories. It has a treasure which has not been touched by these misfortunes. Under an altar in the crypt of its fine cathedral rest the sacred remains of the Apostle St. Andrew. This holy relic was brought to Amalfi from Constantinople by an archbishop of Capua. From the bones of the Apostle exudes to this day a miraculous dew, known to the people as the Manna of St. Andrew. The crypt in which the Saint rests is rich in marbles of varied color, and recalls the magnificence of the splendid shrines of Rome itself. The altar-frontal used on great feasts in this crypt is a mass of solid beaten silver, representing the scenes of the crucifixion of the Apostle.

Many are the treasures which the devotion of great personages has showered upon this sacred shrine. A large bronze statue of the Saint stands over the altar: it was a gift from Philip III. of Spain. Kings and queens of Scotland sent rich gifts to the tomb of their country's patron. The sacristy is full of splendid vestments, chalices, and other vessels for the service of the altar.

The cathedral itself, like too many churches in Italy, has suffered much from the hands of modern would-be improvers. Tasteless ornamentation in the rococo style has destroyed the nobility of its ancient lines. Originally a true basilica of five naves, two of these

have been blocked by useless masonry; and the fine old columns, many of which came from the ruins of Pæstum hard by, have been enclosed in pilasters of flimsy plaster, scarcely redeemed from unpromising ugliness by a veneer of colored marbles. A scheme is on foot to restore the church to its first condition, but two grave difficulties exist in the shape of want of money and the unwillingness of the municipality to allow the work to be undertaken. The venerable archbishop, with his chapter, has already done much in the way of really tasteful restoration, of which the façade of the building is a happy example. It had become insecure in 1865, and has been renewed and re-erected with a success which does the greatest credit to all concerned in the work.

Amalfi is surrounded by delightful villages, many of which were once places of importance. No sign of this now remains except in the large size of the churches and the remarkable number of artistic treasures they contain. Here and there a great ruined palace or castle attests the former greatness of some now deserted village. Nothing more delightful can be imagined than a drive through one of the small townships which perch here and there upon the steep slopes or descend the precipitous sides of some sea-washed cove. It is like driving through a vast open-air conservatory. The breeze comes laden with the scent of orange and lemon, whose sweetness makes itself known far out upon the sea.

Every church has something good to show—a glorious fresco, or some grand altar-piece by a great master of the best days of Christian art; fine mosaic-work or doors of beaten bronze, astounding in the delicacy and perfection of every detail. The beautiful pulpit of the thirteenth century at Ravello is equalled nowhere but at Siena. It is one of

two *ambones* or pulpits for the reading of Gospel and Epistle. Built of pure white marble, inlaid with mosaic work which gleams with gold and color, it looks as new as if made only yesterday. Its six marble columns, each with a capital of separate design from that of the others, rest quaintly upon the backs of three marble lions and three lionesses. The ancient symbol of the Resurrection, found in paintings of the first centuries of Christianity in the catacombs of Rome, is very common in these villages. The whale is always of enormous size, with a long, twisted tail, and might well have given the pattern for those antique drawings of the great sea-serpent with which we are familiar.

Many other interesting things may be seen in the course of a short walk or drive about Amalfi. The Rufalo Palace at Ravello, one time the residence of Pope Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever mounted the Chair of Peter, and now, by a strange coincidence, occupied by an English lady; the church of S. Giovanni in the same town; the beautiful chasuble, mitre, and ancient chalice kept in the church of the little hamlet of Scala,—all these merit a full description which space will not allow. A long stay in this delightful spot would be well repaid and interest would not flag. It was with regret that we delivered ourselves over to the long and tiring journey back to Rome,—with memories, however, that will serve to lighten labor, and carry us through the heats that make life difficult in the close city air.

When Mary Came.

GOD'S thought flashed forth a silver star
That shone in advent skies afar.

God smiled, and in that blessed hour
Earth knew its first unspotted flower.

The star-thought and God's flower in one
Is Mary, Mother of the Son!

The King's Messenger.

A PRIEST'S GHOST STORY.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

THE old priest looked thoughtful. "Yes," he said. "I have had some ghostly experiences, and so have some others of my kindred; for which I have reason to thank God."

Father Anselm was a member of a religious Order, and was engaged in giving a retreat in a retired part of England at the time of his telling the following story to the friends in whose house he had been received for the occasion.

The talk had been of spiritual experiences, ghostly manifestations. Father Anselm had been appealed to. Had he ever known an authenticated case of the return of a spirit from the other world? He reflected a little, and there stole over his worn face that beautiful light which was familiar to those who knew him, making them feel that it was good to be in his presence. Then he began.

..

I will tell you the story. It dates a long way back, even from the time when I was a mere child. My father had died a Protestant, leaving my Catholic mother with two young children—my brother and myself. No quarrel, no unkindness had ever existed between my father and mother on account of the difference in their religion; but my father was resolved that his sons should not suffer the worldly disadvantage of being educated in the Catholic faith. He therefore appointed his brother our guardian in this particular matter.

Our home was on the side of a Scottish mountain, with heathery crags at its back, and the sea within sight,—though not so near as it seemed; for as we stood in some of our windows it

looked as if the tumbling waves were threatening to sweep us all away and make an end of us. Up in a high nook my mother had her little oratory, and there she burned her little lamp to the Sacred Heart night and day, imploring protection for her sons who were too young to know the danger that hung over them. The fishermen used to turn their eyes to that lighted window, which was never darkened, and had many a story of perils from which it had rescued them on wintry nights. There was a vague belief among even the most ignorant that there was a blessing on that light, and that the lady in the old castle up there was a saint.

My uncle lived in London, and had never visited his brother since he had sinned against the religious prejudices of an old family by marrying a Papist. Much affected by my father's death and the trust he had reposed in him, my uncle wrote to my mother, asking permission to come to see her for the purpose of making arrangements to carry out her husband's instructions as to placing his sons in a Protestant school.

I remember vividly to this day how my mother received that letter; how she led my brother and me to her little place of prayer, and there, before the lamp, with an arm round each of us, she offered us to God, calling on Him to save us. We were frightened, and clung to her and wept.

"Rather take them to Thyself, O God!" she prayed, "as Thou didst take their little sister. If Thou hast no good work allotted for them to do in this world, take them!" We both remembered the death of our little sister, and we wept the more when our mother brought her into her prayer.

Meanwhile our uncle was journeying toward us from London, full of a benevolence which was to exercise itself

by taking steps for the promotion of our future welfare in the world. Judging by my mother's letters, he knew that he would have difficulties to encounter in the discharge of his duty; and, though benevolent, he was prepared to be stern. His sister-in-law was doubtless a good woman, romantic and poetic as Catholics were wont to be; but it lay with him to exercise a firmness which would make it impossible for her to destroy the worldly prospects of her children.

He mused much on the subject as he travelled the whole of a long winter's day up north; old associations revived, old affections stirred by the sight of once familiar landscapes long unseen. Unlike my father, who was a sincere Protestant, my uncle had little or no religious faith of any kind, and was known among his London friends as a Positivist; therefore the removal of his brother's sons from the teaching of their mother was to him nothing more than a prudent arrangement, securing them against misfortune in this life. As the Scottish hills came in sight it occurred to him that such scenery would naturally tend to encourage the fantasies of religious beliefs, all of which seemed to him quite illusory,—the Catholic only a little more so than the Protestant faith.

"All poetry," he reflected,— "that subtle thing called poetry. In one form or another, how it dominates the whole world! It is more powerful than the steam-engine, the electric fluid, than dynamite or the tides of the ocean."

It was late in the evening when he arrived at the small country town from which he intended to post uphill to our home. He drove to the hotel and made arrangements to stay there for the night, preparing for an early start next morning. Taking possession of a private sitting-room, he directed the waiter to fetch him some light refreshment. The

room was brilliantly lighted with gas, and while waiting for the return of the attendant with his supper, my uncle stood at the table looking over a note-book which he had taken from his pocket. For the moment he was absorbed in the details of a business matter concerning himself only, and quite oblivious of the affair which had induced him to make a winter's journey.

Some slight sound caused him to raise his eyes, and he saw a little girl run into the room and come straight up to the table where he stood,—a bright little creature about seven years old, with fair hair falling about her shoulders, and dressed in a pale blue muslin frock. She stood looking at him silently for a few seconds, with her head uplifted and her keenly intelligent blue eyes fixed on his face. Before he could ask her who she was and what she wanted with him, she spoke.

"Don't interfere with the boys!" she said sharply, warningly.

"What do you mean, child?" asked my uncle, not for the moment seeing any connection between the words said and anything he knew of. She put her little hands on the edge of the table and leaned forward, fixing a still more piercing glance on his countenance.

"Don't interfere with the boys!" she repeated urgently. "If you do, God will punish you."

Then the meaning of her words flashed on the man who was going on a certain errand, and he looked at her in mute astonishment. Mechanically he closed his note-book before replying to her, and in doing so his glance shifted momentarily from her to the book.

"Now," he said, "come and tell me what you mean."

He looked around. He was alone in the apartment. Gone! Who was she? Where had she come from? Had he been sleeping on his feet—dreaming?

No; for he had just made an important calculation, which he had recorded with his pencil in his pocket-book. The jingle of glass and china announced the return of the waiter with his tray, and my uncle at once inquired of him:

"Who is the little girl who has just been in here paying me a visit?"

The waiter smiled and shook his head.

"We have no little girl in this house, sir,—no children of any sort."

"But you have visitors?"

"No children, sir. A young gentleman and two elderly ladies. We don't have many persons in the house just at this time of the year."

My uncle persisted in asserting that a little girl had come into the room and had spoken to him, until he found that he was only making himself an object of ridicule. Then he tried to put the matter out of his mind and went to bed.

In the morning he wakened with the curious warning ringing in his ears: "Don't interfere with the boys! If you do, God will punish you." The words seemed to take a real meaning which at first had appeared accidental. Had the whole incident been the creation of his own brain, supplied by some latent impression of which he had been unconscious? But no: he was certain that no doubt of the integrity of what he was doing had lain anywhere unobserved within the limits of his intelligence. Then where did the girl come from, and what did she know about "the boys" whose future welfare was so present a subject of his anxiety? For that her presence had been a real one, that her sharp, clear, menacing words had pierced his actual fleshly ears, the morning's reflections left him not the shadow of a doubt.

After an early breakfast, he hired a carriage and arrived at our home about noon. Having asked to see my mother, he was shown into a morning room to

which he had long been a stranger, but which in a moment was sweetly familiar to him. It was little changed, even as to arrangement; for my mother was one of those tender souls who love to keep things as they were long ago within the sanctuary of an old home. There was the quaint old satin-wood bureau in which *his* mother used to keep her letters and papers; he remembered the tragedy of an overturned ink-bottle as to which he had confessed his infant guilt. That was his mother's work-table, evidently still utilized by feminine industry, as witness the skeins of colored silks lying within the open lid. Books—the same books—were there in their honored place behind the panes of the antique bookcases. The windows were still full of the sea; and yonder stern grey crag which seemed to rise out of it had just the old threatening aspect which once made little children fear its frown like a conscience. The pictures on the wall were the same—Cromwell here, the Pretender there, heroes for boys to wrangle over. Though a determined Loyalist, how, as a youth, he used to love the Jacobite songs! And at this piano his mother used to sing them. Yet there were one or two changes in the pictures on the wall. The chimney glass over the mantelpiece had been removed, and a painting—apparently a portrait—had been substituted for it.

My uncle adjusted his eye-glass and planted himself before the picture to examine it.

"My God!" he suddenly ejaculated,—
"my God, what an extraordinary coincidence!" The picture was an exact representation of his little visitor of the evening before. There she was—blue eyes, falling yellow hair, pale blue muslin frock; a peculiar little countenance lighted up by the most speaking intelligence. As he stared at her the eyes looked back at him again, and the

lips seemed ready to unclothe with a repetition of an urgent appeal, a menace:

"Don't interfere with the boys! If you do, God will punish you."

"The boys"! Was she one of the family? And had she, after all, been at the hotel the evening before, and perhaps, prompted by her mother, made an attempt to startle him? As this suggestion occurred to him he heard the sound of the door opening, turned and confronted my mother.

The meeting was an affecting one. My uncle, though an eminently common-sensible and matter-of-fact man, had his hidden vein of sentiment, and he was touched by my mother's fragile and spiritual beauty and sad aspect in her mourning weeds. She, on her part, did not find so much hardness as she had expected in the face of her dead husband's brother. They clasped hands in silence; and before my mother could find her voice to bid the visitor welcome, my uncle suddenly turned to the portrait over the mantelpiece.

"First, and before everything," he said, "strange request as it may seem, pray tell me who is the original of that picture—if it has an original?"

My mother's eyes followed the movement of his hand, indicating the particular picture.

"Yes," she said, "it has an original in heaven. That is the portrait of my only girl, who died five years ago."

Many a time my mother told us the story in later years. My uncle, who was rather a ruddy man, turned, she said, quite white, and kept staring at the portrait with so strange an expression that she thought his mind had suddenly become affected. At last he removed his gaze from the canvas and turned it on her. Two or three large, slow tears gathered in his eyes and dropped.

"My sister," he said, "it seems to me that God has been fighting your battle

and intends you to win. I came here to take your boys: I shall leave them with you."

He then, simply and shortly, told her of his experience of the evening before. My mother wept silently. Awed and impressed as she was, she had no difficulty in believing the story.

"We need not talk about it except among ourselves," said my uncle; "but let me stay with you here for a few days until I think the matter out. I am not just the man for an experience of this kind. I shall take some time to digest and assimilate it."

We were introduced (my brother and myself) to our dreaded uncle, whom we did not find at all the kind of person we had expected. He was bluff and kind; took us for long walks and rides, questioned us about our sports and our lessons, told us stories, and was altogether a delightful companion to us. He encouraged us to talk to him about everything, which we did, perhaps overfreely sometimes. Among other things, we informed him of how much we had dreaded his visit.

"Mother was afraid you would take us from her and send us to a kind of school she did not like," said my brother. "We prayed against you every night. Mother said to God that she would rather He would take us Himself, where He has got our little sister, than let us go with you."

"But, then, she did not know the kind of man you are, uncle," I hastened to say, fearing that my brother, a year or two the younger, had spoken with want of tact.

"I do not wonder she did not know me," said my uncle; "for I do not seem to know myself."

After some days he left us and went back to London; but he wrote to my mother frequently, and before long he paid us another visit. He used to stand

for long minutes before my sister's portrait, gazing intently at her bright, intelligent little face; and then would turn away and pace up and down the room, lost in a reverie.

"Mary," he said one day, "a new man would seem to have been born in me on the day when I entered this room bent on opposing you. I ask you to pray that the new-born creature may grow and develop into something more worthy of his Maker than the individual who was I."

My mother prayed, and so did we two little boys. And, not to spin my story out to a wearisome length, the end of it was that my uncle, and afterward his wife and children, became fervent Catholics; and my brother and I are both growing old in the priesthood.

A Righted Wrong.

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

A DREARY November evening with chilly rain drizzling on the busy city streets. In a dismal little room, a few red embers at the bottom of the grate smothered by an immense block of coal, a girl sat sewing. The rounded outlines and the bloom of youth had vanished before the frown of anxiety and privation; but the beauty of patience, of faith, of courage dwelt in her soft dark eyes. As a slow, tired step sounded on the staircase she rose quickly, put aside her sewing, coaxed a blaze from the sulky fire, and opened the door to admit a young man whose whole appearance expressed the extreme of fatigue and depression.

"No luck, Nora!" he said. "I have neither earned a shilling nor found the prospect of earning one." He forced a smile. "But never mind, little woman!

Surely it can't last. Darkest is the hour before dawn, they say. Our dawn should be pretty near."

It was five years since Maurice Carden, only son of a wealthy father, had been banished from the paternal roof on account of his marriage with a girl who had nothing but beauty of face and mind to recommend her, and all that time life had been a hard struggle for the young couple. Doubtless the hardships had drawn them together as no amount of prosperity would have done; it had developed the best of both,—all that was brave and manly in him, all that was sweet and helpful in her. Latterly misfortunes had increased and multiplied. Maurice had lost his situation through a tedious illness, which had also swallowed up his scanty savings; and he had not been able to find new occupation. Day after day told the same tale of dismal failure, brought the same disheartening result.

"Poor Maurice!" Nora said. "Let us go on hoping. Whatever God sends is worth having, though it may not be easy to bear or to understand."

"We keep living in hope of to-morrow, don't we? The worst is, we have so little to live upon."

Before she could reply there was a knock at the door; she opened it to behold a spare, middle-aged man with iron-grey hair and a pallid, expressionless face. He inquired very diffidently and respectfully for Mr. Maurice Carden, and Nora brought him into the little parlor where her husband sat. He looked up in surprise; visitors were few and far between.

"You don't remember me, sir?" said the man.

"Why, it is Wilson!"

Maurice half rose in his astonishment, recognizing his father's valet, who had been in his service for several years.

"Yes, sir, it's me. No wonder you are

surprised. I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but Mr. Carden is very seriously ill. He has had a shock or a stroke, and I have been searching for you all day. There is not much hope of his recovery. He is unconscious. Of course everything is being done for him that is possible, but the doctor does not give us any great encouragement. I thought it best to let you know as soon as possible, and to ask you to come at once. There is just a chance that his senses may return before the end."

"Did my father express any desire to see me?"

"He did, sir. He just said, 'Send for my son.' It was all he could say, and he hasn't spoken since, probably never will again. I think you shouldn't lose any time, Mr. Maurice."

"I will be at the house within an hour," said Maurice; whereupon Wilson bowed and retired.

Maurice and Nora felt only pity for Mr. Carden, struck down in the midst of his wealth, alone, except for strangers. Charity and compassion bridged the wide gulf of severity and estrangement. Maurice's preparations being complete, he set off for the old home whence he had been banished with so much contumely.

With softened tread and swelling heart he stole into the sick-room, where a nurse watched beside the motionless figure lying with closed eyes and rigid, pallid features, living, yet dead to all surroundings.

"Is there any improvement?" Maurice asked, when he found himself able to speak; but the nurse shook her head.

"It is too soon to look for that, if it ever comes."

Later a night-nurse arrived, and Maurice withdrew, to find the servant waiting for him, subdued, anxious, but alert.

"Your old room is ready for you, sir. I thought you might like it best. The

housekeeper has seen that everything is comfortable. If there should be any change in Mr. Carden's condition during the night, you shall be called immediately."

There was light and warmth and luxury in the handsomely-appointed chamber which Maurice had once called his own, and he sighed as he thought of Nora shivering at home. Would there ever be a time when he could surround her with the comforts she deserved, when she would be free from care and anxiety? Apart from the distress his father's illness caused him, too many thoughts, too many recollections, crowded upon him for sleep to be possible; and dawn found him still awake, still begging the great Physician to spare this dear life, that he might hear some word of love and pardon from the father who once had cherished him more than all.

The doctor arrived early, only to repeat what he had said on the previous day: that it was impossible to say whether Mr. Carden would recover or not, but meanwhile there was not much ground to hope. He was a clever, tactful man, and hid under a beautifully urbane demeanor the surprise he certainly did feel on finding Maurice, as it were, in possession,—the estrangement of father and son not being any secret. The day passed in dreary, monotonous suspense. Callers were few, for Mr. Carden was exclusive and did not admit many to intimate acquaintance with him.

In the afternoon Maurice was in the library writing to his wife, when Wilson entered, a stiff roll of paper in his hand, his manner all suppressed excitement.

"Mr. Maurice, what do you think I've been doing?" he asked. "I've been reading Mr. Carden's will. It was in the safe, and I got the keys out of his room. I wanted to know if he had left me anything, and he hasn't."

"How dare you take such a cowardly

advantage of your master's illness?" cried Maurice.

"Just listen for a minute, sir. What I did was as much for your sake as for my own. As I suspected, you haven't been left a shilling,—you have been disinherited, and all the money is to go to hospitals and such like. It's a sin and a shame! I've been told that if he died without a will—and he *is* dying—you, as heir-at-law, could claim everything. So if this will is put in the fire you come to your own again. You will be a rich man, and your wife will have all she wishes for—pretty dresses and jewels and the rest. Put this in the fire, sir. You can depend on me holding my tongue. Or, if you don't like to do it yourself, I'll soon make a blaze with it, and nobody will be a bit the wiser."

He flourished the document over his head with an air of triumph.

"Is that the original or a copy?" Maurice asked.

"The original, and no mistake."

"Give it to me, then. And the keys. That will do. Your business or your duty need not bring you here again."

Wilson shot a sharp, questioning glance at the young gentleman, then murmured deprecatingly, and left the room. Outside, he applied his eye to the keyhole, and was apparently well satisfied with what he saw.

For nearly three days Mr. Carden lay between life and death. Toward the evening of the fourth day came a change for the better, and on the following morning the nurse reported a still more marked improvement. Consciousness and understanding had returned.

"I will ask the doctor if you may see him," she told Maurice. "He does not know yet that you are here."

It may be judged with what anxiety and what trembling yearning Maurice awaited the doctor's verdict. Surely he would be allowed to see his father, if

only for a moment! His heart leaped at the thought of hearing him say once again, "My son!" of seeing once again a look of affection and kindness in the beloved eyes.

The doctor came in, looking troubled and embarrassed. He had developed a queer little cough that did duty for a stammer.

"My father is better, I trust," asked the young man.

"Very much so. The improvement is wonderful. I expect to have him up by the end of the week."

"May I see him?"

"I think—ahem!—that you had better not. Hem! I am afraid it would have a bad effect on him."

"Yet he sent for me," said Maurice, mildly.

"There seems to be some mistake about that," replied the doctor. "I am sure you will appreciate the unpleasantness of my position, and the pain and unwillingness with which I have to report Mr. Carden's view of your presence here. The nurse asked him in my hearing if he would see you, and I am sorry to say that he expressed the greatest indignation that you should be here at all."

"Is he aware of the message brought me by his valet?" asked Maurice.

"He repudiates all knowledge of that. My own opinion is that it was a bit of mistaken zeal on Wilson's part. Come, Mr. Carden, don't take it badly! You can afford to excuse the whims and caprices of a feeble old man. If there is anything you would like me to say, I shall be only too pleased to be the medium of your explanation."

"Thank you! I have none to offer in the meantime. When my father is fully recovered, I may have something to say on the subject of Wilson's zeal. There is enough of original sin in me to prevent my going out of my way to seek humilia-

tion, even if ordinary breeding would not have restrained me from intruding where I am not wanted."

The doctor made a conventional reply, added a few commonplaces and drove away. Maurice inquired for Wilson, to be told that he had gone out of town on private business. The young man gathered his possessions together and left the house, expelled for the second time. Little though he had said, well though he had hidden his feelings, the blow was cruel, the wound deep. But for the thought of his young wife he might have broken down altogether.

II.

Mr. Carden recovered. Though he had not youth on his side, an iron constitution helped him to pull through, and by degrees he crept back to comparative health and strength. Once out of the doctor's hand, he sent for his solicitor, Mr. Warton, who was also his oldest and most intimate friend,—a pleasant, ruddy-cheeked little man, mellow, hale and hearty.

He opened the proceedings with an allusion to the weather; but Mr. Carden, gaunt and grim in his easy-chair, his features sharpened, his frame wasted by the recent illness, waved frivolity aside.

"I did not send for you to discuss rain or wind," he said, with the air of one making a last speech from the scaffold; "but to tell you that I want you to draw up a new will at once, and thereby help me to defeat as miserable a piece of villainy as ever was unearthed."

"Oh! Am I to understand that you intend doing justice to your son and righting that old wrong?"

"My son!" The old man repeated the words with intense bitterness. "If he were not my son, I would have him sent to prison. Do you know that he heard of my illness and came here, pretending to believe that I had sent for him; and, thinking me to be dying,

assumed all the airs of a master here?"

"Still, that isn't a criminal offence?"

"Will you be good enough to hear me out? I suppose I do not need to say that as soon as I became aware of his presence, I insisted on his leaving the house at once. And what do you think was the object of his unblushing intrusion? To destroy my will, by which I had disinherited him. What do you say to that? My valet Wilson caught him in the act of reading it. How he obtained possession of my keys is not clear; but the fact remains that he did so, and he opened the safe and abstracted the will. When Wilson challenged him to give an explanation, he admitted his intention of destroying the document, saying that if I died intestate he could claim everything as next of kin. He offered Wilson a handsome bribe,—payable after my death, of course. Wilson thought it best to match cunning with cunning, and pretended to agree to Maurice's plans until I was well enough to be informed of the whole matter. In the event of my death, he would have told you. Maurice retained possession of the will; Wilson saw him put it into his pocket along with the keys, and by this time I suppose it does not exist. This morning Wilson told me. I had the safe forced, and, sure enough, the will is gone. What do you think of that as an example of filial duty?"

"Very well put together indeed. Wilson is a faithful guardian. Still, it rather spoils the effect of this story to know that the keys *and* the will are in my possession, and were placed there by Maurice himself."

"Impossible!"

"But why impossible? Your precious Wilson is a treacherous scoundrel, and I was merely waiting until you should be strong enough to bear the shock of knowing it. He stole your keys and

your will, and suggested to Maurice the destruction of the latter. Maurice took possession of both, and came straight to me, telling me the whole nefarious scheme, and giving the document which rendered him penniless into my safe-keeping. Wilson's motive is clear. He did not expect that you would recover; he did expect that Maurice would burn the will, and ever after would have to buy his silence. And no doubt he expected you to reward his fidelity handsomely once he had convinced you of your son's treachery, you being so inconsiderate as to recover. Scoundrel! He little knew how promptly he had been checkmated. Seeing is believing, Carden. You can say whether this is or is not your missing will."

Mr. Carden took the document and studied it minutely. A faint color crept into the white hollows of his cheeks.

"I have done Maurice an injustice," he admitted.

"My good man, you never did him anything else. You cast him off because he married the girl he loved,—a good, charming, beautiful young creature, whose only fault in your eyes was that she had nothing of that of which you had plenty—money. And then, when you are ill, the poor fellow, believing you are man enough, father enough, to send for him to bless him before you face your Maker, comes back, forgets your past severity, responds to what he believes is your request; and what do you do? You refuse even to see him, send him away as if he were a thief,—away from your superabundance to poverty and privation,—broken-hearted. I'm ashamed of you!"

Mr. Carden covered his face with his hands.

"I have been very harsh!" he groaned.

"Yes, but the earnestness of that confession does not atone for the harshness."

There was a long silence. At last

Carden raised his head and looked his old friend in the eyes.

"Will you deal with Wilson? I am not equal to it. You are quite right: I have always been unjust to Maurice."

"It is not too late to do him justice, remember!"

"No, thank God, it is not!" said Carden. And with trembling fingers he wrote these lines:

MY DEAR SON:—Forgive me! Come home. Bring your wife with you, that I may know my daughter at last.

"Now," he said, his face flushed and quivering, "will you find my boy and give him that?"

It is needless to add that Maurice did "come home," and that Nora proved a daughter indeed to the remorseful and softened old man.

The Bible in the Liturgy.

IT is necessary only to run casually through a breviary or missal to discover the place Holy Scripture holds in the liturgy. It is the framework of both. All the books of the Bible are represented in it, from the Psalms to the various extracts which are found in the liturgic offices. Anthems, responses, Introits, Tracts, Graduals, Offertories and Communions,—all are drawn from the sacred writings.

The standing reproach against Catholics—that they are not familiar with the Bible—is singularly refuted by the fact that every office of the Church is replete with extracts which, changing every day, can not help but ensure a familiarity with the books of Scripture.

In the beginning, at the first reunions of Christians, as had always been customary in the synagogues, the same order was probably followed; and the reading of the law and the prophets was continued; to which was added, later, the Epistles and Gospels. Later

still a new order came to be gradually adopted, in which those portions of the Old and New Testaments were used which could be made applicable to the different feasts. For instance, it was natural and proper that on the days of the passion and death and resurrection of our Saviour those passages from the Gospel should be selected which related to these various facts.

The Prophecy of Jeremiah and several chapters of Isaiah and the Book of Job apply admirably to the Passion; for the time of the Ascension and Pentecost the Acts of the Apostles, which contain the history and origin of those feasts. Again, Isaiah, with his prophecy of the Virgin who shall bear a Son, of the Emmanuel who will come to reign on earth, is suited to the time of Advent; while the feasts of Christmas and Epiphany are wonderfully explained in the Epistles of St. Paul.

Times of Christian penance and mortification, of the preparation of catechumens for baptism, of the bringing of sinners to penitence and reconciliation, the sacred period of Lent,—all are determined by a well-chosen number of extracts from the Old and the New Testament. For example, the conversion of sinners, whom the Church considers ill and at the point of death, is symbolized in the story of the centurion, in Naaman, the raising from death of the son of the Shunamite by the Prophet Eliseus, of another child by Elias; the restoration to life of the son of the widow of Nain, as also that of Lazarus by our Lord Jesus Christ; the parable of the prodigal son, figure of the sinner who returns to God, and so forth.

Catechumens found in the story of the Prophet Jonas preaching to the Ninevites an allusion to the calling of the Gentiles to baptism; the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace recalled the daily martyrdom of Christians under pagan

barbarities; Sarah and Hagar, Isaac and Esau, are types of Gentiles called to baptism and preferred to the Jews, The reading of Genesis and the other books of the Pentateuch, which at the present time is begun at Septuagesima, had its origin, without doubt, in the catechumenical instructions, that began with an explanation of the history of the work of Creation.

The Lamentations of Job and the words in which he explains the hope of the resurrection adapt themselves naturally to the Office of the Dead as well as to the Passion; some of the psalms belong especially to the feasts of the martyrs, others to those of virgins.

The study of the various liturgies is destined to throw a great light on liturgical origins; it has already revealed striking resemblances and coincidences in all of them. The earnest reader, as well as the liturgist, will find pleasure and profit in discovering the reasons for the choice of this or that passage in such or such a connection. This study affords ample scope for gratifying research, and in all cases is a valuable aid toward understanding the truest interpretation of every prayer.

There is no denying, therefore, that the Bible is the principal source of liturgical inspiration; that it is from its pages that the Church has at all times sought the elements of her prayers. That does not, of course, surprise the true Christian. For the faithful all the books of the Bible have been inspired by the Holy Spirit; they are, *par excellence*, the Word of God. To pray with the Bible is to offer one's self to God in His own divine language; it is in some manner to restore to Him the words in which He has deigned to speak to mankind.

Even for those who do not recognize the authority of the Church the Bible is a marvellous book. Never has prayer

from human hearts mounted to the throne of God in aspirations more eloquent or sublime; never has a nation prayed as did the people of God. Never elsewhere has the prayer of faith been so permeated with such intensity of supplication, of praise, of terror, of love, of ultimate union with God; never has been so fully demonstrated the weakness of man in the face of the judgments of God; the horror of sin and evil, the anguish of the sinner in the presence of his Maker; but at the same time his immeasurable confidence in the mercy of his Judge, hatred for the enemies of God, admiration for all His wondrous works.

It would seem to the fervent Christian that there must be a cure for every ill in the wonderful prayers of the prophets and saints of the Old Law—of David and Tobias and Job and Esther, as well as many others which space will not allow us to mention here. Nothing can be grander or more sublime than those magnificent, soul-inspiring prayers of the Old Testament.

The followers of Jesus Christ inherited from those who had once been the chosen people the incomparable gift of prayer. They religiously preserved the psalms and the canticles which had been common among the Jews. But they had also their own especial prayers, and these were imbued with the same tones of confidence, of adoration, of filial tenderness which had distinguished their predecessors. But Christ's followers possessed what the Jews had not: one universal prayer, addressed not by one particular people to the God of their fathers—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,—but the prayer of all nations arising from the lips of all peoples within the pale of the Catholic Church; Greeks and Romans, Jews and barbarians,—the *Catholic* prayer,—the prayer addressed by our Lord Himself to His Eternal

Father. This prayer has the most pronounced and extraordinary character of tenderness and union; the title of "Lord God of our Father" is replaced by the consoling words, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

And what prayer can be more wonderful than that of the Blessed Virgin, the *Magnificat*, which has rung down the ages as a marvel of inspiration and grace? Again, we have the prophecy and prayer of Zachary, the prayer of Simeon,—all of which have been incorporated into the liturgy of the Church. We will not cite here others which recur in St. John, St. Peter, and St. Paul. We have sufficiently shown in what has been already written that the Spirit of God, which is the spirit of prayer, continues still to inspire the faithful as it inspired the ancient prophets; and that if Catholics are not familiar with the Bible, they alone are responsible as individuals, not the Church, which has preserved it to them and all the world.

Turkish Proverbs.

He who does not learn how to serve will also not know how to act as master.

God builds the nest of the blind bird.
Without trouble one eats no honey.

Patience is the key to joy.

He who wants a faultless friend will remain friendless.

A live fox is better than a dead lion.

A wife makes or breaks a house.

The wolf changes his coat but he does not change his nature.

Give up your head but not a secret.

He who tells the truth is turned out of nine cities.

The eye is a window which looks into the heart.

A faithful friend may be better than one's own relations.

Notes and Remarks.

The theft from the Church of Santa Sabina in Rome of the famous picture of the Madonna del Rosario, painted by Sassoferrato, is universally deplored. The picture, which is considered the artist's masterpiece, is an upright one, rounded at the top, and measures four by two and a half feet. It represents the Madonna and Child enthroned. The Child is seated on the Mother's knee, and hands a rosary to St. Catherine of Siena, who kneels on the right of the picture; while the Madonna gives a similar one to St. Francis, who is represented as a young man with flaxen hair and beard, kneeling on the left. The London *Athenæum* says Rome is the poorer for the absence of this picture.

The Rev. Dr. Dixon, of Boston, is authority for an interesting statement regarding Mrs. Eddy, the foundress of the Christian Scientists. According to him, she has had three husbands, two of whom died and one was divorced. Whereupon Brother Dixon reasoneth thus, and, we must say, reasoneth well: "Now, if Christian Science has power to heal, it had no right to let these husbands die, unless such was its desire; but that does not argue for its loving character. If Christian Science fosters a spirit of love and harmony, there should have been no divorce."

Remembering the violent opposition to vaccination in many parts of the United States until within recent years, it is interesting to learn how benighted Spain sent the vaccine-lymph to her distant colonies almost a century ago. The newly-found boon was regarded as a veritable godsend, and the ingenious expedient resorted to for its distribution is proof of tender regard for the welfare

of distant subjects. The *Madrid Gazette* gives the following account of a curious expedition which started from Corunna on November 20, 1803:

The expedition consisted of 3 frigates, with several physicians, and 22 children who had not had the small-pox.... The children, many of whom were very small, were placed under the care of a matron, and the greatest attention was paid to their cleanliness and comfort. At New Spain they made a fresh start with 26 more children. Material for vaccination was lavishly distributed through the northern part of Spanish-America, and in each capital a central society was formed. Half of the expedition went to the Philippine Islands, Macao, and Canton, and the other half to Peru. This section was wrecked; but happily the subdirector, his 3 physicians and the children came to no harm. The expedition was often publicly received by the bishops, military governors, and persons of the greatest distinction, who took into their arms the little children who were to carry the cowpox to the indigenous Americans and the Malays of the Philippine Islands, and returned thanks to God for having been the witnesses of so happy an event,

The timely admonition addressed to their flocks last month by the Catholic bishops of England ought to be seriously considered by parents on whom Providence has laid the solemn responsibility of the rearing of children. The bishops say: "We again affirm that it is the teaching of the Catholic Church that Catholic children, whether of the humbler or of the upper and richer classes, ought not to be educated in non-Catholic schools; but that they ought to receive careful training and instruction during their period of school age, in accordance with the discipline, practice and doctrines of the Church."

The accounts of our recent hot spell still appearing in the newspapers of some foreign countries would be highly amusing reading to Americans, especially residents of New York. Over five hundred horses are reported to have fallen dead in the streets of the metropolis in a single day. "Dead horses lay in Broadway throughout the day,"

one account has it; "there being so many of them that they could not be taken away." The impression has been created that the heat in the United States is never greater anywhere than in New York. This is erroneous, of course; and we can assure our foreign readers that there are many places in this country where the official heat record is smashed right along. There is Fort Yuma, for example, where at times the hens have to be fed on cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs. This statement rests on the authority of an officer of the United States Army, but it must be understood that we do not vouch for it.

At a time when religion is undergoing very real persecution in France, it is gratifying to note how thoroughly Catholic is one group of cisatlantic French people, the Acadians of the maritime provinces of Canada. This little people, numbering not more than a hundred and fifty thousand in all, has its national festival, the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption; and its national air, that of the Gregorian *Ave Maris Stella*. Every ten years a national convention is held at one of the larger French centres in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, or Prince Edward Island; and every year the 15th of August is solemnized as a festal day throughout the different French parishes. The recent celebration at Memramcook, N. B., took on something of an historical aspect by reason of a presentation of which it was made the occasion. Among the oil-paintings honorably distinguished at the Paris Exposition was "The Dispersion of the Acadians," by M. Beau, a French-Canadian artist of celebrity. His fellow-countrymen of Quebec Province and their cousins of Acadia united in purchasing the canvas, and on the 15th ult. the picture was formally presented to the University of St. Joseph's

College. Its home henceforth is to be Lefebvre Hall, a magnificent stone edifice erected a few years ago by former students of St. Joseph's, as a memorial of the Rev. Camille Lefebvre, C. S. C., founder of the institution that has practically revolutionized the status of the Acadians, transforming them within three or four decades from a race of hewers of wood and drawers of water into a people socially, industrially and professionally the equals of their fellow-citizens of other nationalities.

A London Protestant publication of unimpeached reputation contains a letter from which we quote this paragraph: "I am told by a lady resident that in the Hampshire parish in which I am writing there is living at the present time a good woman who once ate a New Testament, day by day, leaf by leaf, between two slices of bread and butter, as a remedy for fits." Our own flippant thought, we confess, on reading this was the hope that the dear old lady took care to procure the Revised Version, as being possibly more easy of assimilation; but the comment of the *Weekly Register* is serious: "If a parallel piece of folly were recorded by some writer of what we are pleased to call the Dark Ages, how many edifying reflections we should have on the abject superstitions of our forefathers!" But at least one might retort in that case that our forefathers were fond of the Bible.

The *Drover's Journal*, published at the Stockyards in Chicago, is not on our exchange list, but if it were we fear we should sometimes neglect to peruse it with all diligence. A friend in the City of Zephyrs—some irreverent people call it the Windy City—has sent us a clipping from this paper headed "Our Common Schools," the writer of which, a parent, demands the banishment of profanity

and obscenity from public schools, some of which, it is declared, are attended by children whose morals would disgrace a South Sea Islander. The means suggested is expulsion. The writer is of opinion that reproof or punishment of any other sort is useless. It is not said what should be done with the expelled, but that is another question. Let us quote the words of this interesting reformer:

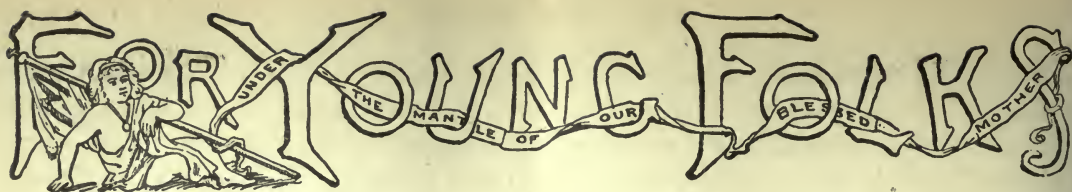
Profanity and obscenity should be banished from the schools and school grounds. If the directors, when hiring a teacher, would insist on this, and the teacher at the commencement of a term make a rule that if broken would insure certain expulsion, oaths and filthy language would soon be done away with. Reproof for such offences does no good. It needs something stronger than mere reproof, or even punishment such as is usually given to refractory pupils. It is just this—banishment from the school....Our little ones are the future men and women, who in time will be the lawmakers, and, it is to be hoped, the law-abiding citizens of our land. Then let us strive to have our schools worthy of the name, and not a place where children are sent to learn more evil than good.

By all means, say we. But the children of the public schools will never develop into law-abiding citizens without careful moral training. The A B C's of Christianity would be more helpful to this end than the waving of flags and the contemplation of flag poles.

Perhaps the majority of English-speaking people the world over are inclined to think that Freemasonry is, after all, not so black as the Catholics of continental Europe are wont to paint it. Of course, as a secret society condemned by the Church, the practical Catholic does not enter Masonry; but in England, Canada, and our own country not a few of our people are apt to consider the condemned society merely a mutual benefit association, much the same as the Foresters, the Knights of Pythias, or the Sons of Temperance. It may interest such of our readers as may hold this utterly erroneous opinion to

learn what, according to their own avowal, the Masons have accomplished in France in the space of little more than a century. The *Gazette de France* informs us that M. Desmons, president of the Masonic Council, has publicly acknowledged, and even gloried in the acknowledgment, that Freemasonry brought about the French Revolution of 1789, as well as the revolutions of 1830 and 1848; and that it controlled and governed the Second Empire through General Méline, whom the Emperor had placed at its head, and who, touched by Masonic grace, devoted himself to the glory of his order. The candid M. Desmons, moreover, openly avows the constant struggle which, throughout the last century, the Masons waged against the French Congregations; and he very naturally rejoices in the measure of success which has recently been attained. On the whole, it is, perhaps, the part of wisdom to conclude that Catholic prelates and publicists of France and other European countries know whereof they speak when they denounce the Masons as the confirmed enemies of religion and social order.

Divorce is like a poisonous plant with many ramifications. Mr. L. G. Kinne has gathered some statistic information as to the Iowa Industrial School which ought to be of interest to moralists and sociologists. Among the conclusions deduced from his study of 760 cases are these: that in over 35 per cent the parents were either unmarried, divorced or separated; that about one-fourth of the entire number of inmates have had brothers, sisters or other near relatives in industrial or reform schools. The number of criminals in every State who, by trickery, get their offspring committed to public institutions in order to avoid the burden of their support is large and increasing.



A Barren Valley.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THERE'S a treacherous valley deep and wide,
And it is to all seeming fair;
But its beauties many a pitfall hide
And 'tis set with many a snare;
And the loiterers there, both young and old,
Oft weep in sore distress
For the day that they were tempted to stray
To the Vale of Idleness.

There are paths that lead to want and need
In that valley deep and low,
There are dark morasses of sin and crime,
Of misery and woe.
There are streams that bear full many a bark
Whose sails droop languidly,—
Crafts that in waters wild and dark
Yet derelict shall be.

There are flowery ways that myriads tread,
And with careless steps and slow;
And what Failure means 'tis often said
These lingerers shall know.
No righteous fame, no noble name,
No joys that truly bless
Were ever won nor shall be won
In the Vale of Idleness.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

X.—NANCY'S SECRET.

MR. HAYLON! Mr. Haylon!
I want to speak to you.”
It was Nancy, the little
cripple, who called. She had
prospered in business since she had
become an indoor merchant. Although
she had not grown, her face, now
shielded from wind and rain, was fairer
than ever, her golden curls a richer
hue. Her face, sublimated in a certain
sense by constant suffering, had become

almost etherealized. Her beauty was
the marvel of all who saw her.

“What is it, fairy?” asked the good-
natured lawyer. “My! but we are
getting on, eh? You will soon be rated
by the commercial agency. Going to
hire a clerk to help you keep store?
Want my recommendation, eh?”

Nancy's stand looked prosperous.
There were piles of fresh fruits, candies,
nuts and a fair assortment of cigars.
Her news business had also prospered.
One part of the counter was devoted to
newspapers and magazines and comic
papers. Cripple as she was, she had
a sharp eye to the “main chance.”
She let few opportunities of turning a
penny escape her.

At present her only difficulty lay in
keeping up her route among the various
offices; for she had not succeeded in
securing another friend as faithful as
Harry Russell. He came to see her
occasionally; but no one had offered to
take her place morning and evening as
regularly as he had done before he went
to college.

“Say, Nannie, why do you not take
Brass Buttons into partnership?” asked
Mr. Haylon.

“Oh, he's a t'ief! He's always helping
hisselt to the peanuts,” answered the
cripple, shaking her puny fist at the
grinning elevator boy close by.

“Come here, boy!” said the lawyer.

There was a lull in the elevator traffic
at the moment. The boy opened the
wire door of his cage and stepped out.
He stopped his grinning and was a little
frightened.

“What yer want?”

“Do you rob this fruit stand?” asked
the tall man.

The word *rob* had an ugly sound. Nancy did not think that the lawyer would take the matter so seriously. She did not want to get the boy into trouble. In fact, they were very good friends. Between him and the old janitor of the building, Nancy's news-stand was well guarded during her rounds. Nevertheless, there was a perpetual battle royal waged between these two juveniles. The boy considered that he had a right to pay himself—in peanuts—for his valuable services; she, that it was her privilege to pay him when and how she chose. And so a species of armed amity existed between them.

Buttons knew Lawyer Haylon well by reputation. He had no desire for further acquaintance, if it should lead to getting into his clutches.

"I don't rob nothin'!" said the boy.

"O Mr. Haylon, he don't rob at all! He only just helps hisself when I ain't looking."

"Ah! a fine distinction,—a very fine distinction. Well, all right, Mr. Buttons! Nan, what have you to say to me?"

The boy retired at once, glad to get out of harm's way. Nan's back was turned to him as he went, but the lawyer was facing him; so he had not the courage to help himself to the usual half-dozen peanuts this time.

"There's too many people here now, and it's too noisy. You must come over at half-past four. Then nearly everybody will be gone out of the building," said the imperious little beauty, as if she already knew her power.

"But suppose I can not come at that time?" said the lawyer.

"But you *must*. I've got something very pertickler to say to you."

"Very well; since you command it, I'll be here."

He came at the time appointed.

"Well, little one, what's the terrible mystery?" he asked.

Nancy appeared duly impressed with the importance of the communication she was about to make.

"Dick," she called to Mr. Brass Buttons, "let the gentleman have your elevator stool a little while, please."

Dick brought it without a word. If there was any trouble brewing for him, he thought in his own way, it were well to propitiate the Fates. The lawyer took his seat in a corner of the corridor near the plate-glass window next to the door, from whence he could see the busy traffic of the thoroughfare. Nancy stood, leaning on her crutches, before him. Haylon was rather amused at her earnestness. To her the interview was evidently an important one.

"It's about that good, good boy," she said impressively.

"Dick of the Brass Buttons?"

"Naw! Mr. Haylon, do be serious for a while. It's about that good boy—Harry Russell."

"Ha! what about him?"

"He hasn't been getting into any trouble, Mr. Haylon; has he?"

"No, not that I have heard. I saw him as late as yesterday."

"Well, they repeated his name ever so many times, and his brother Clarence's too. I didn't like the looks of either of them. I think they mean some harm to Harry. I am sure they are bad men."

"What does this mean, Nan? I'm quite in the dark."

"I ain't got a beautiful voice," she said pathetically; "but I've got sharp eyes and ears, too. O Mr. Haylon, you will protect Harry—won't you?—because he was so kind—to me—for months!"

The poor girl was very earnest. The last sentence ended in a stifled sob.

"Now, my child," said the lawyer very kindly, "don't get excited over this thing. Tell me quietly and calmly all you know. You see I can not help your

friend unless I know where the danger lies." He drew the girl close to him and stroked her beautiful curls in a fatherly way. "Now take your time. Tell me everything you know, and give me the reasons for your suspicions."

"Two men," said Nancy, "stood just where we are now and talked and talked for a long time. I was at my stand—see, not four feet away. They didn't mind me. I didn't pay any attention to them for some time, until I heard them mention Harry Russell's name three or four times. Then I listened with all my ears. This is what I heard, as near as I can remember. One of them seemed to be a stranger here, and I believe he came from Baltimore. He mentioned that place very often. The other belongs here, I think. The stranger said: 'Old Dodsworth had a stroke of partial paralysis last week and he can not change it now, that's certain. I saw him myself at his rooms. He's pretty far gone.' Then, sir, I heard them talking some words I didn't understand at all. It was something about a foot and a leg, or something like that; and then they mentioned Harry Russell's name and said he was it."

"Foot and leg! What do you mean, child?"

"I do not know at all. But I thought you would understand."

There was disappointment in her tone. Lawyer Haylon was puzzled. He could not make head or tail of the expression.

"Wait," he said. He put his head between his hand and his elbows on his knees and began to think. The girl waited patiently. Presently he lifted his head and said: "Did the words sound like this, Nan: 'Sole legatee'?"

"Yes, them's the very words—'So legaty,'—them's it!" And she clapped her hands joyfully. "I thought you would understand."

"Go on, child, and don't miss a word

you heard, if you can help it. Wait one minute. Are you sure that Harry Russell's name was used in connection with 'sole legatee'?"

"Quite sure. Then they talked some about a claim. The strange man said he could scare one, or scare up one. They went on talking very fast, but just then a great big rattling wagon passed the door and I couldn't hear anything. When I could again make out what they were saying the man that lives here said: 'I can put the young fellow in a good way of business.' At this they both laughed. Why did they laugh at that, Mr. Haylon?"

"I don't know yet. What else?"

"The Baltimore man said he was willing to advance a couple of thousand for the benefit of the two boys. And that's all I heard."

The disjointed and unsatisfactory story was an enigma to the experienced lawyer; but it was just the kind of case on which he delighted to test his genius. His trained mind revelled in a contest where all his faculties were brought into sharp play.

"You are a good girl—" he began.

But before he could finish Nancy cried excitedly:

"Look! look! There he is! That's the man who lives here!"

Lawyer Haylon looked across the street. He saw a chattel-mortgage lawyer who bore a very bad reputation.

(To be continued.)

LAMMAS DAY, or the Lammas Festival, is said to have gained its name from the practice of bringing a young lamb to the cathedral church of York on that day. Money was given to servants on Lammas Day with which they were expected to buy gloves. Hence its name "Glove-Silver." Anciently every family also gave to the Pope one penny at this time.

Winsome Weasels.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

There was much less noise than usual in the sitting-room of the house on Main Street when I made my appearance there a few evenings ago; but my welcome was more than usually cordial, too.

"O uncle," exclaimed Clare, "I'm so glad you've come over to-night! Papa and mamma and Bride and Rose have all gone down to Aunt Annie's; and Frankie and I are keeping house."

"Indeed!" I replied. "And what was mamma thinking about, pray, to leave the house in charge of such able-bodied care-takers as you and this stout little chap? Suppose burglars came along, Frankie, what would you do?"

"Me tell 'em to doe 'ight off, 'cause papa not tum home 'fore long times."

"I see. But, Clare, are you really alone? Where is Mrs. Hoogan? Has she gone out for the evening also?"

"Oh, no, uncle! She is down in the kitchen doing some extra baking. I meant that Frankie and I are the only ones of the family in the house. Mamma said she'd send Charlie up to stay with us; but I guess he must have gone out somewheres before they got to Aunt Annie's, for we haven't seen anything of him yet."

"Untle, oo dot some nice 'tories in oor head to-night?"

"Of course, Frankie; and I've got some candy in my pocket, too. Do you know any little boy that would like some?"

"Fwankie 'ikes tocolate, untle. Oo dot some of dat kind?"

The chocolate having been produced, Frankie's attention became absorbed in the question as to whether there was more pleasure in biting one of the toothsome pyramids in two and eating each half separately, or in putting the whole pyramid into his mouth at once and

allowing it to dissolve gradually. In the meanwhile Clare inquired whether I remembered any encounter between saints and weasels.

"Weasels!" I exclaimed. "Why, what has put the thought of those little animals in your head?"

"Something I saw in my library book a little while ago. A magistrate was talking to a policeman about catching a wicked burglar, and the policeman replied: 'Umph! catch Red Joe! Catch a weasel asleep.' Now, I've been trying to think ever since what it meant. There's an old concertina book upstairs, and I know that one of the tunes in it is 'Pop Goes the Weasel!' But that doesn't help me much, does it?"

"No, my dear, it certainly doesn't; but I fancy I can explain the phrase to your satisfaction. You must know that the weasel is a small, slender animal—sometimes very pretty—that feeds on rats, mice, little birds and their eggs. It is about as cunning and wary a little beast as exists; so sharp that it is almost impossible to take it off its guard; and hence 'to catch a weasel asleep' is the same thing as to do something very difficult by cuteness or surprise. As the policeman used it, he probably meant that he didn't think there was much chance of his catching the tricky burglar. The old tune you mention has reference to the same cunning. Just when those who try to catch the little animal imagine they have him—pop! he isn't there; so 'Pop Goes the Weasel' is proverbial, too, for a sudden disappearance."

"Oh, I understand now, uncle! Did you say that any of the saints ever made a pet of this cute little beast?"

"I may not have said so yet, Clare, but I do now. I remember two holy persons, at least, in whose lives there is mention of the weasel. Both lived in the thirteenth century. The first was

Blessed Jourdain of Saxe, so called from the part of Germany to which he belonged. He was a Dominican friar, and was one of the most celebrated preachers of his time,—and that is high praise, indeed; for in the thirteenth century eloquent pulpit orators were very numerous; more so, perhaps, than they have ever been since then. Well, Blessed Jourdain's great eloquence, and his holiness which was just as great, caused him to be named the head man of his Order.

"Now, this good saint's biographers tell us that not men alone, but even the animals recognized the charm which God had given to his voice. One day, while he was making a journey on foot with several of his brethren, a weasel ran across the path in front of them. The friars who were a few steps in advance of their superior stopped and were looking at the hole into which the animal had disappeared. 'What are you stopping for?' inquired Blessed Jourdain, as he came up with them.—'Why, Father Superior,' said one in reply, 'the prettiest little creature you ever saw has just run down into this hole.' Then, stooping down, the friar said gently: 'Come up, my pretty one, till we see you!' The weasel at once appeared and raised its bright eyes to the holy man's face. Then, at his invitation, it jumped upon one of his hands, and allowed him to pat its head and smooth down the fur on its back. Having petted it for a few minutes, much to the admiration of his companions, he set it down, saying, 'Now run back to your little house, and bless God your creator—'"

"Den, pop doe de weasel!" interjected Frankie, so perfectly apropos that both Clare and myself joined in a merry burst of laughter.

"Who was the other saint that had some experience with weasels, uncle?"

asked my niece a few moments later.

"She was a holy widow named Humility, who shut herself up as a recluse in Faenza, Italy, after the death of her husband. For twelve years she lived walled up in a little cell built against the chapel of the Convent of St. Apollinarius. The only openings in this stone chamber of hers were two gratings: one that gave upon the chapel and permitted her to attend the services and receive the sacraments; the other being on the side toward the street. Through this latter she received the alms that kept her alive.

"Now, the biographers of St. Humility tell us that God sent her a little weasel that wore a little bell around its neck. The saint saw it come through her grating one day; and the weasel at once made itself at home, as if it intended to stay. And it did stay, too, for a good many years. While the saint was engaged in prayer it lay at her feet and never moved; but was playful and affectionate during the rare moments when its mistress allowed herself to fondle it. Sometimes those who brought food to the saint would drop a piece of meat through the grating for the weasel; but it would not eat it, contenting itself with the same poor food that its mistress took. It was a faithful companion to St. Humility for a long time; but as other recluses began to install themselves near the chapel, it perhaps thought that its solitude would be disturbed. Anyway, one fine morning it climbed up to the grating, looked outside, jumped down again and went over to the saint as if to say good-bye; then dropped its bell on the floor and went off, never to come back.

"But I see that Frankie has dropped off into dreamland. Yes, and here comes Master Charlie; so I'll leave you under his protection for the rest of the evening. Good-night, my dear!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is pleasant to hear that Mary Catherine Crowley's story of old Detroit, "A Daughter of New France," is now in its sixth edition. It is one of Little, Brown & Co's most successful publications.

—One of the new novels supplies this choice specimen of the metaphor that is mixed: "This cloud that tried to stand in the way of their youthful joy was only a false report, whose bitter taste could not splinter the radiance of their happiness." Says the *Writer*: "Very likely it is the best thing in the book."

—A work of uncommon interest is announced from the pen of Mgr. Zaleski, Apostolic Delegate to India. Its title is "Les Martyres de l'Inde." Some of these Indian martyrs are set down as contemporaries of the Apostle St. Thomas; and among them is Peria-Perumal, King of Jaffna, supposed to be identical with Gaspar, one of the three Magi. According to Indian tradition, he was consecrated bishop by St. Thomas and was buried in the same tomb with him. It is also interesting to note that after the Apostolic period the first European missionaries to reach India were four Franciscans and a Dominican travelling overland in the fourteenth century.

—The International Catholic Truth Society again proves its quality by the issue of a "Catalogue of Catholic Fiction," a compilation that was badly needed. The list is a much longer one than we would have made it. Not a few of the writers named are at best only third class, and many of the books are—well, not literature. A catalogue less complete but more select would have been much better, it seems to us. (Think of a complete catalogue of Presbyterian or Baptist fiction!) We should have hesitated to include certain works by well-known Catholic writers and others written by converts previous to their reception into the Church. Is Chateaubriand's "Atala" unobjectionable? "Pan Michael" and other of Sienkiewicz's creations are needlessly coarse in the English translation, as we have said more than once, in our reviews of them. "Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's" and "Rutledge" are Episcopalian not Catholic stories. "The Secret Directory," "Crowned with Stars," "Our Mother" (a regrettable production in our opinion), the Prig's "Bede," "A Salon of the Empire" can not be classed as fiction at all. Justin McCarthy may be a Catholic, but certainly he has not always written like one.

Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Dana-Skinner, we may add, have published novels not included in this list. But let us eschew further criticism and hasten to say that the I. C. T. S.'s catalogue of "Catholic Fiction" is extremely serviceable, as it gives not only titles and authors but publishers as well. We hope to see a revised edition of the present list, and a separate one of books suitable for the young.

—The high merit of Frank Hugh O'Donnell's new book, "The Message of the Four Masters" is acknowledged even by critics who are strongly opposed to Irish nationality. It is both an epic and a philippic and is founded on the old Celtic legend of Aileach. Written in the rhythm of Macaulay's famous ballads, there are many stirring and melodious lines that recall the master at his best. Irishmen who are patriots will read "The Message of the Four Masters" standing, it is so full of the enthusiasm that always raises one to one's feet.

—Of Catholic books published by Protestant firms the latest is "The Practice of the Presence of God, the Best Rule of a Holy Life," by Brother Lawrence of Lorraine. He was a lowly and unlearned man, who, after having been a soldier, became a lay-brother among the Carmelites at Paris in 1666. His "conversations" and letters, first published at the suggestion of Cardinal de Noailles, have been reprinted many times and benefited innumerable readers. We are as much gratified as surprised to see an American edition of this precious booklet issued by the Fleming H. Revell Co., "publishers of evangelical literature"; and we join in the hope of the pious translator that "this edition also may be blessed by God, and redound to the praise of the glory of His grace."

—The day has gone by, thank goodness, when anti-Catholic writers in this country could publish their productions without fear of incurring censure from any but expected sources. Times have changed at last, and the bigot receives stern rebukes where once it must be said he could always look for approval and encouragement. On the staff of all our more respectable journals, there are now fair-minded writers who are free to denounce religious intolerance wherever found; and they seem glad to do this. Mr. Guy Carleton Lee, of the *Pittsburgh Post*, in reviewing an anti-Catholic novel just published by Mr. John Lane ("Casting of Nets," by Richard Bagot), thus

relieves his feelings—the feelings of a gentleman:

The author seems to have for the Church of Rome and all its adherents a hatred which blinds him to all sense of fairness and even truth. That which is Catholic is in his eyes of the devil; and to him all Catholics are hypocrites, liars, and children of Satan. The scene of his story—if story it can be termed—is principally laid in England, and the book deals with Catholic proselytism and its consequences. Later the scene is shifted to Rome, and here the author fairly revels in virulence. Rome is to Mr. Bagot—who should substitute an *i* for the *a* in his name—a seething caldron of political corruption, without one ingredient of religion to relieve the pestilential odor of the concoction.... We can recommend the book to no class of readers. To Catholics it will be an object of ridicule; to Protestants, of shame, unless they be hopeless bigots. The only class of readers who can enjoy the book are those who, distorting the original meaning of the phrase, in their antagonism to Christianity quote with glee the old Roman saying: "See how these Christians fight!"

The book reviews in the *Pittsburgh Post*, by the way, are distinctly superior; Mr. Carleton and his assistants are impartial critics and their writing is uncommonly careful and competent. They will not praise inferior works, and books like Mr. Bagot's are sure to be condemned. The reputation of Mr. John Lane as a publisher of high standing will not be enhanced, we think, by "Casting of Nets."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.
 The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 10 cts.
 A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, net.
 Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.
 The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Cyril Creed.* \$1.50.
 The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., net.
 Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coutances.* 70 cts., net.

Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, net.

On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.

The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Dorckl.* 75 cts., net.

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.
 Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.

The Apostles' Creed. *Adolph Harnack.* 80 cts.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana-Skinner.* \$1.50.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, net.

Memoirs of Lady Georgiana Chatterton. \$2.

Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.

Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.

Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.

The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph Bezamat, of the Diocese of Tucson.

Sister M. Flavia, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Camilla, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Isaac Thompson, of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Alexander Ferris, Sr., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William Walsh and Mrs. Bridget Mahon, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. A. C. Cook, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Goldbach, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss B. Horan and Mr. James Horan, Port Carbon, Pa.; Mrs. John Gilman, Pottsville, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Clark, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Michael McCauley, Laurel, Neb.; Mrs. Julia Leib, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Rose Cunningham, Fortburg, Md.; Mary Sullivan, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Auguste Olbrich, Detroit, Mich.; and Mr. Dominic Poggio, New Castle, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

NO. 11.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

To St. Peter.

A GERMAN LEISEN OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

OUR dear Lord of grace hath given
To St. Peter power in heaven,
That he may uphold alway
All who hope in him and say,

Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!

Therefore must he stand before
The heavenly kingdom's mighty door;
There will he an entrance give
To those who shall be bid to live,—

Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!

Let us to God's servant pray,
All, with loudest voice to-day,
That our souls with him may rest
Among the heavenly legions blest,—

Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!

A Chat about Conclaves.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

WHETHER its aim, its methods, or its composition be considered, a Conclave is certainly the most solemn, most dignified, and ablest of electoral bodies the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see. A book entitled "Le Conclave" has been published in Paris (P. Lethielleux), which gives an accurate and detailed account of the origin, organization, laws, and history of the Conclave. Its author signs himself "Lucius Lector." From internal evidence he would seem to be a Frenchman

living in Rome. He is at home in Canon Law, and has dived deep into the literature of his subject. It would almost seem, too, that he was present, as cardinal or in some other capacity, at the Conclave of 1878, in which Leo XIII. was elected Pope.

There are many curious things in this volume of nearly eight hundred pages. The first quarter of the work is somewhat dry. In it the author tells how in the first ages of the Church the elections of Popes were made by the people and clergy of Rome. Later on, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, through the wise measures taken by Popes St. Leo IX., Nicholas II., St. Gregory VII., and Alexander III., in order to avoid popular tumults and imperial meddling, the election of the Popes came to be entrusted entirely to the Sacred College of Cardinals.

The cardinals, whatever their rank in the Sacred College, are all electors of the Roman Pontiff, and alone enjoy that right. But if a cardinal—as sometimes happens—be not in Holy Orders, he may not vote at a Conclave except in virtue of an indult from the deceased Pontiff, or else by entering at once into Holy Orders. An excommunicated cardinal is not, to use a term of modern political life, disfranchised. A cardinal may resign his dignity to enter—as did the pious Odescalchi in our times—a religious order; or even, if he be not in Holy Orders, to return into the world; but on his resignation being accepted by the

Pope, he loses his right to vote in Conclave. The Pope may for grave reasons deprive a cardinal of his right to vote without depriving him (as he of course could) of his dignity of cardinal. Pius VI. suspended Cardinal de Rohan for having compromised himself in the "Diamond Necklace Affair"; and the same Pope deposed Loménie de Brienne from his dignity of cardinal because he had taken the oath to the Civil Constitution of the clergy in France in 1791. Such, then, are the electors of a Conclave. They must enter into it free from all promises to elect this or that personage. In the simple words of Pope Gregory X., they must enter Conclave "with open minds and clear consciences."

A Conclave need not be held in Rome, and has often been held elsewhere. At one time it was thought necessary to hold it at the place where the last Pope had died. But when Pius VI. died at Valence, the Conclave that elected Pius VII., his successor, was held at Venice. On the death of Pius IX., one of the first cares of the cardinals was to debate in congregation whether the Conclave should be held in Rome or elsewhere. The Russian armies were then within sight of Constantinople, and King Humbert had just succeeded to his usurped throne. Italy and the powers, providentially, were too fully occupied by other matters to allow them to interfere with the freedom of the Conclave, and so it was held in the Vatican. But, as "Lucius Lector" points out, the next Conclave may have to be held in some Maltese monastery, in a hotel on the Riviera, or in a New York mansion. Why not in Jerusalem? A single steamer could rapidly transport the Sacred College and its officials to Jaffa, and the new railway thence would quickly bring them to Jerusalem, where the Franciscan house for pilgrims would be admirably suited for the purposes of a Conclave.

A Conclave, as the word implies, is a closed assembly. All communication with the outer world is cut off for the cardinals and their attendants when once the Conclave has begun. Every issue is bricked up except the great door of entry, which is closed and bolted within and without. The Marshal of the Conclave guards it outside, and the Cardinal Camerlengo within. They open it only to admit a sovereign or his ambassador who may desire to have audience of the Sacred College, to permit the egress of some sick cardinal, or to admit some cardinal arriving after Conclave has begun. But there is a small window with a turning box, such as is used in enclosed convents, by which, under strict inspection, the cardinals may receive or send letters on private affairs.

This strict enclosure prevents outside influences being brought to bear on their Eminences and helps to hasten their deliberations. It took its rise at Viterbo in 1271, where seventeen cardinals had been deliberating for two years! Yet the times were critical and a Pope was sorely needed. St. Louis had just died on the burning shores of Africa, and the Crescent was menacing Christendom. In vain St. Bonaventure exhorted the cardinals to hasten. The people of Viterbo took a ruder and more telling method. They shut the cardinals up in their palace, put them on short commons, and took the roof from over their heads. The cardinals at last elected Blessed Gregory X.

Several papal constitutions strive to hasten the decision of the cardinals by cutting off their supplies of food. But in modern times they have not been reduced, as the constitutions suggest, to rations of bread and wine. Plain and wholesome meals are allowed, and at the last Conclave a kitchen was established within the Conclave itself.

It had to provide for nearly two hundred and fifty persons. There were sixty-one cardinals, each with an ecclesiastical and a lay attendant. The Conclave had also its confessor, secretary, master of ceremonies, doctors, barbers, and other attendants.

The most important personage in the Conclave is undoubtedly the Cardinal Chamberlain, or Camerlengo. His office is about the only one in the Papal Court which does not cease or fall into abeyance at the death of the Pope. During the vacancy of the Holy See he is its administrator. He certifies the death of the Pope in an Old-World way. On the death of Pius IX. this solemn duty fell on Cardinal Pecci as Camerlengo. He entered the death-chamber, and, kneeling beside the couch of the deceased Pontiff, he prayed silently a while; then, rising, cried aloud thrice, "John!" using the dead Pope's Christian name, and at the same time gently striking the cold forehead of the dead Pontiff with a silver hammer. Then, turning to those present, he declared that the Pope indeed was dead. It is also his duty to order all things for the funeral of the late Pope and to direct preparations for the Conclave, and to keep up relations with foreign powers. He had the right to coin money with his arms. Were he to die in Conclave, the cardinals must at once appoint his successor. He is aided in his labors by three cardinals in rotation appointed "Heads of Orders" of the Sacred College. If he be elected Pope, as was Cardinal Pecci, his first official act is to name a new Camerlengo.

During the vacancy of the Holy See the most important official outside the Conclave is its Marshal. Ever since the Savelli guarded that first Conclave at Viterbo, that family until its extinction held the office; it was then given to the Chigi, by whom it was exercised

at the last Conclave. The dignity is perpetual in the Chigi family, though of course the Pope could take it away. The duties now are more honorary than real, since the soldiers, police and spies of the Italian government have taken on themselves to keep watch and ward outside the Vatican.

Having assisted at a Mass of the Holy Ghost and a sermon, on the tenth day after the Pope's death the cardinals may enter into Conclave and take possession of their cells. Three are allotted to each cardinal. In one of these, cardinals who are priests usually say their daily Mass. They assist every day at a sort of community Mass, and morning and afternoon at the voting in the chapel, which was the Sistine in the Conclave of 1878. All the cardinals in Conclave, unless ill, must take part in these votes under pain of excommunication. Cardinals alone are present. The vote is written and secret, the voting paper being so folded that the signature and device of the elector are hidden and the name of the cardinal for whom the vote is given is alone visible. Election is not valid unless two-thirds of the votes of the cardinals in Conclave are given to the candidate.

At each sitting the cardinals vote twice, unless some one has secured the two-third majority required. As an old Bull quaintly says, it is easier to practise than to explain this second round of votes. The votes given in the first round remain to the credit of the candidates. At the second round no cardinal may vote for the same candidate for whom he has previously voted, but he may give a blank vote. The votes of the second round are then added to those previously obtained; and if some one candidate has obtained the two-thirds required, after a careful examination of the votes—it is here that the devices and names are used to see that a candidate has not

voted for himself—he is proclaimed Pope.

His consent is then asked, and often not immediately obtained. Cardinal Pecci, when he saw how the votes were going in his favor, wanted to tell the cardinals that they were making a terrible mistake. "I have none of the qualities," he said to a fellow-cardinal, "for being Pope." The latter made answer: "We are better judges of your learning than you are; as to your other qualifications, God knows them. Let His will be done." With tears in his eyes and with pallid face, Cardinal Pecci accepted the burden of the Supreme Pontificate and assumed the name of Leo XIII. And here, at least for the present, this chat must end; though there is much more to tell about so interesting a subject.

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

III.

A LONG white house, with broad steps leading up to the hall door; and on the top of the steps an elderly lady whom I understood at once to be my grandmother.

"My Eugénie!"

The voice was sweet and low,—a rare thing in a Frenchwoman; the embrace was warm, almost convulsive. My grandmother was plainly thinking of her daughter, her lost Eugénie, whom she had never forgiven for having married a foreigner,—never, until it was too late. Then she turned, took me by the hand, and without a word we entered the house.

The hall followed the length of the building; it was not broad, and might be termed a passage or corridor rather than a hall. A little girl of five or six years old came dancing forward. Not a pretty child, but one to be noticed

among a hundred. Small and delicately made, with light and airy movements, still the great fascination lay in her eyes. They were beautiful brown, almost black eyes,—at that period of her life too large for the face.

"Mauricia!" said my grandmother.

The child came up a little shyly, and, taking my hand between her two little hands, looked up in my face. My heart warmed to this little one. I bent down, and she flung her arms round my neck.

"I love thee,—I will love thee always!" she cried, and gave me a big kiss on either cheek.

"Ah, Mauricia, I shall be jealous!" said Jean, as he stepped into the hall. "But where is Marguerite?"

"Your sister, Jean?" I said, smiling, as she made her appearance.

Jean laughed.

"What perspicacity! We are twins, Eugénie, and we are as like as two drops of water."

I looked again at Marguerite, and thought to myself: "They are as like as two drops when one is lit up by the sunshine and the other lies in the shade." Jean's expression was so merry, his movements so lively, and his tongue ran a continual race with his thoughts. Marguerite's face was a sealed book, her manner reserved—but it might be shyness.

I followed Marguerite up the broad oak staircase, through a corridor similar to the hall below; into this corridor, as in most old houses, all the bedrooms on that floor opened out. The chamber placed at my disposal was large and simply furnished,—a wooden bedstead with curtains, and quaint little arm-chairs that looked inviting to my weary limbs. My trunk lay uncorded on the floor, and a lady's maid stood by, ready to give whatever help was required.

"I hope you will find the room to your liking," said Marguerite; "though

'tis simple enough, in all conscience."

"It's so nice and cool coming from outside!" I answered, hesitatingly,—I felt rather afraid of Marguerite. "And, oh, what a lovely view!"

With one bound I was leaning out of the window, Mauricia at my side, enjoying my delight. Before us, in the far-away distance, a thick forest stretched along the horizon and fringed a large chequered plain of fields and meadows; while the river Oise passed in and out like a silver thread, twisting and turning until it almost bathed the walls of the park. The park itself—as the French call the garden of a large property—spread out its lawn beneath my window. Its huge trees and rich flower-beds delighted me; while on my right a stream rose bubbling out of the grass, and, flowing beneath a miniature bridge, disappeared behind the tall white poplars that grew on its bank.

"How very beautiful, Mauricia!" I exclaimed, putting my arm round the little girl.

Mauricia seemed to have been in a dream-world of her own. She started, then said:

"Ah, you find it so? Marguerite never cares about it; but I love it—I love it! Ah, cousin, you must always stay with us. Promise me you will!"

"O Mauricia, don't be silly!" said Marguerite, coming to the window. "Look! Uncle George is calling, and waving his hat to attract your attention."

Uncle George was Mauricia's father and an artist,—a sculptor well known to connoisseurs in Paris. He was standing in the path with another gentleman, and saluted us with a grand sweep of his hat. The lawn inclined toward the river in a rapid slope, so that the house was raised by a cellar on the north side. My room was too high up for me to hear what was said

in the garden. I therefore returned the salute in silence, and began to dress for dinner. Mauricia was carried off by her nurse; and Marguerite retired to her room, which was next to mine.

The dinner gong found me ready, and I went down with Marguerite. There I shook hands with Monsieur de Fontenay (Mauricia's father), whom I soon liked very much. Of an artistic temperament, sensitive and impulsive, he had at the same time a charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation which denoted the man of the great world. My aunt, Madame de Fontenay, was very amiable, and I thought looked as though she would be kind to me.

"Madame, at your service!"

The voice of the pompous old butler now stopped further conversation; and, taking Jean's proffered arm, I followed the others into the dining-room.

Thus began my stay at Chateau de Sautemont, which was eventually to become the most exciting period of my life; and the notes on persons and places then entered in my diary for the amusement of my dear father were afterward carefully laid aside until I finally wrote them out in the form of a narrative, thinking that perhaps others, too, might take an interest in the adventures of Eugénie Forrester.

IV.

The sun got up long before I did next morning, and I could hear people passing along the corridor. I jumped out of bed, and, opening the shutters, admitted a flood of sunshine into my room. The river looked bluer than it had looked the evening before, and broke up the reflection of the sun into a thousand golden coins, as if Dame Fortune had passed that way and dropped an open purse into its waters. A barge had landed during the night and was anchored close to the park; the barge-men with their wives and children were

moving busily to and fro, giving life to the whole scene.

Mauricia's childish voice could be heard below singing:

Paresseuse fille qui sommeille encore,
Déjà le jour brille sous son manteau d'or,
Déjà l'oiseau chante ses plus folles chansons,
Toute la nature sourit aux moissons.

Then a cry of joy as she caught sight of the open shutters, and a few minutes later Ernestine, the tall chamber-maid, came in carrying a bowl of delicious *café au lait*. When will English people drink good coffee? But there! What is the use of making such remarks? For when will the French like ham and eggs, or enjoy rhubarb tarts and boiled potatoes?

At about nine o'clock I ran down the broad oak stairs, and found Jean and Mauricia waiting for me in the garden. Together we visited the poultry-yard and robbed the kitchen-garden. Then Jean rowed us up and down the little stream under the shady trees, and we all three became greater friends than ever; while I promised to teach them both English,—although, as Jean said, it was such an ugly language.

Le bon vin, le matin,
Sortant de la tonne,
Cela vaut bien le latin—

Jean had a fine voice, but the song was cut short; for a bend in the river revealed Marguerite, cold and stately, the picture of an avenging goddess.

"Was it kind of you, Jean, to hide in the garden when you had promised to go down to the village with me?" she called out.

"*Ma foi!* Marguerite, I could think only of Eugénie this morning. It is her first day here and we must make her feel at home."

"Let us go now," said Marguerite; "there is yet time."

Jean said nothing. Mauricia cried out: "Take Ernestine with you, cousin!"

But Marguerite only repeated sternly:

"Come, Jean!"

And Jean obediently landed, tied up the boat, and that was the end of our morning's fun.

Mauricia flew into a passion.

"You are wicked,—you are horrid! I won't love you!"

Marguerite flushed up, but made no reply. Mauricia burst out crying and threw herself into my arms. We sat down together on a fallen tree; and, while I consoled her, I grieved inwardly at Marguerite's strange conduct and wondered at its cause. Jean told me later that she hated foreigners. I found that she spoke very little, but seemed remarkably intelligent; and she was appealed to by all the members of the family when in need of information on any subject.

The Marquis de Hauteville Cambrésis arrived that evening. He was the father of the twins, and much more like Marguerite than like his son,—merry, thoughtless Jean; *si enfant*, as the French say; rather looked down upon by the rest and yet generally beloved, partly on account of his sweet temper, partly through that feeling of family pride which clings to the only boy, the son and heir; for Jean was the future Marquis de Cambrésis. Madame de Cambrésis' eldest son was often called Monsieur de Hauteville, because he was the owner of a large property of that name in Normandy. He was a man of strong opinion, a stanch Bonapartist, and so patriotic a Frenchman that he despised every other nation in Europe.

When my mother married the young Englishman she had met at balls in Paris, he was deeply offended, and had done his best to set his family against her. Yet to me, her daughter, he was kind in his way; and one morning a little brown pony was brought up to the front door, saddled and bridled, and that little brown pony was for me. How

I enjoyed those rides over the breezy hills, where hand and eye had need be steady, and the paths wound higher and higher until the top was reached, where Calipet, the giant windmill, raised its mighty arms to heaven and seemed to forget the little town that nestled at its feet!

I heard later that Pont-Ste.-Maxence dated from those good old days when history and legend went hand in hand. The early chronicles relate that an Irish maiden fled from her pagan lover and took refuge in Gaul, where, after much wandering, she came to the river Oise. Seeing no boat or bridge, but full of trust in Providence, the maiden threw three stones into the river, and, lo! straightway a bridge rose up, of which the remains may be seen to this day. After crossing the river in this wonderful way, Maxentia—that was the maiden's name—took up her abode in the forest, where she gave herself up to prayer and good deeds.

But, alas! her persecutor tracked poor Maxentia to this secluded abode; and when she still refused to listen to him, he, in a transport of fury, cut off her head. The forest, however, proved no concealer of this crime; for, continues the legend, the saint, taking her detached head in her hands, pursued the barbarian for over five miles, as far as a little town now called Fleurine. But her body was eventually brought back to the place where the murder was committed; a fine church was built in her honor, and a little town sprang up, which became Pont-Ste.-Maxence.

(To be continued.)

THE persuasion that a great, producing, regulating and conducting Being conceals Himself, as it were, behind nature to make Himself comprehensible to us, such a conviction forces itself upon everyone.—*Goethe*.

Hope.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

STRONG as the warm beating of the infinite Heart,
Quickening the earth with odor of fresh power,
Is thy clear voice that calls to us each hour
Across the isthmus of our lives, with art
That spurs us on anew to do our part
In building up the spirit's lofty tower;
And gladly, as the tempest or the flower,
We feel thy passion through our being start.

Who has not heard thy anthem of great sound,
The world-wide murmur rising like the sea,
That wraps earth like a girdle round and round
With the one music from all tension free,
As though some angel out of Sorrow's bound
Called from the baldricked ramparts of Eternity?

From the Mosquito Coast.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—THE LAND OF NOD.

THE twilight is closing in again. The shadows thicken and grow woolly; they seem to muffle or deaden the strident voices of traffic that make a day in town at this season almost intolerable. A few dull stars grope their way through the cloud that has hung over us for a week; but they soon withdraw in favor of the street-lamps, where swarms of delirious insects whirl like snowflakes in an eddy.

The footsteps in Lover's Lane begin to falter; the fountain in the little park is purling pleasantly. Sometimes the wind rises and falls like a sigh; the leaves on the trees patter as if the rain were falling among them; and the ivy that hangs upon the walls of the Bungalow is stirred for a moment; slight shivers run through it from root to roof-tree. Somewhere a bird pipes peevishly. Perhaps it is going to rain; perhaps a storm is coming to minister to our feverish heads and fainting

hearts,—for it is June at the Capital and the town is a fiery furnace.

Voices under my window begin to attract my attention,—voices [that are lost in the roar of the blustering hours; soft voices, treble and bass—mingling, responding; mingling again in that *concerto* which the whole world knows so well. No wonder the narrow path under the window—the straight and narrow path that divides the strip of garden from the small park where the fountain plays at playing during the hottest months of the year,—no wonder it is known as Lover's Lane. The night and the stars of the night know it as such—and so do I, though I am no eavesdropper.

Well, I wonder if I am likely to drowse, or am about to be likely to drowse? Leaden the lids that begin to droop over these weary eyes.... An hour—two hours—three hours have passed. Not for one moment have I lost consciousness. My pillow is a hot-water bag. Oh, the clammy sheets that cling to me like a shroud! The quarter-hours peal forth from the belfry of St. Aloysius'; I utter a fervent "Amen!" after each one of them; for they are comforting. Yet why are they comforting? To have the hours drawn and quartered, mechanically, under my very ears is to learn to watch for them and to lie in wait for them, and to find them growing longer and longer toward the receding dawn.

And those voices in Lover's Lane! There is no consolation in the cooing of these human doves. They are spirits that are never laid; they haunt the shadows of the livelong night. Nor are they always cooing. It is seldom that an intelligible word is wafted to my ears; but once upon a time there came a sharp cry in the dead of night and it hurried me from my pillow. It was a woman's voice half throttled in her throat,—just voice enough escaping to

gasp: "Don't beat me, for God's sake! I have to work to-morrow!"

The fountain lisped prettily; the grass was alive with chirping crickets; but I could not even think of sleep after that footnote to a history that is happily unwritten. I could not sleep then, I can not sleep now; sometimes I am seized with a horrible fear that I shall never sleep again. I know all the hours by rote. I know just when to listen for the approach of the earliest milk-wagon, for the faint piping of the awakening bird, the first step of the toilers who go forth to meet the dawn,—all the chromatic splendors that paint the east before sunrise. Oh, the joy of the returning day—the unutterable joy of it!

I have again lived through the whole tragedy of the night. Do you know this tragedy? It is called "Insomnia." It begins just after dark, and the first act is not uninteresting. "Perhaps I shall sleep," I say to myself in a whisper, lest the Angel of Sleep should overhear me and fail to fold his wings. I sit in the deep-chair between the corner windows of the library; I look lovingly upon the wall of books so dear to me, now dimly outlined in the pale light that filters in through the shutters from the street-lamp just below. My chin gradually settles upon my chest; my muscles relax; I no longer note the passing hour. It is like drifting with the tide,—drifting—drifting I know not whither,—I care not. Surely it is late? No, not so very late. The electric juggernaut flashes by on the avenue below, with a peal of rolling thunder.

Again that clock in the tower of St. Aloysius'; and again and yet again pleasure-seekers have passed on their homeward way,—surfeited, I trust; those who were carousing have made a night of it—it has unmade them; even the rampant whistlers have ceased for a time from blowing their brains out

through lips that have grown rigid in a painful pucker.

But no! There is that solitary soul who emerges, as it were, from space, ploughs his way across the earth and is submerged in space, from whence he came. Alas and woe is me! Like the ill wind that he is, he bloweth where he listeth; but whence he came and whither he goeth no man save himself can tell. I can hear him while he seems as remote as a star; and the faint and far-off piping of his shrill, fife-like note is as fine-drawn as the voice of a mosquito. It approaches with amazing deliberation, yet always increasing in volume until by the time it is in full blast beneath my window, it pierces my vitals and I am ready to shriek in agony. There is not another sound save this; its stiletto point enters my very soul and passes clean through it; like a file it has rasped my nerves until my teeth are on edge and I tremble from head to foot.

It is now three by the clock. I could have told you the hour without consulting a timepiece; even without having kept count of the quarters as they are chimed on the steeple yonder. Three o' the clock—his hour—when nightly he takes his course from horizon to horizon, rending the trailing garments of the night asunder in cold blood, and desecrating the silence which should be kept sacred and unprofaned in these dark watches. *Misericordia!* He faded like a spark in the outer darkness; he burned his way through all the dreams of the dreamers, and his passing is a hideous memory; it has left a scar.

Insomnia! My eyelids are leaden; I can not lift them. Yet behind them as behind prison walls my eyeballs glare; they are like balls of fire that must by and by burn through those immovable lids; even now I seem to be looking through them—staring into a bottomless

abyss! Oh, that I might hurl myself into its gloomy depths and perchance find respite there!

There goes the hissing trolley! Can it be that I have slept for a few moments? Here is the blessed daybreak, after a little rain shower. Lover's Lane is all alive now; that short cut to business or pleasure is one of the thoroughfares of the town. I love to watch the passers-by and make guesses at their inner lives. Surely life is worth living where there are so many who are interested in it and find it good enough for them.

How easily one forgets a grief! As for trials and tribulations—the pain they cause ends with them. Surely sorrow is for a night; joy cometh with the morning. Yea, verily! Let my psalter be filled with psalms like these, the sweetest in all psalmody. "A truce to Insomnia!" say I. I am weary of the endless and sleepless nights,—weary of being hounded through the dark by the evil one who goeth about the world seeking whom she may devour—that melancholy mother of madness, insatiate Insomnia!

When I cried out in my agony, "A truce to Insomnia!" Youth lifted up his voice in a deep-mouthed "Amen!" I knew what that meant: it meant business and a sea-change. I had suffered everything but that, and that alone was the desire of my heart; I would

Suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Youth gathered together an armful of needfuls, took tickets for the two of us, hurried me into an automobile, and before I could collect my scattered faculties we were on the iron highway bound for the Mosquito Coast.

At once I began to drowse. Sleep hovered over me from the moment of my departure. I yawned on the slightest provocation,—yawned boldly and, I

am ashamed to acknowledge, audibly. I would have yawned in the face of danger without a moment's hesitation, had danger been visible to the naked eye.

Youth stood by me bravely, albeit my ways were not his ways nor my manners society manners. In his heart of hearts he loved me and forgave; and as for the rest, we let the world go by on the two sides of our "Congressional Limited," while we journeyed seaward with neatness and dispatch.

Was I dreaming, or were there pines now overshadowing the waste through which we sped? Pines in scattering clusters, and then more pines springing up out of a world of sand; and the air growing moist and cool and with the odor of water in it! No wonder the thirsting camels crossing the desert, their parched throats clogged with dust, weep great tears of joy when they scent the fountain-fed oasis afar off, its date-palms still invisible, yet beckoning to them from an Eden of perennial beauty. Now all the camel in me yearned for the wellspring of rest. We caught sea glimpses that bewitched the eye, and finally long lengths of sea-washed sand that were bare yet beautiful to behold. Then we took wing and flew over almost endless trestles that linked island upon island in an airy chain.

The pines flocked about us; beneath their boughs the water glinted; down a green vista a silver sail skimmed over the azure sea. Was I dreaming or was it all true? Youth nudged me, for the train had stopped. I woke long enough to be transported from the station to the inn; long enough to smile at grief with a smile that was monumental.

Where were we? In the midst of a vast pine wood; a slender arm of the sea, thrust through the heart of it, throbbed with a normal pulse beneath my window. All night I heard the ebb and flow of the tide, a success of sibilants

that were like whispered music. All night I listened to the frogs' Gregorian gutturals; one, evidently past his prime, snored through the whole service. At intervals the owl ceased to mope and quavered in high falsetto, and the whip-poor-will called from shore to shore. Thus came we into a land that was new to us, and, lo! it was the Land of Nod.

II.—AMONG THE PINES.

Of course I slept last night. That is what I came hither for, and it is a custom of the country. A famous specialist, who has much to do with nervous degenerates, sends them here for repairs; they are put to sleep and kept there until they awaken to a realizing sense of the loveliness of life. I seem to have done so already.

The first night here I lay awake with all my might, for I wanted to enjoy thoroughly a new experience. I say I lay awake with all my might, but perhaps I only dreamed it. Youth says I slept, and he probably knows more about it than I do. He says he can swear to the fact—and did so last night,—and that is why, having deposited me in the Land of Nod, he will leave me here to my stupefaction and return to the national Capital, which is his native heath and hotbed. So I must have slept in spite of everything; and, accepting the question as closed at once and for evermore, I hasten to communicate the joyful fact to all whom it may concern. I write:

"AMONG THE PINES.

"Land of Nod.

"BELOVED!—Because I can sleep I want to write and tell you so. I have not slept for years. All the hours of the night—the dead watches—and I are old familiars. I am tired of the stroke of the clock—it is so tardy; and of the tick of it—it is so loud; and of the

voices of the night—they are so trite. Tired of telling myself stories over and over again; stories of my past—a past that is brimful of them. Life is a dull round when it is no longer forgettable in intervals of oblivion. They said I could sleep here in a pine forest drenched with sea-dew, and where the sea-air is pungent with the spice of pines. I do,—indeed I do!...

I shot that letter into space and watched for a reply. It came presently. I had hinted in the all-important postscript that I was writing, daily, hourly, almost without intermission—barring the twenty minutes for refreshments. And she who shall be nameless called back from her boudoir, which is a bower of beauty: "Can you really write to the dreamy breaking of the Sea's heart in that artery under your window?" Well, if I can't I can go forth among the pines and breathe in their balsamic balm.

When the godfather of this hamlet made of it a local habitation and gave it a name he called it Island Heights. I know not why he called it so, unless "he builded better than he knew"; for it is not an island and it has no heights. Depths there are of sand and shade; and it was an island in the dear, dim days of Captain Kidd and the sea pirates that once patrolled this coast. Its tip-mast-top is on a level with the ceiling of one of your modern city entresols—that is scarcely knee-high to a sky-scraper. It is high enough to command a sunset and steep enough to shed water, and near enough to Cranberry Inlet to have been cut off from the mainland by it and cast adrift, as it were. Hence Island and hence Heights.

There is a water-front at the foot of the pines,—semi-detached villas on the one hand, catboats and canoes upon the other. It is astonishing how suddenly one is lost to all the elements of seaside life the moment one turns one's back

upon it and begins the very gentle ascent into the woods. The first cross-street up the hill loses itself in a scattering forest. Here oak and holly, red-cedar, pine and fir, lock branches, and the gentle Cowper's "boundless contiguity of shade" is illustrated by living pictures that are a delight to the eye.

This vision of the poet's wilderness is neither vast nor wild; it has ever a suggestion of cultivation, of domesticity. Streets divide it at right angles; cottages nestle upon the hem of it or peep out from the depths of it, suggesting sweet seclusion. Such slices of woodland as these might be run upon the grooves of any dramatic stage in the land that has been adapted to the more elaborate of modern spectacular effects. They are dainty pastorals, to be had in lots to suit. Some of them are in the market and are ticketed, "For sale. Apply," etc. There is no romance in this; it robs each greenwood tree of its last vestige of the primeval. Yet these clumps of greenery are old settlers and of natural growth.

Here one may sit upon his veranda idly watching for the passer-by, and imagine himself in a village. Let him but go to the corner of his cot and cast his eye into the "backyard,"—on the instant he becomes a rustic in a sylvan scene. All the world's a stage down here; nothing seems so very real—not even life itself. There was a time when life was real, life was earnest; and it was not so very long ago. The Methodist Communion came hither to commune. A portion of the wilderness was laid waste; a pavilion was erected—an awning capable of sheltering many hundreds of anxious inquirers; rows of the smallest possible lodges were strewn about it—little houses of cards that looked as if a breath might blow them away. If one toppled, surely they all must follow; for they were top-heavy

and within arm's-reach of one another. Here, at certain seasons, evangelists exhorted the throngs that gathered from various parts of the country.

Camp-meetings are a law unto themselves; their cry is heard far and wide, and it is a compelling cry. There are those who can not resist it; it creates an appetite that grows with what it feeds on. In that camp the Fanatic flourishes; on the one hand are the camp-followers, who are easily and habitually hypnotized and made subject to a kind of spiritual feticism; on the other hand the Philistine flourishes—for the Fanatic and the Philistine are as cause and effect. Extremes meet; faith and the fakir struggle for supremacy, and on that unwholesome and unhallowed field the victim of emotional inebriety is laid low.

For a time this camp was the feature of the island and the heights. Worldly locomotives, having brought their train-loads of sinners and salvationists within sight of the arena, discreetly blew off steam on the opposite shore. Tom's River became another Jordan, and the Revivalists were ferried over in barges, to the accompaniment of solemn songs. In those days the woods resounded to the shouts of jubilee singers; and the musical and the unmusical went to and fro hymning their praises in many and various keys.

One might not spread his sail upon the "Sabbath"; nor warm his food, though he could eat it; nor trip gaily upon the board-walk, nor bathe, nor breathe freely—lest he break the provincial commandments; but the improvised prayers were wellnigh endless, and the singers sang at the tops of their voices, and the shouters shouted themselves hoarse,—even thus did they remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy!

Gone—all gone now,—driven forth from this Eden by the two-edged sword

of the fell mosquito. What is left? A weather-stained roof that shelters a pyramid of piled-up benches. A score of card-houses—some tenanted, some open to the wind; all looking frail,—almost too frail for human habitation. The undergrowth has sprung up on the heels of departed piety. There is just enough of life left in the old camp-meeting ground to brand it with living death.

A few paces from it is the bluff—a kind of baby-bluff,—topped with pretty villas that bask in the sunshine and shadow just under the eaves of the wood. It is all very pleasant and all very proper, and has a kind of Sabbath serenity to recommend it. But of the habitations scattered hereabout none appeal to me more persuasively than the cabin among the pines.

It is a log-cabin in the corner of a bit of land that seems scarcely yet pre-empted. There is a touch of nature—of untrimmed and untrained nature—in everything pertaining to it. From the divided door—the upper half of which stands invitingly open—to the square windows under the low, sweeping roof, there is nothing but bespeaks cordial hospitality, and seems to invite the stranger to acquaintanceship and the wayfarer to repose.

This cabin is the home of art—native-born art. It is a studio in which one can Bohemianize delightfully, but never vulgarly. What a pity it is that all to whom art appeals, who possess the artistic nature and revel in the atmosphere of art, do not know where to draw the line between real and spurious Bohemianism! He was a poet, a gentleman and a scholar who sang:

I'd rather live in Bohemia
Than in any other land.

He knew whereof he sang. In his admired rusticity he was the delight and the despair of the summer-saunterers; his stone mantle was an altar of sacrifice

through the winter months. A heap of ashes, like a soiled snowdrift, gave assurance of wassail-bouts; though popped-corn and roast apples with cider must have filled the bill,—for prohibition has set its everlasting seal upon this hamlet and its habitants.

There is a cosy corner wherein each article is a trophy and has its tale to tell and sometimes a romance. There is a seine, fathoms long, that has been cast in the Tyrian waves that roll by the caves of Capri; sea-shells and starfish are caught among its meshes. There is a battered tinsel crown that once decked the brow of the Madonna in a little wayside shrine in Brittany; it was cast aside when the statue was recrowned upon a fête-day, and the artist got it for the asking and brought it home with him, and now values it above rubies.

And there is a corner in that cabin screened with an Oriental lattice, a filigree of sandal-wood; what mystery does it hide? Behold, in its niche, in this Methodistical commune, an antique Pietà, a rude wooden carving, in threadbare coat of paint,—the sorrowfullest type of maternity, nursing upon its lap a Christ that seems thrice dead. Heaven knows for how many generations the eye of sympathy melted before this agonizing group, so naively sculptured. There is something inexpressibly pathetic in the primitive modelling of the figures; the last act in the world's crowning tragedy here finds expression at the hands of one guiltless alike of all knowledge of sin and anatomy, and whose baptismal innocence helped him to escape at last from the perilous limits of pious caricature. This most interesting relic was rescued from the débris of a chapel that now rejoices in a Pietà freshly gilded and painted in the best style of those statuaries whose work glorifies the shop windows of the most Parisian parish of San Sulpice.

I passed the studio the other day,—passed it because the young artist has gathered together his portfolios and returned to Sicily for the winter. He will come again, as he does every summer, to revisit his old home; to sit for a while in the log-cabin awaiting custom. It seeks him out, and bears away his water-colors with becoming pride. As he turns from his easel to cast an eye after his gentle patron, he can see, as I see, when for a moment the bonny breeze has parted the veil of mosquitos that is cast like a pall upon the land—lo! it is a lovely land and fair to look upon.

(To be continued.)

The Betrothal of Annette.

A STORY IN LETTERS.

I.

MADEMOISELLE *Annette Bentissol*
to *Mademoiselle Marie Merbereau*.

MY DEAR MARIE:—I could not but smile at your denunciations when you received the news of my engagement. My dear girl, you mistake me altogether: I have been false neither to my principles nor my traditions. On the contrary, I have acted out the former with the greatest consistency, as you, who are essentially just, will admit after your unreasonable anger has spent itself. As to the latter, I never had any. Where could I have obtained them?

Having always held myself well in hand—thanks to my most excellent parents,—I have been neither romantic nor sentimental. That you know. At the same time one must have certain ideals if one would truly live. I am about, I hope, to realize some of mine.

You say in your fierce denunciatory note (you can be so violent, Marie!) that you had believed I would marry a *man*, not a scion of an effete nobility.

There is nothing effete about the Count Raoul de Massevaux. He is a fine, strong, manly young fellow,—a soldier, an honorable man in every relation of life; moreover, a practical Catholic, thanks to early principles and to his education by the Jesuits, preserved by a life long affection for Père de Longueville, the pious priest and eloquent preacher. This is what he himself says, but I prefer to give a great deal of the credit to his own good impulses. You say you had not thought me so “worldly.” What do you mean by it, Marie? You had hoped and believed that I would marry in my own circle. But it has—fortunately, it seems to me,—turned out otherwise.

Let us permit ourselves a moment of retrospection. Let us be frank. Papa is a worthy man of moderate education, who has become rich by speculating in cotton. Mamma was the daughter of a wealthy wholesale grocer. We have a number of relatives in equally good circumstances. Since I have left school it is in the natural order of events that some thought should have been given by them, as well as myself, to my ultimate settlement in life. It has been an unspoken but well understood fact that the list of eligible husbands resolved itself into three kinds—“commercial, liberal career, decayed nobility.”

As a matter of course, the first of the category are the most numerous. But I early resolved that not among this class should my happiness be found. Such a husband would probably be unrefined, narrow-minded, all business. Money he would have, to be sure; but I have enough as it is. Then there were the others—the lawyers, doctors, professors,—whom one meets in society with such a serious air, like mere lay-figures being dragged through the procession. And, then, they are all so ugly, so insignificant-looking. It would

be odious to be obliged to pass one's life face to face with a gorilla. There remained only the “decayed nobility.” I use the adjective advisedly,—not as a vulgar form of speech; for it is only that class who frequent our bourgeois mansions. That is only natural; and there is nothing dishonorable in the fact, it seems to me.

As for my own particular “decayed noble,” I have concluded that it was altogether my own affair. Besides, individually, he is not at all “decayed,” but, as I have already told you, a fine, stalwart fellow, full of life, hope and ambition. He fought bravely in Egypt, and still retains his position in the army; but is very fond of country life, enjoys farming, gardening, and all that. He is also very good-looking, dresses well, has charming manners,—will be a good comrade. Our tastes are very similar; we *like* each other very much, Marie, which is saying a great deal in these days. He has neither debts nor entanglements. That papa has ascertained beyond a doubt.

I shall not deny that the marriage was at first not quite acceptable to his mother, the old Countess. The father is long dead. There is also a sister, who is a reflection of the mother. But, when all is said, I am not marrying the family, only the title and Raoul, who is very nice. It is possible that the others may put my temper to the proof now and then. Still, I think myself quite capable of meeting them on their own ground. I would rather that we should be friends, of course. I am not at all awed or impressed by them, as they have already seen. I think in the end we shall get on well together.

The ceremony of betrothal was rather trying. My future mother and sister-in-law held their heads rather high, at which papa was indignant and mamma very much grieved—for me. For myself,

I did not mind it at all. They were treated with the greatest politeness, and must eventually acknowledge that the Bentissols bore themselves with a very good grace. Poor Raoul was the most nervous of the party, not wishing to say a word to his relatives that might offend, yet deprecating the situation on our account. It was with a feeling of relief that we saw them depart. They live at the chateau all the year, and seem to me very provincial.

My trousseau is something superb, Marie. You will see it later, so I shall not describe it. It is so lovely to be in this whirl of preparation! Of course I shall expect you to be one of my bridesmaids. And you must come three days before the wedding, so that we can have some good long talks. I am determined to get those "wheels" out of your head. When you have seen my Raoul you will begin straightway to look about you, to wonder whether there is not left for your appropriation one more such a scion of "decayed nobility." There may be, though it is doubtful.

Good-bye, my Marie! It really hurt me that you could have written, or even thought, "Now I have lost a friend!"

Affectionately yours,

ANNETTE.

Mademoiselle Yseult de Massevaux to Mademoiselle Annette Bentissol.

MADemoisELLE:—Now that we have returned to the old castle of our fathers, we wish to proffer our thanks for the gracious—nay, sumptuous hospitality with which you entertained us. I shall, at the same time, make no secret of the fact that when my brother first broached to us his intentions toward you, our mother expressed her strongest disapproval. Any *mésalliance* could not fail of meeting with disfavor in a family the purity of whose blood has never been tarnished by a plebeian admixture

from generation to generation; and my mother rebelled against the idea that Raoul could think of introducing among us one who must necessarily be a stranger to all our ancient customs and traditions. The reception so full of kindness, even deference, which she received from you and your worthy parents on the occasion just past has made it somewhat less painful for my dear mother to assent to the wishes of my brother.

On my part, I am daily endeavoring to overcome the repugnance I naturally feel toward the marriage. I have also reminded my mother that even among royal families there have been instances of *mésalliance*; that it may be in conformity with the designs of an all-gracious Providence thus at times to elevate to greater heights individuals or families who by virtue or talent, or a union of great qualities, have shown themselves superior to their class; that the respect and kindness which you showed us both spoke well for your innate refinement and goodness of heart; above all, that Christian humility enjoins us to accept the sorrows we can not avert as trials imposed upon us by the divine will.

I rely not a little upon your efforts, Mademoiselle, to render my task less difficult. I will further add here that my mother found you pretty, and your spirits less exuberant than she had anticipated. And I assure you that, while it may be impossible that she should ever be able entirely to overlook or forget the immeasurable gulf which lies between your family and ours, the fact that you will be the wife of her son must smooth many difficulties.

One more word, Mademoiselle. Your surname, Annette, is pretty but very common, and it is precisely that of our poultry-girl. Have you no other name by which we might address you,—one

which would sound more agreeable and less suggestive to my mother? We should greatly appreciate this deference on your part.

Receive, Mademoiselle, the assurance of my highest consideration.

YSEULT DE MASSEVAUX.

Mademoiselle Annette Bentissol to Mademoiselle Yseult de Massevaux.

MADemoisELLE:—I beg that you will excuse my delay in answering your letter. As is usual on the occasion of a betrothal, we have been deluged with invitations. All my time has been passed in returning calls, attending functions, and in interviews with dressmakers. It was only this morning that I chanced to find your note, the existence of which I had entirely forgotten.

I shall begin by playfully reminding you and your mother that you must not attach such importance to our slight hospitality. If I were not aware of the frugality of those who, like yourself, are accustomed to the simplicity of provincial life, I would believe that you wished to perpetrate a little jest. We received you as we should have received our relatives the Duplumons (you may have heard of them, the famous confectioners); or as we are this evening to entertain at dinner our friends the Crassards (the wholesale grocers). As regards thanks, I am the one to ask your mother to accept mine for the few difficulties she presented to our marriage. Rest assured that I shall never abuse the confidence thus placed in me.

After a custom among us mercantile families, which perhaps you may think vulgar, my parents have decided that I shall remain, after my marriage, sole mistress of my fortune. Raoul heartily assents to this, for which I admire him even more than I did before. It proves him not to be a fortune-hunter after the manner of many of the modern nobility.

I had previously asked myself if it would not be the proper thing to employ part of it in restoring the ancient Chateau of Massevaux, as well as to set aside in our city mansion a suite of apartments for Raoul's family whenever they should be pleased to honor us with a visit. But later I decided that, however kindly my intentions might be, it would be well to forego them, since they would so little comport with the tastes and ideas of your mother, the Countess de Massevaux. It is evident that you and she wish to lead a life of dignity and retirement, while Raoul and myself rather enjoy a little excitement and pleasure. You may rely upon me to avoid everything which might conflict with the Christian sentiments of your mother. In fine, you may depend upon it that I shall no more endeavor to force myself upon her than she will try to thrust herself upon us.

Our lives will be so completely distinct that we can scarcely fail to keep up a perpetual *entente cordiale*. Thus, furthermore, she will not have much chance to feel mortified at the sound of my name, to which, though I have others, I tenaciously cling. I can not help it, Mademoiselle. It is the name of my mother, of my grandmother, even of my great-grandmother, who, by a sort of curious coincidence one might say, was for many years also employed as poultry-girl in the service of the Sires de Roncevaux, who are, Raoul tells me, distant connections of your own. Still, if the similitude is a constant disagreeable recurrence to the mind of the Countess, would it not be as well, perhaps better, to ask *your* Annette to change *her* name? I merely make the suggestion, as it might not have occurred to you.

I ask you, Mademoiselle, to present my respects to your mother, and to rest assured of my kindest regards.

ANNETTE BENTISSOL.

Mademoiselle Yseult de Massevaux to Mademoiselle Annette Bentissol.

DEAR MADEMOISELLE:—I hasten to reply to your note, desirous that there should be no misunderstanding, as I fear from your last enclosure is the case.

As I have previously written, my mother has conquered her prejudices, and accepted as inevitable, and with a good grace, what she has been powerless to prevent. Her maternal love has triumphed over her respect for the traditions of our house. Therefore, you may expect to be received among us not as Mademoiselle Bentissol, but as the wife of Raoul, whatever may have been your origin. For nothing in the world would we wish to frustrate any intentions of yours when you belong to us. In order to give you proof of this, my mother bids me tell you that she will not raise the slightest objection to your proposed restoration of Massevaux. We neither of us doubt that you will very soon separate yourself entirely from the plebeian surroundings in which (permit me to say in my mother's own words) it is almost impossible to believe you were born.

Also it will afford us the greatest pleasure to sojourn with you on our occasional trips to Paris; and we count upon our first visit there to introduce you to our various relatives. Besides, my mother would not wish to subject Raoul to the mortification of having people know that we would take up our abode elsewhere than in his house.

Believe, my dear, in the affection of
YSEULT DE MASSEVAUX.

P. S.—My mother thinks your suggestion with regard to the name may be a good one. If necessary we can call our Annette Rosalie. Still, it would be difficult to make her answer to a new name, she is so stupid.

And again, Mademoiselle, my mother

has just reminded me of something I had forgotten. The Counts and Countesses de Massevaux have always been most exemplary Catholics. As some day you will probably be the chatelaine of Massevaux, my mother hopes that if you have not already been confirmed you will be before the marriage. It can be done privately. Twice a year, at Easter time and Christmas, it has been the custom of my mother and myself to approach the sacraments, and *in the village church*, in order to give good example to our tenantry. Think, dear Mademoiselle, how it would be if the new Countess were not to do likewise! It is one of the many traditions of our house. We hope you will take this to heart, Mademoiselle.

Y. DE M.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Curious Devotion in India.

BY EDA STANISLAUS.

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin is an inborn quality of the Catholics of the Malabar Coast of India. Almost all their churches are dedicated to Our Lady and her principal feasts are celebrated with great splendor. One of the greatest is the Nativity. This falls at the close of the agricultural season, when the crops are about to be gathered in. The hills and valleys are covered with richest green, and flowers of a thousand hues dot the plain. The monsoon torrents are then gentle streams, flowing past fern-covered banks and stealing through beds of golden lotuses.

This day commences the New Year for the Catholic natives, and is heralded with pious exercises and ceremonies, including a public novena. Every morning during the novena the boys of the parish come with plates full of flowers in their hands and paper chaplets on their

heads; and, standing around the statue of Mary Immaculate, they sing hymns in the vernacular and scatter flowers at her feet.

On the morning of the feast people come from every direction to be present at the High Mass; and the headman of each village brings along with him a sheaf of corn gathered from his principal field. Many pagan landlords contribute to this sheaf, that the blessing of the "Holy Lady" may fall upon their fields too; so that the sheaves swell to a goodly size before the church is reached. They are all piled up on a table kept in the open air a few yards from the main door of the church.

At the appointed hour the vicar comes out dressed in surplice and stole, and goes in procession to some neighboring fields. He enters one of them, blesses the standing corn, and, stooping down, reaps a few blades. These are carried away to the church, to the sound of the inevitable tom-tom, and added to those on the table. The whole mass of corn is then blessed and incensed, and taken into the church to be placed at the left side of the altar. The High Mass is then sung, followed by the *Te Deum* and Benediction. At the close of the service the priest in his vestments advances to the altar rail to distribute the blessed corn to the head of every household.

The master of the house, arriving home with the *novem*, proceeds at once to the kitchen and drops a few grains in each of the dishes especially prepared for the occasion. All the dishes are invariably of vegetables, no meat being allowed. It is a custom on this day for all scattered members of a household to meet at their ancestral home for dinner, if they are within a reasonable distance. One will neither be offered nor will he accept anything in another house until he has partaken of the family meal with his kinsmen.

At the close of the dinner a pot of cocoanut milk—not the liquid found in the fruit, but a milky juice extracted from the substance and sweetened with molasses—is brought to the table. The oldest member present, irrespective of sex, serves this *ros*, which is drunk with good wishes for the opening year. The following day work begins, and the golden corn that waved in the fields soon yields to the sickle of the reaper.

Ungentle Gentlefolk.

SOME true though rather eccentric philanthropists, believing that every good rule will work two ways, have seriously suggested social settlements in the aristocratic quarters of various cities. These, according to their plan, are to be tenanted by delegates from the slums, who will by example impart to their wealthy neighbors not only certain principles of frugality and industry, but even the elementary courtesies of life.

This scheme, in spite of its touch of cynicism, has its origin in a profound truth. There are gifts and graces which belong to the poor, never to the rich; and certain noble traits flourish, like nasturtiums, only when rooted in a poor soil; while stern circumstances often impart a dignity which the child of luxury can not hope to possess. Any one who is familiar with the daily walk of what convention terms the lower classes will testify to his continual surprise at the sweet voices, gentle manners, and the thoughtful deference of many of those whom the waves of misfortune have submerged. In connection with this fact the following anecdote, vouched for by a London paper, is extremely significant:

A charity dinner was given at one of the palatial homes in the West End of London, and among the guests was

a candid but well-meaning little maid from the East End slums. As the meal progressed the child began to propound questions. Fixing her eyes upon the hostess, she burst out with:

"Does your husband drink?"

The questioned and bewildered lady managed to answer in the negative; then the small visitor proceeded:

"How much coal do you burn? Have your children been vaccinated? How much does your husband earn a day? Does he ever beat you?"

The hostess, now convinced that she had an infantile lunatic on her hands, kindly said:

"Why do you ask these questions?"

"Why, you see," replied the tiny visitor, innocently, "mother told me to be sure and behave like a lady; and when ladies come to our house those are the questions they always ask."

Verily, the poor have something to teach the rich. The cynic's social settlement deserves to succeed.

The Enigma of Self-Sacrifice.

HUMAN nature is much the same the world over; and absolute unselfishness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, is apt to astonish the average man, be his skin white, red, yellow or black. "What is there in it for me?" seems to be so natural a question with regard to any enterprise one purposes undertaking that the elimination of any such consideration is looked upon by the mass of mankind as practically impossible. Civilized nations, of course, profess to believe in the disinterestedness of religious who bind themselves by the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience to labor for the salvation of souls and their personal sanctification; but we question whether such disinterestedness is really more explicable to many a

civilized non-Catholic than to the Arab merchant Omar, of whom one of the White Sisters of Algeria thus writes in a recent letter to *Les Missions Catholiques*:

"One other idea preoccupied him. Each of the travellers [across the Desert of Sahara] was seeking some interest or other,—he himself was looking for business, the Count for pleasure; the black domestic followed his master; little Ahmed was going to rejoin his parents. But these women *marabouts* [the Sisters], what was their interest in making the wearisome journey?"

"‘I,’ he said to me one day, ‘always make something by my trips; and you, what do you make?’"

"I could not repress a smile as I replied that we did not travel to make money. But he put on a knowing look that plainly meant:

"‘Go tell that to some other than a merchant of Ghardeia.’"

"‘Now, look here,’ he began again. ‘I sell dates and I buy wool: the wool is for me. I sell baskets and I buy a burnoose: the burnoose is for me. You travel, tire yourself out, give alms: what is there for you?’"

"‘The friendship of God and Paradise, if I serve Him well,’ I replied. ‘Do you understand?’"

"‘A little,—only a little.’"

"A few minutes later, reverting to his fixed idea of Arab commercialism, he ventured:

"‘Well, anyway, you must make for yourself at least five francs a day?’"

"‘So far from trying to make anything for myself,’ I rejoined, ‘I have given all the money I possessed to the poor.’"

"‘Then,’ said the disconcerted Omar, ‘I don’t understand at all.’"

FORTUNE is like a market where, many times, if you wait a little the price will fall.—*Bacon*.

Notes and Remarks.

The attempted assassination of President McKinley on Friday of last week, at Buffalo, N. Y., is for many reasons a most deplorable event. Occurring at a time when the country is agitated by serious ruptures between capitalists and laborers, and when the political situation both at home and in our foreign possessions is anything but settled or satisfactory, there is no telling what evils may result from an incident in itself calamitous. That it should be deemed necessary for the President of our country to be provided with a body-guard in times of peace is a significant circumstance; and that in broad daylight, in the presence of a multitude of people, an attempt should be made on his life is evidence of what is to be feared, even in the United States, from the spirit of anarchy. The anarchist is abroad, and his disregard for law and order is shared by many who have no preference for his name. Everyone knows how contagious crime may become. Hereafter our chief executives will have fresh cause for anxiety, and the crowned heads of Europe will be more uneasy than ever. An inevitable effect of war is to lessen the value of human life, and to render deeds of violence more tolerable to those who abhor them, and less inexcusable to those who do not. The killing of so many innocent people in China, Africa and the Philippines has prepared the world for an epidemic of savagery of which there are symptoms everywhere.

The sympathy of the whole world will go out to our stricken President and his invalid wife. Throughout the United States sincere grief is manifested in every community, irrespective of religious beliefs or political affiliations; for Mr. McKinley is everywhere regarded as a man of moral worth and high

intelligence, as a true patriot and an exemplar of honorable citizenship. He has endeared himself to the people of this country by manifestations of goodwill toward all classes of citizens, and it is to be hoped there are few who do not feel deep detestation for the dastardly crime of which he has become the victim.

As a footnote to the discussion of mixed marriages in certain papers—a discussion which is entirely unnecessary, since the Holy Father himself has more than once spoken in unmistakable terms on the subject,—we may chronicle a bit of local history that came to our knowledge recently. We are informed by a priest who presides over one of the best regulated congregations in Indiana that, as a result of mixed marriages, a parishioner of his (who died at the age of more than a century) lived long enough to see one hundred and sixty-five of her descendants professing Protestantism. Yet this woman, during her early married life, used to walk twelve miles, sometimes carrying a child in her arms, to attend Mass on Sunday!

Unless the reports of the injury done to St. Paul's Cathedral by excavations for mains, railways, etc., be greatly exaggerated, we do not wonder that the report of a committee appointed to investigate the matter is impatiently awaited by Londoners,—indeed, by all Englishmen. It is said that ominous cracks are appearing in various parts of the edifice, and many persons have predicted that it would ultimately collapse.

The extension of the French language over as large a portion of the inhabitable globe as possible is one of the most dearly cherished projects of all educated Frenchmen. *L'Alliance Française* has for years taken an active interest in

preserving the use of that language in those portions of Canada and the United States where French seemed likely to be swamped by the flood of English threatening it from all sides. In the Old World as well as the New efforts have constantly been sustained to increase the prestige of what was formerly the only language of diplomacy. The suppression of the religious Orders in France will eventually retard this work more effectively than any other obstacle now conceivable. So much may be gleaned from a recent study of the development of the French language in Greece, the work of M. Homolle, director of the French school of Athens. He frankly avows that the teaching of French is principally the work of the Congregations of both men and women. The Lazarists, the Oblates of St. Francis of Sales, the Ursulines, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of St. Joseph, are specially mentioned as conducting model academies and schools, and developing both the language and the religion of France [*sic*] throughout the classic land of Homer. When France finally realizes for how much of her national glory she is indebted to the Congregations which she is endeavoring to annihilate, she will possibly change her attitude toward them. Let us hope that sanity will supervene before it is too late.

Some knowledge of medicine seems to be an excellent addition to the intellectual equipment of a foreign missionary. Writing from Mel Sittamour (a locality apparently unheard of by the compilers of both the Standard and the Century dictionaries), Father Chavanol states that he spends from two to three hours every forenoon in attending to a throng of patients who seek his chapel residence from all points within a radius of ten miles. The list of the complaints and

diseases to which he ministers reads like the catalogue of ills curable by a patent modern panacea, and the remedies he mentions as being at his disposal would stock a fairly large pharmacy. The missionary doesn't propose, however, to assume the full responsibility of a medical man; so he adds: "I cut off no arms or legs, and I kill nobody. The proof is that the number of my clients is constantly increasing."

Bishop Spalding's Labor Day address at Galesburg, Illinois, was a weighty and timely utterance, as one might expect. The hopeful exordium was followed by the wise declaration that a merely optimistic view of American life is shallow and false. Political corruption, the diminished sense of the sacredness of property, the loosening of the marriage tie, the sinking influence of the home, and the falling away from the vital influences of religion,—these, he declared, are evils that daily obtrude themselves upon our consciousness. "One of the most certain signs of decadence is a failure of the will, and one might think that we are threatened with this. Our ability to react against abuses is growing feebler." Most opportune, too, was the Bishop's discussion of the rights and duties of labor. Mr. Schaffer himself might derive some valuable hints from these remarks on the need of workingmen's organizations:

Economic laws, which are immutable, make it impossible that wages should rise beyond a given point, or that wealth should be so distributed as to make all men rich. The multitude are poor and can never be rich. It is indeed fortunate that it is impossible that the masses of mankind should ever be able to lead an idle and luxurious life. It is a law of human nature that man shall work and abstain, if it is to be well with him; that to do nothing and enjoy much is impossible. Political economy, like government, rests on a basis of morality. Moral character alone can give a man self-respect, courage, hope, cheerfulness, and power of endurance. Hence the laborers, and all who identify themselves with their cause,

should have a care first of all that they be true men — provident, self-restrained, kindly, sober, frugal and helpful; and that this may be possible, also religious.

The foe of labor is not capital, but ignorance and vice. In the whole English-speaking world, at least, its worst enemy is drink. More than a combination of all employers, the saloon has power to impoverish and degrade workingmen. In their own ranks the traitors are those who preach irreligion and anarchy. The influence of Christianity has been and is the chief power which has brought the world to recognize the rights of the enslaved, the poor, the weak — of all who are heavily laden and overburdened. It aroused, and it alone can sustain, enthusiasm for humanity. If this faith could die out what would remain but the law of the survival of the fittest, — that is, of the strongest, the most unscrupulous, the most reckless of the sufferings and sorrows of their fellowmen? These are the men who prosper among savages, in barbarous states and in periods of anarchy.

This Labor Day address impresses us as one of the best discourses ever delivered by the Bishop of Peoria; praise of it could not go much further. It is to be hoped that it will be read by employers and employees, by strikers and their sympathizers and antagonists in every part of the country.

“The Great Pillage” is the name which a distinguished Protestant scholar applies to the robbery of the Catholic parishes in England during the reign of Edward VI. The writer is Dr. Augustus Jessop, favorably known as a specialist in English history and as the author of several learned works, the most readable of which, perhaps, is “The Coming of the Friars.” In his newest publication, “Before the Great Pillage, with Other Miscellanies,” Dr. Jessop says:

When I talk about “the great pillage” I mean the horrible and outrageous looting of our churches other than conventual; and the robbing of the people of this country of property in land and movables, which property had actually been inherited by them as members of those organized religious communities known as parishes. It is necessary to emphasize the fact that in the general scramble of the *terror* under Henry VIII., and of the *anarchy* of the days of Edward VI., there was only one class that was permitted to retain any large portion of its endowments. The monasteries

were plundered even to their very pots and pans. Alms-houses in which old men and women were fed and clothed were robbed to the last pound, the poor almsfolk being turned out in the cold at an hour's warning to beg their bread. Hospitals for the sick and needy, sometimes magnificently provided with nurses and chaplains, whose very *raison d'être* was that they were to look after and care for those who were past caring for themselves, — these were stripped of all their belongings, the inmates sent out to hobble into some convenient dry ditch to lie down and die in; or to crawl into some barn or hovel, there to be tended, not without fear of consequences, by some kindly man or woman who could not bear to see a suffering fellow-creature drop down and die at their own door-posts. We talk with a great deal of indignation of the *Tammany Ring*. The day will come when some one will write the story of two other *rings*. The ring of the miscreants who robbed the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. was the first, but the ring of the robbers who robbed the poor and helpless in the reign of Edward VI. was ten times worse than the first.

And thus the work of revising the good old legends that delighted “true-blue” Protestants of an older generation goes on. Happily, the revisers, with a few such exceptions as Dom Gasquet, are men who can not be suspected of Catholic bias, — lineal descendants of the very school of historians whose verdict they are reversing.

The American humorist who gravely declared that “it's better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so” must have been reading the secular or sectarian papers. Our Protestant friends still retain enough interest in the Bible to see that it is thoroughly revised about once a year or so; and the ill-informed Bible talk now prevalent has misled the *Literary Digest* into this oft-exposed error:

Quite appropriately with the appearance of the new American Revision this week, a copy of what is said to be the oldest Bible in the United States has come into public notice. It is owned by the Rev. John Herr, of Lima, Ill., in whose family it has remained for twelve generations. It must have considerable value, since there are but three copies in existence of the original edition of fifty. The Denver (Colo.) *Republican* describes the volume

as a fine example of medieval printing, and says that the original binding of beech wood covered with stamped Russia leather is yet almost intact. The Bible was printed in 1553 at Zurich by two apostate Carthusian monks, who were burned at the stake, three years later, for printing in German when Latin only was permitted to be used in religious books.

Now, the fact is that there were seventeen editions of the Bible printed in the German language before the Rev. Martin Luther was born; and at least one copy of a German Bible printed before the birth of the founder of Protestantism has for years been exposed for the contemplation of the enlightened in the library of the University of Notre Dame, less than a stone's-throw from where we write. We are almost ashamed to refer to this calumny, the outgrowth of a more ignorant time; for the facts have been published in these columns scores of times. But so long as false statements abound, we suppose it is necessary that true statements should more abound.

The *Critic* does not enhance its reputation for scholarship and fair dealing by publishing such articles as that of Mr. Havelock Ellis on "The Progressive Movement in Spain." The progressive movement over which Mr. Ellis rejoices is the anti-Catholic mob spirit, which the London *Spectator*, after a careful examination by a member of the staff, pronounced "socialistic and insurrectionary," and instigated by the dregs of Spanish society. The value of Mr. Ellis' opinion may be inferred from the circumstance that in his gentle vocabulary "least progressive" is synonymous with "most hopelessly bound to the Church."

A story illustrating the pungency of the Dominican orator, Père Monsabre, is going the rounds. It is said that one day when the great preacher was about to enter the pulpit, a message was brought from a lady who pleaded

urgently to see him. She wanted advice on a question of conscience; and, after much circumlocution on her part, Father Monsabre discovered that her scruple was concerning vanity: she had that morning looked into a mirror and yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty. "Is that all?" asked the priest.—"That's all," she replied.—"Well, my child, you can go away in peace; for to make a mistake is not a sin." This, of course, was not the response theological; but Père Monsabre is a Frenchman, and if he ever made it he probably thought it would help to cultivate in the lady the humility for which she was striving.

The *Catholic Universe* quotes the following brief speech made at a recent meeting of the Knights of Father Mathew by a German Brother. It is so good there was no need of its being longer. The argument in favor of temperance is so happily put that it will appeal to the dullest drunkard; and who that knows will say encouragement to "sthay mit de temperance" is not needed by many besides those who have pledged themselves to the cause?

I shall tell you how it vas. I put my hand on my head: there vas von big pain. Then I put my hand on my pody, and there vas anodder big pain. There vas very much pains in all my pody. Then I put my hand in my bocket, and there vas noddings. Now there is no more pain in my head. The pains in my pody are gone away already. I put mine hands in my bocket and there ish twenty tollars! So I sthay mit de temperance.

One gets an idea of the set-back caused to religion by the Kulturkampf from the reports sent out from the diocese of Breslau. The Prince-Bishop, Cardinal Kopp, ordained fifty-six priests for his diocese in one day recently, yet the number of priests is still insufficient to fill the gaps caused by Bismarck's war upon the Church.



Francis Estcourt's Boots.

BY E. BECK.

I.



SAY," observed Jack Osborne, addressing two companions during the recreation time at the big public school of Cirencester,—“I say, boys, we must do something. Look at poor Estcourt's boots!”

Half a dozen bright eyes turned toward a corner of the playground where a thin, undersized boy stood coughing. The day had been a wet one, and the lad's thin and tattered boots were wofully inadequate as protection for his feet.

“Can his people not buy him boots?” Ned Carroll asked.

“He hasn't any people, I happen to know,” Jack explained. “Our landlady knows him,—or rather she knows the woman who has charge of him. She was his mother's servant.”

“Is his mother dead?” Ned inquired. “You know Estcourt is a close fellow: he never talks about himself,” he added apologetically for his lack of knowledge.

“Father and mother both dead,” Jack answered, fumbling in his pocket. “See, boys, I have three sixpences. Can we raise the price of a pair of boots?”

“He”—a nod toward the coughing boy—“wouldn't take the money,” said Ben Hamilton.

“I know,” said Jack; “but we could send the boots to him by post. He needn't guess where they came from. His foot's nearly the size of mine.”

“Well,” Ned agreed, “I'll give you all the money I have. It isn't much,”—producing a few coppers. “My married

sister gave it to me to buy chocolate.”

Ned Carroll eyed the coppers ruefully.

Jack placed them on his palm along with his own contribution.

“Now, Ben!”

Ben searched through his various pockets, and at length extracted from a heap of twine, buttons, and other miscellaneous things, fourpence half-penny. He was inclined to retain a couple of pennies, but Jack insisted on having all.

“Two shillings and threepence half-penny,” Jack said. “That's not enough.”

“Oh, no!” answered Ben Hamilton,—“not nearly.”

“Well, we'll have to make it more,” said Jack.

“A good deal more, too,” added Ben. “Boots are dear.”

“I don't know,” Jack observed. “Mother gets mine at a shop in Earl Street, and pays only seven shillings; but they're not like yours, Ben.”

Jack laughed. Ben Hamilton's father was wealthy, while Jack Osborne's widowed mother earned her own and her son's livelihood by typewriting and giving music lessons.

“I say,” Ned cried, “ask Norris!”

“Ask Norris! Much Norris will give any one!”

Ben Hamilton scoffed. Georgie Norris was the greedy boy of the class, and also the most liberally supplied with pocket-money.

“Ask him, anyway,” Ned urged. “He's flush of coin just now.”

Jack thought a moment.

“Come along. We'll try him.”

And the three lads marched to a remote corner of the playground where Georgie Norris was finishing up his

luncheon with an apple. He listened to their plan and appeal in stolid silence, and finally refused his aid.

"Didn't I say so?" Ben remarked triumphantly.

"Listen, Georgie! If you don't help us, I'll never give you a helping hand with your sums again," Jack Osborne said.

"Somebody will," Georgie answered, munching his apple,—“if I pay them.”

"You—" Jack paused for an epithet, and a new idea struck him. "If you don't contribute, I'll thrash you. Do you hear, Georgie?"

Georgie did, and began to temporize.

"I can't give much. This is Monday, and mother only gives me money once a week."

"Don't lie, Georgie!" Ned advised.

"You'll be healthier for fasting from sweetmeats for a week," Ben said.

"If you'll give me that funny old purse you carry in your pocket I'll give you a shilling," Georgie said, addressing Jack.

His announcement provoked a shout of derision.

"Always a bargainer! Nothing for nothing, Georgie, eh?" Ned said.

"Make it four shillings and Jack will deal," Ben said. "You'd better, Georgie."

"I haven't four shillings, I think," Georgie demurred.

"Nonsense! We won't swallow that," Ben said. "You'll give the purse, Jack?" he whispered to Osborne.

"For four shillings,—no less," Jack answered, drawing out a curiously-fashioned purse, whose charm consisted in a secret spring.

And after some further parleying on Georgie's part, the purse passed into his hands; and the other three boys, having enjoined silence on him regarding the business in hand, arranged to meet after school hours at the shop in Earl Street where Jack's mother dealt, and purchase the boots for Francis Estcourt. That arrangement was duly carried

out, and the trio were more than repaid for their kindly action when Francis Estcourt appeared in school next morning comfortably shod.

II.

On the evening of the day that Francis Estcourt first wore his new boots, Mr. Littlewood, the best-known lawyer in Cirencester, sat by the big old-fashioned grate in the dining-room of his house. He was a thin, wiry gentleman, over sixty years of age; but his keen bright eyes and quick movements gave him a youthful look. It was one of his established rules to dine early, and to remain in the dining-room, with its heavy, substantial furniture and plain dark walls, instead of adjourning to the modernly furnished drawing-room; and this was one of the many grievances of his widowed sister, Mrs. Norris.

He was glancing through a colonial newspaper sent him by an acquaintance. His sister sat at a table near, repairing a rent in Georgie's trousers, and now and then sighing heavily. As Mr. Littlewood continued to read on, she at length spoke:

"Georgie is very ill to-night."

"Been eating too much, I suppose," Mr. Littlewood said.

"You are very unkind, James. The poor boy is too gentle, too refined for that rough public school."

Mr. Littlewood laughed.

"A public school is the proper place for Georgie. It takes the nonsense out of a young fellow."

"I saw an advertisement of a school to-day. It is in Somerset. All home comforts—"

"My dear Lucy, Georgie is much better where he is at present. By and by—"

The opening of the door stopped the lawyer's speech, and a servant came into the room with a card on a salver.

"Mr. Gresham!" the lawyer read. "Show him in, John, at once."

As Mr. Gresham entered, Mrs. Norris retreated by the opposite door. She had often heard of her brother's old friend, though she had never met him.

"This is a pleasant surprise," Mr. Littlewood said, when Mr. Gresham was seated. "What fortunate chance brings you to Cirencester?"

"I missed my train down at Wellbay Junction; and as I was left to spend the night within ten miles of Cirencester, I decided to see you," said Mr. Gresham.

"Have you dined?"

"Yes; at the Junction."

And in a few minutes the two men were talking of their schooldays. In the midst of some reminiscences Mr. Gresham suddenly asked:

"Did you hear of my daughter's marriage?"

Mr. Littlewood nodded. Mr. Gresham's only child had married against his wishes many years before.

"I am afraid I was more to blame than Agnes," Mr. Gresham said. "I forgot the child was young and needed enjoyment, and perhaps she felt life at Greshambury dull. Then a distant cousin of mine, who acted as housekeeper, made a breach between us."

"Do you know where she is now?" the lawyer inquired.

"I wish I did! Maybe she is dead."

There was a silence of some minutes. Mr. Gresham moved his chair backward, and as he did so something fell from the table at which Mrs. Norris had been working. The gentleman picked it up and gave a quick exclamation:

"This purse! Where did you get it?"

Mr. Littlewood inspected the article.

"I don't know. Probably it belongs to my nephew. Shall I find out?"

"Yes, yes!"

Mrs. Norris was quickly sent for, and introduced to the strange gentleman. She explained that she had found the purse in Georgie's pocket.

"It is a purse given by me to my daughter on her fourteenth birthday," Mr. Gresham said, pointing to some letters cut on its edges. "You can see A. M. G.—Agnes Mary Gresham."

Mrs. Norris went off to hear how Georgie had come by the purse. It was some time before she returned to the room with his explanation, which was not perhaps strictly accurate.

"Georgie is such a kindly child," Mrs. Norris said, with a triumphant look at her brother. "He gave away his entire pocket-money to help to buy boots for some lad named Estcourt—"

"Estcourt? Estcourt?" the lawyer repeated softly.

"And one of his school-fellows—in admiration of his generous conduct, no doubt—gave him the purse," Mrs. Norris continued.

"What was that boy's name?" Mr. Gresham questioned eagerly.

"Jack Osborne, I think."

"Osborne is my daughter's name!" Mr. Gresham almost shouted; and having, through Mrs. Norris' offices, ascertained Jack's place of abode, he departed.

For a time Mr. Littlewood and his sister discussed the possibility of Jack being Mr. Gresham's grandson; and then the lawyer took up the Australian paper he had been reading earlier in the evening, and suddenly laid it down.

"I wonder if that lad Estcourt could be, by any chance, one of the persons wanted?" he said. "Listen, Lucy!—"

"Wanted: Information of Paul or Katherine Estcourt, or of their children. Left Sydney 18—. Supposed to have gone to England. Any information thankfully received by Messrs. Norbett and Clay, Main Street, Sydney."

"It is worth inquiring into," added the lawyer, carefully placing the paper aside. "Well, if Gresham and his child are reunited through Georgie, I'll—"

he paused with characteristic caution. "Yes?" Mrs. Norris said, inquiringly. "I'll be very much surprised."

And surprised the lawyer was when next morning Mr. Gresham called to tell him that Jack Osborne was his grandson, and that the lad and his mother were to proceed at once to the latter's old home. But his surprise was greater still when his own subsequent inquiries concerning Francis Estcourt proved him to be the orphan son of the Paul and Katherine Estcourt advertised for in the Australian papers, and heir to a large fortune.

The lawyer smiles cynically, however, when Mrs. Norris narrates her own and Georgie's version of the movement that led to such strange results—the collection for Francis Estcourt's boots.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XI.—ONE SORE HEART.

Months passed away. Lawyer Haylon thought long and deeply over Nancy's story, but could evolve nothing from it. It was slim evidence upon which to set on foot a systematic investigation. The lawyer finally gave up the matter, arguing that if any good or bad fortune was coming to Russell there would be time enough to act when it came.

In the meantime Harry Russell was making fine progress at Rockland. He passed successfully from Freshman to Sophomore, and became a leader in that class. He had grown considerably in the last twelve months. He was now nineteen years old. He had lost much of the smugness of youth, and was a really handsome young man.

Being a Sophomore or member of the poetry class, he was now eligible for membership to the Rockland College

debating society. This he joined after Christmas of this year. The society soon found in him a decided acquisition. He was a serious thinker and a fluent speaker. It was the opinion of many boys that he was "cut out" for a lawyer. Owing to Mr. Longstreet's encouragement and the kindly interest of Mr. Haylon, as well as the attractive oddities of his character, Harry became more and more convinced that his calling in life was to be that of a disciple of Coke and Blackstone. His successful speeches in the debating society soon strengthened this impression.

There was one peculiarity about Russell which neither his professors nor his warmest friends could understand. In Rockland, as in every well-equipped Catholic college, there was a students' sodality under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and in honor of her Immaculate Conception.

Russell had now been four years at college. In many ways he was a most exemplary student. He was good at studies, games, and all athletics. Twice he had won medals for elocution. He had made a few brilliant contributions to the *Rockland Review*, the college journal; this year he had been elected one of its associate editors. With all these school honors and good qualities, there was one thing he would not do: he would not become a member of the students' sodality.

This was a strange notion of his. It could not be attributed to any dislike of the devotion practised in honor of the Mother of God. No one was more enthusiastic about the May services than he. This devotion of his took a very practical turn, which required him to give up considerable time to it. The reader is aware that Harry Russell had very little pocket-money to spare for college extras. To overcome this deficiency and yet do something in honor

of the Blessed Virgin during the month of May, he took long walks into the country on Sundays and Thursdays for the purpose of gathering wild flowers for her shrine, since he could not buy flowers as many of his companions were accustomed to do. The refusal, therefore, was not from any want of goodness or devotion.

This peculiarity puzzled his bosom-friend, Claude Grantley. These two had been the firmest of friends ever since the misunderstanding about the prize essay. The friendship was solid and firm because now founded on mutual esteem. It puzzled Bruno Armitage, another chum of Harry's. These two boys had many private confabs over his unwillingness to join them in the sodality.

"He's a good fellow," said Armitage one day; "and I mean by that he is really a pious fellow, with strong religious convictions, and the courage of them too."

"I fully believe you are correct in your estimate of Harry," said Claude.

"He makes no objection to any and all the devotions practised here."

"None whatever, that I know of. I know the Catholicity of his home life is simply beautiful."

"Well, then?" asked Bruno.

"Well, then?" laughed Claude. "That's where we always arrive—and stop. I really think—ah, here he comes! Let us try him once more."

"Talk of the—" said Bruno, as Harry came up.

"Don't mention it," answered Russell; "although you, perhaps, have more acquaintance with *him* than I have. You should not so easily get mixed up on his identity."

"One on you, Bruno," said Claude; and he continued: "Well, Harry, old boy—not Old Harry,—I want to make a request."

"What is it?"

"I want you to give us permission to hand in your name to the moderator as candidate for admission into our sodality. I know I have asked you before, but perhaps the objections you had then have been removed by this time. May we do it?"

"No, I do not wish it!" was the reply, which seemed final; for Russell immediately changed the subject. They were baffled again.

While the conversation was progressing, the group was joined by a boy named Cullane. He had heard the latter part of Claude's appeal. When he heard Russell's answer, he seemed pleased.

"That's right, Harry!" he said. "Do not let them force you into it against your wish."

"No one will do that, I think," replied Russell, briefly.

It was after the afternoon class, and the four boys left the yard together on their way home. At the gates of the young ladies' academy Grantley was met by his sister, who, after a few pleasant words with the other three, accepted her brother's offer to escort her home.

There is an old saying that two is company and three is none. This afternoon Cullane evidently felt the force of this adage; for he made several attempts to lag behind Armitage and enter into conversation with Russell. Once, when Bruno was a few feet ahead, he said to Russell:

"Do not let those fellows drag you into the sodality without your consent."

Russell was beginning to feel annoyed. He could manage his own affairs. He did not care to have a boy like Cullane for a mentor.

"I can manage my own affairs," he said, somewhat testily.

"That's right. If one wants of his own accord—"

"You mistake me. I intended the remark for you. I can manage my affairs, thank you!"

"Ugh! You needn't get mad over it," said Cullane.

"Nor am I, but I simply state again that I can manage my own affairs."

Bruno, seeing that he was some feet ahead, stopped for the others; so Cullane had no chance to say more.

A peculiar thing happened on the journey homeward that afternoon, which had more effect on Russell's determination than all his friends' arguments. One part of the street where they were walking was being torn up. The city was putting in some larger water-mains. Near the sidewalk were about fifty laborers digging a deep ditch. Some were below throwing up the earth to platforms; others from these tossed it into the street above them.

"Let's watch them a minute," said Armitage.

The three boys scrambled over a heap of loose earth and stood looking at the men down in their narrow trench in the earth. While watching, Harry heard a man on the platform half-way down talking to his fellow-workman as he shovelled away with right good-will:

"Sure now I work hard all me life, but I'm goin' to make something of me Patsy. I do be sending him to Rockland College for his schoolin'; though 'tis hard for me, and me only a city ditcher. It's scrapin' I have to do to make ends meet. But, plase God, I'll see him priested some day, an' thin I'll be willin' to lay down me shovel an' die. Have ye no boy at all, Finnegan?"

The involuntary listeners could not catch Finnegan's reply, but they heard the first speaker say:

"It's meself that's sorry for ye, man. If me boy were to do that it would break me heart entirely."

Just at that moment Cullane, who

had remained a little farther away than the other two boys, jumped over a mound of earth and came closer to his companions. At the same instant the talkative ditcher looked up and saw him. The man was sweaty and grimy. He wore blue jeans and a coarse, checkered shirt, which was open in front and showed a sunburnt breast. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up nearly to his shoulders, showing a pair of muscular arms. He had the appearance of an honest laborer, determined to earn every cent the city paid him. His rugged face was not handsome but kind.

Suddenly the love-light sprang into his eyes. He dropped his shovel for an instant. His face lit up with genuine pleasure.

"Is that you, Patsy!" he cried, delightedly, raising his right hand over his head as if he would shake hands, and steadying himself against the wall of earth with his left. "Is that you now! It's good of you entirely to come and see your old father."

The other two boys watched young Cullane. He blushed and then hung his head a moment. The coward! He was ashamed to acknowledge the city ditcher as his father before his companions. He walked away without a sign of recognition for the old man.

The father, with his hand still upstretched to shake his son's hand—that son of whom a moment before he was boasting so proudly,—did not realize what had happened.

"Where's—where's me boy?" he asked the other two. "Didn't I see him wid ye two?"

"He was here a minute ago," one of them was forced to say; "he has gone down the street now."

"Gone! You don't say that, boys! Gone! Patsy! My God! my boy was ashamed of his old father!"

So it was. False pride had caused the

son to wound his father almost fatally.

"Help me out of this, Finnegan!" he said, faintly. He mounted the ladder, Finnegan coming carefully after him. When he reached the surface of the street he sat down on a heap of earth and—moaned—moaned as some stricken animal in pain.

"Ashamed of me he was! Ashamed of me, boys!" he said; "an' I hoped some day to see him priested! Oh, me heart is broke!"

He sat there rocking himself from side to side in his grief. His emotion was at length relieved by tears. The two boys tried to comfort him. They were not very successful.

"You'll take me time, Finnegan, and give it to the boss. I'll work no more this day. Me heart wouldn't be in it at all, at all."

"Cheer up, Mr. Cullane!" said Harry. "Perhaps it's not so bad as you think. He may have been sick or something."

But the attempt at comfort was a lame one.

"Yous is good boys," said the poor old fellow; "but it's ashamed of me he was, boys,—ashamed of me in me workin' clothes! Oh, but me heart's broke—me heart's broke!"

They helped him on with his coat and saw him start feebly in the direction of his home. They watched him for some distance, deeming it a more delicate consideration not to accompany him. They saw that he occasionally shook his head and put his hand to his head as if to rub out from his brain some horrible, fantastic vision. Then he would wring his hands.

"The cowardly cur!" observed Harry Russell, referring to the son. "And that's the hound who was trying to keep me out of your sodality! Bruno, I have made up my mind. You may propose my name to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

How to Win a Prize.

His Excellency Earl Beauchamp, the Governor of New South Wales, in an interesting speech to the children of a Catholic school at Goulburn, said he knew that every school-boy and school-girl wished to obtain a prize at the end of the year, and showed how to win it. His Excellency's advice is timely and memorable. He said: "Well, now you will be sure to win a prize if you just observe how the word 'prize' is spelled. *P* is for punctuality: be always punctual as to time. *R* is for regularity: never absent yourself a day from school. *I* is for industry: be ever industrious, work hard at your lessons. *Z* is for zeal: if you are zealous in the discharge of your school duties you are certain to succeed. Lastly, *E* is for earnestness. When one works earnestly all through the year, one deserves a prize."

The Truce of God.

It was to two assemblies of bishops that the distracted world owed that Truce of God, proclaimed in the year 1032, which gave breathing-time to the poor down-trodden peasant or townsman, and was the beginning of a more settled state of society. It was an agreement that no violence or weapons of any kind should be used from sunset on Wednesday to sunrise on Monday, nor on any high festival of the Church; and whoever violated this peace was to pay his fine or suffer excommunication. Sometimes Wednesday and Friday were designated as the time for the Truce.

An Open Book.

THE Book of Nature, bound in bark,
Is open, so 'tis said,
To all the world in autumn time,
When many leaves are red.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The reputation of the late Bernard Quaritch as the world's greatest bookseller was largely due to his staff of expert assistants. One of these, Mr. Michael Kerney, has just passed away. He was Quaritch's chief cataloguer and literary adviser, and he is said to have possessed an unrivalled knowledge of old books and manuscripts.

—We have to thank the Bishop of Mylapore, India, for a copy of his new pastoral on the Sacred Heart. We sometimes find men who are reputed wise saying very foolish things about devotion to the Sacred Heart; but there is nothing but edification and sweet reasonableness in this pastoral, which is published in Portuguese as well as English.

—Interest in the literary remains of the Fathers of the Reformation seems to have died out. A new edition of the works of Zwingli, which has been the object of a large amount of scholarly labor, is in serious danger from the small number of its supporters. Only 200 subscribers' names have been sent in, and the *Athenæum* is authority for the statement that four subscriptions have been received from the whole of Great Britain.

—Bishop Spalding's inspiring discourse on "Progress in Education" is now a readable pamphlet, and we urge the friends of education everywhere to help us to place it in the hands of teachers, to whom it was primarily addressed. Optimistic in tone and lofty in spirit, it is, of course, the best sort of reading for parents and students; but in the interests of true education we should above all like to set it before the educators of the country, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The cost of the pamphlet is so little that its distribution would be at once the least expensive and the most effective form which the philanthropy of our readers could take. THE AVE MARIA Office.

—Students of Newman's "Apologia" have often been puzzled to know why the chapter most personal to his opponent should have been omitted from the later editions of that famous book. The interests of charity, certainly, did not demand the omission. The London *Tablet* says that future editions of the "Apologia" are certain to contain, and ought to contain, a postscript recording an allusion made by Newman to Kingsley—by the author of the "Apologia" to the man who did us the signal service of provoking the writing of it. The family of Sir John Cope, who had presented

Eversley Rectory to Kingsley, came also into very intimate association with the illustrious Oratorian. That was in later years; and the Cardinal, in a letter to the head of the family, explained that he had to speak strongly—more strongly even than he felt—in order to make people see that he felt at all; just as the man in the crowd must raise his voice above its usual pitch if he wishes to win attention. Another admission of the Cardinal's was that he had said prayers for Kingsley on hearing of his fatal illness.

—A beautiful and appropriate memorial to Charles Durward is the brochure containing half-tone reproductions of six of his "Madonnas." The pictures are faced with some verse-stanzas of unusually good quality, as the reader may see from the lines which stand opposite the portrait of the artist:

RELINQUISHMENT.

Claim him as thine, O Mother, whom he loved!
 "Painter to thee, Madonna," be his name:
 Thou hast his most munific patron proved;
 Rewarding not with worldly food or fame,
 But (that he better know thy perfect grace),
 From the distracting charms of earth removed,
 Granting the early vision of thy face.

The Durward Madonnas are informed with a spirituality too often wanting to the efforts of modern painters.

—The Christian Press Association of New York has done well in publishing an English version of Frederic Ozanam's "Livre des Malades." The English title, "The Bible of the Sick," indicates more precisely than does the French original the nature of the work, since, with the exception of some eight or nine pages of introduction, the book is wholly made up of extracts from the Old and New Testaments. These excerpts are particularly well chosen, however, and the little volume should be found in every Catholic sick-room. If the Bible is, by the common consent of Christendom, the book of books, it is pre-eminently so for those who are nearing the valley where the sunset rays of life commingle with the twilight of the tomb.

—Some serious reflections on Time, Eternity, Death and Resurrection make up the body of "Old Thoughts on Old Themes," an edifying and strongly spiritual volume by the Rev. E. C. Hearn, of the Diocese of Peoria. The sacred character of the writer is pleasantly impressed on every page, and his earnestness can not fail to rouse the most lethargic reader. Copious quotations from many

writers supplement Father Hearn's own reflections and give an agreeable flavor of bookishness to the volume. But the intensely serious purpose is everywhere dominant, as it should be in every book emanating from a priest. Published by J. S. Hyland & Co.

—In "Stories of Ancient Peoples" Miss Emma J. Arnold has collected some of the most interesting events in the history of the oldest civilized peoples, and set them forth in a form suited to youthful readers. The result is an exceedingly pleasant volume, which at least one old fellow must confess to enjoying almost as much as the children will. The "Ancient Peoples" include the Egyptians, Babylonians, Hittites, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Persians, Hindus and Chinese.—Even more pleasing to us is "The Discovery of the Old Northwest," in which the heroism of the old French explorers and of the Catholic missionaries is sympathetically described by Mr. James Baldwin. Both books are intended for supplementary reading in the schools; and it is most gratifying to know that Young America is growing up with some knowledge of the Catholic heroes, to whom America owes so great a debt. The American Book Co., publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.

The Bible of the Sick. *Ozanam.* 75 cts.

The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.

The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 10 cts.

A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, net.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed.* \$1.50.

The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., net.

Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coutances.* 70 cts., net.

Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, net.

On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.

The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Dorckt.* 75 cts., net.

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.

Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75.

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana-Skinner.* \$1.50.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—H&B., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Baptist, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Margaret, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sisters Bernard and Joseph, Order of the Presentation; and Sister M. Patricia, Poor Handmaids of Christ.

Mr. Arnold Speck and Mr. Thomas Campbell, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. George Whitaker, Mahanoy City, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Cassidy and Mrs. Johanna Ryan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Larnier, Newburyport, Mass.; Mr. John Sullivan, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Homer Sherbondy, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mr. M. Breen, New York city; Mrs. Margaret Green, Lamare, Iowa; Mr. John A. Nugent and Mr. Bernard Ford, Newark, N. J.; Mr. James Ward, Mrs. Philip Farley, and Mrs. D. J. Chambers, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. John Reilly, Shenandoah, Pa.; Mr. George Whitfield, Stuart, Iowa; Mr. Joseph Mulhall, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Rafferty, Ottawa, Ill.; Miss Louisa Korth, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Magdalene Gavord, Bay City, Mich.; Mr. John O'Callaghan and Mrs. Nora O'Neill, Lead City, S. Dak.; Mr. James Sahr, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Adam Thullen, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Michael Barrett and Mr. Owen McCann, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Wentz, Middletown, Ohio; Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Durand, Ill.; and Mr. Henry Wagner, Dayton, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

NO. 12.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Mater Dolorosa.

BY M. J. B. R.

SEVEN sorrows hadst thou, Mother, and thy heart
Is pierced with seven swords; so great the price
Thou for the Victim of sin's sacrifice
Hast rendered God, thyself to bear a part
In man's redemption; whence indeed thou art
Our priestess, watching with maternal eyes
The savor of thy Host accepted rise,
Nor shrinking from the self-inflicted smart.

Most dolorous Virgin, by the mystic pain
That thrilled thy soul in travail, when thy Son,
The sands of mortal anguish nearly run,
Bequeathed us from His cross in John to thee,
Implore God's mercy, lest thy tears in vain
Were mingled with His Blood on Calvary.

A Basic Text Considered.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

FEW chapters in Holy Writ furnish the Christian world with a greater number of familiar quotations than does the sixth of the Gospel of St. Matthew. A portion of that celebrated discourse of our Divine Lord which is known as the Sermon on the Mount, it contains not only the universally quoted prayer, the "Our Father," but many a terse apothegm, sententious precept, and striking illustration, which have become part and parcel of the world's intellectual wealth. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth"; "Where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also"; "No

man can serve two masters.... You can not serve God and mammon"; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.... Not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these"; "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,"—these extracts are, in all Christian lands, as commonly employed as the most familiar household words.

The frequent citation of a maxim, however, does not necessarily imply that they who cite it have any practical knowledge of its real import; the most currently quoted text may have little, if any, personal significance for either quoters or hearers. "You can not serve God and mammon," for instance, is listened to by thousands to whom Our Lord meant this dictum directly to apply, without the slightest suspicion on their part that the text proclaims the incompatibility of their genuinely serving both God and the world; the utter futility of their endeavors to reconcile a worldly and a Christian life; the sheer absurdity of their usual state of mind,—a state whose logical expression would be the prayer, "Good Lord, good devil!"

So, too, thousands of others hear, "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat; nor for your body, what you shall put on," without being at all convinced of the sinfulness of that inordinate anxiety and solicitude about temporal affairs which habitually absorbs all their time and attention, rendering them unmindful of their duty

to God. It is, of course, incumbent on a man engaged in the world to provide for his family. It is clearly his duty to do so. But it is emphatically *not* incumbent on him, it is not his duty—on the contrary, it is running directly counter to the precept of our Divine Master—to become so engrossed in making this provision that he neglects “the one thing necessary.”

These and numerous other equally important lessons may be discerned in verse after verse of St. Matthew’s sixth chapter; and all are comprised in verse thirty-three, the basic text of a truly Christian life: “Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.” A brief consideration of the terms of this precept can scarcely fail to furnish material for salutary thought, even if happily it does not overwhelm one with confusion and disclose ample cause for repentance and reform.

In the first place, what is this kingdom of God and what this justice that we are told to seek? The expression “the kingdom of God” is employed in Holy Writ in a triple sense. Sometimes it designates the Church, wherein God reigns by a special providence; sometimes our own interior when our soul is adorned with sanctifying grace. Ordinarily, however, by “the kingdom of God” is meant, as in this text of St. Matthew, heaven. That is pre-eminently the kingdom of God, since therein He reigns in all His majesty and glory. Heaven, then, is the kingdom which we are ordered to seek. And why should we not seek it above all else? Is not heaven our true home, whereas this earth is merely the land of our exile? Is not heaven pure and brilliant glory; the gratification of all our wants and desires; the complete, sovereign, and eternal satisfaction of all our aspirations?

By the “justice” which we are commanded to seek in conjunction with the kingdom of God, Christ means the collection, the reunion, the sum total of the virtues which make a soul what it should be—free from any serious defect that might mar the perfection which God demands of it. In this comprehensive sense *just* is properly applicable to that person who renders to everyone that which is his due: to God, homage, adoration, love, and faithful obedience; to his neighbor, the fraternal charity which, according to St. Paul, comprises the full catalogue of our duties toward men; to himself—to the soul whose care and culture God has confided to him—all that is needed in order that it may attain its eternal destiny.

That we should be told to seek this justice even as we seek the kingdom of God is natural, since the justice is really nothing else than the road which leads to the kingdom. If we genuinely desire the end, we must equally desire the means to that end; hence our seeking justice, or our cultivating virtue, is just as indispensable as our seeking the kingdom of God, or salvation. To flatter ourselves that we are making progress toward heaven while we are habitually neglecting to acquire the virtues which alone can bring us there, is to imagine that we are drawing near the source of a stream even while the current is rapidly carrying us toward its mouth.

Having thus seen what is meant by the kingdom of God and His justice, let us briefly consider the terms in which we are admonished to attain them. “Seek.” This word clearly implies that there is need on our part of diligence, attention, vigilance. Whoever seeks for a thing employs himself seriously in trying to find it. Sadly mistaken, therefore, are those who hold themselves practically passive and inert as to the affair of salvation, just as though the

kingdom of God would come to them in due time without any particular exertion of their own. Had man persevered in original justice, had our first parents never fallen, getting to heaven would be a simple and easy matter enough; but sin has radically changed the conditions of the problem. As we are at present constituted, the kingdom of God is "a treasure hidden in a field"; and if we would possess it, we must search diligently and dig laboriously.

Our Saviour says, moreover: "Seek ye *first*...." The evident import of this term is that we should seek the kingdom of God—should work for heaven, should strive for our salvation—above all else, primarily and pre-eminently, as our one great object in life, the main purpose we have in view, the principal end of our cares and labors; the grand enterprise, in a word, to which all our designs and plans and undertakings are subordinated. As a matter of theoretical belief, this is unquestionably truth and wisdom. The kingdom of God is our supreme good, and hence should be our paramount concern.

As a matter of strict, practical fact, is it our chief concern? Do the interests of our souls habitually determine even our most important acts? Does our salvation stand forth prominently in our minds as the one great subject which imperatively demands our best thought and our unwearied attention? Is there nothing else about which we meditate more constantly, which we have come to look upon as our main business in life, which looms up in the near or distant future as the goal of our supreme ambition; which we long for as the end and purpose of our proceedings, from Monday morning to Saturday night, and from January to December?

Now, one may as well be candid with oneself in considering these questions, for it will avail nothing to attempt

deception. By putting on the outward appearances of religious worship one may perhaps impose on one's neighbors, possibly on oneself; but it is very certain that God can not be deceived.

Would we learn whether or not we really give to the matter of saving our souls the pre-eminence which it surely merits and which our Divine Lord enjoins? Let us apply to the question the touchstone of death. Suppose that we were stricken to-day with a fatal malady—with the bubonic plague, for instance,—and were forced to recognize the speedy approach of our last hour, how should we answer the question? Would we not be forced to admit and deplore the fact that our salvation has *not* been our chief concern?—that we have *not* sought first the kingdom of God; have not sought it with the ardor and unflagging zeal with which a merchant seeks increasing profit, a worldly woman seeks social success, a political candidate seeks election, or a party leader seeks the defeat of his opponents? And yet still greater ardor and zeal should undoubtedly be ours in the attainment of that justice which is the only passport to God's kingdom.

If, happily, we are conscious of no serious delinquency in this respect: if we feel that, while we occupy ourselves from day to day with our temporal duties—providing for our families, improving our position and prospects, working out a legitimate ambition,—we, nevertheless, regard all this as merely secondary, subsidiary to our great task in life—the safeguarding of our eternal interests,—then we may well reflect with satisfaction on the concluding words of our text: "And all these things shall be added unto you." What things? Not simply food and clothing, of which special mention is made in the preceding verses; but every temporal blessing of which we have real need. We may not, perhaps,

receive all that we *think* we need: we may fail to attain the goods or gifts or advantages that would serve merely to feed our vanity or our extravagance; but there will certainly be given to us all that is necessary, proper, and consistent with our salvation.

It is noteworthy that Christ promises that these things shall be *added* unto us,—added, just as the accessory is added to the principal, as something of comparatively little value is thrown in with an important purchase that we have made; as a pen or an inkstand, for instance, is thrown in by a merchant from whom we have bought an expensive desk. It is only another way of emphasizing the immense difference, in comparative excellence, between eternal and temporal goods. Secure the former, says Our Lord, and I will give you the latter into the bargain.

"Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice." It is the burden of text upon text of Holy Writ: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" "Martha, Martha, thou art solicitous and art troubled about many things; but one thing is necessary,"—and scores of others. It is the last word of all Christian sages; the original of Carlyle's "Love not pleasure, love God"; and the meaning of Walter Scott's dying advice to the nephew kneeling at his bedside: "Be a good man, my boy,—be a good man. Nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here." It is, moreover, the one counsel which our own good sense acknowledges as the wisest direction by which to regulate our passage through this transient life. By meditating it more frequently we shall increase the chances of our acting upon it more faithfully; and so securing not only the temporal blessings which Christ has promised, but the supreme and everlasting glory of the kingdom of God.

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

V.

DE man, de 'orse," repeated Jean. "Really, you two will never know English!" I cried in despair. I had been teaching them for more than a month.

"You are a stupid boy, Jean," said Mauricia,—"*th-e-ze, h-h-horse!*"

"Mauricia, I shall eat you up if you call me a *boy*," said Jean. "And as for Eugénie, I know why she is so cross: she is tired of living with us, and she is homesick. Fancy liking the island of fogs better than our beautiful France, where the sky is so blue and the people are so nice—are they not, Eugénie?"

"You forget my father is not here," I replied, half crying; for I had certainly got out of bed the wrong side that morning, and the life I was leading was rather dull and monotonous. The few neighbors we had lived quietly, as we did ourselves. Riding was my only enjoyment, and perhaps what I missed the most was the sympathetic friend and companion I had always found in my father. Mauricia I loved well,—so intelligent, bright and affectionate; still, she was but a child; and Jean, in spite of his seventeen years, seemed scarcely older in judgment and character. Good Madame de Cambrésis was aged and feeble. I loved of an evening to sit at her feet and listen to the adventures of her youth; but in the daytime she remained in her room, and Madame de Fontenay was nearly always with her. Marguerite hated me for being English, and the gentlemen spent most of their time in Paris.

But let us "return to our mutton," as the French say. Mauricia came and hugged me; and Jean said triumphantly:

"Console yourself, Eugénie. I was told a secret this morning which will give you pleasure, or I am much mistaken." And he whispered something in my ear.

The cure was immediate. I jumped up, sent the text-book flying, and cried out:

"A ball, Jean! Oh, what luck! How grand, how glorious!"

"Hush! You are letting out the secret. What will Marguerite say?"

Jean looked so distressed that I stopped instantly. But the lesson was over for the nonce, and we put on our hats and rushed down to the depths of the garden, where we might talk over the wonderful news without the least danger of being overheard.

"Now," said I, when we were safe in our retreat—the little cabin at the end of the garden, where the oars and sails were kept; the door was locked, but we had a way of getting in by the window,—“now, Jean, tell me all about it. Who is to give the ball, and shall I go to it if there is one?”

"Grandmother is to give the ball in our own Chateau de Cambrésis; so we shall be present. And if you have no other dancer, Eugénie, you may count at least on your poor cousin Jean."

"And I," said Mauricia,—“shan't I see anything of the ball?”

"Yes, dearie," answered Jean. "You will not be sent to bed until all the people have arrived; and I shall keep all the pretty things I get at the cotillon for you. Besides, I shall show him to you before you are marched off to the land of dreams."

"Him! Who is him?" almost shouted Mauricia and I.

"I don't think I shall tell you that part of the secret," coolly answered that tantalizing cousin of ours. "My father told it to me, and Marguerite does not know anything about it."

"Oh! oh!" we said, much impressed; adding after a brief pause: "You will

tell us, will you not, Jean? We won't say a word to any one about it."

"Well," said Jean, after some little hesitation, "you must know, Eugénie, that last spring Marg and I went to a *matinée dansante* for young folks; and Marg, though she is but seventeen, looks eighteen at least. Such a queen! The young Count d'Ory admired her so much that he called on my father the other day and asked for the hand of his daughter in marriage."

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed, while Mauricia clapped her hands. Jean's secret was rather interesting. "What did my uncle say?" I continued.

"He said he would be happy to have the child of an old friend of his youth as son-in-law, but that Marguerite was not a girl to be persuaded into anything of that sort. Finally this ball was arranged to throw the young people together—"

"Children! Eugénie!"

We rushed out of our retreat and met Madame de Fontenay coming in search of us. We must have looked guilty, for she smiled and said:

"I see you know about the ball."

"When is it to be, Aunt Mauricia?"

"In another ten days," she replied; "and I shall leave for Paris to-morrow morning to see about the things we require. Come and help me make out the list, Eugénie."

I went gladly to Aunt Mauricia's room, which was on the same floor as mine but at the end of the corridor, shut out from mine by an antechamber. In this cosy apartment we wrote letters to the shop people and sent cards of invitation to all the country round. Presently I read on the list of names for St. Patern: "Monsieur and Madame Lefèvre, the Commandant de Clisson, Sublieutenant d'Ory."

"Aunt Mauricia," I exclaimed, "there are, then, two officers staying at St.

Paternel! Why, that is quite close to Pont-Ste.-Maxence!"

"Yes," said Aunt Mauricia, with that gentle smile she must have inherited from her father, never from Madame de Cambrésis. "Two more dancers for you, Eugénie."

Dear Aunt Mauricia little guessed the fascination the name of Ory had for me, and never suspected that I knew of Marguerite's admirer.

"They are sure to call one of these days," she went on; "but you are not likely to see them, for to-morrow you will accompany me to Paris."

"I, Aunt Mauricia!" I cried.

She smiled again.

"You are so careless of your dress, little one! What did you intend to wear at the ball?" She went to a drawer and brought out a parcel carefully wrapped in tissue-paper. "Your uncle hopes you will like this small token of his affection, my dear."

And a vision of loveliness lay on the table before me. To me, whose highest idea of dress was a simple muslin frock with pink or blue sashes, the white silken gauze appeared a gift worthy of Cinderella's godmother; and I remained silent so long that my aunt said:

"Do you not like it, Eugénie?"

"Like it!"

In another moment I was in Aunt Mauricia's arms, giving her such a hug that she cried for mercy. Then, seizing hold of my treasure, I flew down the passage, and very soon the whole household was aware of the great event that had taken place. Eugénie Forrester had her first ball-dress.

Early as it was next morning when I drove to the station with Aunt Mauricia, others were out before us, and two riders passed us on the way. Of one I caught only a glimpse; but the other remained longer in view, for his horse was restive and refused to

advance. The rider was young and boyish-looking, with blue eyes and fair hair curling round his forehead.

"The Count d'Ory," said my aunt.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I am afraid—" and then I stopped short, for I had nearly betrayed Jean's secret.

"What do you fear?" asked Madame de Fontenay.

"I am afraid he will be thrown," said I; though that was not what I had meant to say, but rather that I knew he would never do for Marguerite.

"No, no! He is a good rider," replied my unsuspecting relative; and, as if to confirm her words, the horse, pricked by the spurs, bounded forward and disappeared from sight.

Colonel Forrester's daughter was a little chatterbox, I think, as a rule; but that morning she sank back in the cushions of the first-class railway carriage and gave herself up to daydreams. And Count d'Ory filled them all, with his spirited horse, his curly hair and blue eyes. How handsome he was! How nice to have him for a cousin! But, then, Marguerite would never listen to him. That shattered my daydream, and I awoke from it with a sigh.

"Eugénie, you are not feeling well," said Aunt Mauricia. "What is the matter with you? Have you a headache?"

"There is nothing the matter with me," I answered gaily; "only—only," I continued with a blush and a smile, "I was thinking of Count d'Ory."

Aunt Mauricia smiled, too; and if she had not been so kind I think she would have laughed outright. But she only shook her head and said:

"Youth is ever the same." And after a little while: "You are very like your mother, my dear."

"Am I?"

I was so pleased to hear about my mother that I plied Aunt Mauricia with

questions till the train stopped and we were in Paris.

Who has not seen or at least heard of Paris, its monuments and boulevards, its churches and theatres? My diary, it is true; was kept up for my father's benefit; but the reader will easily forgive me if I skip over that week in the Capital and return to Pont-Ste.-Maxence, with parcels innumerable, just two days before the ball.

VI.

Nine o'clock and no one come yet! Jean, Mauricia and I are waiting with impatience in the large drawing-room—larger than ever now that so much of the furniture has been removed. Mauricia, with her black eyes and wavy hair, looks like an elfin princess in her white muslin dress. She employs her time dancing with singular grace the Highland Schottish, which she learned from me; Jean tugs valiantly meanwhile at a refractory glove; and I rush every now and then to the hall windows, with a sort of idea that my doing so will hasten the arrival of the guests.

At last Aunt Mauricia came sailing down the broad staircase, followed by Madame de Cambr sis and my uncles; and some minutes later Marguerite, the queen of the evening, entered with stately grace. No winsome maiden was Marguerite, with rosy cheeks and merry smile; yet not the less was she a lovely being, with her raven hair and lofty brow, long curly eyelashes and beautifully shaped nose and mouth. I do not think any of us had ever realized before how beautiful she was; for a long-drawn "Ah! ah!" went round the room. Something had softened her mood to-night, for the color came in that rather pale face; and as she caught my glance of admiration, she smiled and said:

"You look so beautiful and so happy this evening, cousin!"

If Marguerite disliked my presence at the chateau it was from exaggerated patriotism. At first this singular cousin of mine had tried to withdraw her brother from my baneful influence; but when my little horse "Brownie" came upon the scene, and we scampered away from her all over the country, she gave up her efforts, and contented herself with behaving continually as if I never existed. Therefore when, this evening, she deigned to notice my appearance, my heart beat joyfully; for I hoped that with time we two should love each other as cousins should.

But now the increasing flow of carriages poured in: old family coaches with equally antiquated coachmen; brand-new ones, quite up to date,—in fact, all the country around came to our ball. There were many men; for the shooting season had begun and every country house had its guests. Jean and I stood in the hall, behind the window-curtain, and watched them all entering the drawing-room.

There was old Madame Bossu, with her ugly daughter and tall son; and Jeanne de St. Pierre, with her three brothers,—all of whom would dance with me, I knew. And then—O horror!—I gave a little scream which made two little fat men look round; but, seeing no one, they walked into the ballroom.

"O Jean, what shall I do?" I cried, in a panic; for I had recognized my fellow-travellers on my way from England.

"What's the matter?" inquired Jean.

So I told him my adventure in the train, and how I had gone to warn the guard that our carriage was on fire. Jean opened his eyes in wonder; but he finally concluded that my ball-dress would prove an effectual disguise.

"Look!" whispered Jean. "We nearly missed him!"

And I suddenly became aware that the Lef vres were taking off their wraps

in the hall. With them was the Count d'Ory, in his blue hussar's uniform; and another officer—a tall dark, broad-shouldered man with a scar on his cheek, who, Jean whispered to me, was the Commandant de Clisson.

Soon after the music struck up, and Jean and I footed it together. Then Jean introduced me to his numerous friends, and Madame de Cambr sis to her old friends. So I danced and chattered away, throwing all shyness to the winds, and forgetting my fears of being recognized by my bugbears, the two little men.

After some time Jean came up to me again, and said severely:

"Eug nie, you are neglecting me. You are whirling about the whole time. It is impossible to approach you. Come and have something to eat."

I went very obediently, and we made ourselves comfortable in a little corner; and while I ate my ice Jean said to me impressively:

"Have you noticed the Count d'Ory, Eug nie?"

"No: I quite forgot him."

"Well, I have noticed him, and he is not getting on at all."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Marguerite snubs him," said Jean; "and has promised the cotillon to Monsieur de Clisson. While I think of it, *you* are engaged to me for the cotillon, are you not?"

"Very well," I replied; and we went back to the ballroom.

Standing quite near the door were Monsieur de Clisson and Marguerite.

"And was it at Inkerman you received your wound?" Marguerite was saying, her glorious eyes lifted enthusiastically to his. "You must be proud of that scar; it is as good as the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

"I have that, too," rejoined Monsieur

de Clisson, not boastfully, but evidently led to talk about himself by her great sympathy.

"Tell me, I pray you, the history of the scar?" said Marguerite.

The Commandant hesitated, but the girl insisted.

"Do tell me!" she repeated. "I should so like to hear!"

"There is really not much to relate," he said, speaking rather fast. "It was at Inkerman. I and some others were in a small house, close to a ravine. We had been posted there so as to get a good shot at the enemy. I was young then and imprudent, and we never noticed that the Russians were gathering round us until we heard them firing at the back of the house. To barricade the door was the work of a few minutes, and then I addressed the men: 'Comrades, we can not defend this *bicoque*. There is a low window on the western side: we must jump out and make a rush for it.' The men looked very glum; no one liked to be the first, and probably lose his life. Then the corporal spoke up: 'If my lieutenant will lead the way, I swear to follow next.'—'You are a brave fellow!' said I, and out I went. A thrust from a bayonet produced this scar on my cheek, but the corporal saved my life by his quickness. The rest followed close, and we soon got clear of the Russians."

"And then you received the Cross of Honor?" added Marguerite. "Ah, if I were a man I would be a soldier!"

"A soldier is not often wealthy, Mademoiselle. If he were, what a good wife you would make him!"

"And do you think me so mercenary?" she cried. "Believe me I am not—"

Then she hesitated and blushed, for the conversation was getting personal; and presently I saw her dancing the lancers with young De St. Pierre.

Following Christ.

FROM THE GERMAN.

JESU, day by day
 Lead us on life's way;
 Nought of dangers will we reckon,
 Simply haste where Thou dost beckon;
 Lead us by the hand
 To our fatherland.

Hard should seem our lot,
 Let us waver not:
 Never murmur at our crosses
 In dark days of grief and losses;
 'Tis through trial here
 We must reach Thy sphere.

When the heart must know
 Pain for others' woe,
 When beneath its own 'tis sinking,
 Give us patience, hope unshrinking;
 Fix our eyes, O Friend,
 On our journey's end!

Thus our path shall be
 Daily traced by Thee;
 Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
 Help us most when most we suffer;
 And when all is o'er
 Ope to us Thy door.

From the Mosquito Coast.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—“WHEN YOUTH AND PLEASURE
MEET.”

SOME one said to me: “When one lives by the sea one must expect to mold.” I have been expecting to all along. My garments are moist: every morning they are damp with the dew of ocean. Every evening they seem to have become a part of me; I have to slough them as a snake his skin. But what of that? The grass and trees are of the greenest green; the sandy soil is never muddy, though the heavens fall. The flowers are of a brighter hue,—sea-air is their tonic. 'Tis true, the wind falls and the mercury goes up to the

top of the column—or makes a dash for it; the heat melts the marrow in my bones; even my buttons have become mellow and malleable,—what next, I should like to know? Ah, there is the Board Walk!

What the margin is to the book-lover's book the Board Walk is to the seaside watering-place,—it makes of the summer resort an *edition de luxe*, as it were. How often is it not illustrated with living and moving pictures that are a kind of running comment upon the story of an August outing! There is hardly a nook or a corner of the shore nowadays but is hemmed in by the Board Walk. It may be a more or less straight and narrow one, like this that borders Island Heights; it may be broad as the way at Atlantic City that leadeth from the inlet to the outlet into watery-space, where the sun sets and the sea-gulls sail over stretches of sand that are suggestive of a desert island.

In that sea city many there be who go in thereat and find Vanity Fair, upon the one hand, brawling itself hoarse,—for the voice of the fakir is heard in the booths; and upon the other hand, the song of the sirens is borne in upon the evening wind. It is indeed the voice of the charmer charming never so wisely. No pagodas here; no temples, towers or minarets; no crystal mazes, no trim ghazis in toy tea-gardens; no bazaars nor bashibazouks, nor trained animals of supreme intelligence; no human degenerates; no merry-go-round—that most inane of all inanities; no miserable ups and downs, and frightful flipflaps, and delirious loops in aerial railways that in one breathless breath defy Providence, propriety and the perpendicular.

We will abide none of these things in the Land of Nod, for all our nid-nid-nodding. These are of the world and of the flesh and of Atlantic City. We have our Board Walk where one may play

the proverbial sailor with "one foot on sea and one on shore,"—as for constancy and the rest of the song that sings of it, that is another matter. Our Board Walk is a quarter of a mile in length if it is an inch. It begins down at the station where the train pulls in across the water from the wilderness over the way; it follows the water-line in front of the villas at the foot of the Heights—about a dozen of these,—and the two hotels, and then makes a sudden turn up the hill and comes to an abrupt conclusion.

It might go on and on, if it cared to; the grass-mantled bluffs could overlook it, as they overlook tiny strips of beech and a few other things; but no doubt the Board Walk knows—as all board walks must know—just what it was made for. It is the one sole predestined and popular promenade of the village or the town. There people gather and pace to and fro for the joy of seeing and being seen. For this reason it is thronged at twilight, in fair weather; for this reason it is restored at intervals; it is guarded against the encroachment of the sea and the mischievous assaults of the small boy. And there is not a soul within reach of it but, somehow, feels as if he were a shareholder and more or less responsible for any injury that may befall it. It is, to a certain extent, his pride even if it is not his property.

There are times when this maritime heel-and-toe path becomes a kind of expurgated "midway"; it glows with color, and the array of pretty costumes might put a butterfly to the blush. Again I have seen it when it was deserted: when not even a straggler was left to tell the tale. Sometimes it seems suddenly to have become the stage for an impromptu rehearsal of something spectacular—something that has shed something and is unshod; these are the bathers, by your leave! They come out

of the highways and the byways in squads. They walk mincingly, male and female; if the one is bestockinged the other is not, and these feet falter among the pebbles. Brown little people are these bathers, hardly to be recognized in their sun-baked skins, their singed locks tangled in the breeze, and their unaccustomed costumes that are sometimes sad disguises. They paddle by the shore for a while and then amble homeward in a self-conscious strut that magnifies an innocent indiscretion.

But the little ones? They are in their element; for in their brief lives they ne'er wore briefer garments; and they are in and out of the water all day long, like the veriest goslings. There is nothing prettier than to see the Board Walk lined with these little ones, each with a baited crab net, crabbing as hard as ever he can crab. I know one youngster whose cupid head is coated with tawny ringlets; the pole of his crab net is twice his height and larger in circumference than his wrist; yet he hastens to the Board Walk before breakfast, and, poising his net for a moment while he eyes the tide like a fish hawk, he plunges for his prey.

Many a time, perhaps, he scoops in vain; yet his hour will come. Wait but a little, with half his patience, and you shall see with the naked eye how perseverance is rewarded; you shall hear him shout to the world the knowledge of his capture, a very pæan of joy; and, throwing his catch upon the Board Walk, he shall dance you a measure with the tossing of arms, the clapping of hands, and such shouts of triumph as even Kit North, when he was a sporting infant, might not have surpassed in piscatorial ecstasy.

It is from the Board Walk or the balconies of the yacht club one sees the miniature regatta. A fleet of tiny boats, perfectly modelled and with regulation

rigging, is set afloat. The wind catches their dainty sails and they speed away with an air worthy of champion yachts. Then their sailing-masters put after them in skiffs and follow them with grown-up enthusiasm. At a little distance the eye is deceived. Can it be that those are not habitable craft? Are there no bronzed youths in sweaters managing those sails? A snapshot at that mimic fleet would fool the film of the sharpest kodak in the country.

And how pretty to watch the interest awakened by the race! Parents and guardians are there, and little boats as full of baby navigators as a pod is of peas. Probably the winner treats to candy or a cream up at the Round House on the corner. No doubt he should be treated in his hour of triumph (and so he is) to a title. I think he is commodore till the next race comes off; and so he orders the soggy candies and the thawed ice-creams; and the world wags well at the Round House,—which isn't in the least round, for that matter, nor even square when it comes to creams and candy.

It is there, at the Round House, we ask for New York and Philadelphia journals and too often find them not: they are still down at the store, because it is too wet or too warm to bring them up; or they may have been thrown out at the wrong station; or, possibly, they were never posted to us; that happens now and again in the Land of Nod. Are we so little thought of—so soon by the world forgot?

Knowest thou the village post-office? Now the mail arrives and is taken within the door that shuts the master and mistress from the world we live in. The shutters of the Stamp Window and the General Delivery are also closed. Through the glasses of the numbered boxes we see dimly the forms of those who are sorting letters, papers, maga-

zines, packages,—all ours, all beyond our reach. Gradually the small boxes begin to fill up—some of them; there are some that seldom or never have anything in them. The room—it is a small one and so hot—is likewise filling up. There are a limited number of aristocratic boxes, with brass-mounted doors and individual keys. These are opened with a flourish by people quite unknown to us, who sometimes get a letter or a postal-card, and sometimes leave their box-doors open in the thoughtless or absent-minded manner of the superior person.

We are increasing in numbers at every moment. Even those who have keys to boxes linger and look longingly through the box-doors, which now stand open. Dogs enter and nose their way through the crowd, or perhaps sit on your foot in an intimate way. It begins to rain without. The room is intensely hot. An unpleasant steam envelops us. We begin to grow restless and edge each other. Ah, the shutters are swung open at the General Delivery and the Stamp Window! Children whose noses tilt over the window-sills ask in piping voices if there is anything for —. No! There never is anything for —; yet daily—yea, twice daily—these same children will ask that same question and receive the same answer.

As the mail is being distributed from each window and those who receive it withdraw or remain to gossip and obstruct the way, fresh arrivals add to the misery of all. Young persons with mail sit upon the doorstep and compare notes. Letters are opened, portions of them read and commented upon by those sociably inclined. The patient and the long-suffering, who would avoid crowding or being crowded, offer themselves as floral victims about the borders of the room; when their turn comes and they think the way is clear, they are met by a congress of wise men and

women who never come to the office till they know that the crowd has left.

Let me say right here that, for amiability, equanimity of temper and unimpeachable politeness, I have never seen the equals of the young lady and the middle-aged gentleman who are subjected to this trial daily—Sundays only excepted!

(Conclusion next week.)

The Betrothal of Annette.

A STORY IN LETTERS.

II.—(Conclusion.)

MADEMOISELLE *Annette Bentissol*
to *Mademoiselle de Massevaux*.

DEAR MADEMOISELLE:—I am touched, as I should be, by the kindly sentiments of your mother and yourself in my regard. But in some respects I am afraid I shall continue to be a great disappointment to her. As, for instance, I could never for one moment think of separating myself from what you are pleased to term my “plebeian surroundings,” by which I must understand you to mean, in the first place, my father and mother. Raoul has never dreamed of it, I am confident; for he is as kind and deferential as son could be to both of them, and more than once has spoken with joyful anticipation of the time when we should all be together for a few weeks at Massevaux. My mother, a woman of great tact, has playfully rejoined that newly-married persons should not gather a tribe of relatives about them. Still, it was settled that the family should take a villa for the summer as near Massevaux as possible. But on no account would I wish to impose my “plebeian” relatives on the Countess of Massevaux. Therefore I think it likely that, if I wish it, Raoul will give up our proposed summer sojourn at the chateau.

I feel, Mademoiselle, that we must know each other a great deal better than we now do before I can appreciate or even understand some of the customs and traditions of the old family to which you have the happiness of belonging by right of birth, and to which I am soon to have the inestimable honor of being introduced by marriage,—one might almost say by sufferance. But when I think of Raoul and his kind heart, and the devotedness with which he attends even my slightest wish, I forego that odious word.

It may perhaps appear strange to you, Mademoiselle, but believe me we bourgeois also have affections filial and maternal. The love of family is very strong with us; so, too, is a certain pride and independence ingrained and ineradicable. It seems to me, besides, that we are more tender-hearted than some others who sit in their crumbling chateaux, wrapped around in a haughty panoply of dreams and unrealities, that make them appear ridiculous in the eyes of a more material and modern world, which, indeed, seldom thinks of them at all. On my part, Mademoiselle, I should never for a moment think of asking Raoul to break with his “patrician surroundings” for my sake. To try to separate a son from his mother, a sister from her brother,—ah, Mademoiselle! would God bless such a wife?

And this brings me to the last page of your letter. I received Confirmation at the hands of the saintly Archbishop of Paris eight years ago, when I was twelve. And, furthermore—thanks to the good example and instruction of my mother and the nuns at the *Sacré Cœur*,—I have approached the sacraments monthly since that time. I intend to persuade Raoul to do the same when we are married, as he still clings to the De Massevaux custom of twice a year, like yourselves. Dear Raoul! he is so

good he will do it, I feel certain. As it is, though not outwardly flaunting religion in people's faces, he is so firm in his faith, such a stanch Catholic through and through, that I believe it is the thing I most admire in him.

With cordial regards to yourself and the Countess,

ANNETTE BENTISSOL.

Count Raoul de Massevaux to Made¹moiselle Yseult de Massevaux.

MY DEAR YSEULT:—What do you mean by insulting my promised wife as you have latterly been doing? You pretend to teach her good manners! Why, her sweet silence concerning those abominable scrawls you have been sending her is sufficient in itself to prove that her manners are infinitely better than your own. What are good manners, when all is told, but true kindness of heart? And in that you have of late shown yourself lamentably deficient. I was in a rage when I discovered it,—I am still.

Coming into the room one day, I found Annette in tears, with letters scattered on the table before her. "What is the matter?" I asked.—"Some one has been hurting my feelings," she said, bundling the papers together and trying to hurry away. But I would not have it: I quickly snatched them from her; and, having seen that the handwriting was yours, read them all. She implored me not to write to my mother about them, as I said I would do that very day. Finally I yielded; but, having made no promise as to yourself, I am losing no time in writing my mind.

What an absurd figure you have made of yourself! Her "plebeian surroundings" forsooth! Why, one meets the best society of Paris in her father's house. I mean *best* in the true sense of the word. Monsieur Bentissol is a man of great wealth, as you know, and

greater influence. Her mother is a mother in the most profound sense of the word. There is nothing *parvenue* about her. Handsome, well dressed, well educated, refined, gentle, kindly, a great reader, a fine conversationalist, it is a pleasure to know her.

And you must needs bring up the question of religion—of Confirmation! Yseult, pardon me, but you are fossils down there. They go to Mass every day, those two, mother and daughter. Far and wide is good Madame Bentissol known for her charities,—going in person to visit the poor and sick, not only in their own homes but to the prisons and hospitals. She is first in every pious work. You can give *them* no points on religion, my dear Yseult! And it is *she*, my Annette, who will fill the empty coffers of Massevaux, and restore some at least of its ancient prestige. True, she retains her fortune in her own right; but I have wished that it should be so. A little mortifying, perhaps; still, one must pocket pride sometimes, and I do it with what grace I may. My Annette and I love each other dearly; nothing that comes to me from her will seem like a benefaction.

Another word. Why have you never sent her a token—some bit of family jewelry, of which you have quantities, or my mother has? Some day it will all be hers, of course,—if she lives long enough; but now it would have been a gracious thing to send her some token. And instead such letters! Bah! I have no patience with the like. Small wonder that the French Revolution came when it did. The time was ripe for it; and the spirit that rendered it possible still survives, if one must judge by *your* epistolary correspondence. Yseult! I have warned you: go no further! Full apologies are now in order.

With affectionate regards to my mother,

RAOUL.

Mademoiselle Yseult de Massevaux to Mademoiselle Annette Bentissol.

MY VERY DEAR MADEMOISELLE:—Why must we always be at cross-purposes? My mother finds your determination to cling to your family most praiseworthy. And you possess a wonderful fund of good common-sense, combined with a judgment and clear-sightedness far beyond your years and experience. When the time arrives you will make a most excellent chatelaine at De Massevaux.

My mother and I have been talking things over, and we have almost decided that we would be happier in a smaller home than in the great, chilly Chateau de Massevaux, which needs a complete renovation, with all modern heating and sanitary improvements, to render it in any degree comfortable. We have concluded to retire to "The Laurels," a small place just beyond the entrance gates, which is really a charming spot for two lonely women, who can easily manage with the two old servants we shall take with us. That will leave the chateau free to be remodelled for you and Raoul. There you can gather your friends around you, and the old walls will once more ring with the gaiety and merriment they knew of yore. It will not then be necessary, Mademoiselle, that your dear parents should take a villa in the neighborhood. They will be so happy to visit you; while Raoul—who, you have already written, seems to them like a son—will welcome them equally with yourself. And from our cosy little abode my mother and I hope now and then to go forth to visit our old home, with its bright young inmates.

I am afraid, Mademoiselle, you have laid undue stress on the import of some of my remarks. I would not on any account have written a word that might wound. We are both too well aware of the changes the past century has wrought in France not to accommodate

ourselves to the new usages of society. Without doubt, the nobility of blood carries with it a dignity precious and incomparable. But there is also a nobility of labor, and there is no reason why the two should not fraternize. It is really absurd for the old families to keep themselves withdrawn into a provincial isolation; and I shall not deny that one of my greatest sources of satisfaction in the approaching union of my brother and his charming Annette has been that it would enable me to shake off some of the prejudices in which I was born, and take my rightful place in the world of society, beside my beautiful young sister-in-law. Rest assured that on my part and that of my mother you shall have nothing to fear as regards introductions, and so forth. We shall help each other mutually in our different ways. Oh, trust me, you shall be unto us as one of ourselves—to the manner born!

My dear Mademoiselle, with this you will receive an old family jewel—a locket and chain—which my mother desires to offer you, and which she hopes you will accept as a token of her esteem and affection. She sends her regards to your good mother. I join with her in these; and, for myself, beg you to believe in my sincere and devoted affection.

YSEULT DE MASSEVAUX.

Mademoiselle Annette Bentissol to Mademoiselle Yseult de Massevaux.

DEAR MADEMOISELLE YSEULT:—Permit me to thank your mother and yourself for the very beautiful present you have been so kind as to send me. Believe me it touched me deeply. I shall value it more than any of the numerous remembrances I have received. I have never seen anything so fine as the enamel, and the diamond is superb. I love those antique settings. I feel that we are already more *en rapport* with

each other than formerly, and that as time progresses, and we know each other better, we shall be sisters indeed. It was so very kind—that souvenir! It must be hard to part with an heirloom like that.

Mademoiselle, pardon, I beg, if I have sometimes been brusque. I am a little hasty, a little sensitive, perhaps,—full of faults, in short. There is in me a latent tendency to sarcasm, as well as a disposition to cry out, “Eye for eye, tooth for tooth!” But Raoul is so gentle, so just, so evenly-balanced, he will cure me of all that.

I am sending you a couple of trifles similar to those I have presented to the other young ladies who are to be my maids of honor. I hope you will find them pretty, and wear them for my sake.

My mother joins me in kind regards to the Countess and yourself.

ANNETTE.

Mademoiselle Yseult de Massevaux to Mademoiselle Annette Bentissol.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Permit me to call you by that name, for in no other way can I give you an idea of the joy I have felt at the reception of your kind letter and the magnificent presents accompanying it. I am continually opening and shutting that beautiful, delicately-painted fan, with its jewel-studded ivory sticks; forever moving about in the light the superb belt buckle so exquisitely carved, with its minute diamond points sparkling at every turn. But the pearl brooch!—that is a marvel. Will you believe me, I slept last night with it under my pillow? But there is no joy without its corresponding pain. And so it is that the sight of all this magnificence has set me wondering how I shall ever be able to contrive a gown which will in any respect accord with it. We have such a miserable dressmaker here! I fear I shall shame you at the wedding.

My mother requests me to thank you on her part also for those lovely souvenirs. Your kindness has touched her very much. Sometime, when you are at Massevaux, she will be glad to show you all the old family jewels, which one day will be divided between you and me. They are unique and beautiful in a quaint, old-fashioned way.

My mother intends to make a grand feast here for you after your marriage; that is, *grand* in our humble way. Even that you will enjoy, as being so different from the luxurious entertainments to which you are accustomed.

As to our sojourn in Paris, it must necessarily be short, and we do not wish to incommode you. Make such arrangements for us as will least inconvenience Madame Bentissol.

Kindly present our affectionate regards to your dear mother.

YSEULT.

Mademoiselle Annette Bentissol to Mademoiselle Yseult de Massevaux.

MY DEAR SISTER:—You are very kind so to appreciate the little things I sent you. The graciousness with which you have received them encourages me to make you two other propositions, which I hope will meet with your approval and that of the Countess.

Since your cousins, the Goslins and Moustiers, will be absent from Paris at the time of our marriage, and therefore can not receive you, as you expected, my mother desires me to tell you that she will take great pleasure in offering you the hospitality of our home during the time you will remain in Paris. Also, if you will permit it, she will order for you a toilette like that of the other young ladies who are to attend me on the day of my wedding. It will be so much better to have them as near alike as possible. I hope you will not take this offer amiss—and I feel that you will not.

Our little misunderstandings all seem to be dissipating in the light of a friendly correspondence. On my part, I do not deny that it gives me great pleasure to believe my relations with the family of my husband will in future be as cordial as I have always desired.

Awaiting an early reply, and with kindest regards from my mother to the Countess, I embrace you, my dear sister, with the utmost affection.

ANNETTE.

The Dowager Countess de Massevaux to Madame Bentissol.

DEAR MADAME:—My daughter has this moment given me the kind invitation which you charged your charming Annette to address us. I hasten to thank you, and to assure you that I accept it as cordially as it was tendered. I have always thought that marriage should unite not only two individuals but two families, and I am very glad to be able to express here my sentiments—of long standing—that there can be nothing more conducive to the welfare and real progress of our beloved France than the commercial-aristocratic, or aristocratic-commercial unions (as you will) which now so frequently take place among us.

Anticipating the pleasure of seeing you very soon in the midst of your most delightful and interesting family, I beg, my dear Madame, that you will allow me to embrace yourself and my charming daughter that is to be. With the deepest sentiments of affection and gratitude, I remain,

Yours,

SAINT' YVES MASSEVAUX.

O'ER all palms the Palm upbearing,
None in heaven thy place is sharing,
None on earth is peer of thine;
Praise of every generation,
Thy pre-eminent vocation
Makes thee all, in all, outshine.

—Adam of St. Victor.

Disease and Sin.

MORE than once we have thought it useful to quote the public utterances of Dr. George M. Gould, of Philadelphia, one of the most eminent physicians of the United States. For many years he has been esteemed by the profession as the ablest medical editor in Philadelphia. He is a physician—the type is not so rare as many people suppose—who believes in souls as well as bodies, and whose solicitude extends to ethics as well as physics. The medical profession of Wisconsin foregathered this year at Waukesha, and Dr. Gould was invited to address them. He took for his theme “Disease and Sin”; and his discourse, reprinted in *American Medicine*, will disappoint none of his old admirers. Much of it is unsuited to a family magazine, but there are a few passages which we can make our own:

“There is a tendency, and indeed a downright dogmatism, on the part of materialistic medical scientists to reduce all mentality, and especially immorality, to purely physical origins. ‘Stigmata of degeneration’ and ‘neuroses’ are the terms applied to every abnormal characteristic with glib self-satisfaction, and with the evident purpose of implying the nonexistence of anything psychic as preceding and causative of physical ills. All functional disease is organic, if we could discover the pathology. This is, of course, as unscientific as it is silly. There are plainly two differing and different elements in man: the psychic and the physic; and abnormalism in either may be independent and primal, and it may be causative of abnormalism of evil in the domain of the other. To demand or attempt proof of this duality and interaction of man’s nature is as useless for those who ask it cynically as for those who observe it daily. It is self-evident to those who are not wilfully

blind, and the wilfully blind furnish the demonstration in themselves of the domination of mind over matter....

"The relationship of sin and disease has been recognized by all great philosophic minds, but nowhere has it been so accurately expressed as in the trenchant words of Cotton Mather, who speaks of disease as *flagellum Dei pro peccatis mundi*. To those modern materialists, or atheists, and especially to the all-knowing agnostics, who misuse science for dogmatic purposes, this saying of Cotton Mather will seem beneath their scorn, because to their thinking there is neither sin nor God. They should go one step further, and, with their allies, the unchristian unscientists, make an end on't by also denying the existence of disease and the world. It is an old trick of the mind to rid oneself of difficulties and responsibilities by denying the existence of facts. He who silences his conscience by denying sin only adds another sin to his individual burden, and another sinner to the burden of the world. And he who sees no purposive intelligence behind biologic evolution is too poor an observer, too muddle-headed a scientist, to parley with. He is proud of his own intellect, and he affects belief in the law of cause and effect; but how could his reason have been derived from an irrational source? Himself is a far better proof of his theory than is his logic.

"Let us therefore assume as beyond discussion that atheism is unscientific, and that God lives, and that sin is opposing and not furthering His biologic work in the world. What follows? Crippling or extinction of the sinner by disease and death, the 'scourges of God.' But the *flagellum* - blows fall not only upon the sinners but upon all those, innocent or not, who, bound up with them by fate, may repeat the offence; or who, less thoroughly than

others, may help to carry on the mechanism of the evolution process by means of heredity, etc....

"Hard as the law may be, it is nevertheless true. Not all the sick have been sinners—far from it,—but all our pity for the innocent who suffer for the sins of the guilty must not blind us to the fact that where there is disease, suffering and untimely death, there the lines of causation, generally and most often completely, lead back to what in a large way we call sin. Nor must our pity lead us to charge the biologic law with injustice, because only thereby comes prevention and multiplication of the evil. Better the wretchedness of a few innocent than of many; better the temporary than the permanent and increasing reproduction of the evil. God is a true physician, working for final normality. He may cauterize in order to cure, and prefer amputation rather than necrosis. His patient is the entire future body and soul of humanity, not the individual members here and now existing.

"The wise ones of the world, the philosophers and the prophets, the leaders of men to better living, have been those who saw the far and subtle lines and laws of causation running back from disease and untimely death to the sources of ignorance (which is also sin), of selfishness and of wrong-doing. This is the text of all teaching and prophecy, the burthen of all tragedy, the plot of all literature."

The rest of Dr. Gould's address is more concrete, being made up of illustrative examples of the relation of disease to sin. The reading is sad enough in spite of the encouraging fact that, according to the best available information, the battle against disease and sin is decidedly a winning, not a losing, battle. Priests, sociologists, indeed all serious readers, will find in Dr. Gould's address matter for grave consideration.

Notes and Remarks.

The announcement of President McKinley's death was a fresh shock to the country and the world. There were good reasons for making the official reports of his condition as reassuring as possible; and it was only natural to hope against hope that a life on which, humanly speaking, so much depended might be preserved. It was prudent to prepare the public mind as far as possible for what must have seemed inevitable to many whose office entitled them to know all the facts of the case. The physician's bulletins might have been truthfully hopeful or gloomy: they were properly reassuring. The nation hoped: now it mourns and the whole world sympathizes.

The assassination of another President of the United States, sad and sorrowful though it is, will not have been an unmixed evil if the eyes of our citizens are opened to see that the relation is of cause and effect between irreligion and anarchy, relaxed laws and increased criminality, a debased press and a depraved generation. It is in the nature of things that under a government like ours liberty should be more abused; but the deplorable event in Buffalo emphasizes the necessity of prompt action against anarchists, and of conserving more and more the forces which make for peace and righteousness.

In the discussion of the question of religious education in schools, it is a common argument of the actual public schools' advocates to say: The State must educate the children to prepare them for the duties of citizenship; but, if to the purely secular instruction which the State imparts, any church feels obliged by its faith to add religious education, no objection can be made,

provided always that the church in question furnishes such education at its own expense. At first blush, this abstract proposition seems plausible enough; but a little reflection will show that it involves a fallacy. In concrete instances, the State is, after all, only the aggregate population of any given district. Where this population is mainly Catholic, the State is for all purposes of taxation, educational or other, mainly Catholic also. Hence arises the patent injustice that, as a constituent element of "the State," Catholic taxpayers are forced to support public schools which they can not conscientiously use, while at the same time they are additionally taxed (in conscience at least) for the maintenance of their parochial schools. No amount of admiration for the American Constitution can do away with the plain truth that Catholics in this Republic are compelled to pay a twofold educational tax; and it should not be impossible for statesmen to formulate a plan that will abolish the injustice.

In the current *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Dr. Walsh, of New York, has an excellent paper on "Unexpected Death." It forms a very instructive chapter on pastoral medicine, and contains much that the priest charged with the duty of attending sick-calls will find both interesting and suggestive. The following paragraph we quote as of general interest:

An important class of cases for the clergyman are those which are picked up on the street. As a rule, these cases are comatose, because of the presence of kidney disease. A certain proportion of them are unconscious, because of apoplexy. Very often the patients have had some preliminary symptoms of their approaching collapse, though these were not sufficient to make them think that any serious danger threatened. As a consequence, they will not infrequently have had recourse to some stimulant. It seems, unfortunately, to be almost a rule, when such cases are picked up, if there is the odor of alcohol on their breath, to consider that the condition is due to alcoholism.

Every year, in our large cities, some deaths are reported in the cells of the station-houses, because a serious illness was mistaken for alcoholism as a result of the odor of the breath.

This statement of a medical authority will possibly throw light on some reputed drunken deaths that have been wellnigh inexplicable to friends of the deceased. To the average policeman, a man in a comatose or an unconscious condition, with the smell of alcohol on his breath, is unquestionably "dead drunk"; and if in the course of the night, spent in a police station, the man passes away, the snap verdict of all who learn of the matter is most probably that he "died drunk." It is well to know that what is almost invariably put down as a drunken stupor is sometimes the effect of kidney trouble or apoplexy on a man who is perfectly sober, the odor of alcohol to the contrary notwithstanding.

Undoubtedly there are many sensible men among the sectarian clergy of this country; but it is also a fact, which has long been palpable to the public, that Protestant ministers never miss an occasion of saying something foolish or shocking to the moral sense. It was natural enough that the man in the streets should express himself recklessly concerning the President's assassination, but from the man in the pulpit sane sentiment and wise reflection was to be expected. It was not always forthcoming, though. One reverend gentleman declared without the slightest hesitation that the deplorable event in Buffalo was God's punishment for failure to close the saloons in Manila! Another domine, holding forth in New York, expressed regret that the officer who seized the assassin's pistol did not beat out the fellow's brains with it on the spot. It is reported that thousands of people who heard this saying applauded it. Let us hope that thousands of others

who read the words next day did not applaud them, though their horror of the crime and sympathy with its victim were quite as lively as the preacher's. It is not surprising that so many people in this country have left off "attending church"; the wonder is, certain things considered, that so many continue to attend.

The first power to display a tendency to profit by the recent legislation of France is the sick man of the East. The Sultan has notified M. Constans, the French Ambassador, that he purposes taxing the French religious Orders in the Turkish dominions. Abdul-Hamid II. did not fail to add the obviously appropriate comment that, in view of the Law of Associations, any wish to prevent such action would come with exceedingly bad grace from France. As we have often noted, one nationally disastrous effect of the iniquitous law against the Congregations in France will be the inevitable lowering of French prestige and influence in Eastern Europe, in Asia, and Africa. France needs all the aid she can get from her devoted missionaries the world over; and some day she will realize that her present fanatical rulers have made a political mistake in striking at the root of the widespread missionary tree. May the realization come speedily!

The annual Eucharistic Congress will be held at St. Louis University next month, and we notice with some concern that the bulletin announcing the fact is not over-enthusiastic in spirit. The spectacle of a large body of priests from distant dioceses convened to practise public devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to deliberate on the best means of promoting the devotion among the faithful is one most inspiring and heartening; it makes the regeneration of

the world through the Holy Eucharist seem less like a blessed dream. The chief work outlined for the coming convention is the better organization of the Priests' Eucharistic League; after which, as we learn from the bulletin, "the direction of the Eucharistic movement will pass into the hands of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament in New York."

Tennyson was genuinely inspired when he wrote the familiar line,

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of;

and the truthfulness of these words is often made apparent. A Sister died lately in the leper hospital near New Orleans whose prayers and sacrifices had been offered for the conversion of a brother who married a non-Catholic and fell away from the Church. As a rule, men die as they live, but the case of this unfortunate was exceptional. During a grave illness, which finally proved fatal, he called for a priest and was reconciled with God. The persevering prayers of a devoted sister won a victory as complete as it was unlooked for. And this recalls another line of Tennyson's which may be taken as an incentive to perseverance in prayer as the first is an encouragement to its practice:

No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.

In the ages called "dark" by persons who are still in the dark about them, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals were unnecessary. The rule of the Gilbertines—a religious Order of English origin founded in the twelfth century—contains many minute injunctions providing for the careful treatment of domestic animals. Any one through malice or carelessness injuring ox, ass, horse or colt, by overloading or overdriving, or in any other way, was subject

to severe discipline; and the saddles were to be made carefully, to avoid sore backs. In those times a cropped-tail horse, instead of being stylish, was a sign of unworldliness on the part of his driver. All the horses pertaining to the Order of St. Gilbert were to have their tails and manes close cropped, with the deliberate intention of rendering them unsightly. The founder of the Gilbertines was a friend of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. A sketch of the life of St. Gilbert, with some account of his rule, has just been published in England.

When the history of the Church in Colorado comes to be written a whole chapter, we like to believe, will be devoted to the labors of the late Mother Baptiste, of the Sisters of Mercy. She was the pioneer of her Order in that State; and from the parent stem, which she nurtured with saintlike devotedness, she lived to see several vigorous branches. All who knew Mother Baptiste speak of her as a woman of noble character, amiable disposition, and exalted virtue. Her sole aim in life seemed to be never to miss a chance of doing good, and the amount she accomplished is known only to God. Her charity won all hearts, and many a strayed sheep was brought back to the fold through her instrumentality. Her influence over unbelievers and criminals as well as little children was admired by her religious companions. A friendless Chinaman was the first patient received into the hospital at Conejos, and him Mother Baptiste instructed and prepared for baptism.

It was while on an errand of charity—to visit a dying religious in one of the convents established by her—that Mother Baptiste met with her violent death in a railroad accident. It seems deplorable at first sight that one whose life was devoted to the alleviation of

others' suffering should have died a violent death herself; but St. Francis de Sales, in his treatise on "The Love of God," shows that sudden and violent deaths may be special favors of Providence. That Mother Baptiste's death was "precious in the sight of the Lord" none who knew her can doubt.

The description of the English Reformation by the late Anglican bishop of Durham is of interest and value, even if it be considered inadequate. He writes:

Generally it may be said that the English Reformation corresponds with the English character, which is disinclined to seek the completeness of a theological system. It looks to finding truth through life rather than through logic; for truth is not of the intellect only. It is patient of hesitation, indefiniteness, even of superficial inconsistency, if only the root of the matter can be held firmly for the guidance of conduct; for spiritual subjects are too vast to furnish clear-cut premises from which exhaustive conclusions can be drawn. So we naturally turn again and again to the historic elements of our Creed. These are of life, and unto life, and through life.

The late bishop is praised for learning, earnestness, and wisdom. That he was also tolerant above many of his fellows these words from a paper on the divisions of Christendom go to show:

We may not even appear to think lightly of the historic episcopate which is supported by the practically unanimous judgment of nearly fifteen centuries, and has been amply justified by results. Nor, again, can we refuse to recognize the presence of Christ among those who show the good fruits and love by which we are to know His disciples.

Of the late Eliza Allen Starr it may be truly said that she made the world brighter and better. The beneficial influence which she exerted in many ways for many years it would be hard to overestimate. Her numerous books have had delighted readers in all English-speaking countries, and one or more of them have been translated into other languages. For a long time her inspiring lectures have been listened to by appreciative audiences in

different parts of the United States, and her contributions to periodical literature were constant for more than a quarter of a century. As a poet and prose writer Miss Starr ranked high; but as an interpreter of Christian art her power was greatest. Her knowledge of this subject was profound and her interest in it ever enthusiastic. Even before her conversion to the faith she was an ardent admirer of the works of the great Catholic masters.

A woman of noble character, charming personality, and saintly life, Miss Starr was venerated and beloved by all who knew her. No church in this country would have been large enough to contain them had it been possible for all her more intimate friends to assemble for her obsequies. As it was, the spacious cathedral in Chicago was crowded on that occasion with persons who wished to pay their respects to her memory. As many as thirty priests, some of whom came from distant places, were present in the sanctuary. Miss Starr died on the 7th inst. at Durand, Ill., where she had been ill for several weeks. May she rest in peace!

Trenchant and brilliant criticisms of recent speculations about early religion are to be found in Andrew Lang's new work, "Magic and Religion." Most anthropologists deny that primitive man had any idea of a supreme deity,—any religious conception, in fact, to distinguish him from beasts. Mr. Lang combats this contention, and demonstrates that anthropologists have reached a position in their work when they must turn back and again go over the ground. It has been well said that a given tribe of people may have no pottery; but if it has a faith in high gods instead of using pottery, it may be more highly developed than a pottery-making tribe with no such faith.

Notable New Books.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

The title-page of this volume, reproduced from the original edition of 1667, sets forth in the amplified style of that age that the work is "The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal, once Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor of England"; and that it contains "(1) the origin of his promotion and the way he took to obtain it; (2) the continuance of his magnificence; (3) his negotiations concerning the peace with France and the Netherlands; and (4) his fall, death and burial, wherein are things remarkable for these times: written by one of his own servants, being his gentleman usher."

The gentleman usher in question was Sir William Cavendish, Privy Counsellor of England during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary; and his book is a thoroughly sympathetic, yet withal a perfectly candid, narrative of the career of perhaps the mightiest churchman England has ever known. As a relief from the endlessly consecutive historical romances now in vogue, the book is delightful; and one has only to read a page of it in order to discover how lamentable is the failure of the latter-day novelists who have attempted to reproduce sixteenth-century English style. That the story of Wolsey's rise and fall is interesting need not be said; and no matter how familiar are its main features, this version penned by a personal dependent of the great Cardinal is especially attractive. The *Life* is edited by Grace H. M. Simpson.

Political Economy. By Charles S. Devas, M. A. Longmans, Green & Co.

Though this is a second edition, it contains so much fresh matter and so many modifications of the old that it may be properly treated as a new book. The very fact that so many changes were necessary is proof of the increasing interest in economic studies,—an interest, we are glad to state, in which our own country has had an honorable share. To cite an instance we need only refer to the widespread discussion of the theories of money and value evoked by recent political campaigns; though other subjects less glaringly apparent have been even more profitably discussed by American economists. We have no desire to formulate comparisons or contrasts between this volume and the works of other writers, but only to say that Mr. Devas has

produced a book highly creditable to Catholic scholarship, and one which no earnest student of economics can afford to ignore. Too much praise can not be bestowed on the arrangement of the work, nor the clearness and compactness with which the matter is presented. The Catholic spirit which informs the treatise renders it all the more valuable and trustworthy; and the "asides"—if we may so characterize important matters not usually treated in text-books of this science—deserve special mention. We quote one of them:

A common error of those who follow the principles of the French Revolution is to exaggerate the importance of one of the four great agencies of education—namely, the school; and to reduce to little or nothing the influence of the other three—namely, the home, the church, and the workshop. In reality, if we had to dispense with one of the four, the school is the one that could be spared with the least evil.

Wherever Christianity has prevailed it has created good homes where the young have been trained in obedience and reverence, in self-restraint and strict morals, in filial piety and brotherly affection. And on this foundation the true intellectual culture of the masses of the population has flourished, sometimes with, sometimes without, the mechanical appliances of reading and writing: culture, namely, by the intelligence of lofty doctrines on the philosophy of life and the mysteries of religion; culture by familiarity with beautiful literature in prose or poetry and by examples of virtue and heroism; sometimes also by acquaintance with a second language, by frequenting the performance of historical or religious plays, by enjoyment of beautiful works of art. Witness the Christian peasantry wherever Christianity has been flourishing and peace preserved. Moreover, the Christian religion, just as it permeated the home and the school, permeated the workshop as a place of education; the monasteries grew at one time to be the great centres of industry and industrial training, the model farms and technical schools of their day; and the system of apprenticeship which arose afterward throughout Christian Europe for all elaborate handicrafts was generally successful in the education of skilful artisans and God-fearing citizens.

The Irish College in Paris. By the Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M. The Art & Book Co.

About thirty-five years ago the Vincentian Father, Rev. Thomas Murphy, published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* an historical sketch of the celebrated Irish College in Paris, and so interesting did it prove that it was afterward printed in pamphlet form. The pamphlet has long been out of print, but the actual rector of the College, Father Boyle, C. M., has more than supplied its want by the present attractive and authoritative volume. The professed object of the work is to give an outline of the history of the celebrated Parisian institution from its foundation in 1578 down to the present year. The published list of works—manuscripts and printed books—consulted by the author in the preparation of the volume gives one a satisfying

sense that this history is not a mere hasty compilation of sundry vague traditions strung together on a thread of more or less interesting fact; but a genuinely faithful record of a college that, during three centuries, has done much for the cause of religion and culture in Ireland and the world-wide field of Irish missions. The utility and the interest of the book are enhanced by a chapter treating of other Irish colleges in France, and by an appendix containing a number of valuable documents that will especially appeal to priests and laymen of Irish birth or descent. Father Boyle's volume should secure a cordial welcome from the unnumbered thousands of the Mac's and the O's, and the millions who share their pride in Ireland's Christian glories.

Jeanne D'Arc. By Agnes Sadlier. John Murphy Co.

It is long since we have read a more interesting volume than this story of the life and death of the Maid of Orleans. The author writes with a sprightliness that would lend attractiveness to a much duller theme; and her grasp of the historical details is entirely satisfactory. The introductory chapter, in which she describes the conditions preceding the appearance of Jeanne, is a masterly effort and discloses a high order of talent for historical writing. To the body of the work almost as high praise may be given. The career of the peasant maid who at the age of seventeen commanded the entire military forces of France, who successfully terminated a war that had exhausted the skill of the ablest generals of the period, who crystallized the sentiment of French patriotism, and was then meanly sold to her enemies and put to a barbarous death, has exerted a spell over men of all temperaments and of every school of opinion. Apart from the question of the personal sanctity of Jeanne, it is a theme which constant iteration can not rob of interest, and it has seldom been better handled than by Miss Sadlier.

Canadian Essays. By Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D. William Briggs.

This volume may be roughly divided into two sections: one dealing with literary criticism and the other with popular history. Of Dr. O'Hagan's literary criticism the dominant characteristic is good-nature and a generous use of epithets that are complimentary. No doubt Canadian poets and prosers are valued at less than their real worth by people who never heard of them except in Dr. O'Hagan's pages; but it would be the part of a wise friend to praise them gently while as yet they are but dimly known. A rhapsodical and

oratorical style of literary criticism, under the circumstances, smacks too much of such books as "The Illustrious Men of Posey County." This impression is deepened by the fact that the verses cited in illustration do not always justify the warmth of expletive. The historical essays are cast in a happier mold. There is material for many a prose epic in what has happened, and is still happening, in parts of the Dominion; and, tempered with the restraint which is strong, an account of them would set the world areading. Dr. O'Hagan would be at his best if he were to take up this material.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. By M. E. Henry-Ruffin. William H. Young & Co.

A volunteer soldier of Virginia slips away from the army on the eve of a great battle because he has just heard that his barn, with its winter store, has been burned, and his young wife, at home with their baby boy, is seriously ill. After supplying all the pressing needs of his family and seeing his wife grow again into health and strength, the soldier returns to camp, where he is shot as a deserter. It is not an agreeable story, but such as it is Mrs. Henry-Ruffin has told it in simple, fluent, transparent, unpretentious verse, which reads pleasantly. Heroic poems, however, are foredoomed to comparative failure except under the hand of a great master; and we can not help regretting that the author did not allow Ruth to arrive in time to save John Gildart by an appeal to the court-martial. We say this because the pastoral picture which makes up the first half of the poem is much more successful than the narrative of the tragedy with which the book closes.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. By Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D. The American Book Co.

Dr. Andrews' Manual was a standard work until the development of constitutional interpretation and the changes wrought by time made it old-fashioned and incomplete. It has now been carefully revised and brought up to date by Mr. Homer Morris, of the Cincinnati bar; and deserves to be restored to its old position of distinction among treatises of this kind. Though primarily designed for a college text-book, it is equally valuable as a work of reference; and in these days, when the man in the street-car is expected to discuss fundamental questions—the status of unorganized territory, whether the Constitution follows the flag, etc.—a manual of this kind is a necessity of every library. This one is well ordered and accurate and generally satisfactory.



A Morning Hymn.

THE star of morn is in the skies,
Let prayers and praises heavenward rise;
And may the uncreated Light
Shed on our path His sunshine bright!

Oh, let no thought or deed of guile
Our words misguide, our hands defile;
Let truth all simple rule our tongue,
And love our hearts,—love pure and strong!

And as fast fleets the duteous day,
O Christ, keep watch o'er all our way!
Our senses guard—the soul's wide gates,—
For there the foe in ambush waits.

If Thou wilt keep our feet from snares,
Our very tasks will rise to prayers;
Finding our great first cause in Thee,
Thou, too, our great last end wilt be.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
Unto the Son, be glory given,
And to the Spirit evermore,
One God,—the God whom we adore!

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XII.—TAKING HIS BEARINGS.

THE next morning before Mass, instead of going at once to the study-hall, Armitage waited in the yard. He was expecting some one. He had great news for Grantley. Just as the church clock struck eight that individual wheeled into the yard. Bruno beckoned him to a secluded spot.

"What's up?" asked Claude, noticing Armitage's air of mystery.

"Guess what has happened."

"Holiday?"

"No."

"Another challenge for baseball?"

"No."

"You are prepared with your class matter to-day—but that's too absurd a guess. I'll take that back."

He did, and also took a sounding thwack on the arm from Armitage's fist.

"Ouch! What's the mystery, Bruno? I can not guess any more."

"Russell has promised."

"What?"

"To become a sodalist."

"You don't say! That's good news. Who did it? I failed often enough. I do not suppose you have been more successful."

"It was Cullane."

"Cullane! Oh, come off the perch! Cullane isn't even a sodalist himself. You are joking?"

"Unfortunately I am not."

"Unfortunately! Oh, stop all this mystery and tell us about it!"

Armitage then told Grantley of the incident related in the previous chapter. Claude was quite astounded. In his indignation he threatened all sorts of dire things for Cullane. Just as they were most interested Harry Russell walked into the yard and came over to the two. They all three ran the risk of getting into trouble. They might be caught by the ubiquitous prefects. One of the strictest rules at Rockland was that every boy repair at once to the study-hall before Mass.

"Let me congratulate you, Harry, on your resolution," said Grantley. "But wasn't that a mean thing of Cullane?"

"The most contemptible thing I ever heard of," said Harry. "I had not intended to join the sodality until my last year at college. But I made up my mind to do so yesterday afternoon as a protest against such meanness. Just

before we came to the ditch Cullane was urging me to keep out of the sodality."

"Be the occasion what it may," said Grantley, "we are heartily glad to have you among us. I claim the privilege of proposing your name."

"No, you don't," said Armitage. "I claim that myself. Harry has given *me* the permission—"

"What's this! Not in the class-rooms, boys! You know the rule. All three of you see me after class this evening."

The dreaded prefect had caught them. The three culprits laughed and blushed.

"All right, sir: we'll come to you at half-past three. But, sir, may I ask a question?" said Bruno.

"Yes. What is it?"

"How shall we treat Cullane?"

"Treat Cullane! Treat him as you have always done. Why do you ask such a question?"

Armitage had forgotten that the prefect knew nothing of the boy's behavior of the previous evening. He and Harry then told how Cullane had behaved toward his poor father, and how keenly the honest old man had suffered. The yard official looked very grave when he had learned all.

"I am very sorry to hear such a story," he said. "The whole miserable business arose from the boy having too much human respect. Human respect is the greatest bane of our nature. It prevents millions of good deeds being done, and is the cause of millions of bad ones. If you want to be manly, noble, generous men, make a special effort to uproot this vice of human respect. It is one of the worst things we have to contend with."

This and much more the prefect said. The boys had never seen him so eloquent. His task of watching and prefecting was, by its very nature, more or less unpleasant. Keeping order among a crowd of untamed, mischievous young-

sters is no easy task. The man whose duty this is, unless he be of a broad, well-balanced mind, is apt to run into narrow grooves, and become in a slight way tyrannical.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked Bruno.

"What would you say if you were in my place, Harry?" inquired the prefect.

Harry Russell thought for a moment.

"I think, sir, that I should advise that the fault be condoned."

"You would?" questioned Armitage.

"Yes. I thought it over a good long time last night before I went to sleep. After all, I believe it was more weakness than malice. There's no denying it was terrible for the father. I hope never to witness such grief again."

"Then, Harry, you would look more to the motives of the act than to the consequences?"

"I think I would, sir."

"But are we not responsible for the consequences of our acts?"

"We are, sir. It is just because he and not we are responsible I think we might take a charitable view. It is likely that by this time he is heartily sorry for the grief he has caused his father."

"I think you are right," remarked the prefect. "It is best to be charitable. Treat him, then, as usual. Should the action come up for discussion, you must use your discretion in showing your disapproval. Be careful not to wound. He may be very sorry and yet find it too awkward to manifest his regret to you boys."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry.

"Now, boys, go to your studies."

"Shall we see you after class, sir?" asked Claude, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course. You don't get off that way. *Particeps criminis*? Not a bit of it. It is not *my* duty to go at once to the study-hall, is it?"

"No, sir; but to see that others go," said Grantley.

"Claude, you are a rascal. You would make me out derelict in my duty and as bad as yourself."

The three boys went that evening to the prefect. He took out his penance book. In one, two, three order he ran a line through their names. They were free. It was what they expected would happen; still, they thanked him effusively. Boys are often great politicians.

As the three bosom-friends were again about to pass out of the great college gates, as they had done the evening before with Cullane, that youth came up to them.

"May I walk with you, boys? I have something to say," he asked.

"Y-yes," said Armitage, somewhat coldly, notwithstanding his resolution, taken in common with the other two, to treat the offender fairly.

Harry, Bruno and Claude noticed something unusual about Cullane that afternoon. He was subdued, as if he had passed through some great experience which had left its mark on his character. In truth, he had done so. There was now a look of determination on his face. The boys saw at a glance there was a change in him. They were impressed. They expected something to happen, although one and all were entirely unprepared for what did take place.

"I want to apologize for my conduct yesterday afternoon," said Cullane.

These words were, apparently, forced from him by a strong will-power, as if the breaking of the ice, the first plunge, was the hardest. And who will not admit that the first is always the hardest, whether it be a mental or a physical plunge?

Russell was about to say something.

"Wait, Russell," said Cullane, "until you have heard me out; and then, if you wish, condemn me as I deserve to be. Hear me first. When I refused in your presence to acknowledge my own

father working in the public streets, I was a moral coward. A momentary feeling of shame overcame me. I walked away. I had not gone ten steps when I saw my error, but I was such a coward that I had not the courage to go back. It was a deed done in a second, but which I shall regret the longest day I live. Never shall I forget, if I live to be a hundred, the grief of my father. I arrived home only a few minutes before he did. I was not prepared to witness the havoc my folly had brought about. I thought once or twice last night, boys"—and the tears were now rolling down Cullane's face,— "that my father, who has worked and slaved early and late to put me to college, would actually die of grief. It was hours before I could soothe or pacify him.

"My father went sobbing to bed. During my sleepless and wretched hours of the long night I heard him break into moans even in his sleep. This morning I prepared his dinner pail for him myself. I walked with him to his work. A sadder man does not live than he to-day. Do you think I have been punished enough, boys?"

Harry Russell, too touched for words, took Cullane's hand. If one had watched closely, one would have noticed that Claude's and Bruno's eyes had an uncommonly moist appearance.

"I know I have lost your respect, boys," continued Cullane; "but as a favor I beg you to do one thing for me,—at least you two. You both saw me ashamed of my own father yesterday. Will you please come down to the same place again? I want to show him that I am not ashamed now; I want to make some kind of reparation to him, poor as it is, for what he has suffered through me."

"Sure we'll go!" said Russell. "You will come, too; won't you, Grantley?"

"With pleasure. Just wait a moment until I put my sister Ethel on the car. See! she's coming out of the academy."

The ditching was about three blocks away. On their way thither Cullane continually bemoaned his folly. The three friends could not doubt the sincerity of his regrets. Presently they stood over the trench where Cullane's father was working on the platform.

"Father, I've come to see how you are getting on."

The bent back straightened up. The old man saw his boy. For a moment there was a look of doubt in his eyes. He saw only his son. Had not Patsy come because his fine college friends were nowhere near? He did not see them, because they were on the opposite side of the ditch and behind his back.

"And we have come with him, sir, to see you," said Grantley.

Then the old man looked around. His son had repaired his fault. He was no longer ashamed of his working father. The ditcher climbed the ladder as he had done the afternoon before to the street level. This time there was a glad look in his eyes.

"My Patsy!" he exclaimed. "You did wrong yesterday for sure, and it hurted me sorely; but it's all over now."

"Come home with us now, Mr. Cullane," said Claude Grantley; "'tis near knocking-off time, and we have come to see you home this once."

It was a happy thought of Claude. The others added their word of entreaty. Pat, with swelling eyes, looked gratefully from one to the other. The father's journey homeward the day before was indeed a *via dolorosa*: to-day it was a triumph.

Nothing would satisfy the old man when he arrived home but that the three must come in and rest after their journey. They went into his cottage for a little while, and told stories,

sang songs, and "cut up" generally, to the old man's immense delight. Upon leaving, they stood in the little front garden and for a moment startled the neighborhood:

"What's the matter with Pat Cullane?"

"He's—all—right!"

And so he was. He had blundered sadly. We all blunder at times. He repaired his mistake. How many of us repair ours so thoroughly?

Before separating that evening the three friends arranged to celebrate Harry Russell's entrance into the sodality by a party at Grantley's the following Thursday.

(To be continued.)

A Substitute for a Fight.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

"Do you mean to say you won't fight?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean."

"Then you're a sneaking coward!"

"Perhaps I am, though I don't think so. But, at any rate, I'm not a natural born fool."

"Suppose that's as much as to say *I'm* a fool?"

"I'm talking for myself; and I'm quite sure that I'd be a big fool to let you get me into a row that would earn me a bad note for Sunday night, keep me in detention for three hours next 'rec' day, spoil my chance of getting an honor prize, and perhaps give me a black eye or a swollen lip besides."

George Bogue, the belligerent youth who was bent on having a "scrap" forthwith, regarded the speaker, Barry Walsh, with open-eyed astonishment and disdain. The idea of a fellow's letting himself be stumped to fight, and called a coward, without at once pulling off his jacket and attacking his opponent, was an unheard-of experience in his

career; and Barry's cool statement of his reasons for not proceeding along the time-honored lines of Tom Brown and other public-school heroes impressed him as a mere subterfuge. Walsh was evidently afraid of getting a pounding. Turning to the half dozen boys who had followed the two behind the backstop, out of sight of Brother Alexander, the prefect, George exclaimed:

"Say, you fellows! how's this for a softy? Isn't he a nice, goody-goody little prize boy?" Then, as an older student made his appearance: "Hello, McInerney! Here's a chap won't fight me after me callin' him a coward."

"Well," said the newcomer, "refusing to fight may be a sign of courage rather than cowardice. Who is it? Ah, Walsh! I see. On the whole, Bogue, perhaps it's just as well for you he won't fight. It strikes me he could handle you pretty easily if he once got warmed up."

"Rats! I could do him up in two rounds, and well he knows it. Says he doesn't want a black eye or a swelled mug. For two pins I'd punch him solid, anyway."

"Oh, no: not if he objects to fighting!" said McInerney. "But what's the row about, in the first place?"

"About my refusing to lie for Bogue in order to save him from punishment," spoke up Barry. "He took my Latin version out of my desk yesterday and copied it. Then, when Father O'Brien asked me in class this morning whether I had lent my version to any one, or missed it for any time after finishing it, George whispered to me to say 'No.' As I *had* missed it, of course I said so; as I don't propose to make a liar of myself for Bogue or any one else."

"And you don't think yourself called on," said McInerney, "to give Bogue the satisfaction he demands?"

"Satisfaction!" exclaimed Walsh, his eye kindling and his cheek flushing as

he proceeded. "He'd be the sorriest boy in St. Edmund's if I did fight him. He's sixteen to my fourteen, and is taller and heavier; but I could teach him boxing for the next year."

"You could, eh? Well, I'll take the first lesson right away," said Bogue, and off came his coat and waistcoat. "We'll dispense with the gloves, if my professor doesn't object."

"Hold on, Bogue! You needn't fancy that I've changed my mind. I said I wouldn't fight, and I won't. It's against the rules, and I'm not going to get into a scrape just to satisfy you. But I'll tell you what I *will* do. Come out on the campus where all the rest of the fellows are; and if McInerney can get Brother Alexander to let us try a series of tests, I'll leave it to the crowd who would come out second-best in a regular fight."

"That's not half a bad idea, Barry," said McInerney. "What tests are you thinking of?"

"Spryness, strength, hard hitting, and wind. I'll spar with Bogue, the first two out of three caps knocked off; wrestle with him, the best two out of three falls, at arm's-length, collar and elbow, or catch as catch can; I'll run him anywhere from one mile to five to decide who has the better wind; and then we can put on two of the catchers' chest-protectors and punch each other in the breast to settle who strikes the harder blows."

"It's a first-class scheme all out," said Walter Holland. "Come on, Mac! Let's see Brother Alexander and arrange matters at once. He'll hardly object to a scientific exhibition such as Walsh proposes. Bogue my lad, it's up to you to make good the tall talk you have been giving us all year about your prowess as an amateur slugger. Come ahead, fellows!"

Five minutes' conversation between

the Brother and McInerney sufficed to win the former's approval; and within a quarter of an hour Bogue and Walsh were the occupants of a ring, surrounded by a hundred and sixty seniors and juniors of St. Edmund's. Bogue had acquired, principally through elaborate self-narrated accounts of his pugilistic experiences, the reputation of being as hard as nails, a tremendous hitter, and one with all the staying qualities of a British bulldog. The seniors rather discounted his bragging, but among the juniors he was looked upon as a "nasty fellow to get up against in a mix-up." Walsh was a comparatively unknown quantity. It was his first year at St. Edmund's, and, beyond proving himself an excellent short-stop in the junior baseball nine, he had had no chance as yet of displaying his athletic powers. So far as studies were concerned, he was well up in his classes, and withal more modest than the average smart boy is inclined to be. On the present occasion his age and size won for him the sympathy of perhaps the majority of the student onlookers.

"Now, then," said Tom McLaughlin, who had been selected as referee, "it's understood that in this sparring test you spar for the cap only, and open-handed. A tap below the top of an opponent's ear scores against the tapper. All ready? Go ahead!"

It was too one-sided to be exciting or even interesting. Bogue had scarcely raised his hands when his cap went flying some ten feet to his left.

"Oh! left-handed, are you?" he said as he settled it again upon his head. "I didn't know that. Come on!"

A half-minute's sparring and away went the cap again, this time to his right.

The toss for choice of holds in the first wrestling bout was won by Walsh, who preferred collar and elbow. Bogue's

superior height counted for him here; but he evidently lacked the skill of Barry, who laid him on his back in a minute and ten seconds. Bogue won the second toss, and with a gratified smile announced "Catch as catch can."

"Now *you're* up against it, Walsh!" cried Hogan. "Mind out for him!"

Barry glanced around at the friendly senior, and paid for his momentary lack of wariness with his first defeat. George rushed in, seized him around the hips and stretched him on the ground in a twinkling.

"That's one for me!" observed Barry, as he picked himself up. "It serves me right for taking my eye off you. You can have your choice of holds for the third trial. Never mind the toss, McLaughlin!"

"Nonsense, Barry!" cried McInerney. "Go on and toss. That fellow will choose the same hold again and you'll get a second fall, sure."

"I'll risk it, anyway. What's your choice, Bogue?"

"Same as last time," replied George.

The referee gave the signal. The bout was not as long as the previous one,—in fact, it was executed so promptly that it was hard to tell exactly what had taken place. Bogue rushed again with arms lowered to repeat his former tactics, when Walsh met him, clinched him outside his arms, pinned them against his sides, and, by what seemed an impossible feat of combined strength and dexterity, actually threw his opponent over his shoulder, Bogue landing plump on the ground at full length.

Nothing less than the college yell could fittingly celebrate such a victory; and it was given, with an extra "Rah! rah! rah! Walsh!" at the end of it.

"We will have the hitting contest before the running," said McLaughlin. "Here, strap on these protectors. Now each is to have three blows with his

bare fist at the other's breast. The one who is to receive the blows may plant himself as firmly as he likes, provided only that one heel is not more than eleven inches behind the other. And whichever one of you is the more disturbed, or thrown off his balance by his opponent's blows, loses. The hitter may advance one step as he gives the blow. Take your positions."

"How are we to hit?" asked Walsh. "Alternately, or is each to give his three blows in succession?"

"Alternately; and, as you are the smaller, you may have the first hit."

"I'm not asking for any discount on the score of my size," answered Barry. "Perhaps we'd better toss for choice; whoever wins, to suit himself about hitting alternately or consecutively."

"That's best," replied Bogue, who a moment later had won the choice, and said that he would strike consecutively.

"That means that he'll use you up so that you can't hit a little bit when it comes to your turn, Walsh," commented Holland. "Brace yourself, my lad!"

Barry braced himself accordingly, and Bogue delivered blow number one. The impact forced Walsh's body backward but didn't move his feet. Number two, which came about half a minute later, was given with greater vim; Barry's left foot was raised a little as he was driven backward, though the heel held its position. The third attempt was less effective than either of the other two, Bogue having apparently strained himself in delivering the second.

"Now, Walsh my boy, see what you can do!" shouted Holland, as Bogue took the position of hittee instead of hitter. "Force one of his feet off the ground and you're a clean winner-out."

"Here's a try for it, anyway!" was the answer; and, advancing a step as he drew his arm back, Walsh launched his right fist at his opponent. The latter

wobbled slightly but kept his feet firm. Again Barry drew back and shot his right fist out with additional force. Bogue recoiled so far backward that his left foot went six or seven inches off the ground; and as this secured his defeat, Walsh's friends made a rush to seize and congratulate him.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "I've got still another blow; and, unless my left hand has forgot its cunning, I can hit a little harder than I've done yet."

"Well, if you can, I'm mighty glad I've got this protector on," said Bogue. "Say, do they use their fists as pile drivers where you came from?"

"Not exactly," replied Walsh; "but we boys in Drummond used to be able to split shingles easily enough with our knuckles. This is the way we did it."

His left fist was clinched, drawn back, and then propelled against Bogue's breast with a momentum that was irresistible. George tottered backward, tried desperately to keep his feet, half recovered himself, and finally sprawled on his back on mother earth, while a great cheer burst from the spectators.

And then Bogue did the most graceful act he was ever known to perform. Getting on his feet, he approached Walsh, and, putting out his hand, said:

"Look here, Barry! I apologize for calling you a coward, and I thank you for not accepting my challenge to fight. Great Scott! if you *had* accepted, I'd be in the infirmary for a month. I guess I've been blowing too much, anyway, since I came to St. Edmund's; but I'll do less of it in future. Will you shake hands? I've had enough defeats for one day, and shan't attempt to race you."

Of course the other shook hands cordially; and, equally of course, when you talk about a fight at St. Edmund's nowadays, you are likely to be asked:

"Say, d'ye mean a real plugging match or a Barry Walsh substitute?"

With Authors and Publishers.

—Another new book by Bishop Spalding is announced by the Grafton Press of New York. It is a volume of verse, and the title, "God and the Soul," is sufficient indication of its contents. Lovers of true religious poetry, breathing the spirit of faith and hope and love and resignation, will welcome it. Bishop Spalding's profound knowledge of the life around us and his contemplation of the life beyond enable him to produce a work of genuine inspiration.

—The news of the death of Mr. Edward Tyler, of the staff of the *Literary Digest*, is most unwelcome. Mr. Tyler, who was the son of the late Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, presided over "The Religious World" department of the *Digest*, and his was the difficult and delicate duty of holding the scales even between conflicting schools of thought. We have good reason to know and be grateful for the splendidly judicial spirit in which he performed that duty; and the best wish we can offer the *Digest* is that it may find a successor worthy of the traditions established by Mr. Tyler.

—Of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, who has benevolently permitted the public to read his autobiography at the rate of fifteen dollars per copy, it may be truthfully said that he relies on his imagination for his facts and on his memory for his wit. Mr. Hare's sister "got into the clutches of the Roman Catholics" (that is the delicate way in which he refers to Esmeralda's conversion), and one of the chapters dealing with her case is entitled "A Roman Catholic Conspiracy." The ridiculous tale suggesting a romance in the life of Pius IX. and a particularly silly story about Lourdes show that the author is not scrupulous about the quality of his gossip. Few public men have had the good fortune to escape his attention. Hare could be parted in the middle and parted and reparted several times over and there would still be too much of him.

—The Macmillan Co. will soon add to their handbooks of archæology and antiquities a new volume by Walter Lowrie, D. D., on "Early Christian Art and Archæology." It is described as presenting concisely, yet with sufficient detail, the main facts regarding the architecture, sculpture, painting (including mosaics), and minor arts of the Christian communities, tracing the development down to the beginning of the Middle Ages. The relations of Christian to pagan art are clearly stated, and attention is frequently directed to the influence of

early types upon the creations of later centuries. Special emphasis is laid upon the interpretation of symbols. The catacombs are described at length, and many aspects of the Christian life in the first century are illustrated from the monuments. Catholic scholars who are versed in the antiquities of the Church will be much interested in Dr. Lowrie's conclusions, which are said to be characterized by independence of judgment.

—With a view of bringing Blessed De Montfort's admirable treatise on "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" to the notice of a greater number of persons, the Rev. F. H. Lavelle, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., Canada, has issued a cheap edition, which, though complete, and well printed and bound, sells for 20 cts. Those to whom this excellent work is unknown have now no reason to be without it. Few spiritual books have been more highly recommended to the faithful than De Montfort's famous treatise on devotion to Our Lady.

—Katherine Lee Bates has this suggestive sentiment in her new book, "Spanish Highways and Byways": "Spain is far from unhappy. It is beautiful to see out of what scant allowance of that which we call well-being may be evolved wisdom and joy, poetry and religion." The *Bookman* praises the volume with this proviso: "Let our one grumble utter itself at the outset: Miss Bates' Protestantism is just a little too much in evidence. She has done her very best to understand the Catholic country intellectually; but the effort is too visible to us."

—The author of a brochure entitled "Novel Novelties for Novelty-Seeking Nobodies," a collection of random thoughts in prose and verse, describes himself as "a Christian with an unpoetical, nonprosaical education—nobody." He presumes that his readers are also nobodies 'in the sense of being humble and not pretending to know everything and everybody.' Let us quote a quatrain as a specimen of the quality of "Novel Novelties":

Bad company is corrupting,
Its evils a composition
Of sorrows, temporal, eternal,
And other ills beyond description.

—The under-mentioned books in Longmans, Green & Co.'s list of autumn announcements will be welcomed by Catholic readers: "Roads to Rome; being Personal Records of some of the more recent Converts to the Catholic Faith." Compiled and

edited by the author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Among the contributors are Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins); Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart.; Dr. Edward Berdoe; the Bishop of Clifton; the Rev. Bede Camm, O. S. B.; Lady Herbert of Lea; the Bishop of Emmaus; C. Kegan Paul, Esq.; the Rev. W. O. Sutcliffe, and the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.—"Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis; or, Primers of Sarum and York Uses." With kindred books and primers of the Reformed Roman use. With an introduction by Edgar Hoskins, M. A. — "The Catholic Church from Within," by Lady Lovat. With a preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.—"The Faith of the Millions." Essays by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.—"Fenelon: His Friends and His Enemies." By E. K. Sanders.—"The Epistles of Erasmus," from his earliest letters to his fifty-second year. By Francis Morgan Nichols.—"Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit." By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.—"The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. The author has enjoyed the advantage of using authentic materials hitherto unknown to historians—namely, a number of the MSS. employed by Mary's enemies in getting up their case against her.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.
 Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.
 The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.
 Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., net.
 Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.
 John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.
 Jeanne D'Arc. *Agnes Sadlier.* \$1.
 Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.
 The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.

- The Bible of the Sick. *Ozanam.* 75 cts.
 The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 10 cts.
 A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.
 The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, net.
 Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.
 The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., net.
 The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed.* \$1.50.
 Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coutances.* 70 cts., net.
 Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, net.
 On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.
 The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Dorckl.* 75 cts., net.
 Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.
 Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.
 An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Stephan, of the Archdiocese of Baltimore; the Rev. Edward Slattery, Archdiocese of New York; the Rev. Hugh Garvey, Archdiocese of Philadelphia; and the Rev. Dennis English, Diocese of Rochester.

Mother M. Gertrude and Sister M. Magdalen, of the Order of Mercy; and Sister M. Leonard Neale, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. William Fyfe, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Arthur Wirner and Mr. W. J. Sullivan, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. William Cooper and Mrs. M. Malone, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Vincent Helbling, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary J. Murphy, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Kelly, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. James Maher and Mrs. Margaret Flanagan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Helen Warlamout, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Miss M. Clark, Laramie, Wyo.; Mr. Patrick McCloskey, Stratford, Canada; Mr. Thomas Lyons, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Taylor, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mr. James Faber, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Julia Bradigan and Miss Julia Betteridge, Shenandoah, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Heisler, Massillon, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Harrington, Newport, R. I.; Mr. John Zippenfeld, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Thornton, Flint, Mich.; Miss Eliza Neal, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Agnes Sheehan, Natick, Mass.; Mr. F. P. Cassidy, Toledo, Ohio; and Mrs. Ellen Myrick, San Francisco, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

NO. 13.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

To Our Lady of Good Counsel.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

BY many a varied title, sweet Mother, art thou known;
Love's vocables are countless and each heart breathes its own:
Mine breathes them all in sequence, its grateful debt to pay;
And, Lady of Good Counsel, to thee it pleads to-day.
Full well I know, dear Mother, how speedy help awaits
Such clients as invoke thee in time of sorest straits;
For oft thy name low-uttered hath brought me swift release
From dangers fell that threatened to rob my soul of peace.
When open foes assail me, nor mask their vicious aim,
I've learned to front them boldly, my buckler still thy name;
Such battle ne'er is doubtful, though fierce it rage and long,—
Who fights beneath thine ægis will chant the victor's song.
But oft, alas! in blindness with foes disguised I deal,
Nor think to don my armor till deadly wounds I feel.
Lady of Good Counsel, this boon I ask to-day:
Forewarn me 'gainst such dangers, and grant me grace to pray!

O MARY, every step of thine upon earth is either a lesson or a benefit! Queen of Heaven, Mother of Mercies, in thee is life, joy, and hope of the earth!—*Abbé Gerbet.*

The Village of Peace.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE Paul Revere Trolley Ride,"—that sounded enticing, especially when one considered that the famous horseman's connection with the staid and beautiful old town of Concord was among the least of its charms. Concord—what did the name suggest? Peace, first of all, in spite of the fact that at Concord bridge was fired that famous shot heard round the world. Then came trooping thoughts born in a far-away childhood,—thoughts of a gentle recluse who wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," and who loved to live in Concord because within its precincts he was sure of meeting no one when he went to the post-office; of another who wrote famous essays over which our elders pored; of a sage who gave away his money and taught philosophy in a summer-house; of a dreamer who dwelt in a hut on the banks of Walden Lake; of a sweet-faced woman whose books made all girls her friends forever; of Concord coaches that crossed the continent; of Concord grapes that imprisoned the sunshine,—in a word, of everything that is rare and sweet and beautiful.

So we, too, took the Paul Revere trolley ride. We had been to Concord before, for just one swiftly flying hour. This visit was to be better worth the

name, with time enough in it for slow rambles through interesting and historic spots, and perchance even a dream or two; for surely the poppy and the lotus grew and flourished in the village whose name was Peace.

The party that started out with us on this transcendental quest was a characteristic one. There was the ubiquitous schoolmistress with her well-filled note-book; the masterful woman upon whose face was carved in stern lines the fact that she sought information wherewith to regale her literary club "Out West"; two little spectacled lads looking only for the spot where the famous fight took place; a forlorn old Unitarian minister who had come far and spent the small savings of a long life that he might tread in the footsteps of Emerson and Alcott; and the usual miscellaneous scattering of tourists who were going to Concord, vaguely beguiled by the mandates of their guide-books.

It is not likely that Paul Revere took note of the beauties of the way along which he sped that memorable April. In the first place, it was night; in the second place, his thoughts were in no condition to be engrossed by scenery. But the road ("The Great Road," as the sign-boards name it) is a delight,—much more of a delight, perhaps, to those who safely progress in a comfortable trolley car than to those who jogged along in the cumbrous vehicles of a century or more ago. Out wide Massachusetts Avenue, over the River Charles, past Harvard College, on to Arlington Heights, we flew; then swiftly to Lexington, our way made glad with visions of hill and dale and winding path and river, and at last drew rein (this in a metaphorical sense) at the village green in Concord.

The thing which first impresses the "tenderfoot" in this region is the

extraordinary size of the old houses. Every building constructed before the Revolution—and there are scores of them—seems builded to house an army. Enter, and you understand. Through the centre of the house there is invariably the great hall, with rooms on either side whose dimensions make you believe that by some enchantment you have strayed into an Old-World palace, while the chambers above seem constructed for that hospitality now out of fashion.

Ah! those forefathers of ours went from lordly mansions when they took their muskets from the walls and sallied out to fight the British. And so conscientiously did they build that their old homes, many of them old even before the Revolution began, are to-day finer and stronger than the flaunting edifices wealth has reared about them. Inquire concerning the history of some especially large and dignified old mansion, and you are likely to get the reply: "History? It hasn't any in particular. It's just one of our old houses,—about two hundred years old, I guess."

One's first move in Concord is to procure a guide, and he who engages—we will call him Mr. Chick—is fortunate. It was this same Mr. Chick who, when but a youth, was accustomed to drive President Pierce and other dignitaries out to Hawthorne's home—"The Wayside." "Mr. Hawthorne was very nice to me," the good man said; "would give me a glass of wine and some cake. But if I met him fifteen minutes later he wouldn't see me." Mr. Chick was also the favorite driver of the Alcotts, and spoke familiarly of the Alcott children as well as of the little Hawthornes. But it was in praise of Emerson that he waxed eloquent. Indeed, that kindly being has left a trail of loving memories behind him that any one might envy; and to us it seemed a

greater thing to deserve all that praise than to have his niche in the gallery of American *literati*.

We stepped into Mr. Chick's roomy carriage and fared forth. To him the drive was an everyday and commonplace affair. Even his horse had ceased to regard his progress as a novelty, and stopped meekly at the appointed places with an air that said, "Why do people care for this?" But our driver became loquacious in the warmth of our questioning. "Folks is so different. Some don't know or care what they're seeing. Then again they're pretty well posted. The boys always know all about the fight. I'm always glad to tell folks things if they take an interest. Sometimes they do when I least expect it. There's three young ladies here from out West—clear from Michigan,—and they're real intelligent. You can always tell Westerners by their talk. It's sort of ignorant." My comrade and I glanced at each other. Surely the awful fact that we dwelt "out West" was as yet undiscovered.

Down the winding street we sped, past the beautiful colonial houses, one of which bore on its front a bullet hole dating from that momentous April day. Above us elms interlaced their branches, and everywhere there was an absence of all but nature and peace. There was nothing in sight to remind us that we had begun the twentieth century. We should not have been surprised to see some stately worthy, in cocked hat and the blue and buff Continental uniform, lifting the knocker of one of the dignified mansions on our way. Then the strange sense of familiarity with these scenes began to beset me.

"I have seen the Old Manse a thousand times before," I said; to which my comrade answered: "A picture of it was upon every can of the Old Manse maple syrup last winter,"—and dashed

my sentiment to earth. It stands removed from the village street, grim, gray and venerable. "They paint it gray," explained Mr. Chick, "to keep it lookin' old."

A few years ago three thousand "Christian Endeavorers" invaded Concord. One hundred were admitted into the Old Manse at a time. While the second hundred were shown about its historic rooms the first hundred slipped to the rear of the house and appropriated a hundred shingles from the roof. One—a woman, not a shingle—was found later, armed with a hammer, knocking a piece of stone from the boulder which marks the grave of Emerson. The sexton of the Old Granary burying-ground in Boston told a similar tale.

"Emerson's grandfather watched the fight from a room upstairs," remarked Mr. Chick.

"But why didn't he go and fight too?" I asked.

"Why," answered our kind guide, "he couldn't get out. His wife had locked him in. But he made up for it at *Ticonderonder*." (We did not tell Mr. Chick that his pronunciation differed from that in vogue "out West.")

There is a shut-in walk between two rows of evergreens near the Old Manse. Hawthorne planted the trees, and strolling in that friendly seclusion thought out the plans for more than one book.

The fine statue of the Minute Man guards the old bridge not far distant. There the patriots and the British peppered each other across the slow-running river. Thoreau, by the way, said that he spent six months in trying to make out which way the Concord River ran.

Two graves were near by; they were the graves of two English soldiers.

"Poor fellows!" I thought and said. "They only did their duty, and died far

away from home. I suppose most people don't think of it in that way?"

"Once in a while," replied Mr. Chick. "And you see the fence around the graves? Some Englishmen had that fence put up."

It was a strong fence of stone and iron; and we, though of patriot blood, were glad.

On another street, or rather road, are three houses which the visitor is sure to seek after he leaves the bridge. One comes first to the house of Emerson, to which no picture that I have ever seen does justice. Square, uncompromising, hospitable, benignant, it sits among its elms, as if as permanent as the hills behind it. Farther on is the house which sheltered the Alcotts, and in the yard at the left the School of Philosophy where theories were spun and Transcendentalists exchanged vagaries. It looks dismal enough at the present moment,—not nearly as interesting as the apple-trees which the Little Women used to climb.

The Alcotts' nearest neighbors were the Hawthornes. They fled to "The Wayside" when obliged to give up the Old Manse; and on top of that dignified dwelling Hawthorne built his study,—his "mount of vision," Mrs. Hawthorne called it. There he was, literally, above the world; for no one had access to his retreat. Back of "The Wayside" a hill rises abruptly. It is covered with English larches, cedars and pines; and has seven terraces carpeted with pine needles, where, in the semi-darkness, the author of "The House of the Seven Gables" used to pace back and forth in days gone by.

"And Henry Thoreau?" I inquired. "Did you know him?"

"Law, yes," responded Mr. Chick. "But his name wasn't never Henry: it was David. Henry was the middle name. He was a queer feller: used to

go tramping around, getting his meals most anywhere. Mrs. Emerson said she always set the table for him, but he was uncertain. The old women used to say, 'Well, David, where'd you get your dinner?'"

One thing was evident: these writers whose works lead American classics, if I may speak thus, were simple, plain village people. That may, so strangely are the balances arranged, have been the reason of their high thinking. The simplicity they loved in life surrounds them still in Sleepy Hollow. On the little stone, not more than a foot in height, that marks Hawthorne's grave is just the word "Hawthorne." He sleeps alone, solitary in death as in life. The graves of Thoreau and Miss Alcott have simple markers,—Thoreau's having the name "Henry" upon it, in spite of Mr. Chick's protest.

Many of the Concord people seem inclined to upset prevailing ideas. One told me that Longfellow's story of "Paul Revere's Ride" was creditable poetry but poor history: that the Concord people knew all about the plan of the British, and were hiding their powder before Paul Revere left Boston.

"It was a poetic license," I suggested, good-naturedly.

"Longfellow should have had his license taken away from him," said my informant.

We dined at the tavern where Major Pitcairn stirred the brandy with his finger, and then strolled about until the day waned.

"The trolly cars are so handy, you Boston people can come often now," said Mr. Chick as we bade him good-bye. He did not yet guess that our journey home would take us a thousand miles toward the setting sun. We had kept our secret and his respect.

We sat down to rest and to wait for the car for Boston. Close at hand was

a church, and while my comrade listened for the electric whirl I went inside. A light throbbled before the altar; persons were kneeling here and there. A fair and beautiful Catholic church dedicated to the great St. Bernard in the Puritan town where strange beliefs and disbeliefs had held sway for centuries! Yet there it stands and thrives, hard by the Unitarian meeting-house, close to the hillside where the stern old settlers have peopled graves ever since the Village of Peace existed. It is well known that many of the descendants of Concord's "first families" have renounced the faith of their immediate forbears and gone back to the Church that is the Mistress and Mother of us all.

Of all that I saw and thought that day I have recorded but a fragment. In history and memories Concord is so rich that one can but hint, in a sketch like this, at its wealth of lore and poetry and tradition. Over "The Great Road" we went again, through the goldenrod, under the trees. All the passengers seemed silent, and small wonder. They had seen strange things, and to one of them the strangest and dearest of all was the Cross of Christ on the church spire of that town where heresy so long had held high carnival.

What hath God wrought!

THE stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears and the tossing of the waves beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us and its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and the Eternal.

—Bishop Heber.

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

VII.

WE were not the only two who observed my cousin's partiality for the gallant Commandant. Monsieur de Hauteville noticed it and looked vexed. As for Count d'Ory, that unfortunate young man stood leaning against the wall instead of joining in the dances. Jean and I pitied him greatly. Young, rich and handsome,—what could Marguerite be thinking of? Why should she prefer that ugly old greybeard to our hero?

Monsieur de Clisson was nearly forty—full twenty years older than Marguerite,—and his hair was sprinkled with grey. On the other hand, he was tall, manly-looking, had done brave deeds and witnessed others. Therefore, Marguerite danced with him a good deal and conversed with him still more. She thought within herself, "Now, this is a man indeed!" and she held her queenly head very high. Then when she condescended to dance with Count d'Ory, she talked to him gaily and charmingly, so that he loved her more than ever; while she said to herself: "He is but a boy,—only twenty-two!" So she never dreamed that she had stolen away his heart, but laughed and danced on, till the color rose in her usually pale cheeks, and the men crowded round her, and he thought himself happy who saw his name on her book for even one dance.

I had never seen Marguerite like this. Ordinarily cold and reserved, to-night she was gay and sparkling. What was the secret influence at work? Was it love? Madame de Cambrésis was in her glory. Mothers with eligible young men sat beside her and told how beautiful

they thought her granddaughter; then they spoke in a quiet, insinuating way of their own sons,—how good and steady they were, what wealth and prospects they had, and so on. My grandmother smiled knowingly but said nothing. She wanted Marguerite to marry Count d'Ory, and thought her plan of giving the ball had succeeded very well indeed.

Twelve o'clock struck at last, and every man secured seats for himself and partner. A cotillon is rarely danced in England; sitting out being the general custom there, no other rest is required. But in France this is not the case, and a ball never takes place without one. Marguerite, as the young lady of the house, ought to have led the dance; but, as she had never been to a ball in her life. Mademoiselle de St. Pierre had been asked to do so. Marguerite was, therefore, quietly seated with Monsieur de Clisson at her side; and Jean had secured seats for us both, when Monsieur de Hauteville came hastily up to us.

"What nonsense is this? Jean, as the son of the house, you must do your duty. I can not have you dancing with Eugénie. Come! Mademoiselle Bossu has no partner."

Jean ruefully followed his father, and I was left alone and ready to cry with vexation. Too late now to get another partner. Must I, then, withdraw from the dance altogether?

"Mademoiselle, will you allow me to console you for the loss of your partner?"

I looked up—it was the Count d'Ory. To say that I grieved over the change of partners would be far from true. Jean could be seen and heard every day and at all times of the day. Count d'Ory was far more interesting.

We sat in silence for some minutes,—he evidently not inclined to talk, I scrutinizing my would-be cousin. Would the slight down on his upper lip develop

into a drooping mustache, or stand out straight and stiff like that of most of the officers present; or perhaps curl at the ends, which was the way the dandies wore it? I looked over at Monsieur de Clisson's: his was a very stiff mustache, and he wore a beard short and pointed like the Emperor's. Then I examined Count d'Ory's again.

"Will your mustache be like Monsieur Clisson's?" I asked impulsively; but the words had hardly escaped me when I perceived their utter impropriety. Count d'Ory looked surprised, as well he might; then, noticing my embarrassment, he burst into a merry laugh. I joined in, half out of nervousness, but relieved to find that he was not dreadfully shocked; and when we managed to control our laughter, I felt that my partner had come out of his reverie and would be pleasant and most entertaining for the rest of the evening.

"May I inquire," said Count d'Ory, still looking mirthful, "what interested you so much in my budding mustache?"

"Only the difference between French mustaches and English ones," I replied, and felt myself blush.

"What a pity," he went on, "I have never seen an English mustache!"

"A great pity," I retorted, a little huffed. "It is much handsomer than yours."

"Not than *mine*," he rejoined, taking me up; "for I have none!"

I could not help laughing at that, and he went on:

"Well, what are they like, these English mustaches? Tell me, won't you?"

I told him they were generally drooping and often accompanied by whiskers.

"Well, and don't you think these turned-up ones look more martial?"

"They look fiercer, perhaps; but the others give a steady, serious look to the face. Wait!—I will show you one."

I wore a locket round my neck; I

unfastened it, and, opening it, showed my partner the face of my dear father, Colonel Forrester. Count d'Ory took it and held it in his hand for a minute or two; then he returned it, saying:

"Small wonder that you are partial to drooping mustaches."

After a little while he said again:

"I thought at first you were something like *Mademoiselle de Hauteville*, but I see you have your father's eyes. He was an Englishman? But you are *Madame de Cambr sis*' granddaughter?"

"Quite true."

"It is strange anything English should belong to a French family so extremely patriotic in its views."

"The spirit of contradiction, I suppose, Monsieur."

Count d'Ory smiled, and was about to speak when a figure of the cotillon drew us from our places. Let me try to describe it.

The lady sits on a chair placed in the centre of the room, with her foot on a cushion, while her partner brings up, one after another, candidates for the honor of dancing with her. Should the damsel allow the first one to kneel on the cushion, the figure is over and she dances with him; but if, on the contrary, she should draw in her foot, forcing the unlucky man to kneel on the floor, her partner brings forward another candidate; and so on until the young lady is satisfied with his choice.

I found sitting in the middle of the room a trying ordeal, and went off with the first man who came up. This happened to be Monsieur de Clisson. If I had not been in such a flurry, the Commandant was one of the last I should have chosen to dance with. I really disliked him: I thought he was supplanting the Count in *Marguerite's* favor, and felt much inclined to ask him whether he knew the story of Jacob and Esau. But I refrained. I did not

speak a word to him, and he was equally silent.

We danced round the room once, and then he left me with a slight bow. You may imagine that I did not like him the better for his indifference; although I afterward observed that he behaved in the same way to all the other ladies,—always returning as soon as possible to his place at *Marguerite's* side. The Count came back to his seat too, and I heard him give a little sigh.

"I wish I had a scar on my face!" he remarked. "It makes a man so much more interesting."

"Perhaps it does," I said, with much sympathy; for I knew what he meant. "I suppose you have never been to war, Monsieur?"

"No. I am but just out of Saumur,—only twenty-two."

"And now you are in a cavalry regiment?"

"In the hussars."

"I believe I saw you a week ago riding a black horse; it looked restive."

"Ah, yes: my black horse! We have named him *Sorcier*. Do you ride also, *Mademoiselle*?"

"I love riding, Monsieur," I answered. "It is quite a passion with me. I can not remember the first day I was placed on a horse: it is too far back."

"Perhaps, then, if you ride so well, your uncle will take you to the boar hunt next Saturday?"

"The boar hunt! Oh, I must go! Is *Marguerite* to be there?"

"*Mademoiselle de Hauteville*? Yes,—she told me she was going."

"How strange I should have heard nothing about it!"

Count d'Ory looked perturbed.

"*Mademoiselle*, I fear I am guilty of an indiscretion. Your uncle probably thought one lady enough to look after, and did not wish a disappointment to spoil your first ball."

The tears rose to my eyes; but I said defiantly:

"I shall ask him. He must let me go. I leave for England in a fortnight: I must see a French hunt."

"Don't be troubled, Mademoiselle. I will ask Madame Lefèvre to send a special invitation to you."

I looked up and saw that my partner meant what he said. I smiled at him through the mist, and thought to myself that few people could have a kinder face than this young hussar.

Meanwhile the cotillon was still going on, and drew sometimes one, sometimes the other, and sometimes both of us into its vortex. Our conversation was necessarily carried on in a disjointed way. Some of the figures were very pretty, others intricate enough to engage all my attention if I would not blunder. In one of them Marguerite, seated on the chair in the middle of the room, held a glass of champagne in her hand, Count d'Ory and Monsieur de Clisson awaiting her decision. The champagne was to be given to the one she would not dance with. The young Count's face was a little flushed, the Commandant looked grim. Marguerite hesitated a moment; then, raising the glass to her own lips, she drank the sparkling beverage, and returned to her place. This put an end to the figure, according to the rules of a cotillon; and left the two rivals still in the dark as to whether the girl had really a preference for either; and if so, for which?

One o'clock struck. My grandmother retired to her room; the guests began to leave; only a few remained for a last dance in the fast emptying ballroom. Count d'Ory started with Marguerite; Jean and I whirled round once more, both of us declaring that the evening had been a delightful one.

Another half hour and my pretty white dress had been taken off and I was in

the Land of Nod, dreaming of a boar hunt, in which the boar requested the pleasure of dancing with me; and then, pushing aside his head, disclosed to my astonished gaze the handsome, smiling face of Count d'Ory.

VIII.

A confused noise awoke me. I glanced at the clock: half-past six. I turned on my pillow and was nearly dropping off to sleep again when I suddenly remembered that it was the morning of the hunt. To pop my feet into my slippers and throw on my dressing-gown was the work of an instant; then I ran to the window in the corridor which looked out on the court. Sure enough, there was Marguerite looking very nice in her red coat and black riding-skirt; my two uncles were also below, but Jean was not visible. I leaned out a little farther, thinking he might be standing somewhere near the house, when two strong hands seized me from behind. They were Jean's. I gave a little shriek. But Jean only laughed, and protested that he had saved me from falling out the window.

"Jean! Jean!"—from below.

"In a moment!" he shouted through the open window. Then to me: "I am not at all inclined for hunting to-day. I don't like to go without you, Eugénie."

"Never mind me, Jean. Good-bye and enjoy yourself!"

"Poor little one! Good-bye, then!"

And my cousin swung himself over the banisters, and I saw him step out into the court. A handsome chestnut stood waiting for him. He mounted; the party rode off. Jean turned and waved his handkerchief; then he, too, passed out of sight.

I went back to my room and smiled to myself—a queer, wicked little smile. Ah, me! what a wrong-headed lassie I was at fifteen! The clock was striking seven. Further sleep was out of the

question; so I dressed, and Ernestine brought up my *café au lait* at eight o'clock. The house felt strangely empty when I went downstairs; for Mauricia was the only one to greet me. Madame de Fontenay had driven out: she was to follow the hounds in the pony-carriage; and my grandmother lunched habitually in her own apartments.

I took Mauricia into my confidence; and, though she opened her large eyes very wide indeed, the faithful little thing promised secrecy and helped me with my preparations. Together we made a small parcel of sandwiches; that and two ripe apples were to be my midday meal. I ordered the pony to be saddled and went quietly upstairs to put on my riding-habit,—for my intention was, by hook or by crook, to join the hunting party.

And thus it was that Brownie and I rode out from the gates of Cambrésis in the beginning of October, 1868,—Brownie very frisky and enjoying the keenness of the air; his rider coveting forbidden fruit, but with conscience pricking, and with a guilty fear of being discovered. As we passed his cottage, the forester came out and looked surprised at seeing me alone.

"Where are you going, Mademoiselle Eugénie?"

"I am going to the chase."

"To the chase!"

"Yes," I replied. "All my people left this morning at half-past six. An hour to get to Madame Lefèvre's, time to breakfast and rest their horses,—I have hopes of coming across the hounds and taking some small part in the fun."

The forester eyed me steadily for a moment, as if to see whether I was in earnest. I watched him suspiciously, for there was something in his face which made me uneasy. A sudden cut of my whip caused my pony to bound forward just in time to prevent him

from seizing my bridle. A few seconds later we were far down the path, and I heard nothing of the warning which the worthy man shouted after me. Irritated by the blow he had received, Brownie covered the ground with all the speed his short, sturdy legs could muster; and by the time we reached the first sign-post we were both glad to slacken pace and enjoy the beauties of the forest.

The sun was shining brightly now. His rays penetrated the foliage and lit up many a secluded nook; so that a hare thought his abode discovered and fled; while a squirrel darted up and down the trees, fearful of being seen. Some of the leaves had fallen, but there still remained enough for me to admire those lovely hues and tints which render autumn the most picturesque time of the year.

Another sign-post! The underwood grew scarcer as we wended our way up a hill; and it disappeared altogether when we came to a place called the High Forest, because the trees there are allowed to attain their full height. My pony was out of breath after his long climb; so, though eager to advance, I dismounted and sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree close by.

A deep silence reigned all around. No bushes were near to limit my horizon; no thicket to emit those queer, rustling sounds which belong so peculiarly to the forest. The large trees rose up tall and branchless like mighty columns; while their foliage, spreading out above and intermingling, formed a fitting roof for this temple of nature.

The sound of a horn!—faint indeed, but enough to make me leap to my feet and mount my pony. Very soon we had left the High Forest behind us, and were following ways and paths I had never before explored. The horn sounded again, louder this time. "Hurrah! we

are nearing them! On, little Brownie,—on!" In my eagerness I rose in my stirrup, and the next moment was thrown over my pony's head, luckily coming down on a heap of leaves, which softened my fall.

An enormous wild boar had crossed the road and frightened Brownie. I saw the little pony turn round and make for home; but I felt too giddy from the shock I had received to call him back. The boar disappeared in the bushes, seemingly unconscious of my presence. I could hear the crashing of the branches as he passed; then all was silent, and I managed to rise, though very stiff and sore. How should I get home? Walking was out of the question. It would be equally impossible to come up with the chase without a mount.

Soon, too, the pangs of hunger began to be felt,—alas! Brownie had borne off my provisions. What a position to be in! Feeling sick and faint, I sat down among the ferns and moss, and must have fallen asleep; for the next thing I became aware of was the fast trot of a horse, and I sat up to see what help Providence was sending me. The red coat proclaimed the rider to be one of the hunting party. But as he came nearer I noticed that Count d'Ory—for it was he—was riding so fast that he would have passed without seeing me if I had not called out for help. Thank Heaven, he heard my voice and stopped his horse instantly.

My quondam dancer looked very much astonished at this apparition, and I hastened to explain:

"My pony threw me." Then, in a pitiful tone: "How am I to get home?"

Count d'Ory was puzzled, and said: "Too far to walk, I suppose?"

"I could not possibly walk, Monsieur."

"Well, if you will wait here, you shall have the forester to your aid in less than an hour."

But I burst into tears at this proposal.

"Do not leave me! I am so hungry!"

He noticed then, I think, how pale I was. He dismounted and made me take a sip from his brandy flask.

"Courage, Mademoiselle!" he said. "Sorcier is well able to carry us both."

Then two strong arms lifted me up, and before I knew what was happening Sorcier was covering the ground at a rapid pace, superbly unconscious of the extra weight he was bearing.

Surprise was strongly mixed with mortification when I realized to what an expedient I had driven Count d'Ory; but the weakness of mind and body occasioned by my fall prevented the objections I should otherwise have made.

It was only when the forest air cooled my forehead and quickened my blood that I began to wonder at the Count's prolonged silence, and to notice the speed at which he rode his beautiful black horse. To think with me in those days was to speak; therefore I asked:

"Pray, why did you leave the hunt?"

"Ah, true, you do not know!" he said, and paused; searching no doubt for words which would soften the sad tidings. "Marguerite's brother—"

"Jean?" I exclaimed. "Oh, what has happened?"

"He, too, was thrown from his horse, and was picked up senseless. Poor Mademoiselle de Hauteville,—what a terrible affliction for her!"

"Where have they taken him?"

"He was taken to Madame Lefèvre's. I am going for the doctor," he said; and then a light broke in upon me.

"Put me down, I beg of you! Why did you not tell me this before? I can wait,—only hasten for the doctor."

"You are needed at home: your grandmother is all alone," replied my companion; and I said no more. Nor was conversation made easy by the pace at which we were going.

Thus silently and sadly we rode on, and I scarce believed myself the same girl who had started forth so joyfully that morning. Now my habit was torn and covered with mud, my hat was a wreck, and my hair fell unrestrained over my shoulders. In short, I was the very picture of a damsel in distress; and, oddly enough, soon a would-be champion appeared on the scene.

We were now approaching those tall trees which I have mentioned before by the name of the High Forest. A wood-cutter was making the woods resound to the heavy blows of his axe, but he stopped when he saw our horse trot up with its double burden. The unusual spectacle made him suspicious; for, coming forward, he seized the bridle and said in a stern, resolute voice:

"You shall not pass till I know that the demoiselle goes with you willingly, young man!"

"Speak, Mademoiselle!" said Count d'Ory; and, with blushes, I informed the man of my accident and that I was now going home.

Though his chivalry was misplaced, I felt grateful, and slipped my little gold ring into his brawny hand, saying: "Keep this as a token of my thanks."

His honest face lit up.

"A strong man to have stopped my Sorcier so easily," said Count d'Ory.

I thought so too; but at the same time I felt painfully the awkward position I was in, and a sigh of relief broke from me when at last the forester's house rose to view. The worthy couple made no remark when they heard of my adventures: their sympathy was too great. The food I so sorely needed was given me; and, hidden from view in their covered cart, I performed the last stage of my journey. But who shall describe my grandmother's sorrow when she heard of the dreadful accident?

(To be continued.)

"The Passing of Sir William."

(13th century.)

BY MARION MUIR.

THE vigorous blast of the trumpet is sounding,
And heroes, steel-clad, to the battle are bounding;
The mountains re-echo their chargers' loud stamping,
The valleys are whitened with legions encamping.

In morning's red splendor their banners are glowing,
And plumes on their helmets like mist wreaths are
flowing;

But I, who should lead them to close with the
foeman,
Must lie still and watch, like a timorous woman.

I sink on my couch, while the pale hand of sickness
Holds a mace-felling vigor with arrowy quickness,
And dream of that day when, a lion 'mid lions,
I cast the same foeman a mighty defiance.

We stood to our ground, though our lances were
shivered,

Till at length the firm line of our enemy quivered,
And over the red field his army went flying,
Like flocks of scared wolves from a town of the
dying.

Too close grows the air that I breathe in this
chamber

When I think of the steepes I was once wont to
clamber.

Come! bring me mine armor, good villein, I pray
thee;

A hand ever open shall richly repay thee.

Nay, it is too heavy for muscles grown weaker:
My strength is no more than the dregs in a beaker;
With fever my pulses keep burning forever,
That kills, at its birth, every hope of endeavor.

A thousand times better the battle's fierce thunder,
The ringing of blades and of mail wrenched asunder;
For death is less dreaded where free winds are
sweeping,

When no mourning friend at one's bedside is
weeping.

With the spirit all clear for last crossing and prayer,
Than to fail thus, a wild beast walled up in his lair,—
A faint, feeble victim, whose brain madly reeling,
Has lost its control over reason and feeling.

CALMNESS is the crown of self-control.

—William G. Jordan.

From the Mosquito Coast.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—A PAGE OF THE PAST.

THE ornamental initial letter of this Page of the Past might consist of a block-house with a towering *T*; and that capital might stand for Treason, Trader or Tom's River. Of the three, Tom's River is the most conspicuous to-day,—Tom's River, the little Jersey town at the head of navigation. There are traders there, of course; but they serve behind polished counters, in the rear of show windows stocked with the latest novelties. As for Treason, it has hidden its diminished head within the pages of romantic history or historical romance,—for the two are no longer distinguishable.

Tom's River has its charm—at least the historical and romantic portion,—the little surviving portion that is

Cursed with the mildew of primitive content.

Once there was a noble red-man who was called Tom for short; the tale of his prowess and this gentle stream flow on together—as you shall see if you will but read the annals of the “Barnegat Pirates,” as recorded by the red-right hand of the mayor of Island Heights,—a very interesting narrative.

If one might turn back the pages of local history until the days of the Revolution dawn again, what should one see along the thousand inlets of the Mosquito Coast, and especially hereabout? Up yonder street stood the block-house. True patriotism should have preserved it to this day; for it was the hope and the salvation of the truest patriots that ever lived,—those who fought, bled and died for liberty. Those who built it, and who were often forced to seek it in their extremity, the fathers and the founders of the

Republic, were surely examples for their descendants through all time. Their love of liberty did not find expression in a somewhat vulgar display of bunting and the combustion of Chinese crackers on the fourth day of July. Therefore the block-house was suffered to pass away with its wealth of tradition; and in its stead stands the shanty of insignificance, dedicated to—heaven knows what base uses.

In the reedy edges of the town, where the river rocks the “cat-tails” and where camp the innumerable armies of the frogs, there are still two houses, but one is no longer habitable. 'Tis a mere shell, some of its aged rafters filled in with brick, its roof sagging, its mossy shingles rotting in every rain; its weather-side so broken that all may enter unretarded, but none dare to—perhaps none care to. The other house has its curtains drawn, its door fast; whoever lives there can but half live. Between the two a barn—that emblem of thrift, black with age, ragged and forlorn—is tottering to its fall.

And these are the sole surviving relics of the Revolution—the oldest buildings in this quarter of New Jersey. They stand in a small meadow upon the river's edge; a little patriotism and a few pennies would have preserved them in memory of the days when those who dwelt within may have peered fearfully out of those small windows to note the passer-by.

These were fields of maize in that day of dread; the most Cooperesque of Indian tribes camped hereabout,—tribes friendly or unfriendly, as the case might be. There were Mohawks and Neversinks. The Metedeconk, Popamora, Mishacoing, Wapanachki, were familiar to the colonists. All these plains are sown with arrow-heads; and neither is wampum yet unknown, though the market is not glutted. Pirates patrolled

these very waters; good old-fashioned pirates—the black flag with its skull and cross-bones waving over them.

Down Tom's River, in the edge of it, is a sand-hill nearly overgrown with briar and brush and sedge. It is Money Island, and the money that Captain Kidd buried there has never yet been found. From Tom's River to Cranberry Inlet the British forces lorded it at intervals. Pirates and refugees were sometimes hand-in-glove; they were not easily distinguished, and were as difficult to extinguish. The brig-of-war stole into Barnegat Bay in search of pirates and pioneers; but landlocked waters are notoriously treacherous,—the brig and the brigand did not often come within range.

There were salt-works in those days that have long since lost their savor. There were cedar swamps and meadow islands, where smugglers snuggled while they smuggled. There were cranberry bogs and a mosquito cave,—but these we have always with us. And yonder among the sand-dunes the loons squawked as it squawks to-day, or will to-night; and the stormbirds are whirled hither and yon; and above the beech grass at Barnegat the wild ducks wing their flight, and the winter gulls blow over the weird wastes like flying flakes of foam.

All that was of interest, all that was of value, in the Tom's River of that ancient day might have been packed into that small block-house. Probably it was packed there more than once, and came out a little the worse for the packing when it was unpacked again. All that is of interest there now might go back into those snug quarters, if only that precious block-house had been preserved.

The streets, on three sides of a square that is comparatively hollow, are lined with the customary rows of shops: two taverns upon two corners of the same

streets look blankly upon the rival guests who idle in the shade of the verandas. Take your choice, gentlemen: 'tis the "Ocean House" or the "Riverside." The one has nothing suggestive of the ocean save a few chromos of clipper ships, long since gone to the bottom; or the steam leviathans of the Atlantic lines which are now on top,—but its dinners are famous in these parts. The other, once a stately mansion, has outgrown its privacy and sprawls indifferently upon the water's edge regardless alike of custom and conventionality.

I have lingered there in the gloamings conning this Page of the Past. The domestic duck sailed by over a lagoon that was like another sky, aflame in the afterglow; and the dark ripple that broke noiselessly upon its breast trailed after it like a ribbon and flowed apart till it touched upon each shore. That very effect of light and shade, so exquisite in detail, so poetically suggestive in the hush of evening, must have been produced in the dim past when its progenitor tracked these very waters.

It seems that this Page of the Past is beginning to flutter in the twilight breeze. Let us turn the leaf and glance at a page of the present. My reverie was brief: suddenly the brazen throats of an itinerant orchestra were filled with bluster. Once before—at high noon—those instruments had lifted up their voices in unison at the street corners; and the populace, as one man, had thrilled at the announcement by the exalted horns that "the enormous, the monster, the mammoth Uncle Tom's Cabin" would be exhibited that very evening in Tom's River. Already I had captured an eight-page poster, to read which was alone worth the price of admission:

"America's most brilliant, grand and mighty amusement institution. A sun-burst of perpetual pleasure. All roads

lead to our great show. See the great slave-market. Do not fail to see the cotton-picking scene: twenty-five slaves, male and female. See Uncle Tom's Log Cabin in our street parade. The costliest of delights, yet costs you nothing. More kinds of music than were ever heard with a show of the kind before. Fierce man-eating bloodhounds from the mines of Siberia. Trained alligators in our great swamp scene. Our monster tank holds 50,000 gallons of water; it is used in the great Ohio River scene, where Eliza crosses the floating ice in real water, with the bloodhounds in pursuit. The most thrilling scene ever produced in the annals of amusement history."

Language palls when one attempts to convey to ordinary intelligence the unutterable and inexhaustible, not to say inconceivable, attractions offered by this combination of musical, dramatic, scenic and terpsichorean art.

The bill says: "The Rev. De Witt Talmage, the Rev. Washington Gladden; and Gladstone have said: 'Education deserves always to rank as one of the great missionary enterprises.' And Uncle Tom's Cabin, a glorious amusement monarch, a great object school, ranks as the greatest educational drama on the stage. Christopher Columbus was called a 'world-finder,' but Harriet Beecher Stowe can with equal propriety be called a 'world-educator.' Hers has been practical lessons in American history."

And the climax? Behold it! "Wonderland of dissolving celestial beauty,—words can not describe it. Legions of beautiful beings floating 'twixt heaven and earth. Eva upon a throne of glory; unfolding of the fans of Virtue, Love, Glory, and Peace." The whole is announced as "an event that will live in the annals of amusement history when all other exhibitions of contemporary times have long passed away and been forgotten." Admission, twenty-five

cents. Reserved seats, thirty-five cents.

I viewed it all and had the worth of my money. The dingy, three-pole tent had seen much service. There was no noticeable difference between the seats that lined the sides of the tent. They would have been cheap at any price; they were slanting racks of rough boards without backs, and they were filled to overflowing. There must have been a thousand people present. Even the strip of greensward between the elevated seats (a bit of the unmown meadow where the tent was pitched) was liberally sprinkled with boys and men, who rolled about in the grass, smoked cigarettes, and scuffled with one another when so disposed.

The bill announced a company of one hundred and fifty performers "engaged at a fabulous expense." There may have been fifteen, all told. There was no cotton-picking, for there were no cotton-pickers, no cotton; no Ohio River, no real water, no floating ice; there was not much Eliza. Eva—little Eva, who had vainly tried to sell her photograph before the play began—talked like a parrot, as stage children are very apt to. An educated mosquito from this very coast might have exhorted its relatives from a deathbed with equal effect through a megaphone.

The stage was but six-folk broad, packed shoulder to shoulder; not one of these but might have rent the canvas heavens asunder without rising upon tiptoe. The bloodhounds purred amiably as they were coaxed across the stage in pursuit of Eliza, who had recently strolled by over the invisible ice. The concluding glories in that realm—we-read-of were kindly omitted, and the entire drama and its five acts brought to a conclusion in one hour and thirty minutes. Perhaps the managers did this out of consideration for the feelings of the bucolic

audience; perhaps it was to give place to the "refined musical entertainment" that followed with unseemly haste upon the last moments of Uncle Tom; perhaps it was thought best to leave Tom's River betimes lest the Riverites should rise and demand the return of their admission fee.

Brief it was, that wondrous spectacle; but not too brief. Many there were who had come weary miles in the well-filled farm-wagon, and who sat for an hour in the front seats waiting patiently for the show to begin. Moreover, we retire early on this coast; and those of us who are here for a season only and who would improve our time must hasten to those virtuous couches where the innocent submit themselves to that course of refined phlebotomy known, to our sorrow, as the mosquito cure.

V.—IN AQUARELLE.

The wind is east-southeast to-day. It brings with it that sweet salt air that is a mixture of pine and brine. There are balls of cloud bowling through the sky; it may rain and it may not—thus saith the weather-prophet, who is wise in his day and generation, and longeth to preserve his reputation for weather wisdom.

There is a cruise on; it will soon be off. I have been watching the symptoms ever since dawn, and taking note, as is my custom when abroad. Here are the notes jotted down from time to time as I sat at my desk by the window awaiting the eight-o'clock breakfast:

5 a. m.—Fresh breeze, dampened at intervals by a mist that soon resolves itself into an intermittent sprinkle. The Board Walk deserted. As yet no sign of awakening life in all this Land of Nod.

5.45 a. m.—Ah! a pistol shot discharged from one of the catboats. Over the roof of the club-house I see the

tops of the masts of the catboats wagging in the air, as if impatient for the fray. People are beginning to moan in their several apartments. Evidently the house is awake at last.

6 a. m.—Gun fired from club-house; this sounds authoritative. I see young men hurrying toward the club-house pier. They look extremely nautical; no doubt they feel so. It is true that they have a jaunty air which one is not apt to find off soundings, where it is usually salted down. They might appropriately burst into song and celebrate the accomplishments of their commodore with an opening chorus; they look as if they were about to do it, but were waiting for the orchestra to strike up. And now people are knocking at each other's doors quite gaily; the house is evidently awake.

6.30 a. m.—Children begin to pipe querulously like birds in their nests at daybreak; a little later they are skipping in the street, with their very large collars, very short trousers, very bare and very brown legs. They examine the luggage curiously. It is constantly accumulating; looks as if it had never been to sea before and might never go again. It is landsman's-luggage and no mistake. A little more rain, but not enough to hurt,—just enough to make jewelled-glass of my window-panes.

7.20 a. m.—The fleet was to have set sail at seven sharp; another gun has been fired from the club-house; some sails are fluttering in the wind.

7.30 a. m.—Women—young women—are gathering on the docks and on the Board Walk. They huddle together and engage in animated conversation. All the catboats are swinging into the stream, their crews displaying much nervous activity. There is more or less commotion everywhere.

7.40 a. m.—How busy the scene! How windy it is! The whitecaps are

frosting the usually tranquil surface of Tom's River.

7.50 a.m. — Now at last the climax approaches. The women are embarking in small boats and being rowed out to their several barks. They look like Pilgrim Mothers; for they are well bundled up and one does not easily recognize them in these unaccustomed costumes. A horn blows. The last Puritan Priscilla has left the dock, and now all are aboard and ready for instant flight.

8 a.m. — Bang! The final gun! One of the catboats is off—and another and another. They are all underway. We try to cheer madly, but our efforts are rather feeble. The breakfast bell rings. I go below and look down the river toward Barnegat Bay. There they are—a score of beautiful boats, with all sail set, swathed in a soft purple mist, and looking like a low flight of doves.

The cruise is to last a week. 'Tis to be a summer cruise over a sea that is not so tropical as the air that fans it. The voyagers will drop anchor by reedy shores where the wild duck takes her melancholy way; they will signal rival fleets, visit rival yacht club-houses; perchance dance there country-dances in city clothes,—for there is a rivalry in frills and flounces, and it is only at the club-house-hops that fine feathers are of much avail.

For the most part the bathing-dress prevails. This is especially the case when the sneak-box racers happen to be the feature of the day. You know the sneak-box? 'Tis like a huge pumpkin seed hollowed out, and with a mast that may be set up at a moment's notice, and a sail that may be spread like a fan. The sneak-box was built so that it might steal softly in shallow waters upon the unsuspecting duck. Cover yourself with a bush, as you sit in the hollow of your sneak-box,

and sneak at your own sweet will.

One might almost reach forth from the arbor and take his game by hand. The bird, no doubt, mistakes the sneak-box for a floating island, and has too much love for nature to distrust her or any of her works,—and therefore there is a duck-dinner where there might have been nothing but bacon.

There are sneak-box races for youths and maidens, and those that enter them should be mermen and mermaids—or at least good swimmers. If your sneak-box loses her balance, over she goes, and you go with her. This makes the race as exciting as if the Old Woman of song and story had set her children afloat in a small shopful of shoes. Over they go, and cling to the hull of the sneak-box, that is water-logged in a trice. Oh, it is great sport—for the spectators!

I could not but notice, as the boys put off in their sneak-boxes, how like my gentle savages they looked; their skin-tight fancy bathing suits were for all the world like tatooing; the sneak-boxes, low in the water, were like canoes; the attitudes, the outlines, were precisely those of South Sea Islanders! Skin them, O people! and what difference will you find!

This difference you will find: among those heathen you will find no opposition church-factions holding bazaars upon borrowed lawns, where one purchases at a preposterous figure what one wants not—and calls it Charity. And there is this difference: the heathen in his blindness does not devote himself to progressive euchre with such earnestness that he quits the game without one fond farewell, and believes in his heart, in this case at least, the race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

And there is this other difference: that in uncivilized society the heart is worn upon the sleeve—or would be if there

were a sleeve to wear it on; that it is as bare as the body; that it speaks through lips that have never yet learned the art of the enlightened—dissembling. That in the society of unregenerated savages—but no matter. Of course, among the Children of Light society is not to be taken seriously.

There it is again—the piano at the club-house! How it has gone off! No wonder. Every day, almost every hour in the day, some one rushes to it and thrums for a while; two sometimes meet there and gallop up and down the keys; so raced the wild horses of Barbary up and down the Corso when Rome was in her prime. Every evening that ill-fated instrument shudders under the trip-hammer hands of a performer whose execution is complete if not fatal. What is it that grates upon my ear in the stilly night? A grinding as of a grist of grit? It is the sand under the feet of the dancers who are not always dancing in tune.

I climb into the gallery on the People's Pier. There, at the proper hour, may be seen the sunset on the one hand, the moonrise on the other; the shadowy shore across the river where those who dwell seem to live a kind of dream-life,—one knows so little of them and often speculates so much. What is the history of the Swiss Inn? What the mystery of the large square house that sometimes is plainly visible and sometimes seems lost among the trees?

And Mill Creek, beyond the marshes—whence comes it? Sometimes a sail floats over the meadow like a huge butterfly and disappears beyond a strip of forest. That is Mill Creek, so say they who have stemmed its sluggish tide and fought their way through legions of mosquitos, and landed at last somewhere, to find a slender snake on duty, waving its flattened head like

a dark-green lily-pod, and darting that stinging stamen, its flame-like tongue, defiantly.

When I am driven from the People's Pier, the club-house, the Board Walk, even from the village streets, I can seek shelter on a little height I know; I can rock in an easy-chair on a balcony overlooking the shore. The boughs of the trees make a hanging-garden of the place; and if the house were a dove-cote there could be no more pretty fluttering among the nestlings, no more soft billing and cooing, than I find there. That is the welcome that awaits one,—that and the tray of sweets, the fragrant pipe, the cooling cup. It may be that all are not there on one's arrival. Stay but a little. Yonder at the point are bathers. Now we are discovered, and out of the wave they rise to hail us—all of the merry tribe. O wonderful mistress of the home that shelters these! The sunshine of her countenance is reflected in the faces of those who smile upon her. O happy master of this house!—for, verily, he hath his quiver full!

Back again, through the wood, waving my kerchief wildly lest I fall by the wayside and am stung to death. At the Board Walk I fall in with the promenaders. Not one of them but is assaulted, even as I am, and armed in like manner; and thus we pace to and fro, suffering tortures at every step, and seeming to be busily engaged in a solemn travesty of the "handkerchief flirtation." O Death, where is thy sting? Behold thy bitterest rival!

Is it for this I came? Not this surely; but all this I find unavoidable. So here I am here for the summer; and happy—so happy, because I am homesick!

(The End.)

THE hardest thing to find is an honest partner for a swindle.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE National Pilgrimage this year was distinguished perhaps above all others by the fervor and enthusiasm of the pilgrims, many of whom made it in a penitential spirit to obtain God's mercy on the religious Orders of France. The railway statistics show an increase of one-third over the usual number of passengers. I was present when the White Train took its departure from Paris. What a sight it was—such a multitude of invalids! And many of them were doomed to disappointment. Not all who flock to Lourdes are cured, but all who go there in the right dispositions are sure to be benefited. The resignation of those who are not cured is strengthened by the sight of those who are favored; and the faith and piety of sick and well receive a notable increase. Of conversions I may not speak. Many an unrecorded marvel of grace is wrought at Lourdes.

The most remarkable cure this year—the one spoken of by all the pilgrims as a wonder of wonders—is undoubtedly that of M. Gabriel Gargan. This man, aged thirty, was a post-office clerk in charge of the mail on the railway between Paris and Bordeaux, when in the terrible disaster at Montmoreau, in December, 1899, he was dashed out of the cars a distance of twenty yards. He was raised up in an unconscious state, fearfully mangled. There were deep contusions in the head and legs, besides injuries to the spine, etc., which were pronounced fatal. Taken to the hospital at Angoulême, Gargan received unremitting care from skilful surgeons, but his case seemed utterly hopeless. For twenty months he lay helpless, unable to move a finger or raise his

head: in fact, in a state of complete physical insensibility.

The railway company was sued for damages, and condemned to pay the victim an indemnity of sixty thousand francs and an annuity of six thousand more. A careful judicial examination had declared Gargan to be "a human wreck." The doctor of the company told the board of directors to have no concern about the pension, as the end, he said, could not be far off.

In the beginning of August this year the hospital surgeons decided that M. Gargan should undergo trepanning of the spine. This operation was the only experiment left untried. However, before the operation, a friend suggested to the sufferer to join the National Pilgrimage. Alas! he needed spiritual healing also, and fervent prayers were offered on his behalf. On the 15th of August, touched by divine grace, he made a sincere confession, and begged to be allowed to receive Holy Communion. But here was a difficulty: for months he could swallow nothing and was fed on liquids—the yellow of an egg mixed with champagne by means of a sound. A particle of the Sacred Host not larger than a lentil was administered to him. He said later that when he consumed the Holy Eucharist he experienced a sensation of heat as if vitality were returning to him. However, his condition was so lamentable on leaving Angoulême that a litter was specially constructed to convey him to the railway carriage. He was accompanied by his mother, a nurse, and the lawyer who had defended his case in court.

Arriving at Lourdes, he was carefully laid upon a plank, and on it was dipped in the piscina. In this act there was great hesitation on the part of the *brancardiers*. "It is not a bath," they whispered among themselves, "it is Extreme Unction he ought to get." On

coming out of the water, M. Gargan seemed to be somewhat improved, and felt, as he said himself, as if his body and the plank were not all one. Later on the same day, when he was carried to the Grotto, he experienced a tingling which he compared to the prick of a multitude of insects. It was the blood beginning to circulate through his veins.

On the passage of the Blessed Sacrament he felt suddenly cured, declaring to his mother, who was beside him, that he was sure he could walk. She and the attendant tried to hold him back, as he was not dressed,—hastily throwing about him the sheets and towels that covered him in the litter. To the general amazement, he did rise and walk. He and his mother were so stunned that for some minutes they remained speechless. Then he presented himself at the Bureau of Proofs, composed this year of eighty medical men. They pronounced the event unparalleled. The legs of the subject were like the bones of a skeleton. After a third inspection, Dr. Boissarie said that a telegram might be sent to the Bishop of Angoulême stating that Gargan's wondrous cure had been verified.

The joy of the mother and son can not be described. The faithful nurse was radiant with delight, and related the wondrous tale over and over again, proclaiming the goodness of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Next morning, having procured a suit of clothes, Gargan went on foot to the Grotto, knelt down and received Holy Communion, without experiencing any difficulty in swallowing. He ate and drank at breakfast like a man in sound health.

The tidings of this extraordinary cure had spread rapidly through Lourdes, and many flocked to the Hôpital du Salut to see and converse with the favored pilgrim.

"Were you much surprised by your sudden cure?" inquired a reporter of the *Croix*.—"I was intensely happy," replied M. Gargan. "Why should I have been surprised, though?" he went on. "Is not God the Master and Creator of all things?"—"Did you expect this miracle as certain?"—"On starting, I placed myself entirely in the hands of Providence, and I awaited its decision calmly, without anxiety."—"The railway company will be tempted to reproach the Blessed Virgin for not having cured you sooner."—"Never mind about the company: let us think only of the marvel."—"Indeed you have reason to be grateful for your cure."—"Above all, I must thank Our Lady for giving me faith; this is a far greater benefit."

The news of M. Gargan's cure was a sensation among the railroad men, becoming for the time being the subject of the conversation of every one, from the last employee to the station-master. An inspector who had shrugged his shoulders on seeing the invalid moved out of the train on the way to Lourdes, when he heard the news of the cure could hardly credit it.

As a further confirmation of this case, let me quote the words of M. Vallet-Dechelât, town councillor of Limoges (Haute Vienne), who went to Lourdes through mere curiosity, being sceptic and hostile to all belief in miracles. He volunteered the following testimony:

"On Monday, August 19, I took the pilgrims' train from Poitiers to Lourdes. At 4.32 in the afternoon it stopped at Angoulême; and, the car door being thrown open, a lamentable sight met my eyes—a being more like a corpse than a living man lay on a litter carried by three persons; and, contrary to the usual custom, they placed it in the car in order to avoid the slightest jar to the invalid. His companions took seats beside him, and seemed to LIBRARY him

very carefully. Finding the smell of phenic acid and iodine disagreeable, I got down at the next station and took a place in the adjoining compartment, where I met an acquaintance. Occasionally we looked through the small pane in the partition, and observed that the man, who was apparently inanimate at setting out, after a short time seemed to revive and to bear the journey tolerably well. At seven the next morning we reached Lourdes, and I lost sight of him.

"At four in the afternoon I assisted at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The crowd was enormous, the spectacle extremely imposing. The numerous sick were placed near where the Blessed Sacrament was to pass, and looked toward It in an attitude of supplication. Suddenly I perceived, about fifteen yards from me, the poor infirm man with whom I had travelled from Angoulême. I observed him closely; a pilgrim near me said that after a bath in the piscina that morning there had been a slight improvement in his condition. The sound of a bell announced the coming of the procession. It is a solemn moment. The officiating priest stops before the sick person and holds the monstrance near each one. I am told this is the moment when the miracles take place. Doubtless the supplications of the infirm then become more ardent. When the Blessed Sacrament was presented to the poor half-dead fellow, quite motionless up to that instant, he rose spontaneously, exclaiming, 'I am cured!'

"The impression made on those around can not be described. Gargan had to lie down on his litter again, as he had no clothes on. When he went to the Examination Office I was able to follow him, owing to a card a *brancardier* kindly gave me. There I saw as well as the physicians that M. Gargan had on his body—especially on his feet—several recently healed wounds. I

did not see these wounds before his recovery: they were bandaged and his body all wrapped up. He was instantly able to walk without assistance. I saw him do so with my own eyes. I don't believe in miracles, yet I can not account for this prodigy, nor can I contradict it. Speaking to M. Gargan in the Bureau des Constatations, he told me he had been a sceptic like myself. I remarked: 'But to be cured, one must believe.'—'My faith was weak,' he said, 'until the instant the Blessed Sacrament stopped before me; then my soul was illumined as if by a flash of lightning.'"

Numerous other cures took place during the pilgrimage, among which may be mentioned those of a woman in the last stage of consumption, and of another woman afflicted with a skin disease so horrible as to cause her to be called "the leper." Her face was frightful to look at, and her presence could not be tolerated in the dining-room of the Hospital of the Seven Dolors (Lourdes). Her nurses had difficulty in recognizing her after her cure, the change in her appearance was so extraordinary. But the account of these and other cures must be deferred. Strict orders have been issued from the Bureau des Constatations against the publication of reports of cures that have not been officially verified. Exception was made in the case of M. Gargan.

One of the most distinguished foreign physicians at Lourdes and one of the most assiduous at the Bureau is Dr. Brunounne, a French Canadian, professor of surgery at the University of Laval. This eminent practitioner has made a prolonged stay at Lourdes, and pursues with the utmost interest the study of the many cures brought under his notice. I may conclude my notice of the National Pilgrimage by citing his opinion:

"I have observed facts that can be ascribed only to a supernatural power;

to speak more plainly, I have examined the cures after a scientific system, and I defy any physician or scientist to account satisfactorily on natural grounds for such as I have taken notes of. Moreover, I desire to affirm that the investigations made at the Bureau des Constatations are conducted in the most satisfactory manner, and present the surest proofs, scientifically considered."

About Salt.

IT seems strange that so common and prosaic an article as the salt of commerce should have so many traditions and so much sentiment clustering about it. Pythagoras called it the emblem of justice, because it preserved all things; and never was without a salt-cellar upon his table, that his guests might be reminded of the truth of his saying.

In many places in the far East salt has been used as money, moulded into cakes as coins are formed. In ancient times treaties between tribes and nations were often ratified by the exchange of salt, and among the Jews the covenant of salt was most sacred. The Greeks before each meal spilled a bit of salt as an offering to the gods. In Thrace slaves were paid for in salt; and to this day, in certain parts of Africa, salt is considered more precious than gold, and indeed has been called "the gold of the Soudanese."

To accept an assertion or a rumor "with a grain of salt" is to doubt its entire truth; while the French, in order to indicate that an address or a conversation lacks sprightliness or piquancy, say that it has no salt in it.

"To sit below the salt" meant that one had an inferior place at table, the servants and menials being in ancient times invariably placed between the salt-cellar and the table's foot. This

custom was in vogue in England and Scotland and in parts of France. In a play by Ben Jonson there is mention of a character who takes no notice of an ill-dressed person and never drinks to anybody below the salt.

Thou art a carle of mean degree:

The salt it doth stand between me and thee,

says an old English ballad.

There was formerly a queer ceremonial at Eton College, when a number of the students, dressed in military or fancy costume, marched to the top of Salt Hill, levying taxes upon all passers-by, and in return bestowing upon them a handful of the salt they carried.

To "eat one's salt" is to partake of one's hospitality; and not to be worth the salt for one's porridge is to be poor indeed. When an Abyssinian wishes to honor a guest he produces a piece of rock-salt and graciously permits the other to touch it with his tongue. In all Eastern countries salt is placed before the stranger as an evidence that he is welcome. After the guest has once accepted this pledge of friendship, he and his host are friends.

The spilling of salt is thought by the credulous everywhere to indicate quarrels and calamity. This may have arisen from the legend, as set forth in a painting by one of the old masters, that Judas Iscariot overturned a cellar of salt at the Last Supper. An old verse sets forth another opinion:

We'll tell you the reason

Why spilling of salt

Is esteemed such a fault:

Because it doth everything season.

The antiques did opine

'Twas of friendship a sign,

So served it to guests in decorum;

And thought love decayed

When the negligent maid

Let the salt-cellar tumble before them.

Into the superstitious lore connected with this useful condiment we will not enter. There is no limit to the folk-lore of salt. Its sacred uses are well known.

Notes and Remarks.

Hanging anarchists and other outlaws in effigy—there has been any amount of it—is a practice that no sensible man, however patriotic he may be, will encourage. It is akin to burning at the stake; and there has been a great deal of that, too, of late. Hanging in effigy and the observance of lynch law are apt to go together. Now that the excitement over President McKinley's assassination has abated, everyone ought to recognize the folly of men like the Rev. John Bunyan Lemon and the Rev. Cornelius L. Twing. The foolishness, not to call it by a harsher name, of Brother Bunyan we have already pointed out. His *confrère* is quite as blameworthy, unless the newspapers misrepresented him. At the memorial service in his church, after denouncing Emma Goldman and all other anarchists, Mr. Twing took the American flag from where it stood by the pulpit, and, detaching the emblem of mourning from it, he laid the flag across the altar and in a loud voice cried out: "Cursed be the man who shoots down the leader of our men!" There was silence for a moment, as the report goes; then the congregation forgot the solemnity of the occasion and there was an outburst of applause. We do not object to applauding in Protestant churches, but Mr. Twing should have remembered the solemnity of the occasion, and his congregation should not have forgotten it.

Thanks to the persistence of a few energetic spirits, the Catholic Federation idea is to have a fair trial. From the report of a meeting of delegates held at Long Branch, N. J., we learn that all the preliminary work is now completed, and that the permanent federation will be organized at a meeting to be held

in Cincinnati on the 10th of December next. Every Catholic society in the United States will be invited to send a delegate to that meeting, and it is hoped that few, if any, will decline the invitation. Assuming that the movement will be directed with tact and discretion, it is obvious that nothing but good can come of it. The purpose of the Federation, as stated in the provisional constitution, is as follows:

The objects of this Federation are the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and Catholic societies of the United States; the fostering of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education and charity; the study of conditions in our social life, the dissemination of the truth, the encouragement of Catholic literature, and the circulation of the Catholic press.

What worthier work for Catholic societies than to labor for these lofty ends, the accomplishment of which will ensure the solidarity of the Catholic body and the speedy triumph of the truth!

A wise bit of advice, it seems to us, was given by Cardinal Vaughan in an address at the opening of the Catholic Conference in Newcastle. It ought to be heeded in all English-speaking countries. "Call yourselves Catholics," said his Eminence; "Roman Catholics if you please, but preferably Catholics. Indeed it is important in this country that we call ourselves 'Catholics' rather than 'Roman Catholics,' because a false meaning is often attached to the latter term."

The London *Daily News* tells two good stories of Daniel O'Connell, both of which will be new to most readers. He once remarked in a casual way to a pamphleteer of whose powers he had no very high opinion: "By the way, I saw a good thing in that pamphlet of yours the other day."—"What was that?" asked the blushing author."—"A pound of butter," was the crushing retort. O'Connell's great rival at one

time was Sergeant Tom Gould (pronounced *Gold*). He was a confirmed old bachelor, but when eighty years of age proposed and was accepted by a maiden of eighteen summers. The engagement was announced by Gould to O'Connell in verse, concluding thus:

So you see, my dear Dan, that, though eighty years old,

A girl of eighteen fell in love with old Gould.

To which the witty Dan replied:

That a girl of eighteen may love gold, it is true;
But, believe me, dear Tom, it is gold without you (*u*).

A decidedly realistic picture of the life of criminals and a quite reliable version of their views on ethics, government, the comparative honesty or dishonesty of the rulers of our large cities, and kindred subjects, will be found in "The World of Graft," by Josiah Flynt. The author has not drawn upon his imagination or inventiveness: he has mixed with the "grafters" himself, and records simply what he has seen and heard. Generically, graft seems to mean lawbreaking; and specifically, stealing in its myriad forms. The grafter, Mr. Flynt tells us, "may be a political boss, a mayor, a chief of police, a warden of a penitentiary, a municipal contractor, a member of a town council, a representative in the legislature, a judge of the courts"; and "the world of graft is wherever known and unknown thieves, bribe-givers and bribe-takers congregate."

That accounts of the "fierce anti-Catholic riots" in Spain are to be interpreted in a Pickwickian sense has been pointed out more than once by English journals holding no brief either for Rome or Madrid. A gang of bibulous students from an atheistic college making night hideous with execrations of religion and the clergy would hardly be regarded as a significant anti-Catholic demonstration in the United States;

but Spain is pretty much out of the tourist's way, and is therefore fair game for the sensational news-manufacturer. Mrs. C. E. Jeffery, an Englishwoman whose name frequently appears in the columns of our foreign exchanges, is the latest witness against the unscrupulous correspondents who chronicle (or invent) anti-Catholic news with glee and with profit. Mrs. Jeffery writes as follows in the London *Catholic Times*:

Here is a scrap of conversation I heard on board ship between two men,—one a resident in Spain, where he was engaged in commercial pursuits; the other his friend, who had come to meet him at Gravesend. Said the friend: "Things are looking serious in Spain. What terrible riots you have been having in Seville!"—"Have we?" said the other, laughing. "You know more about them than I do, then."—"What! Didn't you see anything of them?"—"No: all I saw was the account of them in the English papers. Fact is, these things are grossly exaggerated. We in Spain hear very little about the matter."

If the address delivered by Bishop Spalding in Peoria on the day of President McKinley's funeral could have been heard wherever memorial services were held, most other speeches might have been—and, we will venture to add, would better have been—omitted. There was fitting, not fulsome, praise of the dead President; no excessive denunciation of anarchy, but a clear statement, strong though temperate, of the great truths which inspired the founding of this republic; with an exhortation to adhere to them, every word of which was deeply religious and nobly patriotic. Let us quote one passage of this address which we particularly admire:

Men are just only when they love. Sympathy gives insight, and where this is lacking we are blind to the injustice our fellows suffer and do them wrong with easy consciences. The impulse now as of old is to seek to overcome evil with evil. The world is so full of perversity that the only way, it would seem, in which society can protect itself is to cut off for a time or forever those who sin against its laws. But no punishment, however severe, can destroy the roots from which grows the tree that bears the bitter fruit; and if

in any part of the world men should ever become rightly civilized, they will overcome evil with good. They will not condemn men to do work which they can not do with joy,—work which takes away heart and hope, which cripples the body and darkens the mind. They will suffer none to live in ignorance who might have knowledge; none to live in vice who might be made pure and holy. In their cities there will not be found districts where no innocent or healthful creature can breathe and not become tainted. There shall be no fortunes built on dead men's bones and cemented with blood; no splendid dwellings around which shriek the ghosts of women whose toil did not bring enough to save them from lives of shame. It is toward all this that we must strive and struggle, if we are not to be recreant to our most sacred duties, false to the mission which God has given to America.

Weighty and wise words, worthy of the speaker who uttered them and of the solemn occasion by which they were evoked.

Writing of fortune-tellers and the evil effects of their trade, the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* cites this report from Adelaide:

At an inquest on the body of Bridget Dunn, domestic servant, who was found drowned, evidence was given to the effect that the deceased was of a very lively disposition until three weeks ago, when she returned from a visit to a fortune-teller. Then she became quiet, and once talked of committing suicide in consequence of something the fortune-teller had told her. This is the second case of suicide within a month, the cause of which has been tales of the future by charlatans.

This unfortunate was probably a Catholic, and her sad end emphasizes the importance of proper catechetical instruction. It is hard to understand how any one whose mind has been impressed with the sinfulness of dealing with those who pretend to exercise occult powers could so easily fall a victim to their impostures. The fact is, children are taught a great deal about religion that it is unnecessary for them to learn, and what they should know is too little insisted upon. It is no wonder, considering how things all-important are mixed up with what is comparatively unimportant, that young people should confound counsels with commandments,

and grow up without learning to distinguish between what is supererogatory and what is of positive obligation. Nothing is more common than to find persons who apparently attach the same importance to the observance of pious practices of their own choosing as they do to the performance of religious duties which none may neglect. A great many Catholics who take no heed of the Ember Days are very fervent in making novenas, and never fail to acquire all the little insignia of popular piety. Everything devotional, nothing that savors of Christian asceticism.

But this is a touchy subject and not the one we began with. To come back to fortune-tellers, we believe the *Indian paper* is quite right in saying that "no one of strong and sane mind visits one of those impostors. The people who consult them with any belief in their pretended powers are weak, credulous creatures,—mostly females. And they are the very persons most likely to suffer from such folly. Of nervous temperament, their imagination receives impressions which either lodge them in a fool's paradise or make them miserable for years, and perhaps for all time. In the order of Divine Providence there are few things for which mankind should be more thankful than that the future is hidden from them."

Since the passage of the law requiring all French seminarists to serve in the French army the number of priestly vocations has increased rather than diminished—as the anti-Catholic legislators hoped would be the case. Another effect of the law, often noted in these pages, is just now affording the *London Spectator* a good deal of quiet fun. A late issue (Aug. 10) has this:

Unfortunately for the Radicals, this is not the only result of the law. The seminarists do not merely leave the army as prejudiced, as superstitious—as religious, in fact—as they entered it:

they corrupt the laity whom they find there. The Radical journals have terrible tales to tell in illustration of this sad fact. The seminarists exercise a detestable influence over other young men. They have actually become popular in the barrack room; and instead of being themselves drawn away to the cabaret, they have tempted others to go to Mass or to join a Catholic club. Thus, far from proving a cause of weakness to the Church, the law has given it a positive strength. Service time in the army makes better priests, not worse; and it gives young men an opportunity of proving to their comrades that a seminarist is not as black as he is painted. This is not at all what those who helped to pass the law expected to see follow from it.

A proposal having been made to transfer the seminarians to hospital service, the chairman of the army committee replied:

You say that the seminarists have set up a religious propaganda in the regiments of which they form part. "These future priests [he quotes from some Radical newspaper] putrefy their fellow-soldiers by the contagion of their virtue." But the remedy you propose will be worse than the disease. You are going to take the seminarists away from their healthy comrades who are able to hold their own with them, and to introduce them into hospitals, where they will exercise their propaganda under the most favorable conditions—by the bedsides of sick people whom they are nursing and caring for.

The *Spectator's* comment is good: "Obviously, this is not an easy argument to answer. These same people who now seek to introduce the priest into the hospital have already turned the Sisters of Mercy out of the hospital. They laicize hospitals with one hand and make them ecclesiastical institutions with the other."

The see of Altoona is at last a reality; and its first Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, D. D., has been consecrated with due solemnity in the cathedral of Scranton. The Catholic population of the diocese is small, considering that it lies so far east and north; and there is much hard work still to be done in it. It includes within its limits the Catholic village of Loreto, founded by the saintly Gallitzin; and the great names of Bishops

Kenrick, O'Connor and O'Hara are closely associated with its missionary history. To the new Bishop, who is most highly spoken of by all who know him, we wish a long, happy and fruitful episcopate.

In a letter to the London *Tablet* Bishop Brownlow, of Clifton, calls attention to the discovery in the Cemetery of St. Priscilla, on the Via Salaria, of an ancient baptismal font which there is good reason for believing was a font at which the Prince of the Apostles baptized. This interesting discovery was made by Signor Marucchi, the learned disciple and successor of De Rossi, who gives an account of it in the current number of the *Bulletino di Archeologia Cristiana*. Monsig. Duchesne, another archæologist of equal eminence, holds that the official residence of the Popes before the third century was in the locality where the font, which is of unquestionable antiquity, has been found.

The Catholics of Belgium are mourning the loss of one of their greatest prelates, the venerable Bishop Doutreloux, of Liege. He was the leader of the Catholic Democratic party and founded a journal to promote its cause. His pastoral on the social duties of the clergy and the rights of labor, published in 1898, made a profound impression. Mgr. Doutreloux was recognized as one of the leading men of Belgium.

The last words of President McKinley were these: "God's will be done—not ours." Immediately after uttering them he lapsed into unconsciousness. It is noteworthy also that this saying was given out for publication by the President's secretary. These "last words" will be remembered when all else that our late chief executive said has been forgotten.



A Kindergarten Song.

BY M. E. M.

WHEN I see a birdie dear
I always have to sing,
When I see a little lamb
I have to jump and spring.
When I see a pretty flower
I smell its perfume sweet;
When I see a high green tree,
To climb it yearn my feet.
When I see a honey-bee
I long to taste its store,
When I see a butterfly
Its fleetness I adore.
When I see a baby-boy
I cuddle it and love it,
Because God's own dear angels are
Around it and above it.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XIII.—HOW THEY ARRANGED IT.

BEFORE relating what came of the little party at Claude Grantley's, and the consequences to Harry Russell—consequences, indeed, of such a nature as at one time to threaten the failure of his whole life,—it will be well to take up one or two events of college life, the point of which the reader will be able abundantly to see for himself.

It must be remembered that the incident given in the last two chapters of this veritable history occurred in the early summer of Harry's sophomore year. The remainder of that school year flew by rapidly. The end came before any of our friends realized it. Russell,

Grantley, Armitage, and Pat Cullane (who was now a fast friend of all three), each had the satisfaction of standing high in his class. Between these four the majority of the prizes were captured.

In the following September they entered the junior, or rhetoric, class in good trim for a hard year's work. All had been rustivating in the country for a time. Harry Russell had worked the greater part of vacation in Mr. Haylon's law office. When mid-August came the lawyer insisted that he stop work and go out camping somewhere with his friends for a couple of weeks. Having obtained his mother's full approval, he was not loath to follow the lawyer's advice; being well aware that ten or fourteen days in the woods, amid the odor of the pines, would be the best preparation for the following year's hard course of study.

The abundance of strange incidents that fills up the last two years of Russell's collegiate life prevents us from giving an accurate and strictly historical account of all the fun and frolic and escapes and adventures of that glorious outing. Well, these good things, like good wine, will keep.

Our friends went back to school as brown as berries. Harry indignantly denied the insinuation of the use of walnut stain to darken his fair skin, stoutly claiming the sun had done it all. If you ask Claude, he winks slyly but will say nothing.

The year began well, and it was soon the end of October. The first competition for our rhetoricians was a hard one. Examination time is always a hard time for conscientious students. Taken as a whole, the class was both

conscientious and hard-working. The boys had a high regard for the Father who was their professor. There was, in consequence, more than ordinary emulation among the boys not only to make a successful year's study, but to reach high notes in this the first bimonthly examination.

The professor had "gone up with his class," having taught the same boys poetry the year before. Hence, knowing every member of the class, there was no time lost. Besides the genuine desire to please their professor, there was a healthy emulation among the boys themselves. The class was divided into two sections: four or five were competing for first honors; the second section aimed at not being below ninety notes out of a possible hundred.

Saturday, the last day of the competition week, had come. There remained only the Greek paper to be done.

"Take your Greek text," said the professor, when the boys had seated themselves at their desks for the last test, "and turn to the first Philippic of Demosthenes."

All the boys opened their books at the place indicated.

"Now, let each boy get another book and lay it across his open text, so that all footnotes are hidden and only the text revealed. Then let each translate the first twenty-five lines, parse all the pronouns and adjectives which occur in the first fifteen lines, and all the verbs of the first ten lines. You will have your theme this afternoon."

"Phew! Gewelikins!" said one boy, under his breath.

"Silence, please!" said the professor.

The boys began their work. The majority were more or less pleased that their professor had shown that he had no hesitation in trusting to their honor not to assist themselves from the footnotes.

"I need scarcely remark," observed the professor, after the first five minutes, in which nothing was heard save the scratching of pens, "that I expect no copying from one another or from the footnotes. It is enough for me to say you are on your honor not to do so."

Whether the examiner did the wisest thing in submitting the boys to so severe a test of their honor we will not discuss. There may be several opinions about it. The two hours soon slipped away. One by one the boys handed in their papers and left the room.

"How did you do?" asked Claude Grantley of Tom Hadden, as soon as they had passed out into the yard.

"First-rate, I think. I made no mistakes."

"I am afraid I flunked in that first verb," remarked Cullane, dubiously; and Bruno Armitage thought he was not safe on several of the adjectives.

"How did you make out, Russell?" asked Hadden.

"I do not know what's the matter with me to-day," was the reply. "I feel all out of sorts, as a printer would say. I could not make the translation to please me, and now I begin to think that some of my tenses are all wrong. I'll be down in the eighties this time for sure." And Russell sighed dolefully. "It's too bad, and I have done well in every other branch."

"That's strange," said Hadden. "You had your book there."

Russell opened wide his eyes. What did Hadden mean?

"I don't understand—" Russell began.

"You don't, eh? That's strange. I always make ninety-five or ninety-six. I guess I go above that this time. I had an excellent chance this morning."

"No better chance than at any other time, that I see," broke in Grantley. "And Greek is harder than Latin or mathematics, isn't it?"

"It is for me, except when I have such a chance as I had this morning," replied Hadden.

"But," queried Russell, "I do not see that in a harder subject than usual you had a better chance to get high notes. I think there was less chance than usual."

"Your usual acuteness seems to be forsaking you this morning," observed Hadden, with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice. "Did we not have a chance of a thousand to-day?"

"How?"

"How? Didn't we have our footnotes right under our noses?"

"But," said Grantley, "were we not put on our honor not to look at or use our footnotes?"

Tom Hadden burst into a loud laugh before answering:

"It was not always thus with you. Your notions of honor a year or two ago were not of the strictest, I believe. They must have changed since the Anselm prize-essay episode."

Grantley winced at the allusion.

"Radically—emphatically, they have."

Hadden shrugged his shoulders.

"You seem all crazy about your notions of honor. It's a notion of notes with me."

"And you used the footnotes in your paper?" asked Russell, with a ring of indignation in his voice.

"Used? Of course I used them when I got a chance. What I'm looking for is high notes."

"And you mean to take the premium after that admission if you happen to be first on the list?"

"Most certainly I do; and I expect to be first too. I was first all last year and without any such chance as I had to-day."

"Shame!" said Armitage and Cullane simultaneously.

Hadden did not reply. He put his hands in his pockets, shrugged his

shoulders and walked away with an appearance of unconcern he was far from feeling. The others of the company stood watching the retreating figure in silence for some time.

"Well! well! well! But that bangs Banagher, and—you know the rest," said Armitage after some minutes.

They were all still looking at the retreating figure of their classmate.

"It's a clear case of moral obliquity," continued Armitage.

"Hold on there, Bruno! Not so fast," remarked Cullane. "One can not say that exactly. The only thing that can safely be said is that he is destitute of a sense of honor."

"It's far worse than that," claimed Armitage.

"But how do you prove it?" asked Grantley.

Bruno was floored.

"Shall we report him?" he asked.

"Most certainly not," said Harry Russell. "That would never do."

"What shall we do, then?" inquired Armitage.

"What I propose is this," explained Russell. "Let us form ourselves into a committee of four, and—adjourn now. It's nearly dinner time; but let each one try his best to think out some plan or invent some means by which we can down Master Hadden. Of course, boys, it must be honorable means or you may count me out. We will meet again after class on Monday. By that time we can see what arrangements we can come to."

And thus, at the college gate, the little committee was no sooner formed than it adjourned, each member going a different way to his home. On Monday the committee met again.

"Has any one thought of a plan to down the enemy?" asked Cullane.

"I have a plan," answered Armitage, "which I think will work; but it will

involve some extra hard labor on our part. It is simply this. After Hadden's unblushing confession that he would take every advantage that came in his way in the competitions, and as he has always been away up on the list for notes, I think we should try to beat him at his own game."

"What! We should copy too?" cried two others.

"I didn't say that. Beat him in notes. Just listen, you fellows, if you are not going to have a fit. Now, this is my plan. You all know that Latin, Greek, mathematics and English precepts are the principal branches in our rhetoric class. There is no denying that Hadden is good in all four. Let us four, then, each take one of these branches and make a specialty of it for the rest of the year, so that at the competitions each is pretty sure to be at the top of the list in the branch he has chosen."

"That's all very well. But what's the use if Hadden copies his answers all the time?" asked one.

"That's not the case," replied Bruno,— "at least we can not suppose that would happen regularly. No: in the last Greek he had a chance which, most likely, he will never have again. We must suppose he does fair work as a general thing. I know he is a great student, and we shall have to hump ourselves to keep up with him."

"Shade of Demosthenes!" shrieked Claude, frantically, wildly clutching at the air. "Have to hump! O kind friend! O gentle Armitage! please translate!"

"I think," continued Armitage, "if you take the English precepts in this affair you will be able to find a translation yourself."

"H-hm! All right. I'll take English," rejoined Claude.

"And you, Cullane, are good at Latin: will you take that?"

Cullane agreed. He was conscious,

and his friends also admitted, that he was the best Latinist of the committee.

"You know, Russell," continued Bruno, "you are reputed to have a mathematical head; or head for mathematics—level, and so forth. At all events, you are the best in our class; and as I take the Greek myself, there is only that one branch left."

"Oh, I'll take it!" said Russell.

"*Omnia componuntur*, then!" cried the chairman of the committee.

They all decided to keep the matter a profound secret. Each boy was to spend one hour or more extra study every day on the branch he had selected. The arrangement was to go into effect on one condition—namely, that Tom Hadden, should he head the list and be awarded the Greek premium, be bold enough publicly to accept it.

(To be continued.)

The Golden Mass.

The Golden Mass was one that used to be celebrated formerly on Wednesday during Advent in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Generally it was a Solemn High Mass of the most gorgeous kind, and was often protracted three or four hours in order to give full sway to the ceremonies and musical pieces employed on the occasion. The bishop and his canons assisted at it, as well as all the members of the religious communities of the place where it was celebrated. It was customary, too, to distribute gifts among the people who assisted at it; and, from the nature and excellence of the mystery in honor of which it was offered, it used to be written in letters of gold: hence its name. Traces of this Mass may be witnessed yet here and there through Germany; but at the Church of St. Gudule, in Brussels, the regular Mass is celebrated every year on the 23d of December.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is reported to be hard at work in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, on an elaborate edition of Vaughan's poems.

—We note the announcement by Messrs. Constable & Co. of "The Life of Pasteur," by R. Vallery-Radot, translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. 2 vols.

—The Vatican Press has issued a specially printed edition of Leo XIII's "New Century Ode," together with the various translations of it made into foreign tongues. A copy of the work has been sent to the various translators.

—A new book by Max Pemberton, entitled "The Giant's Gate," has just been published by Cassell & Co. It is described as the longest and most important novel that this popular author has yet produced.

—The copyright on most of Cardinal Newman's works has already expired, and in a very short time all copyrights on his books will lapse. This means that all the Cardinal's writings may soon be bought for a trifle, and Catholics will have less excuse than they formerly had for neglecting them.

—Chicago and the United States may take pride in the fact, reported on good authority, that the very remarkable library of Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte has been acquired by the Newberry Library. Four European countries contended for the possession of this linguistic treasure, which contains numerous writings in nearly all the languages and dialects of the world, and the philological importance of which is beyond exaggeration. There is more than a grain of truth in the saying of a—for once unenvious—New York daily, that "Europe will now have to come to Chicago to study its own languages and its own philological history."

—Those who like a great variety in their devotions and who have no special preference for liturgical prayers will welcome a "New Manual of Catholic Devotions," compiled by Elinor E. Tong and published by the John Murphy Co. The printing and binding are excellent and the book is provided with a complete index, also a marker and band. The size is most convenient, although there are as many as 600 pages. It would be hard to find anything finer or fairer in the line of prayer-books. But this manual is not for men-folk. No masculine fingers could turn its dainty pages; or, if able, would be worthy to do so. It is a book for

ladies, and we feel sure they will say it is "perfectly lovely." Let us say the same, and so make sure of adequately praising this new manual of devotions.

—One of the latest names added to the long list of "Rome's Recruits" is that of Emily Hickey. It appears on the title-page of several books, and is familiar to readers of the *Athenæum*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, etc.

—Now that his *opuscule* has appeared, it is clear that M. Sabatier does not claim to have discovered the original rule drawn up by St. Francis himself for the Third Order, but only one, as he says himself, "earlier than that promulgated by Pope Nicholas IV." in 1289.

—Readers of "The Nerve of Foley and Other Railroad Stories" will welcome a new book by Mr. Frank H. Spearman. It is another collection of tales of railroad life under the title "Held for Orders." Mr. Spearman is a very attractive story-teller, and he has the distinction of introducing a new flavor into current fiction.

—The Mechitarist Fathers of the Armenian monastery of San Lazzaro, Venice, celebrated this month the bicentenary of the foundation of their convent and academy. "To their research and industry," says the *Athenæum*, "the learned world owes editions of the old Armenian texts of Eusebius' 'Chronicon,' of Philo, of Ephrem's commentary on the 'Diatessaron,' and of parts of Plato. They have issued magnificent lexicons of their language, and made other important contributions to European letters."

—The late John Dimitry, of New Orleans, was one of the few Americans who have gained fame as writers of epitaphs. His epitaph on the tomb of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston is said to be among the finest in the United States. But Mr. Dimitry had numerous other claims to distinction. He was a brave soldier of the Confederate army, an industrious author, an experienced educator, an eminent Greek scholar (like his distinguished father), and an able historian. His writings include a history of Louisiana, "The Three Good Giants," "The White Sepulchre," and "The Life of Jefferson Davis," written in collaboration with Mrs. Davis and John Ridpath. Mr. Dimitry was an amiable man and an excellent Catholic. *R. I. P.*

—"The Cornhill Booklet" for September is an essay on recent American book-plates, with

numerous admirable illustrations. Whoever is interested in book-plates will wish to possess this issue. A delicious bit of doggerel by Eugene Field, entitled "The Bibliomaniac's Prayer," is printed as a preface; we quote it entire:

Keep me I pray, in wisdom's way,
That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care to-day,—
My purse is light, my flesh is weak.

So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art,
Of first editions and of prints.

Direct me in some goodly walk
Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord! it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly ask that I may be
Most notably beset to-day;

Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold and keep,
Whereon, when other men shall look,
They'll wall to know I got it cheap.

Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copper-plate abounds,
Large paper, clean and fair to see,
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., net.

Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.

Jeanne D'Arc. *Agnes Sadlier.* \$1.

Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.

The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.

The Bible of the Sick. *Ozanam.* 75 cts.

The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 10 cts.

A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, net.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.

The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., net.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed.* \$1.50.

Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coulances.* 70 cts., net.

Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, net.

On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.

The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Donckt.* 75 cts., net.

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.

Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. A. Lauth, of the Archdiocese of Chicago; and the Rev. Andrew O'Neill, S. J.

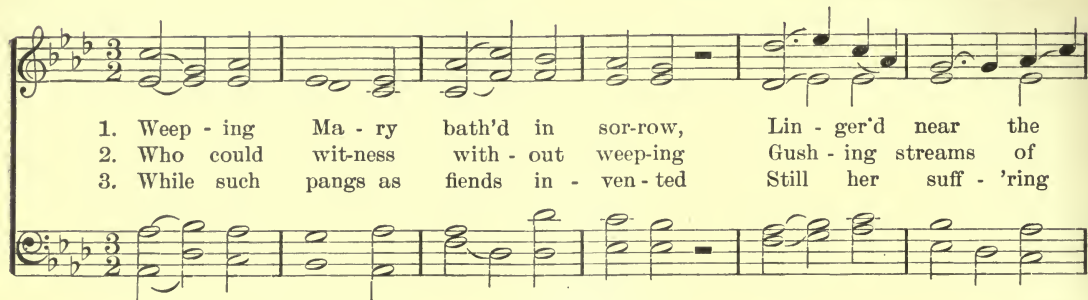
Sister Mary Incarnazione, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Mary Josephine Rice, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. George Denniston and Dr. Peter Curley, Newport, R. I.; Mr. Thomas Crimmins, New York; Mr. Z. C. Faivre, Mr. John Harkins, and Mrs. Isabelle Corrigan, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Margaret Cavanaugh, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Bondidier, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Manuel Menchaca, Fepic, Mexico; Miss Eleanor McShone and Mrs. Michael Callan, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Louis Christophore, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John Dunn, Miss Mary Regan, and Mrs. Mary Kennedy, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Robert Schreiber and Mr. Nicholas Kohl, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Paul Hassett and Mrs. P. Mullally, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Edwin Giles, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mr. John W. Nash, Minneapolis, Minn.

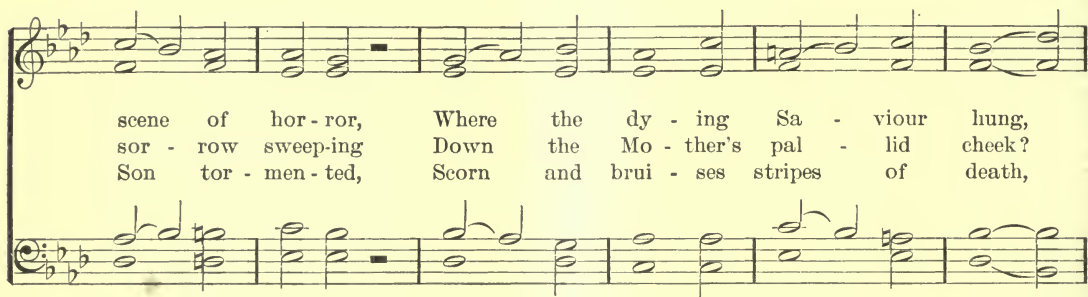
May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Weeping Mary Bath'd in Sorrow.

REV. H. G. GANSS.



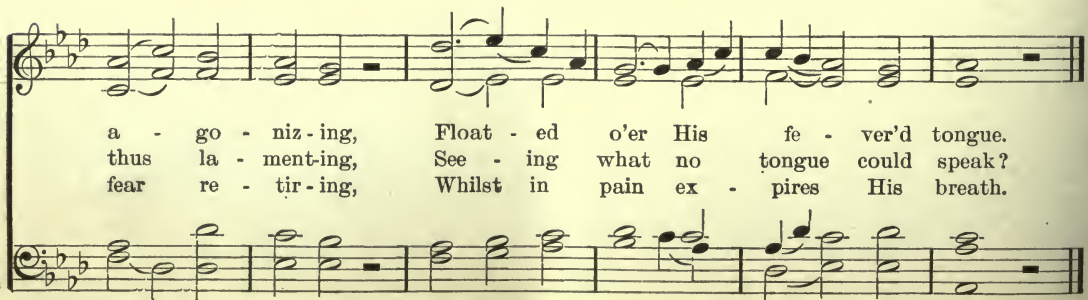
1. Weep - ing Ma - ry bath'd in sor-row, Lin - ger'd near the
 2. Who could wit-ness with - out weep-ing Gush - ing streams of
 3. While such pangs as fiends in - ven - ted Still her suff - 'ring



scene of hor - ror, Where the dy - ing Sa - viour hung,
 sor - row sweep-ing Down the Mo - ther's pal - lid cheek?
 Son - tor - men - ted, Scorn and brui - ses stripes of death,



From whose burst - ing heart a - ris - ing Sobs of an - guish
 Who with bos - om un - re - lent - ing Could be - hold her
 She be - held Him thus ex - pir - ing, Hu - man friends in



a - go - niz - ing, Float - ed o'er His fe - ver'd tongue.
 thus la - ment-ing, See - ing what no tongue could speak?
 fear re - tir - ing, Whilst in pain ex - pires His breath.





OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

NO. 14.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

JOY was thine, Mary, when Gabriel came
From the courts of heaven and spoke thy name;
And glad thou wert at thy cousin's door
When thy weary journey at last was o'er;
And great thy joy at that noon of night
When the angels sang from a starry height;
And when thy heart beat with raptured bound
For the prophets' joy, and when Christ was found,—
In all thy joys we rejoice with thee,
Queen of the Most Holy Rosary!

Great was thy grief when the Saviour prayed
In a sweat of blood in the garden shade;
When, mocked, insulted and spurned by all,
He stood alone in the Roman's hall;
When the thorny crown pressed His sacred head,
And the checkered pavement was stained with red;
When His wearied footsteps pressed Calvary's side;
When, 'mid two thieves, on a cross He died,—
In all thy sorrows we mourn with thee,
Queen of the Most Holy Rosary!

Thou sharest the glory none may gainsay
Of Easter morn and Ascension Day;
And of the coming, to promise true,
Of the Holy Ghost to a chosen few.
And great thy glory in heaven, where
Thy body and soul reunited were,
When thy God and Son, in His boundless love,
Crowned thee Queen all the saints above,—
We pray that we may thy glory see,
Queen of the Most Holy Rosary!

HE who is false to present duty breaks
a thread in the loom, and will see the
defect when the weaving of a lifetime
is unrolled.

The Recitation of the Little Office.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



THE more important the work,
the more necessary that it
should be done properly. And
are we called to any higher and
more important work than to be used
by the Incarnate Word in worshiping the
Eternal Father? Yet, from the weakness
of human nature, from the instability
of our minds, from the daily recitation
of the selfsame words, how often is the
Office said in a careless, perfunctory
manner, our lips repeating words which
find little or no echo in our heart!

There is, and must be, this danger to
everyone; and half of the remedy is to
recognize our liability to fall short of
Our Lord's gracious designs by our own
shortcomings. It will therefore be useful
to gather together various practices,
examples, and thoughts, which will serve
to guard us against the deadening effects
of routine. They will help to make our
Office a living reality to us.

The idea of the Office is that of a public
prayer of the Church,—public because
it is designed to be said in a public
manner. Careful of St. Paul's words,
"Let everything be done decently and
in order,"* Holy Church has surrounded
the recitation of her public prayer with
a minute code of rule and ceremonies,
all of which are eminently calculated to

* I Cor., xiv, 40.

help our soul to retain and regain the thought of God's presence. In reciting the Office we should endeavor to make use of all the ceremonial she has ordained, and let these forms do the work for which they are calculated. Bowing the head and the body, signing ourselves with the Cross, standing up, sitting down, kneeling, facing the altar or facing one another, are all ceremonies full of life and meaning to those who use them intelligently; while those who neglect them or carry them out carelessly are misusing a great means of entering more perfectly into the dispositions of Jesus Christ. The author of the famous "Myrroure" says:

Therefore the holy observances are not only to be kept of them that sing in the choir, but also of all others wherever they say their Office. All religious persons ought to be governed religiously over all, whether he be alone or with others and whatever he do, and, namely, in the saying of the Holy Service. Nevertheless, they that have no convenient place to keep all observances, and who say their service in continual and reverent kneeling or sometimes standing, I trow they are excused. But for to say it sitting or lying down (without need of sickness), or walking up and down, it were a token of little love and of little reverence to God. Our holy mother St. Bridget had a revelation and wrote to a secular clerk that much walking to and fro in service time is a showing of an unstable mind and a vagrant heart, and of a slow soul and of little charity and devotion. Since this is so in seculars, much more is it blamable in religious. Therefore the books that say how some have most devotion sitting, or else whether it be sitting or kneeling or going or standing, a man should do as he can feel most devotion,—such sayings are to be understood of the devotions that a man chooseth to say or to do after his own will. But in Our Lord's service we ought to labor for devotion in such manner as Holy Church and religion hath ordained to be kept therein.

The Carthusians, who say the Little Office every day, recite it in their cells, but follow out strictly all the choir ceremonial. They realize that they do not say it alone; for when the bell rings the whole charter-house turns into a great choir, and the monks, in the sight of the angels,* begin to

praise Him whose Mother was Mary.

There is one point which deserves special attention,—namely, the fact that the first idea of the Office is that it should be sung. It is a choral office and there is good reason for this. Again let us quote "The Myrroure":

And no marvel that the fiend be busy to hinder folks from the song of their holy service: in devout singing and hearing thereof is manifold profit to man's soul. First, it stirreth a man's soul sometime to contrition and compunction. For the holy doctor St. Isidore saith thus: "Though the sweetness of the voice or song ought not to delight nor stir a Christian man's heart, but the words of God that are sung, yet I wot not in what wise more compunction ariseth in the heart than by the voice of singing. For there are many that by the sweetness of the song are stirred to wail and to weep their sins. And the sweeter that the song is, the more they follow out in weeping tears."

The second is, it melteth the heart into more devotion; and therefore saith St. Augustine to God Himself in his Confession. "Ah, Lord," he saith, "how I was stirred to joy! And I wept in hymns and songs of Thy Church that sounded sweetly. The voices flowed into mine ears and truth was melted into my heart; and thereby the affection of piety and of love was made hot in me, and tears ran out of my eyes, and I was full well with them."

The third, it causeth sometime devout souls to be ravished and to receive spiritual gifts from God. as ye read of St. Maud [Mechtilda] how she had many of her revelations in time of God's service. And therefore at a time when Elias the prophet had not ready the spirit of prophecy, he got him a singer of psalms on the harp or on the psaltery; and while he sang the spirit of God came upon the prophet, and then he told by the spirit of prophecy to them that came unto him what they should do.

The fourth profit of Holy Church song is that it doth away with indiscreet heaviness; and therefore saith the Apostle St. James. "If any of you," he saith, "be heavy, let him sing and let him pray with an even heart." For, as the Gloss saith there, the sweetness of singing and of psalmody putteth away noxious heaviness; and Isidore saith that devout singing in Holy Church comforteth heavy hearts and maketh souls more gracious. It refresheth them that are weary and tedious; it quickeneth them that are dull, and it stirreth sinners to bewail their sins. For though the hearts (he saith) of fleshly people be hard, yet when the sweetness of that song soundeth in them their souls are stirred by the affections of piety.

The fifth is that it chaseth and driveth away the fiend; and that was figured in David when

* Ps. cxxxvii, 2.

the fiend vexed King Saul, and David smote on his harp and the fiend fled away. And much more he fleeth where the Psalms of David and other divine service are devoutly sung.

The sixth profit is that it confoundeth and overcometh the enemies of Holy Church and of God's servants, as well bodily as ghostly. This is shown in Holy Scriptures by King Josaphat that was King of Jerusalem.... And thus you may see that there is no better armor of defence against all enemies than devout singing of Our Lord's service; wherefore David the prophet said thus: *Laudans invocabo Dominum et ab inimicis meis salvus ero.* That is: "I will call upon Our Lord in praising, and so I shall be safe from all mine enemies." For it hath not been seen that ever any place was mischiefed where God's service was devoutly kept.

The seventh profit of Holy Church song is that it pleaseth so much God that He desireth and joyeth to hear it. And therefore He saith to His spouse, Holy Church: *Sonet vox tua in auribus meis.* That is: "Let thy voice sound in mine ears." Glad, then, ought ye to be to sing that song that God Himself desireth to hear. But so it ought to be sung that it sound well in His ears, for else it availeth little. For He taketh more heed of the heart than of the voice; but when both accord in Him then is it best. And if either should fail, it is better to lack the voice than the heart from Him. Therefore, they that would praise God with voice of singing and can not or may not, Our Lord will have them excused, so that they say devoutly such service as they can, and keep their hearts clean in meekness and in obedience. For as Our Lady said to St. Bridget: "A clean heart and a meek pleaseth God in silence as well as in singing."

This will show how profitable it is to follow out the Church's idea and to sing our Office, and what a pity it is to neglect it altogether. There are few convents that can not aim at saying each day the Office either wholly or in part, or at least on Sundays and festivals. The practice of fervent communities may here be recommended. If they can not sing every day the whole of the Office, they at least sing a part, such as Vespers, every day, and on Sundays Lauds as well; on feasts of the second class, the invitatory, hymn, and *Te Deum* at Matins, with the whole of Lauds and Vespers; on the great feasts the whole of the Office. Some make a point of at least singing the antiphon of Our Lady after Lauds and Compline.

God does not want fine singing but prayerful singing; not singing which tickles the ear, but that which raises up the soul,—singing which will not remind us, by earthly music, of the passing joys of this world, but rather a kind of unearthly music like that which is ever resounding through the heavenly courts. The Plain Song of the Church is most perfectly adapted to the spiritual needs of mankind, when it is sung by those who know and love it. Nothing could be better and more fitting for religious than this chant, which, we may add, requires a religious to sing it properly. It is then, indeed, a sweet echo of that New Song which no man can utter as it should be uttered unless he be taught by the Lamb whose very own song it is. Beautiful voices are God's gift and have to be used for Him; and the music of God's worship should be of the very best. But loving hearts form a sweeter harmony before the throne than the rarest voices, if full of self-love. He sings well, says St. Bernard, who sings to God. All reasonable creatures were made to praise Him and therein to have endless joy.

The liturgical spirit, so necessary to be cultivated nowadays, is only, when we look at it simply, that of mere obedience to the Church. It consists in doing the Church's work in the Church's way. If, therefore, occupations hinder us from keeping choirs, still, in this spirit of desiring to carry out the Church's ideas as far as possible, we should endeavor to say our Office in church; and for these reasons which "The Myrroure of Our Lady" gives:

This holy service ought also to be said in due place—in the church, unless sickness or such reasonable cause hinder you from coming thither. Churches are hallowed and ordained for prayer, and for divine service to be said and heard therein, as Our Lord saith Himself: *Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.* That is to say: "My house [Holy Church] should be called a house of prayer." And it is most profitable for

you to pray in that place for many causes: (1) One, for more worship of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His blessed Mother, Our Lady, in whose worship the church is hallowed. (2) Another cause, for the blessing and the prayer of the bishop at the time of the hallowing of the church, which helpeth and furthereth much the prayer of them that pray therein. (3) The third cause, for the angels of God dwell there to help us in time of prayer, and to promote our prayers toward God....And therefore saith St. Bernard: "Oh, whoso had open eyes and might see with how great care and joy angels are amongst them that sing devoutly and pray!" And he saith: "I admonish you, my most loved friends, that you stand purely in the praising of God; that you do it reverently and gladly." (4) The fourth cause is, for the fiends have less power to hinder prayer there than in any other place; and therefore the patriarch St. Jacob, after he had seen the vision, said: *Quam terribilis est locus iste!* That is: "How fearful is this place!" For the holiness of the church and the devoted prayers made therein, and, namely, the presence of the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, rebuketh the boldness of the fiend and maketh him afraid. (5) The fifth cause is, for Our Lord will take heed of them and hear their prayer that pray in Holy Church, as He saith Himself: *Oculi mei erunt aperti et aures meæ erectæ ad orationem ejus qui in loco isto oraverit.* That is to say: "Mine eyes shall be open to see him and mine ears dressed up to hear his prayer that prayeth in this place,"—that is, Holy Church.

And one more especial reason which should prompt us to say our Office in church is the abiding presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. From the lowly tabernacle is ever going up before the Father the most perfect worship of adoration, of thanksgiving, of atonement, of prayer; for Jesus is verily and indeed there. As we are chosen to give expression to these acts, as it is in union with Him as our divine Head that our prayers have the slightest value in God's sight, we should delight to add our worship (which is indeed His) in union with that life, all glorious and immortal, which He lives in the sacramental state of the Eucharist. "Oh, magnify the Lord with me!"* He cries to us from His tabernacle. And there at His feet we can best obey His invitation.

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

IX.

JEAN had been brought home and was lying on the bed I had had prepared for him. We were all there; for there was no hope, and the long, dreary night had been spent waiting for some signs of returning consciousness. Now the grey dawn, coming through the window, lit up the tired features of the watchers. My grandmother's head had sunk on her breast, her grief forgotten for the time in slumber. Mauricia's little face was buried in the cushions of the sofa: she too slept. On the other side of the bed sat Marguerite, looking so pale and ill that I quietly left my place in order to fetch her a cordial.

As I did so a sigh fell on my ear and arrested my attention. A moment later Jean opened his eyes and I saw that he knew me. Marguerite rose hastily and bent over him. Jean took his sister's hand and with a great effort placed it in mine. "Marguerite! Eugénie!" he murmured faintly, while a sweet smile overspread his features. But this was succeeded by the paleness of death,—a slight struggle and all was over. Jean de Hauteville, Marquis de Cambrési, the last of his line, was no more.

Then arose stifled sounds of woe as the other members of the family clustered round the bed and took in the sad truth. Marguerite and I had enough to do then; but afterward when, worn out with fatigue, I had retired to rest, my bedroom door opened and my cousin entered. Dark circles round her eyes made them look extraordinarily large, and her face was drawn with pain. She stood still and opened her arms. I flew into them; and, the

* Ps. xxxiii, 4.

floodgates of that proud heart having burst, her tears mingled with mine. English and French were forgotten,—we had shared the same love and were now united by the same sorrow.

On the third day the funeral took place, and we were all surprised at the great number of people present. I heard the Commandant de Clisson remark to Marguerite: "It is easy to see, Mademoiselle, how much you are beloved!" But there he was wrong; for the De Cambrésis in general, although they gave freely in charity, were a proud and haughty race, and therefore more respected than loved by their poorer neighbors. It was for dear Jean himself that all these worthy people left their work and came to the funeral. This I gathered from the talk going on all around me; and as I walked back from the church I became the centre of a group, all eager to recall some kind word spoken, some generous deed performed,—the nobler because done so simply and unpretendingly.

There was the old Père Boutrou, who told how the young Marquis had carried his load of sticks for him up a steep hill which taxed the old man's strength; and Mère Désire, with tears in her eyes, spoke of his giving every cent of his pocket-money to pay her house-rent. "He was too good for this world!"—such was the burden of their song. And in truth how often does it happen that the young, when endowed with this especially sweet disposition, are taken away early by the Father of Mercy, lest mayhap the beauty of their souls should be tarnished by the wear and tear of this life!

My grandmother's ill health had confined her to her room, and Mauricia was so young that she had not been permitted to assist at the funeral. When we reached the house, lunch had been laid out for us, and to it we had

all sat down when I noticed that my little cousin was missing. A maid sent up to look for her came down alone. "Mademoiselle Mauricia is not in her room nor in the drawing-room." A search in the garden was alike in vain; and, fearing some new catastrophe, the party now rose from table and dispersed in all directions, shouting and calling.

As for me, my younger feet led me to the very top of the house, where there was a large attic, our favorite haunt on rainy days, when hide-and-seek and such like romps helped us to forget the inclemency of the weather. In this attic, seated on the floor, I found Mauricia, so engrossed in what she was doing that she never heard me enter. The little one had found a large piece of cardboard, on which she was evidently drawing something which engaged all her attention. Curiosity made me hurry nearer on tiptoe. Mauricia, being the daughter of an artist, passionately loved everything beautiful, but I had never before seen her with a pencil in her hand. My exclamation of surprise made the poor child start to her feet and drop the cardboard. The next instant I was in possession of her work and on my way downstairs. In the hall I rushed into and nearly knocked down Monsieur de Fontenay, whose astonishment was not in the least abated when I thrust an old piece of cardboard into his hand; while Mauricia, who had followed me, fearing she had done wrong, burst into tears.

When Monsieur de Fontenay had looked at Mauricia's work, he drew his little daughter to his heart and cried, in a voice broken by emotion: "My child! my child! thou too shalt be an artist!" And the proud father might well say so; for in his hands he held a portrait of poor Jean de Cambrésis; roughly executed and faulty, no doubt, but still an unmistakable likeness,—a

wonderful likeness for a little girl of five. And here let me add that Mauricia was given drawing lessons that same winter. She is now a woman and has fulfilled the promise of her childhood. In the world of art she is making her way as a portrait painter; although perhaps, gentle reader, you may never have heard her spoken of as Mauricia de Fontenay.

But a new trouble was to fall on the afflicted household. My exposure to the damp of the forest, and subsequent fatigue and sorrow, brought on a fever. I went to bed that night with a violent headache, and next day was so ill that my father was written to, and came to nurse me. Marguerite tended me with a sister's care; but, oh, how pleasant it was to see the old familiar face and feel his loving presence in hours of suffering!

October was drawing to a close when I was carried down to the drawing-room and laid on the couch near the blazing wood fire,—a wreck of my former self. My bright color was gone, and the long black hair of which I was so proud had been cut off, giving me the appearance of a curly-headed boy. On the other side of the fire sat my father, occasionally reading out to me extracts from the book he was perusing, when the door opened and the servant announced "Count d'Ory." Poor Count! he was always destined to find me when he wished for Marguerite. He had come to say good-bye, and looked sorely disappointed when he heard that all our party were out and would not be back before dusk.

He seemed shocked at my fragile appearance, and his kind-heartedness made him exert himself to conceal his vexation and amuse the poor invalid. My father spoke French exceedingly well, and the adventures of his youth were much relished by the young man. One of these adventures made a deep

impression upon me, so that I afterward noted it in my diary.

When my father, at that time a young unmarried man, was with his regiment in India, he went out tiger shooting one day, accompanied only by his shikari. He posted himself at the top of a gully up which the tiger was expected to come; and took with him two guns, one of which was held by the shikari. After a time the tiger appeared and my father fired, but succeeded only in wounding the animal, which, infuriated, sprang after him up the gully. My father then turned to the shikari, but was horrified to perceive that the man was running away at full speed, overcome, no doubt, by his fears. Then began a double chase: my father straining every nerve to come up with the native and take possession of his gun; the tiger with rapid bounds gaining on my father. A few moments later and Eugénie Forrester would never have come into this world,—but just then, in sheer despair, and hardly knowing what he was about, my father caught hold of the trunk of a tree as he ran past it; and the impetus gained by the pace at which he was going made him swing so completely round the trunk that the tiger lost sight of his victim.

And now a curious feature of the case presented itself. When Lieutenant Forrester disappeared so suddenly behind the tree, the native hunter was still running on before. No doubt the tiger mistook him for the man he wished to kill; for, troubling himself no more about my father, the great beast bounded after the miserable shikari, and with one blow of his immense paw laid him dead on the ground. After this achievement the king of the jungles retired to his lair. But whether this remarkable escape made my father think twice about tiger shooting he did not say.

X.

Two years had gone by, and I was now seventeen. The De Cambr sis were once more at their country-seat on the Oise, and it had been settled that I was to join them there. From time to time we had received letters, from which I had gathered that things were not going on very smoothly, especially with Marguerite. Count d'Ory had proposed after I left, and had been rejected. Monsieur de Clisson had also proposed; and, although rejected by the family because he possessed nothing but his pay, Marguerite declared that she loved him and would marry him or nobody. There was, alas! no Jean to set matters right between father and daughter; and the haughty Cambr sis spirit daily widened the breach.

We were now in the middle of July, and war had just been declared between France and Germany. It seemed an odd time for me to think of going abroad; but my father had been named war correspondent to a newspaper, and would therefore be able to see more of me were I in France.

We crossed the Channel together. The sky and the sea were as blue as they had been two years before, but the air was rife with noise and excitement,—the people were eager for war. No one foresaw what the result would be,—all were optimists. What the First Napoleon had done, that also would his nephew do. "*  Berlin,   Berlin!*"—such was the universal cry. And I caught the general enthusiasm. I never doubted,—why should I? Only when I looked at my father's grave face did I lose some of my confidence.

We had arrived,—we were there. My grandmother, slightly stooped, was once more on the steps to receive us; and Mauricia, at an ugly age, but so intelligent-looking, came running up to greet us. Marguerite, more beautiful

than ever, because less cold and less haughty, welcomed me back to my own little room, which looked out, as I have mentioned before, on the park, the stream, and the country beyond, with the river sparkling in the sunshine.

"Two years ago I little thought it would give me so much pleasure to see you, Eug nie!"

I turned from the window at these words, which meant a good deal from haughty Marguerite. Something in the poor girl's face seemed to ask for sympathy; so I went and embraced her. She looked pleased, although she said nothing, but sat down on the side of my bed in a state of abstraction, which lasted all the time I was taking the things out of my box and while I made myself ready for dinner. Then she woke up, and I went into her room and rested in an easy-chair, while she in her turn began to dress and brush out her long black hair. There was evidently something she wished to say but knew not how to go about it.

"War has been declared, Eug nie," she began at last.

"Yes," I replied, and waited for more.

"I do not know whether to feel glad or sorry," she continued. "They say we shall win easily and march into Berlin as our grandfathers did."

"Then you should be glad," I said; "should you not?"

"I do not know," replied Marguerite again. "War is a dreadful thing. For what are we fighting? For a question of vanity. Solomon was quite right when he said, 'All is vanity.' What have those poor Germans done that we should burn their villages and sack their towns? Why should we kill their sons and make their children orphans? And even among the victors, Eug nie," she continued, lowering her voice, "how many loved ones go to war! But who knows when they may return?"

"There is glory," I objected. "You were wont to love glory."

"Ah, yes!" said Marguerite. "I think glory is very nice—after the war!"

It seemed so strange to me that my cousin should speak thus. How changed she was! I did not understand it; but the subject interested me, so I went on.

"The only people we know who have gone to the war," I said, "are Count d'Ory and Monsieur de Clisson. Of course if anything were to happen to them I should be very sorry, but at present I am all excitement. How I should love to hear of their adventures, their narrow escapes, their deeds of valor,—for they are sure to distinguish themselves, they are both so brave!"

"Do you think so?" asked Marguerite, dropping the long coil of hair she had begun to fasten up, her eye sparkling, her cheek flushed. "Ah, yes, Monsieur de Clisson is the bravest of the brave! You are quite right, Eugénie." And she added, as if speaking to herself: "Should I be the one to keep him from his duty? No! no!"

This pathetic speech threw a light on the question we were discussing. My cousin was evidently deeply in love with the Commandant de Clisson. I resolved to find out exactly how matters stood.

"Does Monsieur de Clisson write to you?" I asked.

"No. My father will not hear of our marrying. He says I can easily find a more brilliant *parti*."

"But, Marguerite, did Monsieur de Clisson go without knowing that you loved him?"

"He knows it," she replied, and her look grew softer. "I waited for him at the garden gate as he went out after seeing my father; and he stopped and said: 'Do you also reject me?'—'I will always be true to you,' I answered. He took my hand and kissed it. Then he was gone, and I was left alone with

one tiny ray of sunshine. But, oh, it is dreary waiting and waiting—perhaps forever! My father will never consent."

And Marguerite, my proud cousin, rose quickly and went into her *cabinet de toilette* to wash away the tears she would not have me see. When she came back she opened her writing-desk and took from it a small parcel carefully wrapped in tissue-paper. It contained a very good photograph of Monsieur de Clisson in his commandant's uniform.

"How did you get this?" I asked.

"Count d'Ory came on the following Sunday to bid us farewell, and he managed to slip it into my hand. I think Aunt Mauricia saw it but she said nothing; she is too kind."

"That was noble of the Count!" I cried, enthusiastically. "For you know he is Monsieur de Clisson's rival—"

And I was going to add that I thought him much nicer than Monsieur de Clisson, but stopped; for I knew Marguerite must have heard that much oftener than she liked.

Just then the dinner gong sounded, and Marguerite had not finished her dressing. We hurried and scurried and went down late. My grandmother was not overpleased; for my two uncles had come from Paris to see me, and she had a guest besides in the person of Monsieur le Curé.

Although I have never mentioned the latter, he was quite a character in his way. The son of a wealthy peasant, his education was faulty, and I well remember his description of the Pharisee in the Gospel: "You see, my brethren, how proud was the rich Pharisee. He went into the temple with his boots well blackened, his cravat neatly tied," and so on. But I must not laugh at Monsieur le Curé; for a better shepherd to his flock could not be found. His entire fortune was spent on his poor, his schools, and his church; and he

was so abstemious that he took only one meal a day. It was seldom indeed that my grandmother could persuade him to dine at Saultemont.

The dinner passed off gaily enough, for there was much to be talked of: I had grown, I had changed, I wore long dresses and did not allow my hair to fall over my shoulders,—in fact, I was now much less of a fly-away and less boisterous than the schoolgirl they had known two years before. Mauricia, who had been rather shy with me at first, thawed completely, and brought down her sketches, which were astonishingly good for a child of her age.

As I looked out of the window that evening before retiring, I thought of my dear father and the dangers and fatigues he would have to encounter during the war. All the excitement would probably be out on the frontier, and my poor diary would become very tame and monotonous. With this sage reflection I turned to my prayers, then blew out the light, and was soon in the Land of Nod.

(To be continued.)

A Rhyme of the Fourteenth Century.

[The following rhymed rule is found in one of the primers of the fourteenth century, the manuals of instruction and devotion for private use by the laity either at home or in church.]

Afore all things and principally
In the morning when ye uprise,
To worship God have in memory;
With Christ's cross look ye bless you thrice;
Your *Pater noster* say in devout wise,
Ave Maria with the Holy Creed;
Then all the day the better shall ye speed.
And while that ye be about honestly
To dress yourself and do on your array,
With your fellow well and treatably
Our Lady matyns look that ye say;
And this observance use ye every day,
With pryme and hours.

Father Hermann Cohen.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AMONG the servants of God whose natural gifts, special graces and eminent services have contributed to honor the Catholic Church in our days, the barefooted Carmelite whose name heads this paper occupies a place of prominence. He was not an orator like Père Lacordaire the Dominican, or Père de Ravignan the Jesuit; neither did he perform wonders like the holy Curé of Ars, his contemporary and his friend; neither, again, did he defend the Church by his writings like Montalembert and Louis Veuillot. He possessed, in common with these great men, an ardent zeal for the glory of God, the honor of the Church and the salvation of souls; but his work lay in different lines and his celebrity was of a different order.

He was first made known to the religious world by his conversion, to which his previous renown as an artist gave unusual publicity; and which was, moreover, accompanied by circumstances of peculiar interest. Soon after his conversion he entered the Order of Mount Carmel, having no desire but to work for the Master who had called him to Himself in a wondrous manner.

Although he can hardly be looked upon as a public character, he was well known in France, England and Germany. He went through the world with the halo of his wonderful conversion around his brow, a burning love of God in his heart; preaching, hearing confessions, founding convents, until in a last act of charity he laid down his life in the hospitals of Spandau. Such was Hermann Cohen, the converted Jew, called by his religious brethren Augustin Mary of the Blessed Sacrament.

He was born at Hamburg, November 10, 1820. His parents, David Cohen

and Rosalie Benjamin, belonged to the large Jewish colony which for centuries back had been settled at Hamburg. According to an ancient tradition, the Cohens descended from the tribe of Levi; their name signifies priest in Hebrew, and the members of the family were, in consequence, allowed to exercise within the synagogue certain functions having a semi-priestly character.

Little Hermann was a highly gifted child, intelligent far beyond his years, with a marvellous facility for learning. He went through his classical studies brilliantly, but his chief passion was music, and even as a little child he revealed the innate genius of a great artist. His parents were naturally proud of their son; but, in their blind admiration for his precocious talent, they indulged him beyond measure; and, although they had other children, Hermann alone was their idol, and everything was made to give way to his good pleasure.

The professors to whom his education was entrusted were hardly fitted to counteract the evil effects of this system. They cultivated his intellectual and artistic capabilities, but were unable to instil moral principles of which they themselves were utterly ignorant. The boy grew up, as might be expected, vain, selfish, overbearing, abnormally imaginative and impressionable; even as a child he showed a passion for theatres, gambling, and every kind of amusement.

When only twelve years old he played in public concerts at Hamburg and Altona, and in both towns his success was great. He was then taken to the courts of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Schwerin, where the reigning princes made much of the little prodigy, and proposed to recommend him to their representatives in Paris, if he elected to continue his studies in the great capital.

Hermann's own desire was to embrace the career of an artist; and his mother, who was ready to bow to her darling's slightest wish, encouraged the idea. But David Cohen had other views for his son. Toward 1830, however, Hermann's father, who was engaged in commercial transactions of importance, experienced heavy pecuniary losses; his ideas on the subject of his son's career were modified by this change of fortune, and he no longer opposed the boy's vocation.

Accompanied by his mother, Hermann started for Paris, where the famous Liszt, then at the zenith of his fame, consented to accept him as a pupil. In a very short time the boy-musician, with his bright countenance, long, fair hair, picturesque appearance, and above all his extraordinary talent, became the spoiled darling of the great world of Paris. He accompanied his master to endless concerts and evening receptions; the rage to possess the infant prodigy was such that the child often had five or six engagements in the same evening. As might be expected, this life of perpetual excitement, the flattery lavished upon him, the atmosphere of wealth and luxury in which he often moved, completely turned the boy's head; and in a touching confession written many years later, by command of his director, he owns that he was more than ever the "family tyrant." He was convinced that he was a wonderful genius, made of a different clay from his brothers and sisters; and his adoring mother was his most devoted slave.

Other and more dangerous influences were brought to work upon Hermann's impressionable nature. Liszt had a circle of friends whose culture and talents were calculated to dazzle the imagination of an unusually gifted boy, but whose theories and conduct could only pervert his notions of truth and right. Lamennais, the apostate priest;

Georges Sand, the brilliant novelist, and other philosophers of the freethinking school, were the artist's intimates; and all seemed to vie with one another in petting his favorite pupil. Hermann relates how Georges Sand in particular used to keep him with her for days together, and make him play on the piano while she wrote her novels. These novels were greedily devoured by the boy, and they filled his imagination with dangerous dreams. The revolutionary works of Lamennais, which he read at the same time, excited his wildest enthusiasm. "I thought of nothing," he confesses, "but of battles, prisons, liberty, equality."

In one of the works that she published about this time—"Lettres d'un Voyageur,"—Georges Sand gave several descriptions of Liszt's little pupil; they were more or less fantastic, but they gave the child a kind of European celebrity. He relates in his "Confessions" how it often happened that Russian and Polish princesses used to seek his acquaintance when they found that he was the boy of whom Georges Sand thus wrote: "Did Heaven ever create a more beautiful soul, a more exquisite mind, a more interesting countenance than that of our Hermann, or rather our Puzzi?" Liszt had surnamed his pupil Puzzi from the German pet name Puzzig, and his friends had adopted it.

In 1835 Lamennais, who had openly broken with the Church, gave the boy a copy of his famous book, "*Paroles d'un Croyant*"; and on the fly-leaf he wrote these words: "Given to my dear little Puzzi by F. de Lamennais." It may be imagined the evil effects—that these baneful influences combined to work in the boy's soul. Now and then, it is true, in the midst of the whirl of excitement in which he lived, a pang of sadness would shoot through his childish heart; the emptiness of the

pleasures he sought so eagerly seemed to strike home to him, and, unconsciously, he aspired to another and more solid happiness. But the day of salvation had not yet dawned, and before finding lasting peace in the possession of truth he was to plunge yet deeper in the abyss of dissipation and vice.

About this time, when Hermann was only thirteen, Liszt decided to leave Paris for Geneva; and, yielding to his pupil's entreaties, he agreed to take him with him. The city of Geneva had founded an academy of music, where Liszt was to teach the older pupils. In spite of Hermann's youth, he was thought capable of acting as professor to the lower classes. Now for the first time he found himself comparatively independent and his own master. His new post brought him considerable pecuniary advantage; and, his talents being far in advance of his years, he was able to fill his task to the general satisfaction.

The months he spent in Geneva were even more fatal to his soul than his stay in Paris. The society into which he was thrown professed a very lax code of morality, and the ideas of Voltaire and Rousseau were the fashion among its members. The boy imbibed the dangerous theories that were upheld around him,—theories all the more seducing and perilous from the culture and wit of those by whom they were professed. It was at Geneva also that he began to gamble; the fatal passion laid a strong hold upon him; and, as he himself confesses, it caused him endless tortures during a long period.

After spending more than a year at Geneva, Liszt returned to Paris. Mme. Cohen, who had followed her son to Geneva, was anxious that he should remain there; he was already well known as a professor, and had every prospect of securing a permanent and

brilliant position. But the boy declared that he would follow his patron's fortunes; and, although Liszt himself supported Mme. Cohen's arguments, Hermann gained the day. Regardless of his mother's tears, he returned to Paris, where Mme. Cohen soon followed him.

At Geneva Hermann had tasted the sweets of independence, and he refused henceforth to live under his mother's roof. He engaged a separate apartment, and in his "Confessions" he thus alludes to this period of his life: "My music lessons brought in enough money to procure me all kinds of pleasures; my whole life was given up to my caprices and fancies. Was I any happier? No, my God! the thirst for happiness that consumed me was not satisfied."

During this phase of his career Hermann seems to have thrown off all restraint and to have given himself up to the pursuit of pleasure with a kind of frenzy; he threw himself into the society of a set of artists as wild and dissipated as himself, and often gambled for whole days and nights together. Nevertheless, he experienced a strange restlessness: it was the half-unconscious aspiration of a naturally noble nature toward better things. He began to move from place to place,—first to London, where he gave several concerts in partnership with Mario, then a young artist, whose yet unformed talent gained much by his intimacy with Hermann; from London he went to Italy and visited Milan, Verona and Venice. Then we find him back again in London; and, after a short stay, off to Germany.

At length, in 1846, after some months of wanderings, he again settled down in Paris in the house of Count Adalbert de Beaumont, a man of culture and refinement but without religion of any sort, who had taken a fancy to the young musician. In Paris Hermann

continued his musical studies, and gave lessons which were paid for liberally. But he gambled away his earnings almost as soon as he had secured them, and plunged deeply into debt.

In the midst of this feverish existence his mind was ill at ease and his heart sad. To a nature like his the emptiness of the pleasures he so eagerly sought must needs reveal itself sooner or later. He was beginning to feel sick and weary of all things when the year dawned that was to mark a complete change in his life. His future in this world and in the next depended upon the fidelity with which he might respond or not to the appeal God was about to address to him. Happily, in spite of the follies of his youth, there remained in the depths of his soul sufficient rectitude to enable him to hearken to the divine voice when it called him to new and unknown paths.

On a certain Friday in May, in the year 1847, the Prince de la Moskowa requested Hermann to undertake the direction of a choir of amateur artists who were to sing at Benediction in the Church of St. Valère, Rue de Bourgogne. The young musician willingly complied; but at the very moment of Benediction he experienced, to his astonishment, a strange emotion, half sweet, half terrible, the like of which he had never felt before. On the following Fridays of the month he returned to his post: each time the same mysterious power seemed to take possession of his soul at the same moment. When the month of May was over the weekly Benedictions came to an end; but, moved by an inexplicable attraction, Hermann continued to go to Mass every Sunday in the same church.

A month passed by; the young artist felt troubled by doubts and fears, and at the same time irresistibly drawn toward the Catholic religion, of which up to that date he had been profoundly

ignorant. Circumstances had made him acquainted some time before with a noble lady, the friend of Mme. Swetchine, and no less remarkable for her refinement and culture than for her piety. The Duchess de Rauzun (*née* Duras) seemed to him the fit person to apply to in his perplexity, and he spoke to her in all simplicity. She listened to him kindly, but a combination of circumstances prevented her from introducing him to a priest capable of solving his doubts. Indeed, it seemed as if the Evil One sought to throw obstacles across his path in order to prevent, or at any rate to delay, the conversion of a soul so richly endowed for all good purposes.

The Duchess de Rauzun fell ill before she had had time to introduce him to a priest, and he found himself involved in a series of engagements. Some further time passed, until at last he was brought into contact with the Abbé Legrand, whom Cohen describes as "learned, modest, kind and frank, expecting everything from God and nothing from himself."

This good priest's welcome dispelled his fears. "I was afraid of priests," he writes. "I knew them, alas! only from the novels I had read, where they are represented as intolerant and violent men." Abbé Legrand gave Hermann an abridgment of Christian doctrine and bade him study it. Shortly afterward our hero left Paris for Ems, where he was engaged to give a concert.

On the Sunday after his arrival, August 8, he went to High Mass; and there he felt again, with still greater power, the extraordinary impression he had experienced in Paris. According to his own expression, "divine grace seemed to burst upon him." The Real Presence of our hidden God revealed itself to him in a mysterious manner; and, bathed in tears, the young Jew fell upon his knees, conquered by grace;

just as eighteen hundred years before his great countryman, the Apostle of the Gentiles, had been struck down on the road to Damascus.

"I felt then," Hermann wrote later on to another Jewish convert, Father Ratisbonne, "what St. Augustin must have felt in his garden at Cassiacum when he heard the famous '*Tolle, lege!*' When I left the church of Ems I was a Christian,—yes, as truly a Christian as one can be who has not yet received holy baptism."

Just outside the church where so complete a transformation had taken place in his soul Hermann met a pious lady of his acquaintance, whose husband occupied an important post in diplomacy. She noticed his emotion, and, 'after hearing his account of what had happened, "she said to me," adds Hermann, "that I must attribute the great grace I had received to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, to whom I ought henceforth to have special devotion. She then gave me a picture representing the Assumption. From that day every step that I have had the happiness to take in the path of Christ I owe to our common Mother, the Most Holy Virgin, Refuge of Sinners, whom I have fervently invoked every day."

Hermann lost no time in returning to Paris, where he was impatient to relate his experiences to the Abbé Legrand. Henceforth he gave himself up entirely to the study of the Catholic religion. Every day he assisted at Mass, and often shed tears of envy when he saw the faithful go to Holy Communion. In the evening Abbé Legrand instructed him and prepared him for baptism.

On August 15 he was present at a ceremony that increased his longing for baptism. Four converted Jews were to be received into the Church, in the chapel of Our Lady of Sion, founded for the training of Jewish girls. The

officiating priest was Father Theodore Ratisbonne, also a converted Jew; and the prayers recited during the ceremony were well calculated to move the heart of a descendant of Levi. They had been composed by Father Ratisbonne:

"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, have pity on the children of Israel!

"Jesus, Divine Messiah, expected by the Jews, have pity on the children of Israel!

"Jesus, desired by all nations; Jesus of the tribe of Juda; Jesus, who didst heal the deaf, the dumb and the blind, have pity on the children of Israel!

"Lamb of God, who wastest away the sins of the world, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

These touching litanies are still recited every day by the religious of Our Lady of Sion for the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

Hermann's own baptism was to take place in the same chapel a few days later, on the Feast of St. Augustin. He prepared himself for this great grace by a retreat of nine days, during which he never left his room except to visit his confessor or his fellow-countryman, Father Ratisbonne. At times terrible temptations assailed him. "I used to throw myself at the feet of my crucifix, bathed in tears, and there I implored the merciful help of the Almighty and the assistance of the pure and holy Virgin Mary. The temptation would immediately vanish."

At last the happy day dawned. The ceremony was to take place at three in the afternoon, at the hour consecrated by the death of our Saviour; on a Saturday, the day devoted to Mary; and on the 28th of August, Feast of the convert and doctor, St. Augustin.

Accompanied by Abbé Legrand and by Father Ratisbonne, the neophyte entered the chapel, brilliant with lights and flowers. His godfather was Dr. Gourand, a fervent Catholic and able

practitioner; his godmother was the Duchess de Rauzun, who had been the first to encourage him in his great determination. He wrote later: "Never was a child more tenderly surrounded by its brothers and sisters than I was when, as a neophyte, I approached the altar. God be forever blessed!" He was called in baptism Augustin Mary Henry; and his joy, gratitude and humility throughout the ceremony were most touching. He thus speaks of the happy moment when the saving waters were poured upon his brow:

"The eyes of my body were closed, but the eyes of my soul opened to a divine and supernatural light. I was plunged into an ecstasy of love, and I seemed, like my holy patron, to grasp all at once the inexpressible joys of paradise.... I was so moved that I remember but imperfectly the ceremonies that followed. I remember only that I was dressed in the white robe of innocence; and that I held in my hand a lighted taper, an emblem of the truth that had risen before my sight; and I swore in my heart to live and die for the defence of that same truth."

The first impulse of Hermann after his conversion was to consecrate himself entirely to God's service in a religious Order. The change that had taken place in his soul was complete, and the things that he had hitherto loved and prized had lost all value in his sight. He felt that only an entire consecration of himself could in any measure satisfy his ardent longing to repay God love for love.

However, there were serious material obstacles to conquer ere he could carry out his wish. He had gambled deeply, and had contracted heavy debts that were still unpaid. Justice obliged him to remain in the world until he had earned enough to satisfy the claims of his creditors. This period of probation

served but to render his religious vocation safer and more solid. It was a time of difficulty and even danger. He was obliged to keep up his relations with the world; for he depended upon his music lessons to enable him to pay his debts; he was surrounded by the companions of his former life, by the temptations to which he had so often succumbed, and the necessities of his position prevented him from breaking completely with his former associates. Hermann felt these difficulties, and he desired ardently to fortify his soul for the battle of life by Holy Communion. He attributed his conversion to the influence of the Blessed Sacrament, and he owns that on receiving baptism his chief feeling was that now at last he might go to Holy Communion.

On the 8th of September, only a few days after his baptism, he made his First Communion under the patronage of Our Lady; three months later, on the 3d of December, he was confirmed by Mgr. Affre, Archbishop of Paris, in his private chapel, and took the name of Xavier. Strengthened by the Bread of Angels and by the Sacrament of Christ's soldiers, the young convert entered humbly and bravely upon his new life. Not only did his fervor and regularity remain the same, but, as is sometimes the case, his zeal often went beyond the bounds of prudence; the very ardor of his impressionable nature betrayed him into indiscreet manifestations.

The journal in which he recorded his daily impressions at this period of his life has, fortunately, been preserved; it gives a faithful picture of the workings of his soul, his steady struggle toward perfection, his ever-growing love of God, and also his imprudent outbursts of new-born fervor,—all of which he notes with childlike simplicity.

He continued after his conversion, as before, to live in the house of his friend,

Count Adalbert de Beaumont. An old lady, cousin to Count de Beaumont, the Baroness de St. Vigor, resided under the same roof. Both were cultivated and intelligent, sincerely attached to the young artist; but, although they were Catholics in name, they were totally devoid of any religious feeling. They neither understood nor approved of Hermann's change of life, while he naturally longed to make them sharers in the blessings that had been poured forth upon him. He was hardly fit, however, with his youthful fervor and incomplete religious training, to discuss theological questions; and he humbly notes in his diary that Father Ratisbonne had forbidden him to engage in such discussions, "because," he adds, "I am too ignorant."

Mme. de St. Vigor at first reproached him with what she called his selfishness in preferring his soul's welfare to his friends' pleasure; she seems to have been irritated and vexed at his altered demeanor. But by degrees his warm convictions touched her. One day in particular Hermann, who had enrolled himself in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, returned from the first meeting delighted with all he had seen and heard, and in his enthusiasm he communicated his impressions to his old friend. For a wonder, Mme. de St. Vigor, who in general accused him of speaking too much of religion, began next day to say her prayers. "She has promised me," writes Hermann, "to wear a medal of Our Lady and to say the *Memorare* every day. I remained with her till half-past seven; our conversation was edifying. My God have pity on her!"

A few days later the good results he had obtained seemed lost. He writes: "Mme. de St. Vigor is in a bad humor; she says I am selfish because I prefer my salvation to my friends; my devotion tires her." In his inexperience Hermann

was pained and discouraged by this sudden change; if he had been more versed in knowledge of the human soul, he would, perhaps, have guessed that these violent revulsions of feeling were simply the result of a secret struggle between nature and grace.

Grace gained the day: two months later Mme. de St. Vigor made a general confession, and Hermann writes thus: "On the Feast of St. John the Evangelist the dear Baroness made her general confession in the Church of St. Louis d'Autin.... An immense grace granted by God to our incessant prayers."

This conversion of which he was the instrument made Hermann first acquainted with the happiness of gaining a soul to God,—a happiness of which he was to taste so largely in years to come. Neither the sarcasm nor the reproaches of his former companions could turn the young Jewish convert from the path he had chosen.

He had once been noted for the elegance of his attire: now he desired to practise recollection in his manners and holy poverty in his dress and in his habits. He writes in his diary, with his usual simplicity: "I met Bakounine, who laughs at what he calls my sanctity." And again he relates that one evening at Mme. Appony's he felt much ashamed of the simplicity of his dress and of his dusty boots.

In his ardent desire to conquer these weaknesses, he even reproached himself with feeling gratified by the admiration excited by his musical talent. "I would have made a bad Communion to-day," he writes on another occasion; "for I had a movement of vanity last night on account of the concert."

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was his one joy and support during these difficult times. His days were filled up by his music lessons; for he worked hard, in hopes of paying off his

debts and setting himself free; but any spare moment between his lessons was spent before the Blessed Sacrament. He assisted at Mass every day, went to Holy Communion frequently, and was in the habit of saying his rosary while going from one pupil to another. He tried to assist at all the ceremonies whose special object was to honor the Holy Eucharist. Once, at the Church of St. Séverin, he was requested to carry a lighted taper in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. "When the Blessed Eucharist passed close to me," he wrote, "I felt an indescribable sensation,—the evidence of the Real Presence.... In the street, on my way home, the remembrance of this impression caused my tears to flow."

(To be continued.)

A Glimpse at Avila.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

OUR readers are doubtless familiar with the history of St. Teresa, whose feast occurs during the present month. We all know how on the very morning that witnessed her birth the bell of the newly-erected Carmelite convent outside the walls of Avila rang out the Angelus for the first time, as if to announce the coming of one who was to play an eminent part in the history of the ancient and illustrious Order of Mount Carmel, and to shine brightly in the galaxy of the Church's saints. We know how her childish ambition was to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the Moors; and how, though she was not permitted to shed her blood for the faith, her life was one long, voluntary martyrdom.

We know, too, how she was called to reform the convents of her Order, and how her heroic spirit triumphed over obstacles that seemed insuperable and

opposition that appeared invincible. We know that God bestowed on her extraordinary marks of His divine love and favor; that her writings are a text-book of mystic theology; and that her spirit—the spirit of penance and of prayer—still rests upon the convents she founded and inspires her spiritual sons and daughters. With this and much more we are all acquainted; but not many of us are familiar with her native land, and therefore a few words respecting Avila, the birthplace of this glorious Saint, may not be unacceptable.

Amid wild and mountainous scenery, vast plains intersected by barren hills and sheltered valleys, where scarcely a human habitation is visible, in the heart of Spain, Avila stands on a precipitous slope, looking like an impregnable fortress, full of strength and dignity. It is surrounded by lofty and massive walls, battlemented throughout, with towers at short intervals and numerous gateways; walls of grey granite that have resisted the ravages of time, and that nearly conceal the town, leaving little visible except the tower, pinnacles and short spire of the cathedral.

Within the walls, a recent traveller tells us,* the aspect of an almost deserted city adds to the charm of this wonderful little medieval place, of which silence, repose and antiquity are the chief characteristics. Numberless relics of the past are met with on every side; houses with quaint windows, ancient ironwork, elaborate stone carving; churches quite as magnificent as those of Burgos and Segovia; a cathedral which for interior beauty rivals that of far-famed Toledo.

To enter through the west doorway of that cathedral, the exterior of which has nothing remarkable, is to pass into a world of architectural splendor, solemn gloom, deep mystery. Richness of

detail, magnificent fittings are so harmoniously blended that nought disturbs the sense of repose. The pure color of the stone of which the edifice is built is softened by age and mellowed by the dim colored light penetrating through the high windows of the clerestory, enhancing the shadowy effect of the whole building, which was erected more than eight centuries ago. Amongst the many fine monuments it contains is the tomb of Alfonso de Madrigal, Bishop of Avila about the year 1450; his effigy, carved in alabaster, represents him in the act of writing, this having been one of the principal occupations of his useful and holy life.

In the streets of Avila ancient palaces as well as glorious churches repose in silent dignity; Old-World outlines, gems of architectural beauty and elegance, delight the eye and form unfading pictures in the memory. Scarcely a soul is to be seen; the inhabitants—only about ten thousand in number—appear rarely to go abroad, and few travellers visit the secluded little town. In some of the thoroughfares grass grows between the stones. Much life and movement amid the glorious monuments of the past would, in fact, rob them of half their charm.

Even to the ordinary tourist a halo of romance encircles Avila, which is truly dear to the children of St. Teresa, who go to worship at her shrine, in the church erected on the site of the house where she was born. There her heart is preserved in a crystal vase, incorrupt as on the day of her death. In the chapel of the Carmelite convent outside the town her remains are deposited. There also is the tomb of her brother, Lorenzo de Cepeda.

It is better to follow even the shadow of the best than to remain content with the worst.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

* Cf. "The Romance of Spain," by Charles W. Wood.

A Bugaboo of Non-Catholics.

THE old saying that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives is, perhaps, for all purposes of comparison between extremes in the social scale, as practically true as it is certainly trite. If, however, the term "world" be taken in that restricted sense in which it means the community in which we live, the city, town or village of whose population we form units, it is probably still truer to say that one half the world doesn't know what the other half believes. Especially is this liable to be the case when the community is a mixed one—made up of Catholics and non-Catholics.

It is quite possible for people of different creeds to reside for a lifetime in the same town, to come into daily contact with one another, to combine their efforts in matters affecting the public weal, to be brought into close business and social relations, and yet to have all the while only the vaguest notions of one another's real opinions regarding their divergent or, it may be, their contradictory faiths.

Notwithstanding the general enlightenment that is supposed to characterize our age, it is incontrovertible that non-Catholic preachers, books, and periodicals still persist in the grossest misrepresentations of Catholic beliefs and practices. That these distorted and frequently grotesque perversions of our real doctrines have time and again been repudiated by authoritative spokesmen for our holy faith seems to count for nothing. The statement of some ignorant and fanatical anti-Catholic as to what we believe is accepted as far better evidence than our own accounts of our beliefs. It is elementary, of course, that when a person knows nothing, or next to nothing, about a subject, he should express himself thereon with becoming

modesty and diffidence; but this consideration is frequently lost sight of.

Take, for instance, the matter of indulgences. Can anything well be more utterly silly and absurd than the view of that doctrine usually held up to our separated brethren as the genuine Catholic belief? In how many books, histories, biographies, novels; in how many printed reports of Protestant sermons, have we not seen the deliberate statement that an indulgence, in the Catholic sense of that term, means the forgiveness of sin, or, still worse, the permission or license to commit new sin! It need not be said that no council or synod of our Church; no authoritative exposition of our dogmas; no pope, cardinal, archbishop, bishop or priest ever taught such doctrine as this.

In this Jubilee year, when we have the opportunity of gaining the greatest of all indulgences, it may be well to review our notions of what the Church really teaches on this point; so that we may bestir ourselves in the matter of gaining as many indulgences as possible; and also that we may put ourselves in a position to disabuse our non-Catholic neighbors, as occasion may offer, of their utterly erroneous ideas concerning this article of our faith.

By an indulgence, then, is meant, not the forgiveness of a sin or the permission to commit a sin, but the remission or pardoning, through the merits of Jesus Christ, of the whole or part of the debt of temporal punishment due to venial sins or to those mortal sins whose guilt and everlasting punishment have, through the merits of Christ, already been forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance. To understand clearly the function of indulgences, it must be remembered that in every mortal or deadly sin three things are to be distinguished. First, there is the guilt properly so called—the affront or insult

to Almighty God, whose law has been transgressed. There is, secondly, the eternal punishment merited by every sin unto death,—a punishment which, as is clear from many a passage of Holy Writ, the Supreme Judge will visit on the unrepentant criminal who has been guilty of mortal sin. Finally, there is the debt of temporary punishment which still remains due to sin even after the guilt and the everlasting punishment have been remitted. This temporary punishment must be expiated either in this life by sickness, trials, adversity, temptations, persecution, and voluntary works of penance; or in the fires of purgatory after death.

That such punishments are inflicted by God upon the sinner even after his sins have been forgiven is evident from Sacred Scripture. God forgave our first parents, but condemned them to a variety of temporary punishments. He forgave Moses for his momentary lack of confidence, but refused to that patriarch, nevertheless, entrance to the Promised Land. He forgave, through His prophet Nathan, King David for his double sin of adultery and murder, yet the child born to the repentant King died a premature death. And so, in unnumbered other instances. The remission of the guilt of deadly sin, and of the everlasting punishment which it merits, does not free the sinner from *all* the consequences of his transgressions. There remains a debt to be paid off either in this world or in the next.

It is with this temporary punishment, and with it alone, that indulgences have to do. When our Divine Lord said to St. Peter, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven," He issued to the first Pope and to all his legitimate successors a commission in virtue of which the Church

possesses ample and universal power to loose or free a properly disposed person from whatever hinders his going to heaven,—to free such a person, therefore, from the debt of temporary punishment due to his sins, inasmuch as this debt does hinder, for a time, a justified soul from entering into the everlasting bliss of heaven.

The debt in question is not, of course, absolutely cancelled by an indulgence: it is rather paid by the Church, and paid out of her inexhaustible spiritual treasury. Into that treasury have gone the supererogatory merits of the saints and their Queen, the Blessed Virgin, and the altogether infinite merits of the God-Man, Jesus Christ. In the early ages of Christianity sinners were obliged to acquit themselves of their debt of temporary punishment by the performance of public penances both rigorous and protracted; but even then remarkable fervor or extraordinary sorrow often secured an indulgence, or a remission of a part or the whole of the penance. Later on, almsdeeds, pilgrimages, and crusades were prescribed as effective substitutes for the temporary debt. Still later, works of relatively easy accomplishment, such as the recitation of prayers and the reception of the sacraments, were proposed to the faithful as means of satisfying the obligation of expiating the temporary punishment.

The Church as clearly possesses the power of granting such indulgences as a wealthy man does of liberating a poor debtor, or a sovereign of pardoning a criminal whom the courts have justly condemned to imprisonment. The wise Catholic will therefore lose no opportunity of gaining as many of these remissions as possible; and so not only lessen the duration of his detention in purgatory, but secure himself from a number of temporal evils likely to befall him as a punishment for his sins.

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, whose name stands for what is best in charitable work, deplors the absence of Catholics from national, state and local conferences of charity. We think Mr. Mulry is right. It is true that these conferences have only a deliberative character, and there are people who hold that nothing is accomplished unless legislation is immediately effected, or at least a few rousing resolutions formulated. But this is a short-sighted view. The dissemination of right ideas of charity, the discussion of purposes and methods, the rectification of whimsicalities and hobbies in secular or sectarian societies,—these things constitute a great work; and the opportunity to do it is present at every charity conference, if only tact goes hand in hand with zeal. There is another important consideration: nothing so promptly and effectually allays suspicion and bigotry as fellowship in works of charity. As a rule, the Church is hated because it is misunderstood; and, as the hospital and the battlefield have many a time shown, faith often follows close upon charity.

It is natural enough that, in the first outburst of horror at the dastardly assassination of the late President, all sorts of measures should be advocated for the suppression or, at the very least, the effective repression of anarchy and anarchists. It can not be denied that in this republic of ours liberty of speech and the liberty of the press have been allowed to degenerate into what is undeniably license. Public speakers and writers are suffered with impunity to hold up to ridicule and contempt both the most sacred institutions of the country and the individuals entrusted with our highest offices. Laws may do something to check the extravagance of

this license; but, after all is said and done, the one great truth will remain—that the most effective means of safeguarding our future is the religious training of our youth. Merely intellectual training is no preventive of moral obliquity. Repress license of speech and writing, by all means; but see, too, that the children of the nation are thoroughly imbued with Christian principles.

The editor of the *Pacific Mason*, "a weekly newspaper devoted to Freemasonry," informs us that "the Grand Orient of France, a ruling body of Freemasons, has long been in disrepute throughout the Masonic world because of its atheistic teachings." We were glad to hear this, and are glad to repeat it. The *Pacific Mason* states further that the members of his fraternity "took no part in that terrible period of anarchy in France, when in a few hours after the ringing of the Vesper bell the Seine became a stream of blood, drawn from the veins of thousands of innocent victims through the cruelty of bigotry and fanaticism. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was not carried out by Freemasons." This is "rit sarkastik," as Artemus Ward would say; and the writer adds: "Since the beginning of the Christian era there has been enough blood shed in the name of Christianity to fill all the tanks of the Standard Oil Company."

Our pacific friend ought to know that it was admitted by contemporary Protestants—Lutherans of Germany—that the Huguenots were not martyrs at all, but rebels who had died not for religion but for sedition. Their own patriarch, Beza, protested that nobody who had known the state of the French Protestants could deny that the massacre was "a most just judgment upon them." We are not sure that we understand what the Masonic editor

means by "blood shed in the name of Christianity." Probably he was thinking of those 10,220 victims of the Spanish Inquisition. (Historical research has reduced the number to about 2000.) Now, every well-informed person knows that the Inquisition had to deal with sodomites, polygamists, blasphemers, usurers, church-robbers, etc., as well as heretics. Whatever may be said of the severity of that tribunal, we doubt very much whether the ashes of all the heretics it burned would fill one good-sized oil can. The editor of the *Pacific Mason* is evidently not pleased with us. He says: "They who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Our habitation is not vitreous: it is made of bricks, and we never threw one at anybody. But we don't mind throwing out a suggestion once in a while. When the fall subscriptions begin to come in, Brother, you ought to invest in a few books like "Lies and Errors of History" and "Plain Facts for Fair Minds."

"The Hero of Memphis" was the name given to the late Father Aloysius Wiewer, of the Order of St. Francis, on account of the brave life he led there during epidemics of yellow fever. Once for several days he was the only priest in the city capable of ministering to the sick and dying, all the rest having fallen victims to their zeal. Finally he, too, was stricken down by the dread disease, but he soon recovered and continued his ministrations with undiminished self-sacrifice; again braving death at all hours of the day and night until the scourge had passed. Disregarding distinctions of creed and color, he placed himself at the service of any one who might call for him,—ministering to rich and poor with equal devotedness. It is no wonder that such a man came to be known and loved by everyone in Memphis. The *Monitor* relates that

on one occasion when Father Aloysius entered a street car filled with people all rose to their feet and remained standing until he had taken a seat. During the last years of his life this good Franciscan resided at Santa Barbara, Cal.; and he is buried in the cemetery of the historic old mission there.

The "emergency logic" employed by the spokesmen of Christian Science in proof of their claims is felicitously illustrated by a story that Dr. Buckley tells. Speaking of Christian Scientists, he says: "There is a remarkable similarity between them and the style of Brigham Young when Horace Greeley asked him how he could harmonize polygamy with the command, 'A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife.' Young replied: 'He must not be a celibate: he must have one wife at least!'" But, come to think of it, the story makes as clearly against all other Protestants as it does against the Peculiar People. The uxorious Brigham was simply exercising his claim to private judgment; and his exegesis was quite as scientific, it seems to us, as the exegesis of Dr. Buckley's own sect on the subject, for instance, of the Holy Eucharist.

It has now become so common to adulterate all sorts of commodities that it is no wonder misgivings are often felt in regard to the wine used in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. When it is obtained from reliable merchants, may not they themselves sometimes be deceived as to its quality? We know it to be a fact that such is the case. It was with the intention of relieving painful anxiety in a matter where assurance should be doubly sure—of providing wine for altar use of whose purity there could be no question—that the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid planted a

vineyard near Rochester, N. Y. The soil and situation are favorable for the cultivation of grapes, and the vineyard is large enough to supply all demands. It is one of many things to which the Bishop gives constant personal attention. We had supposed that the existence of this vineyard was known to the clergy everywhere; but such, it seems, is not the case.

It is a wearisome work to conduct an information bureau, but we shall rejoice if this reply should be welcome to even one of our correspondents. We can assure certain priests that the apprehensions they express are well grounded. The venerable Bishop of Rochester has rendered many signal services to religion, and the provision of wine suitable for the Adorable Sacrifice is, in our opinion, not the least important of them.

The late director of the Catholic Indian Missions Bureau, the venerable Monsig. Stephan, had a varied career. Born in Germany of a Greek Father and an Irish mother, he was educated for the army, and had actually served a short time when he was afflicted with blindness, which lasted two years. Singularly, the desire to become a priest came to him with overwhelming force during those darkened years; and when in 1847 he was called to this country to attend his father's deathbed, he entered an American seminary and in due time was ordained. Then followed a long and creditable career as army chaplain in the Civil War, and when peace was declared a longer career as missionary among the Indians. For many years he looked after their interests in Washington, but his duties practically lapsed and health failed when the government abandoned its old and honorable policy of supporting Catholic Indian schools. Monsig. Stephan was hardly a tactful man, but he was an earnest and a

well-meaning one; and we like to believe that he is enjoying a great reward in that heaven where the soul of a red or a black child is as highly regarded as the soul of a white. *R. I. P.*

If the King of England is not a model of public and private virtue it will not be for want of spiritual advisers. His religious *entourage* of deans, reverend clerks, chaplains and "priests" amounts to sixty-five persons, as against his mother's more modest household of sixteen. The King's very remarkable partiality for things spiritual has hitherto been carefully disguised; he has never been charged, even by his most enthusiastic enemies, with associating much with clergymen. The wise and clever Mr. Labouchere, M. P., editor of *London Truth*, trusts that, in view of the differences of belief in the Church of England, the royal chaplains may never be called together to give advice to his Majesty; "for in this case it is hardly probable that unanimity of counsel can be hoped for."

The tragic manner of President McKinley's death would silence criticism even if the lamented statesman were far less beloved than he actually was. Catholics, therefore, will read with melancholy satisfaction these words of a prelate who is never maudlin and never hysterical—the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia:

That he was fair to those who differed from his religious convictions, I am persuaded. I know on the best authority that, as Governor of Ohio, he was kind, almost partial, to the Catholics of that State when it was unpopular to be such. I had occasion to visit him in the interests of the Catholic Indians, and I am satisfied that whatever concessions were made were made through his influence; and full justice would have been done to them could he have followed the impulses of his heart, which public men can not always do.

The Archbishop also took occasion to utter some wholesome thoughts on

the condition of our country. We should like to reprint his address in full, but a sample must suffice. "Because this is a land of liberty and there are fewer restraining influences from without," he said, "we need more from within. I am alarmed for the future of this republic if disregard and contempt for religious doctrines should increase. No nation has ever continued to live without religion and its restraints. Uncivilized nations are conquered from without, but civilized nations from within, by the force of their own passions."

It was a faithful saying that the ennobling and hallowing power of the Catholic religion is realized in some measure by everyone who comes into contact with our Sisters. The influence exerted by them in thousands of parishes is well known to us, but it is only occasionally that we learn of the effect of their life and labors on those outside the Church. A venerable convert, who for a time was the only Catholic in the rural district where he resides, told us last month of the mighty change wrought in the village infidel by two Sisters who during an epidemic of some sort had been summoned from the nearest city to help nurse the sick. At first he raged, then wondered in silence, and finally expressed a wish to know what Catholics had to say for themselves. The book of instruction which was put into his hands was read with eagerness, but seemingly without making any impression, until some time afterward an anti-Catholic lecturer made his appearance and announced his willingness to enlighten the inhabitants, for a moderate *tax per capita*, on the iniquity of Romanism. Then the village infidel was heard from, asserting himself with his accustomed energy. He had been doing "considerable tall thinking," as he expressed it, and was now prepared to speak his mind.

We regret very much that we can not quote his picturesque words in full.

"Look here, stranger," he said, addressing the lecturer, "if you don't get out of this town in pretty much of a hurry there's goin' to be trouble,—a whole lot of it. Of course you can stay if you insist on't; but if you do, we're goin' to give you a suit of tar and feathers. And I don't mind tellin' you that I intend to be round to see that it fits. As for them books of yours, they're goin' to be kept out of sight or burnt! There ain't no Catholics in this place, and we don't know nothin' much, none of us, about the Catholic Church. But there was two Sisters down here lately tendin' the sick, and we've had our eyes opened a little. I'll say for myself that I wuz blinder'n a beetle—didn't know no more'n a toad does about a thunderstorm—till I got holt of a book of Catholic doctrines. But I've come to the conclusion that the religion of them Sisters is good enough for anybody, and I'd fight for 'em any day till I hadn't a hair on my head."

This little speech recalls David Harum, and characters like him are to be found all over the country. All they need is example and instruction.

If the exhibition of Christian art to be held in St. Louis during the Eucharistic Congress is in keeping with the card of invitation just sent out, it will be something very attractive and creditable, truly Christian and highly artistic. We were in error in referring to the Congress as an annual gathering: it convenes every sixth year. The meetings of the Priests' Eucharistic League occur every two years. The principal aim of the approaching Congress will be to organize the Eucharistic movement in this country. We are now assured that the prospects are bright for a large and enthusiastic attendance in St. Louis.

FOR YOUNG FOLK


To My Guardian Angel.

DEAR Angel, would that I might feel
Thee ever at my side,
And that I might remember e'er
That thou art near to guide!
Thy presence I too oft forget,
And follow in the way
Where dangers lie; and thus my feet,
Alas! go far astray.
I am not thankless, Angel mine,
For thy sweet care of me,
Howe'er my actions seem to say
I hearken not to thee.
I promise, guardian of my soul,
Thy promptings to obey,
And thy sweet smile at eventide
Shall bless each sinless day.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XIV.—TOM HADDEN'S DEFEAT.



IT was about a week after the competitions had been finished that the distribution of premiums took place. As was expected, Thomas Hadden came out first in every branch except mathematics; in this he stood second.

"Going up, Hadden?" asked Claude Grantley, as the names of the winners of the premiums and medals were being called by the prefect of studies.

"Of course I'm going up. What do you take me for? *Tene quod habes ut nemo accipiat coronam tuam.*" Then he

added a very free translation: "Hold what you have, and don't let anybody euchre you out of your medal."

"Well, that's a rather unfortunate rendering," observed Claude. "*Coronam* means crown—a thing of honor. You must decide yourself as to the honor of your action. You might remember another quotation from Scripture: *Qui se existimat stare, videat ne cadat*,—'Let him who thinks himself to stand take heed lest he fall.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean. You will find out by the next competition."

Further conversation was interrupted by the necessity of many of the class going to the platform to receive their distinctions from the hands of the president. Tom Hadden took the medal for class honors and also for several particular branches. The Committee of Four watched him closely to see whether he would accept the medal for Greek: he accepted it unblushingly. Thereupon telegraphic eye-signals were exchanged among the four, which meant that each one was to do his best to keep Hadden from ever being at the top again. Hadden had made ninety-eight notes in Greek. The next to him was Grantley with ninety-seven.

It was customary at Rockland to give a half holiday on distribution days. About five o'clock that evening the professor of the rhetoric class heard a rap at his door. In response to the invitation Tom Hadden walked in.

"O Tom my boy! I congratulate you on your standing in class," said the genial teacher.

"That's what I have come to see you about, Father."

"Yes? You complain of your notes being too high, eh?"

"Father received my bulletin by mail this noon. I find I am marked only ninety-eight for Greek."

"That's a good showing, isn't it? You do not expect to make a hundred in every branch, do you?"

"No, Father; but I have gone over that Greek since the examination, and I can not see where I lost those two notes. I was sure—quite sure—the paper was perfect. I expected it would get a hundred."

The professor's smiling face began to change to a serious expression. He looked grave. In his experience as a teacher he knew that Hadden's was no uncommon case. Many an ambitious but dissatisfied boy had protested to him before this. So he had adopted a plan which rarely failed to work well, and which generally elicited from the appellant a repentant protestation of confidence in the professor's judgment.

"You have a right to come to me if you are not satisfied," he said. "You are dissatisfied with my marking, I believe,—that is, you do not accept my judgment as examiner?"

"Well, Father, I don't know about impugning your judgment. That's an ugly thing to say; but I thought I had handed in a perfect paper."

"All right. It is honorable to come straight to me."

Tom Hadden winced a little at the word "honorable." He looked sharply at the professor. After a close scrutiny of the professor's face, he was satisfied that the teacher had no double meaning for the word. Somehow, since the Greek examination the word "honor" seemed awkward to him. It seemed so precisely because he was not bad at heart; he had imbibed a principle somewhat false.

While the boy was watching the priest's face, that gentleman had been

busily rubbing out a number of pencil marks on Hadden's paper.

"There!" said he as he finished,— "that's all right. Now, my lad, I want to give you satisfaction. This is what I propose. You see, I have rubbed out my markings on your paper. Now you shall examine it yourself and your figures shall stand."

Tom was delighted. Now there could be no mistake. The professor took up a Demosthenes and turned to the pages used in the examination.

"My system is this, Hadden," he said: "I presume the paper to be worth a hundred notes; and then for every error I mark off one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half, or even a whole note, as in my judgment the error deserves. Now I'll read the Greek and you correct as I go along."

The professor began to read, Tom to correct. In the very first line Tom found what he called "an egregious blunder."

"How could I have made such an error as that!" he exclaimed.

"How much do you take off?" asked the professor.

"That deserves to lose half a note," said Tom, not quite cool.

"Very well: mark one-half, then."

The teacher had originally deducted one-quarter of a note for this particular blunder. Soon they came to another mistake.

"How much off, Mr. Tom Hadden?"

"A quarter, Father, sure."

"The next?"

"That's a bad one—three-quarters!"

The priest smiled. He had subtracted for that last error only one-quarter. So the examination proceeded. Tom soon became quite interested in his new occupation of examiner. He did not notice how he had injured his case until the teacher said:

"Now add up your fractions."

Hadden ran through them. To his

horror he discovered that he was much worse off than he would have been had he left the professor's more experienced judgment unchallenged.

"What's your total?"

"Thirty-two eighths — *four notes*, Father. I guess I'll let the paper stand as it was," said Tom Hadden, who at the moment wore a rueful countenance.

"By no means," said the professor. "Your notes by your own examining amount to ninety-six. Very well. Now, that's your record for Greek of the last competition, and that number will be reckoned for your yearly total."

"But, Father, I would rather—"

"Doubtless. You would rather have the ninety-eight. Precisely. Had you been satisfied with my judgment you would have been two notes higher. You may let your bulletin stand as it is, but your year's record will be only ninety-six for this Greek paper."

"Well, professor, please do not give me away," pleaded the crestfallen Tom.

"In what way do you mean? The prefect of studies must know. He keeps the year's notes. He will want to know why I change yours."

"I don't mean that. Please do not let the boys know of it."

"Of course I will not. Have no fear. But I hope you will learn your lesson from this experience."

Tom did learn his lesson. He realized that he had overreached himself.

The work of the Committee of Four met with success. At the February competition Tom Hadden was not a little surprised to hear the prefect of studies read out at the distribution: "First in Latin, Patrick Cullane; second, Thomas Hadden. First in Greek, Bruno Armitage; second, Thomas Hadden. First in mathematics, Henry Russell; second, Thomas Hadden. First in English precepts, Claude Grantley; second, Thomas Hadden."

It is needless to say that Master Hadden was completely mystified at such a result. He knew that he was the brightest boy in the class. He was not conscious of having lagged in his studies either at home or in school. His application was the same. He had not noticed any marked improvement in the class in general. The result was a surprise and a mystery to him. The last competition came in April. The results were similar. There was one consolation for Hadden this time. He was first in Greek, but that was the only branch in which he distanced the class. In everything else he was second.

At length the annual examinations came and were finally disposed of. On June 25 the results of the year's work, as summarized in the annual, were to be made known. The class honors—that is, the medal for the highest notes in the collective branches for the year—were won by Claude Grantley; and the second place was awarded to Thomas Hadden. When the notes were published Tom discovered that he was behind by just the amount he had lost in examining his own Greek competition.

The five leaders of the junior class were lying in more or less graceful positions on the college green, in the shade of a large maple, on the day after the classes were closed. They were discussing the events of the year. It must be understood, of course, that none of the quartette which had formed the Committee of Four had ever been on anything but friendly terms with Hadden; although their notions of honor were diametrically opposite to those held by him.

"I can not possibly understand," said Hadden, as he watched some fleecy clouds lazily float across the blue zenith, "how it was that after the first competition this year I could never, but once, get first place again."

"No?" said Armitage, innocently. "I think we can, can't we?" and he winked slyly at the others.

"I believe we have a very good notion why you did not," said Russell.

"That's more than I have," replied Tom. "But if any of you know, tell me. It's a mystery to me. I am sure—quite sure—that I worked as hard as any of you fellows."

"Maybe you did," remarked Cullane; "but not as hard as all together. Tell him of the conspiracy, Bruno."

Then Armitage told Tom Hadden the whole plan of campaign.

For some time after Bruno had finished, Hadden lay back in the grass quite silent; but, like the traditional owl, he "kept up a deal of thinking." Presently he spoke:

"Do you know, boys, I have never looked at it in that light before? There is a great deal in what you say, Brunie. I thank you all for teaching me the lesson. Yes, it's a question of principle, after all. Boys, I promise you that you will never find me copying again."

"I move the Committee of Four adjourn *sine die*," said Armitage.

The motion was carried unanimously.

XV.—RUSSELL'S VACATION.

The domestic concerns of the Russells had undergone a great improvement during the last eighteen months. Mr. Longstreet had succeeded in effecting the change. With assiduous care and rare tact he had argued and pleaded with Mr. Russell to have more thought for his family, and by steady work place them in more comfortable circumstances. He first began by assuming a keen interest in Mr. Russell's inventions. Having gained his confidence, he began to show him the folly of perpetually grasping at the shadow and neglecting the substance. Mr. Russell was a man of more than ordinary ability. His only

fault was that he allowed his schemes and plans—although all of them were intended to benefit his family—so to occupy his time that the necessary income for the sustenance of the family dwindled away almost to nothing.

Mr. Longstreet, by a series of talks, first convinced him that his present duty to his family took precedence over any advantage that might accrue in the future from his inventions. Being an electrician of no mean ability, Harry's father found little difficulty in securing fairly remunerative occupation, with hours which gave him ample time to follow up his pet hobby.

The Russells now occupied a much more commodious and convenient house, with a lawn in front and a stable in the rear, which the inventor turned into a laboratory. The location was convenient for Harry; for it was only a few blocks away from the college. With the betterment of their condition, Mrs. Russell was thankfully able to send Grace to the Sisters' academy, and also to let Clarence, Harry's brother, attend Rockland College.

The morning after the commencement exercises Harry Russell, free for the time being from study and lessons, was enjoying the rare luxury of "having nothing to do." He was rocking himself in a cane rocker on the veranda, and reading the morning paper's account of the graduation exercises which had been held the night before in one of the largest down-town theatres.

Grace Russell stood behind his chair, with her arms on the back of it, vainly endeavoring from that distance to get a glimpse of the interesting account. In her eagerness to see, she prevented her brother from rocking himself.

"Don't, Grace! I want to read this."

"So do I. I want to see the account of the academy exercises. A reporter was there last night."

"That's nothing. Who cares for girls' commencements? Just a lot of piano strumming, and then some little girls reading papers, and then a court-bow, and it's all over."

"You mean thing! They are not *little* girls. Am I little? And I'm not yet in the graduating class. Please hurry up, Harry dear!"

Grace was no longer a "little girl." She had grown to a tall, graceful young woman. Dressed in some white fluffy drapery, which clung about her figure, in her morning gown she appeared strikingly beautiful. She bore a strong resemblance to her brother. Had a mixed company seen them on the porch that morning, all the men and boys would have declared Harry the handsomer of the two, while all the feminine portion of onlookers would have maintained that Grace was by far prettier. Both would have been correct: Grace was pretty, Harry was handsome.

"All right! You go and sit down, Miss Impatience, and I'll hurry. I can not possibly read when you are shaking my chair in that fashion."

Grace sat down. She folded her hands on her lap with an air of most perfect resignation, which Harry saw out of the corner of his eye. In a lordly fashion he crossed his legs and seemed absorbed in his reading. He read the account of the Rockland commencement and that of the academy exercises. But instead of then handing the paper over to his sister, he turned to the advertisement page. Hastily running his eye down the "wants" column, he read:

"WANTED. — Employment for two months in office or store; outdoor work preferred. Address: H. Russell, — Street, city."

"Oh, oh! You are going to read the advertisement pages too, are you? If you are not the teasingest, contrariest, vexingest brother that ev—"

Click, click, click, went the garden gate. Some one was coming up the path.

While this little comedy was being enacted on the porch, a young man might have been seen walking slowly toward the Russell residence. When about a block away he opened a letter which he perused once more. Looking over his shoulder, one could have read the following on one page:

"Young Russell lives with his parents at — Street. Get him interested in some invention or other. Perhaps it would be better to take him into some partnership, letting him handle most of the correspondence, and so forth. I understand he is beginning to feel his oats—these college chaps often do—and would not, probably, solicit from house to house. Put it on thick. You will supply the capital if he will supply the brains, and all that sort of stuff. Do not spare money. Two thousand dollars ought to do the job. That amount is at your disposal in the First National of your city. Let young Russell make at least three hundred dollars the first six months. Blind him thoroughly. I leave the nature of the patent with which you are to work him to your own discretion. I'm not clever at this sort of thing,—never was a mechanical genius. See that young Russell spends none of the money on his younger brother's education. This he will probably want to do. If you succeed you will be two thousand dollars better off when the thing is settled. Keep me posted.

"Sincerely yours,

"JASON CRATCHER."

When Grace saw the stranger draw near she took the paper from her brother's hands and retired within the house, closing the screen door behind her. She had neither more nor less of feminine curiosity than other girls of her age; but, in spite of her burning desire to see the academy commencement

account, it was not read at present. What could the stranger want? Happily there were no more debts to be paid. What *could* he want? A few moments later one might have heard her mutter, "Pshaw!"

"Good-morning! You are young Mr. Russell, I believe?" said the stranger.

"I am. What can I do for you, please?"

"Of Rockland College?"

"Yes, sir. I attend there for one year more."

"Then I am not mistaken. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and I have come to see you about it."

"You are very kind. Please take a seat—or wait! It will be just as cool and shady under that mulberry-tree on the lawn. Suppose we go out there?"

"Just as you wish."

Jason Cratcher's agent took out a cigar case and offered Harry a cigar.

"Thanks! I do not smoke. It is a habit I have not yet acquired."

"So much the better for your purse," replied the other.

Harry waited in silence to hear what the visitor had to propose. The latter had been studying Harry. For a moment he did not know how to begin. Perhaps there was a momentary heart-pricking. There are some boys who make an atmosphere for themselves so pure and wholesome that from them everything foul and filthy flees. Harry was one of these. He waited patiently, evidently master of the situation.

"I saw, Mr. Russell, by a notice in the paper this morning that you desire some employment for two months."

"Yes. July and August are vacation months at Rockland. I want to earn some money to pay back in part all my parents have done for me."

"That's a very laudable motive. I am interested in a little business which, if you would like to engage in it, would give very fair returns."

"May I ask what it is, Mr.—excuse me, sir! You have not yet told me your name."

"My name is Dodsworth—John Dodsworth. I ought to have told you that before. I have recently secured a patent on a spring roller for holding maps, charts, blinds, and so forth. I believe there is money in it, if it can be properly put on the market. I want some bright young fellow to help me, on a salary at first, with perhaps a partnership in the end, if we agree. Now, Mr. Russell, I like your appearance. Are you willing to take my offer?"

Harry hesitated.

"But this is so—so sudden!" he said, with a laugh.

And Dodsworth laughed, too. Harry thought he seemed a nice young fellow. The occupation, though commonplace enough, would furnish employment for the holidays. Harry believed that he could at least make his board at it.

"Do you want me to canvass?"

"Yes, for the first week or two. Ultimately, I have different views for you. The fact is, I am an ignorant man and can not well manage my correspondence. After you get to know the invention thoroughly, I thought of putting you into the office to manage the advertising and correspondence. There is nothing like printers' ink to make a new thing go."

The enterprise seemed to take Harry Russell's fancy. There might be money in it for both. Looking straight into Dodsworth's eyes, Harry said:

"This is genuine? No fake business?"

Dodsworth met the gaze unflinchingly, although it was a hard moment for him.

"Oh, no, no!" he replied; "no fake whatever. I firmly believe there is money in the invention if it be properly worked,—quite sure of it."

"So far, so good. I must ask mother about it. I would not do anything she

would disapprove of. The project seems fair and honorable, yet her experience might see something in it objectionable. How much time will you give me before you require a definite answer?"

"I do not know. I should like the matter settled as soon as may be. It would not be fair to myself to keep the offer open too long. Suppose we say till six o'clock to-morrow night?"

"Very well. In the meantime I will think it over."

"I will wait for you, then, at this address at six to-morrow."

Mr. Dodsworth handed Harry a card giving the address of a down-town office in a very respectable portion of the city.

Now, had Harry Russell been less inexperienced he would have become suspicious. The reader can at once see that the whole proceeding was very unbusiness-like. Men who are wanting employees do not go after them, nor is it generally the custom for them to await the pleasure of those they hire. But these things were not noticed by Harry.

"What did he want?" asked Grace as soon as Dodsworth had gone.

"Now, Miss Curious, nothing that interests little girls," answered Harry, grandly. He felt very important in being sought out by a man of business.

"Oh, you hateful thing! I am sure Claude Grantley wouldn't treat *his* sister so. Harry dear, tell me what he wanted of you."

"That's a secret. He's a promoter."

"A promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart?"

That was the only promoter of which Grace had any knowledge.

"Oh, you simpleton! No: a business promoter. But it's a secret. Where's mamma, Grace?"

"Dodsworth!" said Mrs. Russell, a little later. "That is your Uncle Alvin's wife's family name. What a curious

coincidence! But I suppose he can not be any relation of your aunt. Your father and his brother Alvin fell out nearly twenty years ago. Your father borrowed some money of him to carry on some of those inventions. They finally quarrelled over it. They have never met or corresponded since that time. We believe your Uncle Alvin went to California. For fifteen years we have never heard of him. Your aunt, Eliza Dodsworth Russell, died about the time of this falling out. Your father would not go to the funeral. That is the last time we ever heard of them."

(To be continued.)

Poor Czar!

"How pleasant a thing it must be to be Queen of England!" the young Czar was reported to have said during the lifetime of the late Queen, when he heard that her sole guard when driving in Ireland consisted of four mounted policemen.

When the Czar takes a drive, the route is never given out beforehand, and his carriage is always accompanied by several regiments of cavalry. When he journeys on the railway there are always two armored trains, and no one knows in which one the Czar travels. Even with that precaution, it is thought necessary to guard the entire line with soldiers, placed within speaking distance of each other, who are expected to turn their backs to the royal train as it rushes by.

The Czar was recently at a family gathering in Denmark,—for his mother is a Dane: the sister, you know, of Queen Alexandra.

"Good-bye, my dears!" he said to his young relatives at parting. "You are going to your happy English home, and I am going to my Russian prison."

Poor young Czar!

With Authors and Publishers.

—Many books have been published under the title of "The Madonna in Art," but the volume most worthy of it is the monumental work by Signor Adolfo Venturi. We learn that it is soon to be produced in an English translation, with upward of five hundred illustrations from the old masters.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Chicago has made a good beginning. Its first publication is a short paper on "The Catholic Church and the Marriage Tie," by Cardinal Gibbons. This tractate is as timely as it is excellent. Nothing can be more important in this day of divorce than to propagate the teaching of the Church on the subject of marriage.

—The publishers of the English translation of Janssen's "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages" have sent us reprinted pages of Volume III. in which occurred the serious blunders so often referred to in our notices of the work. We are informed that a thorough revision of the third and fourth volumes has been made for the next edition; and the assurance is given that the translation, partly completed, of the fifth volume is in competent hands.

—The price if not the quality of many books renders them "caviare to the general"; but as impecunious children take delight in flattening their noses against the glass inside which "sweets concocted lie," it is pleasure to note the appearance of an appetizing work edited at the desire of the late Marquess of Bute—"Sermones Fratris Adæ, Ordinis Præmonstratensis, etc." It consists of twenty-eight hitherto unpublished discourses of Adam Scotus of Whithorn; to which is added a collection of notes by the same. Edited by Walter de Gray Buch, LL. D., F. S. A., of the British Museum. Price, 25 s. net.

—The report of the "Proceedings of the First Australian Catholic Congress," held at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, N. S. W., just a year ago, makes a volume, demy 8vo, of 857 pages, which is excellently arranged and printed. The contents are interesting throughout, but we have lingered longest over the section headed "History and Missions," including twelve readable and valuable papers which treat of the progress of the Church throughout the world, especially in the Southern Hemisphere, during the nineteenth century. The Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, with whom the idea of the Congress originated, has reason to

rejoice over its success; and all who read this report of the proceedings will rejoice with him.

—Two new works of fiction by Katherine Tynan Hinkson are announced—"A Union of Hearts" and "A Girl of Galway."

—The complete Latin text of the *Adeste Fideles* with the music has never yet, it is said, been published anywhere. A London firm announces nine arrangements of this famous hymn by well-known composers, including Father Ould and Dr. Augustus Tozer.

—A mystery play by Topelius entitled "Sancta Maria" was performed during the summer in Sweden. The music was composed by M. Andreas Hallén, a Swedish composer who studied in Germany under Riecke and other masters. His opera "Harald der Wiking" is a clever production.

—Catholic teachers will be interested in "The McBride Literature and Art Books," three in number, prepared by B. Ellen Burke and published by D. H. McBride & Co. They are skilfully graded and edited throughout with much taste and painstaking. The illustrations, which are numerous, are well selected, and for the most part creditably printed. Paper, type and binding are all that could be wished for. But of the literary selections we feel obliged to say that they are not to our liking. They are excellent enough in their way; but as these books are intended for use in Catholic schools, Catholic authors should have had special representation in them. The manuals for teachers which accompany these books contain a great amount of important information and many valuable suggestions.

—In the early days of English printing learned men were appointed to indicate the errors of the press. Whenever a new book made its appearance those "great and cunning clerks" pointed out any mistakes it might contain, for correction in a future edition. If this office were still maintained, few scholars would be better qualified to exercise it than our learned friend, the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck. The erudition of this eminent Protestant clergyman is amazing. If one were in doubt as to whether a particular opinion was to be attributed to St. Augustine or to St. Gregory of Nyssa, or wished to know if at any time the Angelical Doctor wore a beard, one might apply to Dr. Starbuck with perfect confidence. He would most likely be able to state how, if worn, the

beard was trimmed; and if the wearer had a wart on the side of his face the inquirer would assuredly be informed of it. And with all his learning, so varied and so exact, Dr. Starbuck is singularly modest. Had he been a writer of the fifteenth instead of the twentieth century, we are sure he would refer to himself as "a clerk thin of wit and void of cunning," remembering how little any one knows in comparison with all that is to be learned. As an illustration of the thoroughness and exactness of Dr. Starbuck's information we may state that he was able to point out a slip in our recent article on "Conclaves" which not one reader in ten thousand could have detected. And in the pleasant note in which our attention is called to the error there is a characteristic reference to an item that appeared a few weeks ago in this department of THE AVE MARIA. "Newman says, not 'I said prayers for Charles Kingsley,' but 'I said a Mass for him on hearing of his death.'" Like the scribes of the Middle Ages, we write under the correction of all "witty and solemn doctors," and are grateful to have our inaccuracies pointed out to us.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., net.

Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.

Jeanne D'Arc. *Agnes Sadlier.* \$1.

Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.

The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.

The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 10 cts.

The Bible of the Sick. *Ozanam.* 75 cts.

A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.

The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, net.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.

The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., net.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed.* \$1.50.

Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coutances.* 70 cts., net.

Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, net.

On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.

The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Donckt.* 75 cts., net.

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, net.

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.

Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75. |

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.

Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana-Skinner.* \$1.50.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. *Herbert Thurston, S. J.* \$3.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James R. Walsh, of the Diocese of Albany; and the Rev. Gilbert Cuttle, S. J.

Mr. George Smith, of Cedar Springs, Mich.; Mr. Henry Lindsay, Piqua, Ohio; Mrs. J. F. Wilson, Pueblo, Colo.; Margaret Rayens, New York city; Mr. John Flynn, Potosi, Mo.; Mrs. Rose Busby, Natick, Mass.; Mr. John Hoffarth and Mr. Paul Jacobs, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. John Daily, Rolla, Mo.; Mr. Maurice Donlevy, Paterson, N. J.; Mr. John Monnot, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. — Seitz, Mrs. Margaret Tully, and Mrs. Ellen McGinley, Henry Clay, Del.; Mr. Henry Kortlander, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Anthony Beaubien, Ecorse, Mich.; Miss Charlotte Dana, Boston, Mass.; and Mr. Samuel Neely, Allegheny, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

NO. 15.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Deipara.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

TWO names are sovereign on the lips of man
Since ever Time with deathless wings was shod,
Or the white order of the world began—
The name of mother and the name of God.

But He who on the gibbet would resign
His godhead to the trembling hands of Death,
Calling thee *Mother* of Himself divine
Made glory bankrupt in a single breath.

Literature, Science, and Art during the Early Middle Age.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.



N almost entire disappearance of profane literature in Europe was entailed by the great irruption of barbarians which, in the middle of the fifth century, definitively subverted the Roman Empire; at first the sole exceptions to the influence of the devastating blight were furnished by a few Italian scholars. Of course the clergy continued to study with such zeal as was permitted to develop by the circumstances of the time; but their attention was perforce given nearly exclusively to such sacred subjects as dogmatic theology and Christian apologetics; these were essential to their equipment as teachers of Christian doctrine, while the luxury of secular intellectual culture could appropriately

be left to those clerics who would come after them in days of comparative leisure. It is not to be supposed, however, that even in this first and gestating period of the Middle Age mental cultivation was confined to ecclesiastics: attached to every cathedral and to every monastery there were schools which were open to the children of the neighborhood, whenever the storms of the time did not close their doors. And these episcopal and monastic schools were found in nearly every rural district, and were gratuitous; whereas in pagan days every beneficent institution, to say nothing about education, had been open only to the inhabitants of cities, and only to those who were comparatively rich.

It is true, however, that literature, in our sense of the term, was not often taught in these early medieval schools; and if it could have been taught in every European country, why should it have been taught? The really essential need of those days was a training which would civilize the greater part of the new society—of those barbarians from whom are descended those who affect to despise the Middle Age. Divine faith was to be planted and cultivated in the minds and hearts of the degraded disciples of the religion of Odin and of similar disgusting creations of paganism; the same divine faith was to be revived in those who had been contaminated by association with the Teutonic pagan tribesmen. A radical

change in morals and in habits was unnecessary only among the Romans, Gallo-Romans, Hispano-Romans, and some of the Celts. Even among these an overpowering pagan atmosphere had entailed a moral semi-asphyxiation which demanded simple and efficacious restoratives rather than decorations which could not be appreciated. But even in the fifth century the lamp of learning was kept alive; and among those who availed themselves of its rays we may mention the poet Sidonius Apollinaris, whom Guizot was often obliged to consult for information regarding that time. In the sixth century the ambitious of learning could frequent the school of Luxeuil, founded by the Irishman St. Columbanus; that of St. Cesaire at Arles; that of Vienne in Dauphiny; the famous schools of Paris, established by St. Germain and destined to serve as models for the future colleges of England; and scores of other institutions founded in every quarter of Christian Europe by the sons of St. Benedict. All these schools, being either episcopal or monastic, naturally followed the courses prescribed in the educational institutions of Rome,—namely, the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*. The former included grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics; while the latter embraced arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, music, mechanics, agriculture, navigation, and the dramatic art.

In the first half of the eighth century the schools of Ireland were the most celebrated in Europe. Speaking of those who had been trained in the Irish establishments, St. Bede, the English scholar and historian, who owed all his science to them, said: "The clergy are as fluent in Greek and Latin as in their mother-tongue; and masters who are well versed in all profane and sacred science are at the command of those who have a taste for study." In the

latter part of the eighth century and in the early years of the ninth, Charlemagne, in full accord with the Papacy, began the work of reorganizing Christian Europe; and in 786 we find him bringing teachers of grammar and arithmetic from Rome for the rural districts of France and Germany, since he had insisted that every bishopric and monastery, and indeed every village, should have its school where gratuitous instruction should be imparted. Ampère, addressing the French Institute in 1837, did not hesitate to say: "Charlemagne probably established more primary schools than exist to-day [in Europe]." In certain essays which we have already furnished to Our Lady's magazine* in illustration of the conditions obtaining in the intellectual order among our medieval forebears, we had more especially in mind the period when the Middle Age was at its apogee,—that is, when it exhibited pre-eminently those characteristics which render the term "medieval" synonymous with "pitiable" in so many modern minds. We shall now treat briefly of certain personages who will illustrate the intellectual conditions of the first period of the Middle Age—the period of gestation, when the Church was taming our barbarian ancestors and forming the society in which we move.

CASSIODORUS (480–575).—Theodoric endeavored to prevent his Goths from acquiring any taste for learning or refinement; but he favored intellectuality among the olden Roman populations, and he devoted his leisure to the study of physics under the tuition of Cassiodorus. This scholar and statesman, a native of Squillace in Calabria, had been "Count of Private Affairs" for Odoacer, and Theodoric employed him as private secretary. He was the author of twelve books of "Variorum,"

* Vols. xxix, xxx, xxxiv, xxxv, xlii, xlii.

a collection of the "Rescripts" of Theodosius and his first successors, which forms the chief monument whereby to study the history of the Italy of that day. In his sixty-ninth year Cassiodorus renounced the prefectship of the Prætorium and the consulship for the monastic tunic, and the twenty-five remaining years of his life were devoted to exercises of piety and to study. In a work treating of divine and profane literature he arranged an elementary course of science which he deemed appropriate for a Christian. He would have the Scriptures, especially the Psalms, committed to memory; next he would turn the student's attention to the Fathers of the Church; the history of the Church, as indicated in the "Acts" of the Councils, should then be well appreciated; and only then would he instruct his pupil in cosmogony, geography, and profane literature. Cassiodorus divides the sciences into the contemplative and the practical. The former include rhetoric and dialectics; while he assigns arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music to the latter category. He paid much attention to music. And it would seem that this art was well cultivated at the court of Theodoric; for we read that King Clothaire asked that prince to send him a musician for the instruction of his Franks.

BOETHIUS (470-524). — Severinus Boethius, a Roman, translated many works of Ptolemy, Nichomachus, Euclid, Plato, and Archimedes; but his principal lucubration was a commentary on some treatises of Aristotle which became a standard text-book in the medieval schools, and to which was due much of the knowledge of the Aristotelian philosophy which the first "scholastics" rightly termed their principal glory. In this work Boethius availed himself of

his master's accurate and then peculiar method in an explanation of the Unity and Trinity of God. During his imprisonment by Theodoric because of a probably false charge of treason, he wrote that treatise by which he is best known to the generality of modern scholars—his "Consolations of Philosophy." In this prose dialogue, illustrated with poetry, the author shows that God governs His world with a wisdom which weak mortals can not comprehend; that we should not grieve on account of the inconstancies of fortune; that sufferings which come from God ought not to be termed evils, and that virtue alone can render man happy on earth. He defines philosophy as an accurate understanding of things,—"*Sapiens rerum quæ sunt comprehensio.*" The prose of Boethius is often almost barbarous; but his poetry is frequently fluent, delicate and harmonious. Besides Boethius, other literary personages adorned the court of Theodoric. The most distinguished of these were Ennodius, Bishop of Pavia; Rusticus Elpidius, the royal physician; Cornelius Maximianus, the author of "Eclogues," whose elegance caused them to be attributed in after years to Cornelius Gallus, the friend of Virgil; and Arator, Count of the Domestics, who reduced the "Acts of the Apostles" to fairly good hexameters.

FORTUNATUS (540-609). — This writer, a native of Valdobbadiene in Italy, studied in Ravenna; and having been cured of ophthalmia by an application of some oil from a lamp burning at the shrine of St. Martin of Tours, he repaired to that sanctuary in order to thank the Saint. He was well received by King Sigebert, who had just espoused the famous Brunhilda; and in time he became Bishop of Poitiers. Among his works is a poetical version of that "Life of St. Martin" which had been composed by Sulpicius Severus. He

also wrote many letters on theological subjects, hundreds of metrical compositions for occasions of the foundation or dedication of churches, and many hymns which are harmonious and imaginative. When Queen Radegonda of Thuringia received a piece of the True Cross from the Emperor Justin II., Fortunatus composed the celebrated hymn *Vexilla Regis*. Many have believed that he was the author of the "Creed" termed the "Athanasian." Among other grand hymns from his pen we may mention the *Pange lingua, gloriosi*, the *Ave Maris Stella*, the *Crux fidelis inter omnes*, and the *Quem terra pondus, æthera*. Nor should we forget the celebrated elegy arranged in the form of a cross and beginning, "*Crux mihi certa salus, crux est quam semper adoro.*" Many of the hymns of Fortunatus have been immortalized by their insertion in the "Roman Breviary"; and it is certain that very many of his minor poems, more than some of his more pretentious ones, exhibit vast erudition and rare mental culture.

AVITUS (d. 527).—This Archbishop of Vienne in Gaul was one of the most zealous and indefatigable prelates of his day. He left to posterity more than a hundred letters which contribute much to the history of his times; and also five poems, three of which are cantos of one and the same epic treating of the creation and fall of man and of the expulsion from Eden. Milton derived very many of his best ideas from this epic.

ST. FULGENTIUS (468–553).—This author, a native of Ruspa in Africa, was a grand theologian; and as a writer he was more methodical than any of his contemporaries. He was termed the Augustine of his day; but his style is immeasurably inferior to that of the great Doctor, while it is less energetic than that of Tertullian and less natural than that of St. Cyprian. Bossuet,

certainly an excellent judge in the premises, regarded Fulgentius as the best theologian and the greatest saint of the early medieval times. His works are all polemical and are directed against the Arians.

ST. ISIDORE OF SEVILLE (d. 636).—This Archbishop was the very soul of the many councils held in Spain during his episcopate,—assemblies which, like all the similar ones during the next eight centuries, effected more for Spanish nationality and true grandeur than has since been effected in the peninsula by any other agency. The prelates of the Eighth Council of Toledo, held in the year of his death, termed him "the greatest Doctor of the age, the latest ornament of the Church, and worthy of comparison with the greatest personages of the preceding centuries." His chief work is entitled "Etymologies," and it is an encyclopedia of the knowledge current in his day. It treats, firstly, of grammar and history; of rhetoric and philosophy; of arithmetic, music, and astronomy; of medical jurisprudence and chronology. Then it deals with the Bible, libraries, manuscripts, the calendar, and the different languages spoken on earth. Finally, it descants on God, the angels, the human family, faith, and heresy. He also wrote a "Chronology," extending from the Creation to the year 626; a history of the barbarian invasions and settlements in Spain; and many "Glossaries." The history was continued by St. Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo, down to the year 667; by Julian Pomerius, also Archbishop of Toledo, down to 670; and with the continuation by Lucas, Bishop of Tuy, down to 1236, it forms the "*Corpus Historiarum*" of olden Spain.

ST. GREGORY OF TOURS (530–595).—A native of Auvergne, Gregory became Archbishop of Tours in 573. The most important of his works is his "Ecclesi-

astical History of the Franks," which, despite its qualification as peculiarly "ecclesiastical," is the sole source of all modern knowledge concerning the secular history of early France, and is in reality a "Universal History"; in fact, it gives an excellent abridgment of the history of the world from the Creation to the year 591. St. Gregory of Tours has always been styled the "Father of French History," but his merits have been variously appreciated. Fleury reproaches him with excessive credulity; but this historian should have reflected that few writers have been so victimized by injudicious copyists and by malevolent interpreters as the one whom he treats rather cavalierly. The saint himself was well aware of the danger of alteration which all manuscripts underwent in his day; and at the end of his "History" he placed this warning: "Although this volume is written in an uncultivated style, I adjure all the priests of the Lord who govern this Church of Tours, and I do so by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and by the judgment-day, that if they do not wish to see themselves then covered with confusion and condemned with Satan, they never either destroy this book, or add anything or omit anything when they copy it." Augustin Thierry, a more cynical critic than Fleury, and at a time when he was not at all "clerical" in his tendencies, respected the authority of St. Gregory of Tours. Fleury thinks that Gregory shows neither order nor skill in selecting his material; but Thierry opines that, until Froissard appeared, no author equalled Gregory in the art of placing his personages on the stage and of depicting them by means of dialogue. He certainly shows love of truth, and no one could be more free and courageous in judgments on the men of his day. Fredegarius, a monk of the seventh

century, wrote a "General Chronicle," in which, after a compendium of the work by Julius Africanus, he abridged Gregory's "History" and continued it to the year 641; but his art is inferior to that of his model. Fredegarius was very partial to the Burgundians, and he was prone to neglect Austrasia and the rest of France.

ST. BEDE (672-735).—This Benedictine monk was a master in grammar, rhetoric, and poetry. He was an able mathematician, a good physicist, and an excellent astronomer for his day. As a theologian and philosopher, he is admired by very critical moderns. His "Ecclesiastical History of the Angles" is almost the sole source of such knowledge as we have concerning the early history of England.

ALCUIN (726-804).—Educated in the Benedictine monastery of York, and having become a deacon, this celebrated scholar was sent to Rome to obtain the pallium for his Archbishop. He waited on Charlemagne in Parma, and was persuaded by that sovereign to abandon England for France. We possess thirty works by this scholar, and nearly all treat of theological matters. He left two hundred and thirty-two very interesting letters, of which thirty, written to Charlemagne, treat of both political and religious questions, and also of astronomy. Alcuin was, besides, the author of several measures for the diffusion of knowledge among the Franks and the other subjects of his protector; but the most important was the institution of an "Academy" in the royal palace. Each member of this coterie assumed a historical name; thus, Charlemagne was known at the Academic reunions as David, Alcuin as Flaccus, Angilbert as Homer, and so on. Among the Academicians were Leidrad, the Archbishop of Lyons and royal librarian, who converted thousands of

the Adoptionist heretics; Smaragdus, Abbot of Saint-Michel and the author of the "Via Regia" for the instruction of princes; Ansegisus of Burgundy, the superintendent of public works, who was the compiler of the first "Capitularies"; Rabanus Maurus, and Paulinus of Aquileia. Appreciating the importance of classical literature, Alcuin gave much attention to the restoration and emendation of many works which had been mutilated or travestied by ignorant copyists. Lovers of neatness will praise him for banishing from all future codices those uncouth Teutonic characters which had, in too many instances, taken the place of the simpler and more elegant Roman letters. The last years of Alcuin were spent in the Monastery of St. Martin in Tours.

(Conclusion next week.)

—
Eugénie Forrester.

—
A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

—
XI.

MY father left Saultemont next day. As everyone knows, the French did not enter Berlin, and a sad time we had of it during the ensuing months. When the news of the first defeat came, disappointment was the general feeling; but as battle after battle was lost, grief and shame were equalled only by anger. Then the capitulation of Sedan was the crowning stroke. After that Napoleon III. ceased to reign.

What were the causes of the successive disasters? One cause was that France had not taken into account the growing power of Germany, and therefore was unprepared to meet it; and the confusion was increased by the dependence of the army on Napoleon's orders. The Emperor did not possess that insight into men which had made his illustrious namesake

invariably choose the best soldiers, nor had he the slightest military genius.

I remember being told that, under the Directoire, it was thought that Masséna, who had been sent to Switzerland to fight against both the Russians and Austrians, was shilly-shallying and losing his chance of victory, and an order was issued to take the command away from him and give it to another. Luckily, the captain entrusted with the dispatches was given the power to withhold the papers containing the general's disgrace, should he think fit. He arrived the day before the great battle against Souvaroff, which made Masséna famous; and after the victory the papers which might have done so much mischief were destroyed. Again, in 1870 the government would have wired to the general to fight directly, and defeat would have been the consequence. What would Fabius the temporizer have done if the Roman Senate had had the telegraph at its disposal?

Marguerite was the saddest person in our household; for to the misfortunes of her country was added anxiety for the Commandant de Clisson. But trouble softened her and drew out all the good that was in her really noble nature. Her sympathy for the poor mothers whose sons were called on to fight was increased by the anxiety she felt on her own account.

One afternoon in July we were seated on the lawn when we saw entering through the open garden gate a man leading by the hand a little boy about seven years old. The man was no other than the woodcutter who had stopped Count d'Ory as he rode with me through the forest on that eventful day two years before when poor Jean met with the fatal accident. As he walked up the path we admired his firm gait, broad chest, and athletic form. He stopped when he reached us; and,

seeing he was embarrassed, we inquired:

"Have you enlisted, Noël? Is that what you have come to tell us?"

This untied his tongue and he told us what he had come for. We learned that he had years before been a soldier and had fought in Algeria. A severe wound forced him to retire, with a small pension and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He came back to his village and married a woodcutter's daughter, and since then had lived in the forest. His health was now restored; and when he heard that his country required the help of every sturdy arm, the old soldier was eager to be, like Wellington's guards, "up and at them." His former colonel was on the frontier and would be glad, he thought, to have him again under his orders.

There Noël stopped and glanced down at his boy; and I suddenly remembered that Marguerite had mentioned in one of her letters that the woodcutter had lost his wife, and that he and the boy were all in all to each other. I looked at the child who had never moved from his father's side, and saw that his eyes were filled with unshed tears. I spoke impetuously:

"Marguerite, let us keep the child!"

"Is that what you wish, Noël?" asked Marguerite.

"It is more than I could hope for," he replied. "If these demoiselles will care for my little one, a weight will be lifted from my heart. There will be nothing to prevent me from joining to-morrow, when a troop of cuirassiers are to pass through the village picking up recruits and volunteers on the way."

Two days afterward Noël, in the uniform of a cuirassier and mounted on a powerful steed, rode off with the troopers. His little son clung tightly to my hand, and when at last nothing more was seen but a cloud of dust he burst into tears. We walked home,

the boy still sobbing. Marguerite grew somewhat impatient.

"Come, dear! What is your name?"

"Pierre," sobbed the child.

"Well, Pierre, your father will come back to you soon, when he has killed the Germans."

"I am not crying because he has gone away," protested Pierre. "But why did he not take me with him? I could have fought the Germans, too."

We could not but smile at the child's conceit. But Marguerite kissed him, and said he was a manly little fellow, and that if he would stop crying and go with her he should be a soldier when he grew up. And the boy took to her and she to him. She taught him to read, write and count; and he soon showed himself in his true colors—a merry little urchin, who frightened my grandmother and aunt by climbing all the trees in the park.

We were rewarded for our trouble; for Pierre brought new life into the dulness of our home. Mauricia, who was growing if anything too serious for her age, became a regular tomboy. Books were laid aside, and races across the breezy hills took their place. One of their favorite amusements was to descend at full speed the slope of the steepest hill. This feat is accomplished only by leaning back well on one's heels. The children soon became quite expert at it, although Pierre, once fell and sprained his wrist.

Meanwhile Marguerite and I rode out daily, often with Monsieur de Fontenay, sometimes with the old man-servant. One afternoon we went over the ground where on that unlucky day Jean and I both met with an accident,—his, alas! a fatal one. Marguerite showed me the tree against which my poor cousin's head had struck with such tremendous force. And later, as we returned by the High Forest, I thought of Count d'Ory

as I had seen him then, and wondered how he liked the war, and what Monsieur de Clisson was doing.

When we reached home a letter was waiting for me in the hall. It was from my father.

MY VERY DEAR CHILD:—What sad times! Although I am an Englishman and therefore presumably neutral, my deep sympathies must ever be with the fellow-countrymen of my dear wife. And I am afraid, my darling, that it is a perfectly hopeless affair. You have no doubt heard of the loss of the battles of Wörth and Wissembourg, and you will soon hear of more. The French are not ready for war. It is a pity that peace can not be patched up before matters grow worse; but that, I fear, is the last thing they will think of.

My good friend Louis le Faure, who is the French war correspondent, does not share my pessimistic views: he thinks that the patriotism and innate valor of his fellow-countrymen must triumph in the long run. We were both at Wissembourg during the fight. It was a hand-to-hand, house-to-house struggle. The French defended every corner of the town; and their African troops, the Turcos, fought very bravely. But they were outnumbered. 'Tis said the Germans are furious because the Turcos cut off the head of every enemy they kill.

I caught a glimpse of our young friend Count d'Ory. He was at a window, and I think saw me; but I have not heard or seen anything of him since. As for me, I am well enough; and so I hope is my dear Eugénie and all the inhabitants of Saultemont.

Ever your affectionate father,

C. D. FORRESTER.

This letter, although it assured me of my dear father's safety, made a very sad impression on us all. The war continued, and every day volunteers

swelled the ranks of the army,—among others Monsieur Charles Thomasson. His brother drove over one day to tell us the news. I spied him coming, and hurried down to see what reason of State could have separated Tweedledum from Tweedledee,—for 'twas thus I had irreverently nicknamed them.

The Messrs. Thomasson were no other than the two fat little men I had met on the train the first time I came over to France; and so fearful had I been that they should recognize me that I had hitherto kept out of their way as much as possible. This was not a very difficult task; for my grandmother, who thought them vulgar, saw little of these gentlemen, inviting them only to her balls or very large dinner-parties. But that day Monsieur Thomasson was in a state of loneliness and excitement, and required an outlet to his feelings.

"Charles has gone to be a soldier. Isn't it noble of him? For he is past forty and has never been a soldier."

All this was poured into my ear alone; for my grandmother and Aunt Mauricia were in the garden; while Marguerite was teaching Pierre, and would never under any pretext interrupt her lesson.

I bowed, blushed, and finally introduced myself as Eugénie, granddaughter to Madame de Cambrésis. The name of Forrester I carefully suppressed, lest it should betray me. But the next moment my grandmother came in and rendered all my precautions useless.

"Well, Monsieur," said she, "I see you have been making the acquaintance of my English grandchild."

"English? Is she English indeed?" exclaimed Monsieur Thomasson. "I have never had the pleasure, Madame la Marquise, of meeting a young lady of that nationality."

"Have you not, Monsieur?" I asked impulsively, and then wished I had not

spoken. Something in my tone evidently made him think deeply.

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "About two years ago I travelled with one from Calais to Paris. Such a daring little creature! She jumped out of the train because it was on fire and she wanted to warn the guard. What do you think of that, Mees?"

I could not answer; redder and redder grew my face, and greater and greater my confusion. My grandmother looked surprised at my silence, and the climax was reached when the truth at length dawned on Monsieur Thomasson.

"It is she!" he cried; "it is herself,—the very same little girl!"

At these words I could stand it no longer, but, half-laughing, half-crying, fled from the room. When I returned after Monsieur's departure, I found my grandmother softly laughing to herself.

"Ah, my wild Eugénie!" she said, stroking my hair, for I had thrown myself at her feet. "Always getting into scrapes! What will she do next?"

"Nothing, of course, grandmother," I said. "I am grown up now."

A week after this, as I was riding to Calipet, I met Monsieur Thomasson, who came up to me and begged my pardon for having hurt my feelings; at the same time assuring me that he honored patriotism under whatever form it might appear. Peace was thus concluded, and we even became friends. I pitied the loneliness of the man, and would ride over to his house with Mauricia whenever we heard any news of importance; while my quondam bugbear would load us with choicest flowers from his hothouse and talk to us about the brother he loved so fondly.

Pierre gave us all quite a fright about that time. Monsieur de Fontenay had been teaching him to ride, and when we came down to breakfast one morning

both the boy and the pony he usually rode were missing. We thought at first that some freak of boyish pride and independence had made him wish to ride out alone; but as time passed and no Pierre put in an appearance, Marguerite went to look for him on the downs where the paths are so steep and the stones so loose; while I inquired among the servants and country-people, and eventually went to the police. I had elicited from the parlor maid that Pierre had the day before stuffed his pockets with bread and cheese. That made me think he might have run away.

After some hours Marguerite came back alone and tired out. But toward evening a dusty, weary little urchin was brought in by a gendarme.

"Pierre!" exclaimed my grandmother, trying hard to hide her smiles and tears. "You naughty, naughty boy! Where have you been?"

Pierre looked the picture of injured innocence as he replied:

"I *had* to go, Madame la Marquise. You would not let me be a soldier and join my father, so I went with Fifi."

Fifi was the name of the pony and it was pronounced *Feefee*.

Marguerite drew the boy into a corner and eventually made him promise never to run away again; while the gendarme told us how he had found the little fellow taking dinner with the children of a respectable farmer who lived in the country about fifteen miles away.

We rewarded both the gendarme and the farmer, and the incident was soon forgotten; for news came to us of the capitulation of Sedan. This, as I have said before, was a deathblow to the Bonapartists; and my uncle, Monsieur de Hauteville, was a stanch follower of Napoleon. Therefore we were all very anxious. But, fortunately, we escaped the noise and confusion of the capital.

The Way of Life.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

YESTERDAY! Thou wert a welcome guest,
 Roseate clad and wreathed with hours of gold;
 'Neath thy fragrant crown that thorns were pressed,
 Who could have foretold?

Thine is now a chill and empty place,
 Yesterday,—forever past and done!
 Let us turn unto the brightening face
 Of a day begun.

Father Hermann Cohen.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

SO far Mme. Cohen was ignorant of her son's conversion to Christianity; his brothers and sister knew of it, and all agreed to conceal the fact from their mother, whose sorrow and anger they dreaded. At last, however, the young artist's friend, Mme. de St. Vigor, undertook to break the news to Mme. Cohen. She received it with comparative indifference. She was well accustomed to her son's vagaries, and looked upon his conversion as another passing folly, evidently unconscious of the momentous change wrought in his soul. She realized it later on, when Hermann followed up his conversion by entering a monastery; and the sight of his mother's tears was one of the hardest trials he had to endure at the outset of his religious life.

For the moment he had no hope of leaving the world, and the haven of a monastic vocation seemed a distant prospect, to be gained only by patient endurance and hard work. He strove to sanctify his daily life to the best of his ability; and probably as a reward for his patience and courage God allowed him to found, while yet a layman, an association which still remains a living memorial of his love for the Blessed

Sacrament. This admirable work, called the "Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament," is now flourishing in Paris and in all the great towns of France. The men who belong to it represent every rank, age and social condition. They bind themselves to watch during the night, at stated times, before the Blessed Sacrament; and so throughout the whole year, in one or other of the Paris churches, a group of these faithful watchers keep guard before the lonely tabernacle and its Divine Inmate. To those who, like ourselves, have seen with what cheerful simplicity the self-appointed task is filled—how men of every social position meet in loving brotherhood to honor their hidden God—it is clear that Hermann's spirit still animates the association. Its origin was as follows.

One day our hero, having heard that the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the chapel of the Carmelite nuns, went, according to his custom, to pass some time before It. He remained until nightfall, and was only roused from his prayers by a Sister who came to tell him that the chapel would soon be closed. "Let me, at any rate, remain as long as those persons," he said, pointing to a little group of women who seemed to be left undisturbed. "But those persons remain in adoration all night," was the reply.

Hermann went straight to M. de la Bouillerie, who later became Bishop of Carcassonne, and whose devotion to the Holy Eucharist is well known. "I have just been expelled from a chapel where a few women spend the whole night before the Blessed Sacrament," he said. "Well," was the reply, "if you envy their lot; find a few men ready to follow their example."

Hermann took him at his word. His first recruits were a Spaniard named Asnarez, a French naval officer, Count

Raymond de Cuers, and seventeen others, chiefly clerks, workmen and servants. On the 22d of November, 1848, M. de la Bouillerie assembled the associates and drew up the rules of the confraternity. Its object was: "The exposition and nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the reparation of the insults directed against It."

The first adorations took place in the famous sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, where a marble slab still commemorates the fact. It bears the following inscription: "The association established for the exposition and nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament had its origin in this church, the 6th of December, 1848. It was founded by the Rev. Father Hermann and by Mgr. François de la Bouillerie, Bishop of Carcassonne, at that time Vicar-General of the diocese of Paris."

The foundation and development of this work was a source of great interest to Hermann during the months he spent in Paris as a layman; but his yearning to enter a convent increased daily, and not even the working of his beloved association could reconcile him to the prolongation of his trial. By dint of incessant labor and strictest economy he succeeded in paying off a large portion of the thirty thousand francs he owed at the time of his conversion; and at last the moment came when he found that by giving a concert he could easily clear off the remainder.

He at that time occupied a small lodging close to the Marist Fathers, and he asked one of the religious to accompany him to the concert—which was to be his adieu to the world. "His success was immense," writes the good Father. "He seemed to surpass himself, and thunders of applause shook the hall....After the concert he came to seek me in the little room where I was waiting. 'Ah,' he exclaimed,

stretching out his arms, 'at last I have done forever with the world!'"

Almost from the first moment of his conversion Hermann had felt attracted to the Carmelite Order, and the writings of St. Teresa became his favorite study. But before taking a final resolution he consulted several eminent priests and religious, among others Père Lacordaire and Père de Ravignan.

In 1849 he made a retreat for the purpose of discovering God's holy will; and his own meditations, as well as the advice he received, pointed in the same direction. A long conversation with a Carmelite monk, whom Providence led across his path, finally settled the question; and on July 16, 1849, he determined to leave Paris for Agen, where there is a Carmelite monastery.

It was thought more prudent to keep the real object of his journey a secret from his family until he had tested the reality of his vocation by a stay of some weeks at Agen. He simply informed his mother that he was going to spend some time in quiet and solitude.

The Carmelite Convent at Agen is situated outside the town on a hill, in a solitary and picturesque spot. A fortnight after his arrival Hermann writes to his friend the Count de Cuers: "St. Teresa will be my mother, the scapular my habit, a cell eight feet square my universe. I am indeed happy: I feel I am about to fulfil God's holy will."

On the 31st of July, Feast of St. Ignatius, the young postulant began a retreat. It confirmed him in his resolution, and no further doubt seemed to remain as to the reality of his vocation to be a Carmelite. He was sent to the novitiate of the Order at Broussey, near Bordeaux, where, on the 16th of August, he announced his final decision to his mother and family. "I have chosen," he says, "a life of solitude, of

retreat and of silence; a hidden and obscure life,—a life of self-sacrifice." He goes on to explain the origin and object of the Order; and, remembering that he is writing to Jews, he insists upon the fact that the Carmelites regard the Prophet Elias as their first founder, and Mount Carmel, in Palestine, as the cradle of their Order.

He then describes the rule of life of his new brethren, who "never eat meat, walk barefooted winter and summer, fast almost all the year; sleep on a wooden plank, without sheets, linen or mattress; practise continual silence and solitude. My cell is four or five feet wide and seven feet long; I am happier in it than if I were on a throne in the great hall of the Tuileries or the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg.... When you see me again," he continues, "you will see me with a happy and peaceful countenance, and a heart that loves you and prays night and day that the Lord may shed His fatherly blessings upon you and give you all happiness. If any among you had the misfortune to offend God, I will beg Him to let me atone on earth for this offence, in order that none of you should suffer eternally, and that we may one day all be united in the bosom of Abraham, our common father."

The emotion excited by this letter may be easily imagined; although, with exquisite delicacy, he had endeavored to soften the blow by representing the Order in which he had elected to enter as of Jewish origin, and therefore less repugnant to his family. His mother, who now at last realized the consequences of his change of religion, was especially distressed and indignant, and she resolved to make a final effort to shake his decision; but for the present she made no attempt to see him.

However, from another and most unexpected quarter the admission of our

hero met with some opposition. His Jewish origin, his dissipated youth and very recent conversion seem to have inspired the superiors of the Order with fears as to the perseverance of the new postulant, and before admitting him to the novitiate they sent him to Rome to plead his own cause with the general of the Order. He did so with complete success; and on the 14th of September he writes joyfully to his friend the Count de Cuers: "I have just carried my affair by storm."

On the 6th of October following Hermann put on the brown tunic and white mantle of the sons of St. Teresa, and exchanged his name in the world for that of Augustin Mary of the Blessed Sacrament; a name recalling the chief devotions of his life—Our Lady, St. Augustin, and the Holy Eucharist.

The Order of Mount Carmel had not long been re-established in France when Hermann joined its ranks. Before 1793 the barefooted Carmelites were well known throughout the length and breadth of that land. But, in common with other religious, they had been driven away by the revolutionary tempest; and their return was due to the combined efforts of Father Dominic of St. Joseph, a Spanish Carmelite whom the civil war had forced into exile; and Mother Bathilde of the Infant Jesus, superioress of the Carmelite nuns at Bordeaux.

The efforts of these two holy souls to establish the sons of St. Teresa in France were helped by the general motion in favor of religious Orders which took place toward the middle of the century. It was just the time when Father Lacordaire, conquering blind passion and prejudice, brought back to his native land the white-robed sons of St. Dominic; and when Dom Guéranger, following in his footsteps, established the Benedictines at Solesmes.

The progress of the Carmelite monks was slow. They possessed only three convents—one at Agen, one at Montigny, and one at Broussey—in 1849, when Hermann joined them. But this young Jew convert was destined by Providence to gain many recruits, to found several monasteries, and to shed the halo of his holiness on the ancient Order.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that existing between our hero's life as an artist in the world and his life as a Carmelite novice. After his conversion he had, it is true, worked hard and endured many privations; but from the age of eighteen he had been his own master and had lived chiefly in an atmosphere of elegance and luxury; his free Bohemian life resembled in nothing the novitiate of Mount Carmel, with its rule of poverty and obedience.

Although the barefooted Carmelites occasionally exercise an active ministry, their vocation is chiefly contemplative. Their rule of life is severe: they sleep on boards, observe perpetual abstinence and almost continual silence, and rise in the night to recite the Divine Office for two hours. Our novice found inexpressible happiness in a life so different from anything he had hitherto experienced. He writes in April, 1850, to a friend in Paris: "It is impossible for me to express to you the happiness I have enjoyed here since I took the holy habit; only the pen of an angel could describe the delights of the interior life one leads in the novitiate....It is a perpetual Communion."

The fervor, mortification, and above all the childlike simplicity of the new novice excited the admiration of his brethren. It never occurred to him to ask for the slightest dispensation. He had been accustomed to smoke and to drink strong coffee, and the sudden change of habit affected his health sufficiently to attract the attention of

his superiors. A doctor was consulted, and Hermann was ordered to leave off coffee and smoking gradually, instead of breaking off suddenly with habits that had become a second nature.

During the Christmastide following his arrival at Broussey the novice was ordered by his superiors to compose the music and the words of a hymn in honor of the Infant Jesus. It was the only time during his novitiate that he indulged the talent for music that had been for so many years the principal occupation of his life. Together with all his former tastes and habits, his passion for music had been cheerfully put aside,—not, however, without a pang.

He writes in June, 1850, to a holy Visitation nun whom he had known in Paris: "If ever a sacrifice offered to Jesus could appear painful, it would have been this one. Let the holy will of Jesus be done, and let us bless Him for allowing us to offer Him any little sacrifice." God rewarded his generosity, and in return filled his soul with a deeper and keener appreciation of the happiness that is not of this world. "I am in heaven," he writes to the Count de Cuers. "Our Father Provincial has sent me leave to go to Holy Communion every day during the month of June."

Our novice needed special strength and assistance at this period. In July, 1850, his mother suddenly arrived at Broussey, determined to spare nothing to carry him away with her. She was even more angry than pained when she saw her son in his coarse brown tunic, with his bare feet and shaven head. He strove to prove to her that if his exterior had been transformed, his love for her, far from decreasing, had, on the contrary, deepened since his conversion. The spoiled darling of other days had grown into a loving, dutiful son, whose gratitude for his mother's past tenderness was equalled only by his anxiety

for her eternal welfare. He repeatedly assured her that he was perfectly happy in the life that seemed to her so cruel; and in their long conversations he earnestly implored her to examine the Christian doctrine and to give it, at any rate, a fair trial. She left at last, touched and softened but not convinced. "My mother has gone," writes Hermann to the Count de Cuers. "She seems very much moved and shaken, but her family keeps her back."

His mother's conversion became the chief object of his prayers; he thought of her incessantly and recommended her to all the holy souls with whom he was brought into contact. We shall see later on how God, after apparently disappointing Hermann, consoled and reassured him in a mysterious manner.

Three months after his mother's visit, on October 7, 1850, Father Augustin—as Hermann was now called—made his solemn profession in the chapel of Broussey, and was then sent at once to Agen to prepare for the priesthood. On Holy Saturday, 1851, he was ordained. His course of theology was therefore a short one, but the grace of baptism seemed to have brought to him a marvellous intuition of all things supernatural; he grasped the system of theology with singular rapidity, and it was frequently remarked by the most competent judges that his soundness and solidity as a theologian were out of all proportion with his comparatively short course of studies.

He prepared himself for ordination with a mixture of desire and fear. A week before he wrote to his godfather, Dr. Gourand: "I am moved beyond words, and am divided between happiness and fear. Pray for your poor godson." And to Max Récamier, son of the celebrated physician, he says: "You have, perhaps, not forgotten the poor music master who gave you

your first lessons, and who is now the happy barefooted Carmelite,—a living proof of the mercy of Jesus.... I am to be made a priest on Holy Saturday and to say my first Mass on Easter Sunday. Neither you nor I, my dear child, will ever understand here below all the grandeur and majesty of the tremendous mystery, at which the angels assist trembling with fear. Ask for your poor friend the graces that he needs." After his ordination his joy knew no bounds. "Ask for me," he writes, "fidelity, gratitude, love of the cross, and the thirst for God's glory."

All his letters at this time breathe the same spirit of deep gratitude, love, happiness, and an ardent desire to work for God. But though the supernatural element in his character gained strength and beauty with every new grace, his natural affections seemed also to deepen; and as he grew to love God more, so his love for his family increased. The conversion of his mother, brothers and sister was his dearest earthly wish, the object of his constant prayers. His married sister, in particular, was, he knew, pursued by doubts. In May, 1852, she came to see him at Agen, spoke of her difficulties, and even went so far as to say: "I shall be damned if I do not embrace the Catholic faith; but I prefer to be damned rather than to be parted from my only son, and I know they would take him from me if I became a Catholic." After a violent struggle she decided to receive baptism in secret, and during some months she was able to conceal her faith and to keep her son with her.

This dear child, named George, who had well-nigh prevented his mother's conversion, showed from his babyhood a strange leaning toward Catholicism. He had discovered that his mother was a Catholic, and used to beg her to let him be baptized. With a discretion

above his years, he kept her secret religiously; but when she was able to steal out to receive Holy Communion he used on her return to kiss her garments and to creep up close to her to be nearer Jesus. The Divine Master, who once kissed and blessed the little ones of Israel, looked down mercifully on the little Jewish boy, and in 1856 George was secretly baptized by his uncle. He was then eleven years old. Before pouring the saving waters on the child's brow, Father Hermann prepared him in words suitable to his years for the persecutions to which he might be exposed. "You may be forced to enter the synagogue, to trample upon the crucifix."—"Do not be afraid, my uncle," was the reply: "I will die first."

These were no empty words. A few weeks later the boy was required to pray with his father in the Jewish books. He refused, tenderly, gently, but with great firmness. He was then torn from his mother, carried off to Germany and hidden, under a supposed name, in a Protestant school. For five months his mother remained alone, in absolute ignorance of her child's fate. Now and then she was informed that at last he had consented to abjure Christianity; but her mother's instinct told her that her son's fidelity was unshaken, and she continued to pray day and night for his perseverance. Her instinct was right: utterly alone, in a hostile atmosphere, incessantly persecuted and threatened, the little confessor showed no signs of yielding, only now and then he cried bitterly for his mother. "Abjure Christianity and you shall see her."—"Oh, no!" was his answer. "I am a Christian, and I will suffer anything rather than renounce my faith."

At the end of some months the poor mother received a letter telling her to start for Germany, where she was to

see her child. On arriving she was met by members of her family. "You shall see your son only if you consent to take an oath that you will bring him up in the Jewish faith." A few weeks later, however, she was at last allowed to see George in presence of his father, and on condition that not a word of religion should be spoken. She wrote to Father Hermann: "He was able to tell me nothing; but I understood, I felt sure he had remained faithful."

For many months longer little George practised his religion by stealth among a thousand difficulties. But his fervor seemed to increase with each new trial; he wrote thus to his uncle: "When I wake up in the night to think over all the graces that God has granted me, ... I could jump for joy."

At last the brave little convert was left in peace. It had become clear that nothing could move him; and one of his uncles, Albert Cohen, struck by his constancy, exclaimed: "A religion that gives such courage to a mere child must be divine, therefore I wish to be a Catholic." The seed thus planted by the boy's example produced good fruit: Albert Cohen became a fervent Catholic, and built a church at Harburg, where he resided.

In his letters to his nephew George, whom he tenderly loved and whose struggle for the faith he had helped by his prayers, Father Augustin lays down many wise and prudent rules of conduct. While exhorting the boy to remain staunch to his faith, he advises him to win his family by tenderness, to avoid rendering his piety obtrusive or aggressive. "I care very much," he once wrote, "that you should keep up affectionate relations with your uncles, in order to be able to do them good.... I give you this mission; but you must avoid anything like preaching."

A Day with the Pope.

BY H. TWITCHELL.*

DURING the time which has elapsed since Leo XIII. ascended the pontifical throne he has been a voluntary prisoner. He has not left the Vatican for a single day, remaining there even during the miasmatic and unhealthful summer months, when Rome is deserted. He has never entered one of the numerous churches whose steeples rise before his very eyes. The city of Rome itself is as distant from him as the most remote region of the world. On the other hand, the faithful from all parts of the universe have made pilgrimages to his palace. The contrast between the vast extent of his moral sovereignty and the narrowness of his material realm is the distinguishing feature of the strange situation of this successor of St. Peter.

Since 1870 Rome has belonged to the house of Savoy. As a protest against this conquest, Pius IX. shut himself up in his palace of the Vatican. In March, 1878, two courses of action lay open to the new Pope: to leave Rome, and thereby acknowledge the conquest of the Eternal City; or, from the balcony topping the façade of St. Peter's, to rule the city for an instant by his glance and his benediction, then to shut himself up within the walls of the Vatican, thus maintaining an attitude of protestation on the part of the despoiled Holy See.

Leo XIII. preferred the second course. He is the only sovereign in the history of the world whose captivity began with his reign. Neither has any other sovereign ever had so many subjects and so small a realm. Leo XIII. reigns over two hundred and thirty million souls, and his kingdom consists merely of a palace, a park, and the Basilica of St. Peter. A carriage driven at a trot can

pass over the entire pontifical domain in twenty minutes.

On the right of the dome of St. Peter's, and overlooked by it, stands the Vatican, its massive walls pierced by many windows. The superb colonnade which makes the entire circuit of the church serves as an avenue leading up to the Bronze Door, the main entrance of the Pope's palace. On the steps before the great door the two powers installed at Rome are represented—below, the royal police circulate; above are the Swiss of the Papal Guard.

As soon as one crosses the threshold of the Bronze Door, which is brightened by the multicolored costumes of the Swiss Guards, he is within the domain of the Pope, where no soldier of the King is ever allowed to set his foot. The Vatican possesses all the prerogatives of a kingdom: the Pope is master in this narrow realm as, prior to 1870, he was in Rome.

The visitor has to climb long and far before he reaches the apartments occupied by his Holiness. Between the Bronze Door and the St. Damascus Court, the culminating point of the Vatican hill, there are two landings; between the St. Damascus Court and the Pope's apartments there are two more. In his capacity of guardian of the entire Christian world, it would seem as if the Holy Father had taken up his lofty lodgings so that he might see farther; that his vision, like his intelligence, might embrace the universe. Within the walls of this palace the laborious days of the Pope roll away. It is our present purpose to follow him through one of these days, which resembles all the others in the complexity of its multiple duties.

The bedchamber in which the Pope awakens every morning at about six o'clock is simple and small. A yellow stuff covers the walls; a *priedieu* and a

* From the French.

white bed constitute almost the entire furnishing. Close to this apartment is a small oratory, where, ordinarily, the Holy Father says Mass, assisted by one of the priests of his household. But when a certain number of strangers or pilgrims request the privilege of being present at this Mass, they assemble at the Vatican, and the Pope officiates before them in a larger apartment. His bent, slender form, supported by two assistants, goes through the movements before the altar with a slow, majestic humility; but when he turns to pronounce the benediction he stands erect, and the expression of his face becomes almost kingly.

After a light breakfast, followed by a short rest, his audiences begin. This is the most fatiguing part of the day. An audience with him is not merely a courtesy: he gives himself up entirely to his interlocutor, and expects the latter to do the same with him. The interview thus becomes a severe mental exertion for the Pontiff, and it is one of the ways in which he gains his information concerning the outside world. There are several audiences once or several times a week at which he receives the different cardinals. At these the Secretary of State, in charge of matters pertaining to the different powers, acquaints his master with all political questions and situations. No position is more desired by diplomats than an embassy to the Holy See. The Vatican is, in a measure, an observatory from which one can get an admirable view of the entanglements of politics.

After the Secretary of State comes the Cardinal-Vicar, who brings news of the Roman parishes of which the Pope is still the bishop; next the Cardinal Prefect of the Council, who comes with matters pertaining to faith and discipline; then the Secretary of the Briefs, the principal bureaucracy of the

Church; and the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, upon whom three-fourths of the universe depend, and who keeps the Pope informed of the progress of the Church throughout Christendom.

Leo XIII. performs much more labor than did any of his predecessors. He not only aims to be Doctor of Faith and Piety, but also one of the powers of the earth. At the moment when the mighty nations of Christendom are armed against each other, this unsupported personality represents the spirit of peace. More than once have the powers appealed to him to use his efforts in preventing a clashing which seemed to be inevitable.

In addition to these weighty duties, the religious interests of the world are perpetually in the mind of Leo XIII. There is hardly a bishop or an archbishop, even though located a month's distance from Rome, who does not visit his chief at least once in five years. By turns there kneel at his feet Italian prelates, skilled in the subtleties of political life, and missionaries from far-off lands, expert in dealing with pagans and savages. All these bishops speak a common language—Latin.

Besides these, audiences are accorded to privileged laymen who come from all parts of the world, thus completing that universality of echoes which, in spite of the seclusion of Leo XIII., make the Vatican the best-informed of courts. Formerly a layman was required to wear court-dress at an audience, but at present a black coat and white necktie suffice; women must wear black gowns and lace veils.

Before passing through the corridor leading to the Pope's apartments, the visitor leaves his hat and removes his gloves; then, supplied with a card of admission, he passes through the room of the Palatine Guard and the room of tapestries, entirely hung with gobelins—

the gift of France,—and at last finds himself in the audience chamber. At the end of this apartment, against the wall, is a throne where the Pope sits during formal receptions. In one corner a small door guarded by an officer communicates with the private audience chamber. On an invitation from the Pope, the visitor is admitted to the latter. A prelate accompanies each visitor. Both kneel three times before reaching the Pope's chair; the prelate then disappears, and the visitor remains on his knees until he is invited to rise and be seated.

Leo XIII. is called the "White Old Man of the Vatican," and the characteristic features of his appearance could not be better indicated. His cassock, cope, and shoes are white; his face, too, is white—the color of wax; while a white skullcap, from under which escape two tufts of white hair, crowns the august countenance. His eyes are small but keen and masterful; his mobile lips express every shade of feeling—satisfaction or disapproval, hope or fear. He listens to the visitor with bent head and rapt attention; but when he speaks his head is erect and his eyes flash with the consciousness of authority.

In his case etiquette does not destroy that sincerity and frankness—that expression of personality which constitutes the peculiar charm of original natures. The Papal dignity does not intervene like a stone-wall between Joachim Pecci, Sovereign Pontiff, and the visitor. Twenty years of sovereignty have placed no mask on that face of over ninety.

The audiences are generally over when the report of a cannon from St. Angelo and the clanging of bells everywhere announce the hour of noon. In spring and autumn the Pope starts on his promenade at this hour. A member of the Noble Guard places his red hat and coat and his cane near the door.

The Pope dons his outer garments, and finds ready in an adjoining room his sedan chair and his six *palafrenieri*, all in red. After having blessed the guards standing about, he enters the chair, and the *palafrenieri* start off.

The cortège files through the innumerable rooms of the Vatican, and halts at last before a carriage stationed at the gateway. This the Pope enters, often inviting one of the prelates to accompany him. Mounted soldiers ride on either side; while others guard the walls.

The equipage, thus protected, is driven along at a slow trot, turning at every corner to give the sovereign the idea of space. It passes the famous Zitella Fountain and on the right the Grotto of Lourdes, where the Holy Father keeps a lamp burning. In driving to the left, the group pass the beautiful Casino of Pius IV., in the construction of which the Pontiff of the sixteenth century combined the beauty of the Renaissance with the grace given by ancient Rome to its villas.

This Casino is one of the purest and richest of models,—too rich for succeeding Popes, who gave up attempting to keep it in its pristine splendor. The dampness of the low ground on which it stands makes it almost uninhabitable at the present time. Leo XIII. prefers the opposite hill, where since the fifth century the imposing Leonine Tower has reared its impregnable mass on the highest and most healthful point of the Vatican grounds.

This tower, with its two windows—loopholes rather—and its walls, over six feet in thickness, extending for over three hundred feet to another tower, suggests to the imagination of the Pope a vision of the Middle Ages. Here he has had prepared a refuge from the heat of summer. His first care was to have an edifice constructed near by for the use of his household. This done, he had the

only room in the tower fitted up for his own occupancy. This apartment is perfectly round, and has two windows looking out to the east and the west. The eastern window gives access to a small *retiro*, furnished with a bed and a couch for a siesta; and to a balcony overlooking the top of St. Peter's and the Michael Angelo cupola.

Unless summoned by a bell, the presence of any one in this lofty room is strictly forbidden. But the moment the Holy Father shakes the *campanelle*, his servitors appear. The faithful *centra* puts the red mantle over the frail shoulders of his master, takes from the table a small portable clock, and the portfolio whose precious papers are entrusted to him alone. Another attendant brings the hat and cane, the Pope preferring the latter to the arms of the prelates as he makes his way to the carriage which is waiting to take him back to his gilded prison.

But before re-entering the carriage, the Pontiff likes to stroll around his favorite manor. He wants to assure himself that some old cockatoos, with but few feathers left, are properly cared for in their house in the angle of the Vespignian pavilion. He looks at the vines whose grapes he often gathers with his own hands. He anxiously examines a bed of tea-roses, counting the buds and calculating in advance the number of blossoms. He calls his gardener Pietro and gives him some last suggestions; then he enters his conveyance, which has followed him about, and returns to the Vatican,—not without a glance up the avenue of live-oaks opening out on Rome and Monte-Mario, and on the land beyond, more beautiful still, which he, the voluntary prisoner of St. Peter's and the Leonine Tower, will never visit.

After this excursion, and often during it, at the Leonine Tower, the Pope

writes and works. His dinner is soon dispatched. It consists of a soup, two or three dishes, cheese and fruit. Meals count for almost nothing in the day. The Pontiff always eats alone and never lingers at the table. It is his desk that attracts him. This recluse is so marvellously well-informed as to the needs of the world that his Encyclicals seem to be a systematic response to those requirements. It is not within his own mind that he looks for his material: he collects the echoes of Christendom, then writes.

As, in imitation of the Popes of the Middle Ages, Leo XIII. counsels and directs the Christian world, so like those Popes he finds pleasure in literary diversion. Making Latin verses is his special delight. He is, without a doubt, the greatest Latinist of our epoch; if one may say so, he claims to be the poet of his own pontificate. This familiarity with Latin is not the result of a mere fancy: the Pope considers it a duty incumbent on his high office. The world, conquered by Rome nineteen centuries ago, was afterward conquered by the Church, which accepted the vestment presented to it by the ancient Romans. During the nineteen centuries that have passed since that conquest no one has known better than Leo XIII. how to wear and adorn that vestment.

The Pope's labors are prolonged far into the night. Often before retiring he again summons his chair. The procession once more files through the lofty apartments filled with rare treasures. The gardens are not the destination this time, however: the Sovereign Pontiff desires to pray in the Basilica of St. Peter. He does not enter in state, as in the days when he possessed Rome: he steals quietly through a side door and kneels before the "Confession," where the dust of St. Peter reposes.

Thus ends the day of Leo XIII.

Our Social Responsibility.

AS a rule, reports of conventions are hard reading. If one has been present at them, one's interest in published accounts of the proceedings is naturally lessened; if absent, one has to put up with summaries of papers and addresses that might be very readable in full but are very dry in brief. The annual report of the English Catholic Truth Society Conference is a notable exception. The addresses delivered and papers read are printed in full; and they are generally so good that if one had listened to them, one would wish to enjoy them a second time in reading.

This year the Conference was held at Newcastle; and, as on former occasions, there was a large and enthusiastic gathering. The inaugural address by Cardinal Vaughan was in his usual happy manner. His Eminence never leaves his hearers in doubt as to the meaning of anything he may say. He is always outspoken as well as practical and optimistic. His attitude is that of one sure of his ground and persuaded that justice which is due will not be long delayed. His address this year was on topics of particular interest to the Catholics of England.

Among the papers read at the session devoted to the consideration of the social question was a notable one by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., on "The Religious Aspect of Social Work." It is both informing and inspiring, and abounds in wise counsel well expressed. We must make room for several passages of this highly important paper. Touching the obligation of bringing our holy religion to bear upon our social life, Father Cuthbert says:

If there is one truth more distinctly than others taught us by Catholic history, it is that of the solidarity of the Christian people, so that each class in society has a duty of justice and charity

toward every other individual class; and each individual, according to his opportunities, toward every other individual. The doctrine of the Communion of Saints, which to us Catholics is so intimate and precious a belief, has its foundation in this very belief that we are all one family in God, with family responsibilities toward one another; and these responsibilities affect our temporal relations with one another as well as our eternal, our material relations as well as our spiritual. We can not rightly cut our lives in two: we can not sincerely talk of spiritual assistance to one another whilst we are content to let a poor wretch lie in a ditch or starve of hunger. There are times when Christian charity and brotherhood finds its most dutiful expression not in a prayer but in a loaf of bread.

It not unfrequently happens that the immediate duty springing from our Christian fellowship lies not in the direction of the church but in that of the ballot-box. And we must ever remember that the Spiritual Works of mercy can never supplant the Corporal Works. Let us pray for one another, yes; but let us never forget that Christian charity demands that we give the helping hand as well. To us Catholics, then, it is an urgent personal duty, arising out of the fulness of our faith in Jesus Christ and His Church, to exercise, according to our opportunities and the needs of the hour, the divine charity upon which our lives should be built. "How can you love God if you close your heart to your neighbor?" is in effect the teaching of St. John the Apostle. How can you call yourselves Catholics if you fail to recognize the obligation of Christian fellowship?

In another passage, after showing the effect of character and the necessity of cultivating the interior life as a means of exercising spiritual influence, a danger against which social workers have to be on their guard is pointed out:

Whoever would become a social worker must remember that all good, efficient work is in great measure the result of character, and proceeds from the very soul. The priest who would fulfil his ministry as he ought must cultivate a priestly character and a priestly habit of soul; if he neglects this he will fail in his work. And the same principle applies to the social worker. The ultimate object of all social work is moral and religious regeneration. It is to raise men out of their material, or even brutal, existence into that which is human and spiritual. But what spiritual influence can any man have who neglects his own spiritual life?

The social worker, therefore, must be a religious man in the proper sense of the word: he must be one who takes care of his own soul and who knows how to pray. There is a tendency

at the present day to undervalue prayer as part of a man's religious life. There are those who flippantly tell us that "to work is to pray." In one sense that is true—if the work is done in the spirit of prayer, with a sense of dependence on God.

But how is this spirit of prayer to be acquired except by separating oneself, from time to time, from the worries and cares of life and bringing oneself into special communion with God? Jesus Christ our Master retired at times from the crowd to pray to His Father in quiet and seclusion. That is the example every social worker must follow if he would do Christlike work.

We must not forget that all our power for good comes from God, and it is needful not to forget God if we would really benefit our fellowmen. Moreover, the habit of prayer will, more than anything else, prevent the social worker from becoming intolerant and pharisaical; and this is a danger against which every reformer or apostle has to be on his guard. "O Lord, I am not as other men!" is too often written broadly on the faces of your crusaders and reformers. But the true apostle of Christ is as humble and simple of soul as he is patient and steadfast; for whilst he walks among men he walks in the presence of God.

Father Cuthbert's closing words must also be quoted. They emphasize his contention that it is obligatory on every Christian to promote justice and charity, and that the poor and the weak have a special claim on the rich and the strong:

To sum up briefly: it is the duty of every Catholic to do his part in bringing about greater justice and charity in the world, whether by economic legislation or by private or voluntary endeavor. This is a universal duty incumbent upon all. But for those who have leisure or who have opportunity there is a special apostolate—to redeem those who, whether by their own fault or the fault of others, have fallen from what a man and a Christian ought to be. The voice of Christ calls out for helpers in this work; but whoever would help must come to the work in the spirit of Christ. They must be sincere and consistent in their own lives; they must be sympathetic with those they would help; above all, they must walk constantly in the presence of God, and know how to seek in prayer the strength and guidance necessary for their work.

The Conference of the English Catholic Truth Society this year would be highly important if it had no other result than to intensify interest in social work among Catholics and cause them to realize the obligation of giving an example of social duty.

A Remarkable Letter.

A DEFICIT amounting to \$100,000* or more in the treasury of the P. E. Church has given rise to much discussion among its members, and many explanations have been offered by leading lights of that denomination to account for the falling off. Bishop Whipple declared that it came from "lack of love"; and the Bishop of Fond du Lac, in a letter to the *Living Church*, discusses the means of vivifying this decadent affection. He is evidently of opinion that an open confession is good for the soul; for he says:

We must bring forth fruits meet for repentance. We must, before we can gain any answers to our prayers, examine ourselves as a Church; and, finding our sins, set about a reform. We must turn to God as Israel did in the time of Ezra, and we need to do so.... But we might begin by laying aside for a time some of our boastings.... Possibly we might get some clue to our sins if we considered in what way other religious bodies excel us. Is there not now a great lack of self-sacrifice in our Church in both clergy and laity? The Roman Catholic clergy give up matrimony: as a rule, they are true to their celibate dedication. Giving it up for the love of Christ, it is one way by which they are united to Christ crucified.... What does the Episcopal Church ask her clergy to give up? Do men enter her ministry for the purpose of leading a hard life of sacrifice?... Again: The Roman clergy say their Offices daily; they must give an hour or hour and a half to their prayers. The English Prayer-Book requires of her clergy the daily recitation of morning and evening prayer. But the American clergy are not a praying clergy. A number content themselves with a short form of family prayer—if they have a family,—and with some morning and night prayers. Again: The Roman Catholic Church honors Our Lord's Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. We quarrel over it and seem afraid of it;... we believe that the Roman Catholic Church is very dear to Christ, and is blest by Him on account chiefly of the self-sacrifice of its clergy and its love and honor paid to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

We might well ask ourselves which of the seven messages sent by the Ascended Lord through St. John applies to our Church. Have we kept the faith or are we trying to do so? In prominent churches the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity is denied. The writer has heard pure Sabellianism preached: the Incarnation is repudiated in some.... How can God's Holy Spirit work effectively

or bountifully in or through such a Church? No wonder He has left us, and our hearts are cold and our treasures empty.

Again: Look at that hidden and secret sin that like Achan's, wedge of gold hidden in his tent caused Israel's disaster. Our Church has lost sight of the sacred meaning of marriage as a witness to Christ's union with His Church. The second marriages of our clergy, so contrary to God's express command, must be extremely displeasing to Him. Not to realize this is only another mark of our spiritual blindness and decadence. That God bears with this branch of the Church is a wonder. It is a marvel of mercy. If we begin to fear lest our candlestick be removed, and repent and do our first works, the Holy Spirit will again be with us; and our hearts being full, our treasures will be full also.

These extraordinary remarks do credit to the sincerity, piety, and humility of Bishop Grafton; but we think he should have qualified his reproaches. The fulness and force of his feelings carried him away. We are sure he will agree with us that in an open letter like this it would have been well to state—we are happy to do so—that there are many clergymen of his denomination who give up matrimony and lead lives of genuine self-sacrifice. They are eminently pious, too, and they are firm believers in every doctrine of the Church Universal save the Supremacy of Peter. Their good faith we do not for a moment question. But, alas! they cling to the Church of England, though the mighty Church of All Lands looms so high and shines so gloriously. Their delusion is that they can help "Catholicism" more by staying than by seceding. "If," as one who had passed ten years in Anglican orders said,—“if, instead of forming theories and dreaming dreams about the reunion of Christendom, they would only search the Scriptures and antiquity for the true Church, they would find it promised in the one and acknowledged in the other as the Church of Peter, ‘the See of Peter,’ the flock committed to Peter, and through all the centuries ruled by pastors possessing the privilege and inheriting the supremacy of Peter.”

Notes and Remarks.

Clients of our Blessed Lady invariably hail with especial delight the month of the Holy Rosary. Graces and favors that have been solicited in vain for weeks and months previously are petitioned for now with renewed confidence, and, as the experience of other years has demonstrated, are safe to be secured. The indulgences attached to the devout recitation of the beads are so plentiful that such recitation naturally forms a part of our daily exercise throughout the year; but the consecration to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary of this particular month, and the signal favors lavished by the Church on those who piously join in congruously celebrating it, render it almost criminal in a Catholic to neglect the special public exercises whereby Leo XIII. desires to honor the most widespread and most beneficent of the particular devotions to the Blessed Virgin. Oftener than at any other season of the year should we during October finger the beads as we fervently beg our Heavenly Mother to pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

The *Angelus*, hailing from Chicago, is an Anglican journal, but we doubt whether it has any more attentive readers than ourselves and a Hibernian *confrère*, who insists on calling it “the Angelical paper.” We have been much interested in the editor's reply to a correspondent who objects to certain Catholic features of our contemporary. The words which we quote will be sufficient indication of the trend and tone of the criticism:

We are sorry that our correspondent should object to various commemorations of our Blessed Lady which have appeared in the *Angelus* calendar from time to time.... Nothing so isolates the Anglican communion from the rest of Catholic Christendom as the lack of devotion to Our

Lady, which unfortunately characterizes so many Anglicans. . . . Finally, doubtless nothing so retards the progress of the Catholic revival in the Anglican communion as the neglect on the part of even advanced High Churchmen to secure by invocation of Our Lady those inestimable blessings which would most surely flow from the special exercise by the Mother of God of her strictly subordinate and derived, but none the less important, intercessory function. It is for the purpose of suggesting special devotions to her that we notice so many of her commemorations in our calendar.

We strongly incline to the belief that not a few of the cures effected at Lourdes are miracles worked by our Divine Lord at the intercession of our Blessed Lady and in response to the prayers of faithful Catholics. . . . We think it not at all unlikely that the Queen of Heaven, Our Lady of Perpetual Mercy, Our Mother of Sweet Grace, did actually appear to the blessed Bernadette and announce to her, "I am the Immaculate Conception." At any rate, we wish we could see manifested by equally large numbers of persons in the Anglican Church the same supernatural faith which is shown by the pilgrims at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. . . . Perhaps if we in America had a Lourdes grotto we should be without Christian Science temples, and if we had a blessed Bernadette we should be without a Mrs. Eddy and a blasphemous Dowie.

These extracts demand no comment, but they recall a phrase of Adolf Harnack, one of the spiritual lamps of modern Germany—"the progressive Catholicizing of the Protestant churches."

To clamor for stricter immigration laws simply because the late President was assassinated by a man named Czolgosz, is mere fatuity. The desirability of more rigorous entrance requirements must be argued on its own merits, and the murder of Mr. McKinley has nothing to do with the discussion. Neither Booth the slayer of Lincoln, nor Guiteau the slayer of Garfield, was a foreigner; and the unfortunate wretch who murdered President McKinley was not a foreigner either. All were American-born and American-bred; all were educated in the public schools. The words spoken by a leader of the anarchists, Herr Most, are full of meaning. "Czolgosz," he said, "is not a Pole: the Poles are Catholics,"—the perfectly

correct inference being that no Catholic can be an anarchist. The assassin publicly apostatized three years ago when he was "converted" by a famous priestess of anarchy; and if he had been educated in a parish school his "conversion" would not have been so inevitable. The murder of President McKinley, more than any event of recent times, seems to have brought home to non-Catholics the need of religious training in the schools. "This," said Edward Everett Hale, "must be the result until in some happy day we can show that we educate men where now we only instruct them. Let church and school be quicker and stronger in giving to God's children training that is divine." And the Rev. W. Montague Geer, of New York, closed a speech that was long and strong with these encouraging words: "The question now is, to what an extent can we mold and remodel our educational system. To solve the problem we must put forth our best energies. Almost any system is better than the present one. It were infinitely better to divide up the money received from the school-tax among the various Christian denominations and the Hebrews than to continue the present irreligious system." All which has been said before, but the name of W. Montague Geer adds a touch of freshness.

It is rather amusing to observe the astonishment of even such able publications as the *Nation* on learning that "wicked Paris" is wicked chiefly because wicked Englishmen and Americans go to the gay capital "naively intent on having a good time, and declaring their intention so loudly that the city takes on a particular hue for their benefit." These are the words of Senator Bérenger, of Paris; and a like opinion has been expressed with emphasis by M. Cambon,

an accomplished man of the world and the present Ambassador of France to this country; by a leading Protestant clergyman of Paris; and by Representative Gillett, who, with Speaker Henderson of the House of Representatives, made a careful study of this question. Here are many men of many minds, and all agree that objectionable pictures are exposed and indecent shows tolerated in Paris during the tourist season because the French shopmen have been constrained to believe that that sort of thing is what Americans and Englishmen want. The World's Fair at Chicago, with its Midway and its widely advertised Oriental nastinesses, is in large part to blame for this impression, the *Nation* thinks; and, if report be true, the Buffalo Exposition has the same overmellow odor. And so it happens that what so many travellers call the "Frenchy" flavor is merely an imported dish prepared for their own depraved taste.

There will be mourning in many lands over the death of the great and good priest best known as the Abbé Hogan. The event was all the more shocking to us on account of having heard, only a few days before the sad news came, that bright hopes were entertained of his restoration to health. It was natural to hope that a life so precious might be preserved a while longer. But he has gone to his rest, well earned by many years of arduous labor in the cause of religion. As a professor and spiritual guide, Dr. Hogan was known to generations of ecclesiastics; as a writer on subjects connected with his sacred calling, his fame had become world-wide. He was admired and respected by his associates, venerated and loved by his friends. All who were privileged to know him intimately must count it a blessing. A kindred spirit of Newman, to whom

he was very dear, he has left as a precious legacy to the Church writings of which it is not too much to say that great father of souls would have been glad to own. Already an old man at the beginning of the century, the Abbé Hogan's virtue, learning and character were such as to mark him as a model for the clergy of the new era. It was providential that the example of this noble priest had become so widely known. God rest his soul, and may his memory long survive!

No Catholic needs to be informed that the hymn sung at President McKinley's funeral was written by Cardinal Newman; but it is not so well known that another hymn, "Come to Jesus," which was also a favorite with the late President, was written by Father Faber. According to the testimony of one of his friends, Mr. McKinley knew this hymn by heart, and was often heard humming it through when alone in his library. The London *Tablet* calls attention to yet another interesting circumstance. "When the band of a French man-of-war played the 'Marseillaise' out of respect to the passing of President McKinley's coffin, few people, perhaps, knew or remembered that they were hearing church music. Yet such was the case. Not so very long ago the manuscript of *L'Esther*, an oratorio composed by a choir-master of the Cathedral of St. Omer in the seventeenth century, was found to contain, note for note, the music of the national air."

The person who thoughtfully sent us a copy of a rabid and ribald anti-Catholic newspaper last week was probably of opinion that we could find nothing in it that would be agreeable to us. We did, though. The announcement is made that the editor has severed all other

business relations in order to devote himself exclusively to what is called "anti-Roman work"; and surely he ought to be a good judge of its status. In the course of a long editorial he states that—but let us quote his words exactly as they are printed:

There is not over 3 papers published in the U. S. that is devoted to Papal opposition, while a few years ago we had over 500. We have probably 5 or 6 men and women in America who are devoting their lives to the cause of Protestant Liberty. Convents and Papal churches are being built everywhere....

I think the great work which now confronts us is not so much an effort to turn people away from Rome as it is to hold our young people from going over to Rome. There is a convent in Perth, Australia, in which every nun is a pervert from Protestantism. There is something radically wrong when a condition like this exists.

We read these extracts with gratification and gratitude. The one who directed our attention to them has our best thanks and shall be remembered in our orisons.

A beautiful church under the patronage of the Prince of the Heavenly Host now adorns the little village of Loretto, Pa., the scene of the self-sacrificing labors of the pioneer priest of the Alleghany Mountains. There, in a vault under the main altar, will repose the remains of an earthly prince who preferred the hardships and loneliness of a mission in the wilderness to the pleasures and glamour of a court. The Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels was the day appropriately chosen for the consecration of this church; and the ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Garvey, just consecrated himself to preside over the new diocese in which Loretto is situated. It was his first public act as Bishop of Altoona. The erection of this memorial church is due to the generosity of Mr. Charles M. Schwab. Its furnishings are also his gift,—all except the organ, which was contributed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who wished

to share in honoring the memory of Prince Gallitzin. The worthy pastor of Loretto, the Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, is to be congratulated on having one of the finest country churches in the United States. Under his loving care it will also be one of the best adorned. Especially do we congratulate Mr. John A. Schwab, to whom the building of St. Michael's was wisely entrusted. Venerating Father Gallitzin as he does, the work must have been a labor of love, and we feel sure no one is more happy than he over its completion.

Among the picturesque qualities in the character of Andrew Jackson was his insistence on the principle that his friends and subordinates must pay their honest debts. A curious illustration of this policy has just been brought to light by one of our exchanges. One Christian Eckloff, a respectable tailor, having tried in vain to collect a bill for a suit of clothes ordered by a government clerk, appealed to President Jackson to secure him his just dues,—“having understood that your Highness had taken the Steps for the benefit of Mechanics & Other Citizens of this place by removing or otherwise making the Clerks pay their Honest debts.” President Jackson took up the complaint as seriously as if it were an international grievance, and Christian Eckloff's letter bore the following endorsement:

Referred to the Sec. of State if on inquiry the fact stated be true—unless the clerk pays up the debt, let him be forthwith discharged.

The government would become a party to such swindling provided it permitted its officers to become indebted for necessities and not see that they paid their debts out of their salaries.

Honest men will pay their debts; dishonest, must not be employed by the government.

We understand that the principle enunciated by “Old Hickory” in this curious document has ever since been the settled policy of the government.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Our Lady and the Flowers.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE name of the Blessed Virgin is so associated with the floral kingdom that one can hardly name a flower that is not in some way a reminder of her in whose honor a chaplet of roses was transfigured into prayers. All white flowers are, to begin with, in a special sense her own, and thought worthy to adorn her shrines; and lovely buds of every hue have been consecrated to her festivals and bear her name. The lily is, however, her flower beyond compare; and we find it by her side in the old Italian pictures, or in the hand of the Angel of the Annunciation when he brings the blessed news. The white petals have been thought to typify her spotless body; the golden anthers, her soul glowing with divine light.

One of the finest of our orchids bears the name Our Lady's slipper. There is a wild pink Lady's slipper, too, known sometimes as the moccasin flower. It is growing more rare each year; for it is so beautiful that no one can resist a desire to pick it. The bees love it, and it furnishes them both food and a banquet hall. Over the front entrance are two rows of dark spots, which are a sign that the hungry bee reads, "This way to the dining-room." So he pushes open the sides of a doorway and enters a beautiful golden chamber, where he finds a meal of honey awaiting him. A plant called Our Lady's bedstraw is thought to have filled the manger in which her Divine Son was laid, while the thyme

and groundsel are supposed to have made her own bed. The white spots upon the leaves of Our Lady's thistle are attributed to drops of milk which fell upon them when the Christ-Child was fed.

Of flowers associated with her dress we have Our Lady's slipper and Our Lady's gown. Then there is Our Lady's comb and Our Lady's bunch of keys; while a species of primula has been named Our Lady's candlestick, and the morning-glory Our Lady's nightcap. The pure snowdrop is called "the fair maid of February," for the reason that it opens about Candlemas Day, in memory, tradition has it, of the Presentation in the Temple. There was an old custom of strewing the altar with snowdrops on that day, doubtless as a type of her Purification.

In France the spearmint is called Our Lady's mint; while it is well known that the historic iris, or fleur-de-lis, is peculiarly her own flower, borne on the ancient banners, everywhere her emblem and her signet. Lilies of the valley are thought to be her tears. The rose of Jericho has always received especial honor; for a legend tells us that it first blossomed at the Nativity of Our Lord, closed at His Crucifixion, and opened again at the Resurrection; while it also sprang up before the Holy Family as they fled into Egypt. There is, too, the story often told that where Our Lady stopped to wash the swaddling clothes of the Divine Infant beautiful bushes sprang up and grew forever after.

The exquisite maiden-hair fern has long been termed Our Lady's tresses; while certain orchids have, from their peculiar

shape, been called Our Lady's hands. Then we have the rosemary and the marigold, both reminders of the Mother of Our Lord; while in the hawthorn, or the English "May," is folded a wealth of holy lore connected with the days when the month of May was ushered in by the "bringing in of the May," as the lads and lassies of "Merrie England" called the sweet and devout custom. The strawberry has long been dedicated to Our Lady, and of fruit-trees the cherry is especially her own.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

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BY CUTHBERT.
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XVI.—BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

The next day Harry Stanley Russell accepted the position offered him by Dodsworth. He went to work at once. The invention was very simple. It commended itself to the buying public. Harry's sales or orders on the first day were quite considerable. That evening, after his first attempt, he was in high good-humor, although very tired.

"Here, momsey,—here's the first fruits!" He threw into his mother's lap four silver dollars.

"My boy," said the proud mother, "you must keep this money yourself. You will be a philosopher next year at Rockland, and will have quite a number of extra fees to pay."

"That's all right, momsey dear! I have thought of that. I'll provide for that, please God, before the vacation is over. But you have to keep the first fruits, anyway."

One morning, toward the end of the first week, John Dodsworth said to the young salesman:

"See here, Russell, I think you would be more valuable in the office: I can get other salesmen. Will you not come

inside to-morrow and attend to the sending out of these circulars? You know I told you when we first met that I was not much of a hand with the pen."

Harry agreed. He was given a separate room. He saw there were a good many letters lying upon the desk to be answered. The business promised to be a paying one if proper time and care were given to it.

"If you take my advice," he said to Dodsworth a day or two later, "you will not send out these circulars."

"Why not?"

"Too flashy,—they promise too much. A roller blind contrivance or a map holder will not cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. Looks too much like a patent cure-all ad."

"I told you I was no hand at writing. Do as you like. Perhaps you had better draw up another yourself."

This Harry did, and was vastly proud of his work. It was much more modest in its claims, yet much more likely to attract business men.

"If you could see any improvement in our invention," observed Dodsworth, "we will adopt it and have the thing re-patented."

Harry did see an improvement. It was adopted at once.

"You are quite an inventor," said Dodsworth.

"It runs in the family, I suppose," answered Harry, rather flattered.

"Now, I tell you what we will do, if you are willing. We will draw up partnership papers and make a regular form of it. You seem to supply the brains; I can do all the talking."

"Hold on, Dodsworth! You forget that I am not yet through college. After September, at least for ten months, I should not be able to give much time to this business: perhaps not more than a couple of hours each afternoon.

I could be here all day on Thursdays."

"That will be enough. If the business increases so that you can not handle all the correspondence, we can easily hire a clerk."

"But I have no capital to put into the business."

"Don't let that worry you. Haven't I told you I can supply the dollars and cents? You can supply the brains. You are an inventor already."

"I'll think it over and let you know in a day or two. I must ask mother about it first."

"What has she to do with it?" said Dodsworth, somewhat testily.

"Everything—for me," replied Harry, loyally and boldly.

"Oh, well, do as you please! I should think you were old enough to act for yourself, though."

"I'm not. Don't you know I'm not yet twenty-one—not till next October? Moreover, I do not intend to be too old for a mother's advice for many years to come."

Knowing the part he was playing, John Dodsworth winced every time Harry Russell mentioned the name of mother. Worldly-wise and world-worn at thirty-five, Dodsworth at these times remembered that in an old homestead farmhouse on a sweet Kentucky hillside there was a mother praying and waiting for *her* wayward son to come home and gladden her old heart before she died. In his quieter moments, when alone, he saw her pleading grey eyes; at night they peered into his very soul out of the darkness and the distance. What would *she* think of the part he was playing now? If she knew all, would not her grey hairs sink in sorrow to the grave? What would she think if she knew all? Small wonder that Dodsworth disliked the word "mother" to be used in connection with business.

That evening a family council was

held over the great question of the partnership. Even Mr. Russell, senior, was induced to spend an extra half hour over the teacups. From the very first he sanctioned and was eager for the boy to accept the offer. The idea of pushing some invention pleased him mightily. His sanguine nature at once saw golden visions.

Grace was pleased with the prospect, although she did not acknowledge as much. She was still piqued that Harry had not made her his confidante in the beginning. She considered that she had been hardly dealt with, especially as she and Harry had always been such chums.

Clarence was in a state of ecstatic excitement. In the proposed arrangement he could see nothing but visions of unlimited "cracker-jack" and pop-corn, and balls and bats, and—O glory! perhaps even a wheel!

The mother was not so sanguine. Her maternal instinct made her cautious. Do what she would, she could not feel enthusiastic over her son's prospects. A presentiment born of a mother's love seemed to warn her of an intangible danger hanging over her boy. What it was she could not define. Yet there was a something which troubled her.

"Is your friend who appears to have taken such a fancy to you a good man, Harry?" she asked.

"Tiptop, mother! I saw him give Nancy the cripple fifty cents to-day. When I told him she was an old friend of mine, he turned back and gave her another half dollar. Wasn't that good of him?"

"Is he a Catholic?"

"No, he is not. I do not think he has any religion. He never speaks about it. But that doesn't make him a bad business man."

"But—I—" she began uneasily, still full of the undefined premonition of coming danger.

"Now, look here, momsey dear," said Harry, "your little lambkin has grown into a big boy, who, it seems to me, is quite able to look out for himself."

"But suppose, my child, that he should lead you into bad company? Suppose he should induce you to drink? Such things would break my heart!"

"Oh, we won't suppose such things, momsey darling!" said Harry, as he kissed her. "I do not intend to allow any man to choose my company or to induce me to drink either. Rockland College principles are going to be my guide. I'm not going to forget them."

"But how is it that in so short a time he has done so much for you? Many young men work for years before they get a chance of a partnership. Do you understand it?"

"I suppose I am necessary to him," was the reply, given with all the inexperience of youth. "However that may be, he says I am. By the way, I was talking of Clarence to him to-day. He became very much interested. He wants to get acquainted with him. May I invite him home to supper to-morrow and to spend the evening with us?"

Mr. Russell immediately assented, but Grace and her mother were not so easily won over. Finally they, too, consented.

Dodsworth came. He proved a very agreeable person to the household. He romped and played catch with Clarence on the lawn, to that lad's inexpressible delight. He talked electrical inventions to Harry's father until he thought him a wonderful man. To Grace's playing he sang one or two songs quite creditably. The Russell family prejudice — or, more correctly, the mother's prejudice — was being rapidly broken down.

In Cratcher's letter of instruction to Dodsworth there was one clause which puzzled the latter. It read: "See that young Russell spends none of the money on his younger brother's education." He

had often read this sentence. He could make nothing of it. Nor did he see how he could prevent Harry from doing it. He could not prevent him from disposing of his share of the profits as he saw fit, considering it was to be his own absolutely. Dodsworth was angry with Cratcher for not being more explicit on this point.

To do Dodsworth justice, it must be stated that he believed he was acting within the limits of the law. Whatever Cratcher's intentions were — and so far Dodsworth knew very little of them, — his action of taking a bright, energetic young fellow into partnership in a business which so far had proved quite successful and promised to become lucrative, was nothing the law could touch. With regard to Clarence, he determined to be guided by circumstances, since he could not make them.

Before Dodsworth left the Russells that evening he quietly put the question of partnership before Harry's mother. She still hesitated.

"I can not understand your interest in my son," she said; "nor why you should desire to do so much for one who was a stranger not much more than a month ago."

"The benefit is on my own side, madam," he answered, with a pleasant laugh. "While I am a pretty good talker, I have no head for the details of correspondence and such things. You see, I am in reality quite selfish."

"And besides, mother," said Harry, "if I make a good thing of this I shall be able to pay Clarence's college expenses. You know, Mr. Dodsworth, Clarence starts in at Rockland next September."

Dodsworth started. Here was his opportunity. Harry and his mother both saw him start. They were not a little surprised at his action, which, of course, they could not understand.

"But why do you start so, Mr.

Dodsworth?" Mrs. Russell could not help asking.

"I—oh, nothing, I assure you! Only I was struck with a sudden idea. I am a great friend of education, feeling keenly the want of it myself. You see, I have told you I am selfish with regard to Harry's partnership. The benefit in this is, I assure you, entirely on my own side. Now, it struck me, as I am of a rather philanthropic turn of mind, that I would very much like to be allowed to furnish the expenses of Clarence's education, at least for a couple of years. Will you not consent to this, madam? Let us consider it a kind of bonus from the business for having procured so able a partner as your elder son."

"Since you put it that way, I can not well refuse," said the mother. "But why you should be so generous I can not understand."

"Thanks! It is simple enough. It is out of satisfaction for having procured so clever a young partner. It isn't fair for the benefits to be all on one side. Thanks! I'll drop in on the president of Rockland and arrange the matter."

"Mr. Dodsworth," said Mrs. Russell suddenly, "tell me one thing as you would answer to your own mother. Have you any sinister motives on my children?"

It was a foolish question, doubtless, which could do no good; but it came from a mother's over-anxious heart.

John Dodsworth laughed loudly and long,—a little too loudly, perhaps, and somewhat too prolonged.

"Sinister motive! Why, no! I assure you candidly it is all a mere business transaction. I expect in the long run to make a pile of money out of it."

This was literally true, but not true in the sense in which poor Mrs. Russell understood it. It is well that the future is sometimes hidden from us.

(To be continued.)

Wandering Words.

There are words which wander about from one land or language to another, and often become so changed that the people who first used them do not recognize them. These words could tell strange tales if they could speak: of far countries, peculiar customs, barbarous tribes, and so forth.

The French word *bureau*, meaning the chest of drawers in which you keep your clothing, is such a wandering word. The Greeks had a word *pur*, which meant fire. The Latins, wishing a word that would mean fiery red, borrowed from the Greeks this *pur*, only they changed it into *burrus*; then it joined the long procession of Latin words which helped to make the French language, and became *buire*, meaning a sort of reddish brown. The modern French altered it to *bure* and gave the name to the rough woollen cloth with which they covered their writing-tables; the latter were for that reason called *bureaus*, or *bureaux*. Then, as the government officials kept their papers in these tables, the word *bureau* at last meant a department of state, as it is used in this country.

The word "bank" has an interesting history. It was formerly *banco*, meaning in Italian a bench. The Lombard Jews used to count their money upon the benches, or *bancos*, in the market-place. When they became prosperous enough to have whole buildings for the purpose they used the same word, and from that came our "bank."

A BABBLER was once at a banquet where one of the sages of Greece was present. Astonished at the silence of the wise man, he had no more sense than to express that surprise. "I never would have been called a sage," said the wise man, "if I had not learned how to hold my tongue."

With Authors and Publishers.

—In an enumeration of books from the pen of our new chief executive, the *Athenæum* remarks that he is more of a man of letters than any President of the United States since Jefferson.

—The announcement of a new book by Katherine E. Conway is always welcome. The *Pilot* Publishing Co. will soon bring out another novel by this popular writer called "Lalor's Maples."

—Three new volumes of "The Saints Series" are included in the autumn announcements of Messrs. Duckworth & Co.—"St. Dominic," by Jean Guiraud, translated by Mrs. de Mattos; "St. Chrysostom," by Aimé Puech, translated by Mildred Partridge; and "St. Anthony of Padua," by the Abbé Albert Lepitre, translated by Frances Low.

—Persons who attend churches served by the Dominican Fathers will welcome a manual, just published by R. & T. Washbourne, which contains all the hymns in common use in the different Dominican parishes; also a selection of psalms, prayers and litanies used by the faithful generally. It is called "St. Dominic's Hymn-Book."

—An address by Dr. G. Stanley Hall to the Ministerial League of Worcester, Mass., was reported in full by a local newspaper. The final sentences stood thus:

The heart has pantheistic impulses, but all these in an ideal theology are given due place and subordinated to personality, which is the supreme affirmation of the human soul. Tell "Mac" to send up the circus tickets.

This sounds somewhat puzzling until one gets the *Writer's* explanation, which is that "the reporter had in mind other things besides the religious discussion that he was reporting, and his personal message to the office in some unaccountable way got by editor, compositor and proofreader."

—To be more informing and perhaps more exact than we were in the item printed two weeks ago, we may say that Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is at work on a monograph of Hurrell Froude. The London *Tablet* supplies interesting information about this eminent English churchman, of whom Newman wrote: "He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence." Hurrell Froude died before Tractarianism had reached its ultimate issue—before Newman and the rest reached the goal. Hurrell Froude was the brother of William Froude (who died a

Catholic) and of James Anthony Froude, the historian. He is linked to the younger generation as the uncle of Mr. W. H. Mallock.

—Among the forthcoming publications of Freemantle & Co. we note a translation of "The Posthumous Memoirs of François René Vicomte de Chateaubriand."

—Another new historical work by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton is in press by Mr. John Lane. It deals with the career of "Thomas Wolsey: Legate and Reformer." Mr. T. R. Way supplies twenty-one illustrations.

—Year-books for 1902 have already begun to make their appearance. One of the first in the field is *St. Michael's Almanac*, published by the Society of the Divine Word for the benefit of St. Joseph's Home, an industrial school for boys at Shermerville, Ill. This annual always contains a variety of good reading and some pleasing pictures, besides the information usually found in almanacs. It is published in German as well as English.

—"The Catholic Girl in the World," by Whyte Avis, is a new series of talks to young women on the qualities which should characterize them, "The Strong Woman," "The Woman of Culture," and "The Woman of Influence" are among the subjects of general interest; while the chapters on "The Choice of a Profession" apply especially to women in England. This little book is full of helpful counsel, but the author in no case sermonizes. Published by Burns & Oates.

—Like old wine, the old classics of religious literature need no recommendation, and therefore we do not feel bound to write at length of "The Oratory of the Faithful Soul," by Lewis Blossius. If this old Benedictine Father has been neglected, lo! these many decades, the present generation is most handsomely making it up to him, as the book-announcements of the last three years show. The contents of this volume may be briefly summarized as follows: three "Conversations with Jesus" for each day of the week, and a few devotional exercises in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the angels. The "Conversations" are in reality prayers of a very fervent temper. The translation is by the late Bishop Coffin, of Southwark, England.

—Catholic readers of Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan's new book, "Tales of the Cloister," will detect a

few false notes in it, but as a whole the work is exquisitely harmonious. Only a rarely gifted woman, one as good as gifted, could have written it. The appreciation shown for the ennobling and hallowing influence exercised by convents is remarkable in a non-Catholic author. The world moves, after all, and this book will appeal to many readers. Ten years ago these elevating stories of convent life could not have found a publisher in the United States. To say this is to say a great deal. Of Miss Jordan's capabilities the present volume leaves no doubt; and if, as reported, she has a novel in preparation, it will be welcomed by a host of admirers won by this collection of short stories. The reviewers will say as usual that there is not a dull page in "Tales of the Cloister"; and this will be said truthfully. To us every page was a double delight, remembering that not so many years ago the name of the publishers appeared on books of the "Maria Monk" variety. Messrs. Harper & Brothers are to be congratulated on the appearance of "Tales of the Cloister" quite as much as Miss Jordan herself.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.
 Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.
 The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.
 Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., *net*.
 Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.
 John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, *net*.
 Jeanne D'Arc. *Agnes Sadlier.* \$1.
 Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.
 The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.
 The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 10 cts.

- The Bible of the Sick. *Ozanam.* 75 cts.
 A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, *net*.
 The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, *net*.
 Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.
 The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., *net*.
 The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed.* \$1.50.
 Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coutances.* 70 cts., *net*.
 Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, *net*.
 On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.
 The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Donckt.* 75 cts., *net*.
 Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, *net*.
 Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.
 An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, *net*.
 The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.
 By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.
 Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.
 Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.
 The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.
 Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., *net*.
 Pintoricchio. *Evelyn March Phillips.* \$1.75. !
 My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* \$1.50.
 Heart and Soul. A Novel. *Henrietta Dana-Skinner.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. J. Joerger, D. D., of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee; the Rev. David Sheehan, Diocese of Albany; and the Rev. Albert Wagner, O. C. C.

Mr. Herman Wilke, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. John Lowe, New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. Jane Dunn, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. George Hunt, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Newell and Miss Mary Mooney, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. William Walsh, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Anthony Halpin, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Jane Sculley, New York city; Mr. F. Winterink, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Larkin, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Daniel Hall, Decatur, Ill.; Mr. John Driscoll, Marquette, Mich.; Mr. Theodore Misker, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. D. O'Mahony, Sheridan, Cal.; Mrs. John Cahill, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Francis Schnatz, Mr. Timothy Hassett, and Miss Alice Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 19, 1901.

NO. 16.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

A Priest's Prayer.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH THORP.

THOU Brother Priest, who weighest less
The measure of our sinfulness
Than the far terms of our desire,
Touch Thou my life to fire.

Visit my heart with any pain
That turneth to my people's gain;
Brother, Thou knowest all I need
To be their priest indeed.

Let them not suffer any loss
For sin of mine; and every cross
Thou layest on them, let them bear
Only the lighter share.

If they have sinned, yet lay Thy hand
On me who at Thine altar stand.
Ah! Thou who tendest this poor vine,
Tread out the grapes, and all the wine
Be theirs—and Thine.

Kyrie Eleison.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

PRESENTLY I will tell you what doctrine of our holy faith, when weighed and considered, causes me most fear. But for the moment let me ask you, What mystery of our religion, when you meditate on it, brings to you that holy fear which David prayed for—"Transfix my flesh with Thy fear, O Lord!"? The doctrine of eternity, but especially eternity of pain and loss, is to many persons the most terrible. And it is indeed solemnly

striking and impressive to the mind to think of the long confinement of that prison that has no end; and the very effort of trying to grasp the unending recoils on the mind. In one span it seems to compass it; for an instant it thinks it has done so and rests; but it finds that is not the end. It makes another and what it considers a super-human effort to compass the infinite,—feeling sure that it has reached, or all but reached, it now; and, alas! alas! it finds it has been all the time only at the beginning. It thought it had leaped across the dark eternity that lay extended before it, broad and wide like a vast and dreary ocean; it thought it had gone out midway and more. It looks back to see how far the shore has withdrawn behind it, and, lo! there it is hard by. The same disillusion has happened to every novice on first going out to sea. The mind, at its failure, recoils; the fruitless effort to reach the far horizon overwhelms it, and it cries out with the prophet: "Who shall live in eternal flames? Who shall dwell in everlasting burnings?"

That man is not provident for his own eternity who will treat this doctrine lightly or deem that its consideration is not highly useful. God be thanked for disclosing this truth to us! The consideration of it serves greatly to fill our bones with holy fear, and urges us to serve God more earnestly, working out our salvation "in fear and trembling." On the other hand, that

religion can not be congratulated that eliminated so wholesome a doctrine, and one so impressively put forward even by our Lord Himself in the Gospel. Still, that is not the doctrine that terrifies me most. It is the doctrine of grace.

Let me begin. You and I have often assisted at Holy Mass. You have heard the priest cry at the outset, "*Kyrie eleison.*" You and I were there. We heard the priest; but we only looked in our prayer-book and bowed our heads, or maybe did not bow them at all; and yet in that *Kyrie eleison* there went up a wail before God with which no earthly wail was to be compared, so utterly appealing, so helpless, and one might say so abandoned.

If you and I were beside that poor blind man that stood at the gates of Jericho, and heard him cry out as our Divine Lord was going to pass, "Son of David, have mercy on me!" (he was going to have his chance or lose his chance for a lifetime, and therefore put all the pathos of his soul into his appeal),—if we had heard that appeal we should know what even an earthly cry of sorrow and distress was like.

When the *Kyrie eleison* was repeated at the altar there was a cry uttered which you and I did not heed; and the cry of the blind beggar or the cry of the ten lepers was but as the soft lapping of riverside wavelets compared to it. You and I were there assisting at Holy Mass, and we were but hearers. The priest stood on the altar and repeated the words; but he was merely a shadow. Behind him, invisible to you and me, was the earthly Mother of Dolors, the spirit of the world-wide Church,—that Rachel lamenting over her children and is to be consoled not. "A voice is heard in Rama, weeping and mourning: Rachel bewailing her children." This weeping Rachel, the beloved Bride of the divine Pilgrim that came from heaven,

stands behind the priest; the priest is nothing more than her appointed officer, deputed to speak in her name; and it is from her the wail arises that earth has not heard the like of, and that is heard in Rama and nowhere else.

Listen again! The wail seems to rend the heavens. How often is it repeated? Nine several times. Why this wail of agony nine times repeated? Why these outstretched hands and streaming eyes? And before you answer I want to put the further question: Why in the next moment does the Church assume and adapt to herself the strains, the joyful strains, of that one heavenly song which escaped the barred and locked gates of heaven, and which the angels themselves came down on earth to chant—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will"?

It is all, brother, because of grace and our need of it. We received grace first at our baptism. I will suppose that you were baptized as an infant. We did nothing, and could not previously have done anything, to merit that grace, because we were unable to do any moral act. Of His own divine bounty, then, God gave it to us. But what is grace? Grace is *life*—not a temporal *life*: grace is an everlasting life, and could not be anything less than everlasting; for it is a part of, an emanation from, God; and is therefore, like God, everlasting.

Now, let us first talk for a moment about temporal life. The life of our body is temporal; but we have in us a greater and a lesser temporal life. The life of a member of our body is a lesser temporal life. Your arm is alive—that is, has life; but paralysis strikes it dead: it loses its life. While your eye has sight it is alive; if it be blind it is dead.

But put a man on the verge of losing the greater temporal life, and see what will he not give to retain it. Will any money be considered too great, any

sacrifice too costly to purchase a man's life? Is there anything in this world that in ordinary circumstances will be set in the balance against a man's life? We may say, then, that in the general esteem of mankind the temporal life of man is, individually, the most precious thing on earth.

The life of man is far beyond the life of one of his members; but the life of the soul is indefinitely, if not infinitely, beyond the life of the body. God, then, at our birth gave the lesser temporal life to each of our members—sight to the eyes, hearing to the ears, touch to the hands; and the greater temporal life to our body. He superadded reason, which is the ordinary life of the soul. These are wonderful gifts; but He crowned all at our baptism by giving grace (which is an emanation of His own divine nature) to our souls, and thus making us, so far as it was possible to make mere creatures, gods upon the earth. We could not be His real sons, for He has only one; and therefore He made us His adopted sons.

Now look! You and I could not give ourselves sight, hearing or speech; much less could we raise our dead body from the grave; much less could we give our soul its natural life, reason; and least of all could we give ourselves grace.

Let me turn back and ask: If you or I were like blind Bartimeus, could we give ourselves sight? No. If that be so, we could not give our dead bodies life; less could we give our souls the use of reason; least could we give our souls heavenly grace. It is a misfortune, then, for a man to deprive himself of his sight; greater to deprive himself of life; greater, in the order of nature, to deprive himself of reason and become a brute like Nebuchadnezzar; and greatest misfortune of all to deprive himself of divine grace.

But if we could not give ourselves the

least of these four lives, we surely could not give ourselves the highest. Let us turn to the authoritative teaching of the Church. We know that we did not give our members their power, our bodies their lives, our minds their reason; and now we have the Council of Trent telling us that at baptism we "were endowed from on high,"—that it was not we ourselves that gave to ourselves this supreme gift which surpasses all natural gifts as much as heaven surpasses earth.

You have no doubt that original sin was on your soul when you were born, and I have no doubt that it was on mine. Let us for a moment listen to St. Alphonsus Liguori:

The difference between original and personal sin is that the latter is committed with a will which is physically our own, and the former was committed with a will which belonged physically to another and morally to us. Original sin is in itself, in the strict sense, a mortal sin [in other words, grace can not be in a soul that is in original sin], transmitted by propagation to all the children of Adam. Hence David said: "For behold I was conceived in iniquities and in sins did my mother conceive me." The Apostle says: "By one man sin entered into the world, and by sin death; and so death passed upon all men in whom all have sinned." And in the Epistle to the Corinthians he writes: "If one died for all, then all were dead; and Christ died for all." Thus the sin of Adam infected all his posterity and brought death on all men.

Now, the Council of Trent teaches that "this sin of Adam, one in its beginning, but transmitted not by imitation but by propagation to all, and present in each one as one's own sin, is not removed by any power of human nature or by any other remedy, but solely through the merit of our one Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ; and that merit of our Lord Jesus Christ is applied both to adults and to infants through the sacrament of Baptism, duly administered according to the form of the Church."

We turn our thoughts to that wailing of the *Kyrie eleison* by the invisible figure at the altar. We look with

hushed reverence on the outstretched hands and the streaming eyes of the earthly Mother of Dolors; and we ask, Why all this sorrow? Why this cry in Rama, wailing and lamentation? We get reply: It is Rachel weeping for her children, because they are not.

Could we count her children that are not? Herod gave command that in Bethlehem and its borders all the male children, from two years old and under, should be slain. Herod is original sin. His ministers are all the circumstances that prevent infant children receiving the heavenly wedding-garment given by the Bridegroom to the souls He has adopted and espoused at baptism. Mark it well: in legal formality you call a person an *infant* until twenty-one, because human law has no power to give maturity but by long and slow and wearisome degrees. Not so with God: He confers maturity *in ictu oculi*—in the twinkling of an eye. And just as He made the angels, magnificent beings, in less than an instant, so at baptism does He mature, array and beautify each individual soul for His bride.

Oh, think of all the child-souls that tremble in the balance! How many born, how many unborn! These are Rachel's children, and until they receive divine life from heaven "they are not." They are as if they lay stillborn in the mothers' arms; therefore a cry is heard in Rama, weeping and lamentation,—Rachel bewailing her children because they are not. Hence the outstretched hands and the streaming eyes and the heart-piercing wail of the dolorous Mother, which she thrice repeats unto God the Father—*Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison!*

You and I were baptized; with God's help we are still clothed with grace. But is that due to your action and mine, or is it the merciful prevention of God? This we shall see more clearly

if we first consider the case of a person once losing that robe sent down from heaven by the Bridegroom, and which the soul, like a nun clothed in white at her profession, receives and is clothed in at baptism.

Holy people and saints have lived and grown and did not lose their baptismal robe of innocence,—that is, did not by great sin rend the seamless robe. I hope in God that many preserve through life and carry with them to heaven that angel-made robe received in baptism. But let us hear Cardinal Newman:

... gave birth to a child; he was not condemned to hell on his birth, but he had the omens of evil upon him: it seemed that he would go the way of all flesh. And now the time is come: the presage is justified, and he willingly departs from God. At length the forbidden fruit has been eaten; sin has been devoured with a pleased appetite; the gates of hell have yawned upon him silently and without his knowing it. He has no eyes to see its flames, but its inhabitants are gazing upon him; his place in it is fixed beyond dispute; unless his Maker interfere in some extraordinary way, he is doomed. Poor child! Every day adds fresh mortal sins to his account. The pleadings of grace have less and less effect upon him; he breathes the breath of evil, and day by day becomes more fatally corrupted.

We turn to the authoritative teaching of the Church. The Council teaches the necessity of an adult who is in original sin—that is, unbaptized; or who, having been baptized, loses the state of grace; in other words, is in grievous sin,—the Council teaches that in the case of such a person it is the grace of God that prompts him to think of returning to God's favor; that it is God's grace that assists him to return; that without grace he can not return; but that, on the other hand, grace will not do all, as it does, for instance, in the case of a child that is baptized; but that the adult must pray, must assent to the prompting of God's grace, and must co-operate with it. "Justification" is the change of the soul from the state of grievous sin to the state of grace. These are the words of the Council:

The beginning of justification in adults is to be had from the preventing grace of God through Jesus Christ,—that is, by His call and not by any merits of their own; so that it is by His prompting and assisting grace, and by assenting to and co-operating with that same grace, that they are disposed to His justification of them.

St. Liguori puts this in a few words:

The Fathers [of the Council] speak of the obligation of adults to prepare themselves for justification and of the manner in which they obtain it. They say that without the preventing grace of God calling and assisting them, without any merit on their part, *men can not prepare themselves to return to God*; and, on the other hand, that they do not obtain justification unless *they dispose themselves by assenting to and co-operating with grace*.

Let us listen for a moment to the holy Council once again:

If any one should say that *without the preventing inspiration of the Holy Spirit* man can believe, hope, love, or repent as he ought, so that the grace of justification be conferred on him, let him be anathema.

Neither you nor I can say that at present either of us is in the state of grace. We hope we are; and while we can not without a revelation from God be absolutely certain of it, we can be—thank God!—morally certain of it. And the Church tells us not to look for absolute certainty, for that is impossible; but to rest satisfied with moral certainty, for that is sufficient for all our purposes here below.

But if, in all humility and without the slightest admixture of pharisaical pride, we may now say, “We are not like the publicans and sinners,” it is, on the other hand, possible that we were once like them; and—oh, terrible to think!—it is possible we may, to-morrow or next hour, or even next moment, be like them. St. Peter little thought while he was declaring that even though all should be scandalized in Our Lord, he would not, but would go to death with Him, that the time was so near at hand when he should be like them. It is only God can preserve us; and the prayer, “Lead us not into temptation, but

deliver us from evil,” is put on our lips daily to save us from that misfortune.

But supposing we were, like publicans and sinners, in great sin, how did God bring us out of it? Or supposing—which God forbid!—that we should ever again fall into sin, how do we expect to be brought out of it? See now how completely we are in the hands of God, and how of ourselves we are absolutely powerless. We could not have brought ourselves out of the state of grievous sin, any more than we could, when infants, have removed original sin from our souls. We have seen what the Council of Trent says: that a man can not by his own powers or by his own merits do it, but the inspiration of the Holy Ghost must first intervene.

St. Francis of Sales, who is not always reliable in his natural history, but who is never at fault in his use of the facts of natural history, says that one of the ancient Greek writers makes mention of a bird that was unable to raise itself from the ground to fly, owing to the weakness of its legs, and had to wait for a favorable breeze to blow and raise it from the ground. This, he says, is a picture of a soul in great sin. The breeze must first blow: the breeze is the inspiration of God. The bird has no power to cause the breeze to blow: the sinner has no power to cause the grace of God to come—except this, that the more destitute of grace he is, the more pitiable he is to the Heart of God. The bird may or may not rise with the breeze: the soul may or may not “assent to and co-operate with” the grace of God. If the bird takes opportunity of the breeze and endeavors to rise, the breeze will help it to do so: if the sinner listen to the voice of God and co-operate with His grace, the cripple or dead in soul will be raised and changed into a new man.

Look out over the world now and

think of the multitude of human beings there are in it; I can not say and I dare not say how many are in serious sin. For every one, at any rate, that is in great sin, the preventing grace of God is necessary; but let us not stop there. God is God,—which is to say He is abundant in His riches and there is no end to His mercy. I believe that plentifully as heaven's light is shed about us all the day long, reaching and touching the eyelids of our eyes, so plentifully is the grace of God poured out over creation, knocking at and prompting human souls to acts of grace.

But stop here! What are all these millions of busy men thinking of? Fix your attention there; for there is the unhappiness, and for that is the wail of grief uttered. You don't forget what the Council says: that without God's grace men can not return; but that, on the other hand, God's grace will not do all. "The beginning of justification in adults is to be had from the preventing grace of God; . . . and by assenting to and co-operating with that grace men are disposed to His justification of them."

Oh, look at the invisible form of the Church standing by the priest at the *Kyrie eleison!* Look on the upraised arms and the streaming eyes bent on the crucifix! But what are these men thinking of? We have the answer in the Gospel: "One said: I have bought a farm, and I must needs go out and see it. And another: I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go out to try them. And another said: I have married a wife, and therefore can not come."

The great analyst of our days, Cardinal Newman, observes:

I will state more distinctly the kind of thoughts which go through their minds and which quiet and satisfy them in their course of irreligion. They say to themselves: "I can not give up sin now; I can not give up this or that indulgence; I can not break off this habit of intemperance; I can not do without these unlawful gains; I can not leave these employers or superiors, who

keep me from following my conscience. It is impossible I should serve God now: I have no leisure to look into myself, and I do not feel the wish to repent; I have no heart for religion. But it will come easier by and by: it will be as natural then to repent and be religious as it is now to sin. I shall then have fewer temptations, fewer difficulties. Old people are sometimes indeed reprobates; but, generally speaking, they are religious; they are religious almost as a matter of course; they may curse and swear a little and tell lies, and do such like little things; but still they are clear of mortal sin, and would be safe if they were suddenly taken off." Now, my dear brethren, those who make such excuses to themselves know neither what sin is in its own nature nor what their own sins are in particular; they understand neither the heinousness nor the multitude of their sins.

Can you understand now the cause of this cry? Can you realize the depth of this grief? Rachel weeping for her children is but a faint picture of it; for these are slain in myriads more surely than Herod slew the Bethlehem infants; and they are slain by a more ruthless tyrant—mortal sin. Therefore does the invisible form turn to the God-Man, because He died for all sin, and, if it might be said, more especially for the sins we commit ourselves. Listen, then, to the cry in Rama, to the lamentation, the great mourning—*Christe eleison! Christe eleison! Christe eleison!* It is Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not.

Oh, how blessed it is, my brother, if you and I be in the grace of God! It is His work, and may His name be blessed in the highest! But look, I pray you, who will guarantee to us that we shall stay in it for an hour to come? We could no more promise ourselves that than we could promise ourselves life. We have freewill, and freewill is a two-edged sword. St. Philip Neri used to say: "Lord, take care of Philip this day, or Philip will betray Thee." We can, with God's grace, obey God and merit heaven; or we can, against God's grace, disobey God and deserve hell. A moment before St. Peter denied Our Lord, he

would, I suppose, have promised himself still that he would go with Our Lord unto death. And, on the other hand, a moment before Paul, on the way to Damascus, was cast from his horse, he would have thought that he was going to continue to the end persecuting and imprisoning "all those men and women who were of Christ's way of thinking." No wonder that the same St. Paul cried out: "Oh, the depth of the riches of the mercy of God, and how inscrutable are His ways!"

Before we turn to the authoritative teaching of the Church, let us listen to Cardinal Newman again:

The Church teaches that man was originally made in God's image, was God's adopted son, was the heir of eternal glory, and, in foretaste of eternity, was partaker here on earth of great gifts and manifold graces; and she teaches that now he is a fallen being. He is under the curse of original sin; he is deprived of the grace of God; he is a child of wrath; he can not attain to heaven, and he is in peril of sinking into hell. I do not mean he is fated to perdition by some necessary law: he can not perish without his own real will and deed; and God gives him, even in his natural state, a multitude of inspirations and helps to lead him on to faith and obedience. There is no one born of Adam but might be saved, as far as divine assistances are concerned; yet, looking at the power of temptation, the force of the passions, the strength of self-love and self-will, the sovereignty of pride and sloth, in every one of his children, who will be bold enough to assert of any soul that it will be able to maintain itself in obedience without an abundance, a profusion of grace?

(Conclusion next week.)

WHAT is the necessary, essential, invariable sign of saintliness? Is it not the ardent and unremitting desire of a human soul to accomplish within itself the divine will? That man is a saint who honestly and with all his soul and power seeks to learn what is God's will in regard to him, and who, when he has learned it, has only one desire and thought—to do God's will, braving all things even unto death.

—*L. Petit de Julleville.*

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

XII.

MATTERS now went from bad to worse. Nearer and nearer came the foe. Towns were taken, villages burned, until, like the meshes of a huge spider's web, the German forces spread themselves around the heart of France. Paris, the delight and darling of Frenchmen, was besieged. In the country all about, the enemy advanced slowly but surely; occupying every wood, taking possession of every height. Creil, Compiègne, Beauvais, and Senlis fell one after another into their hands; and one cold, frosty morning the Prussian Eagle floated over Calipet.

Calipet! our giant windmill! the pride of the neighborhood! But sadder still and more bitter was it in the evening, when we had to nurse the viper in our bosom,—to harbor and feed our enemy, and to bear in silence the rude ways and rough jokes of the soldiery. Ah! then it was that my knowledge of German stood me in good stead; for I became at that trying period the housekeeper and general manager of Saultemont. My grandmother, shut up in her room, could not bear the sight of a German; while Aunt Mauricia, naturally timid and reserved, was only too glad not to have dealings with the terrible foe.

And poor Marguerite? What of her? How did her haughty spirit brook the overbearing ways of our conquerors? Ah! Marguerite, luckily for her, was no longer at Saultemont. The bird had spread its wings and had left the nest. One morning a letter brought to me by Pierre informed me that my cousin had gone to join the Geneva Cross Ambulance in Paris, where her father

and uncle, Messrs. de Hauteville and de Fontenay, had already taken up their abode in order to help in the defence.

"I asked no one's permission," wrote Marguerite; "for I knew it would be refused me. And I took no one into my confidence—except my little Pierre; for I feared the servants might betray me. And even you, Eugénie, would have sought to turn me from my purpose. Be kind to little Pierre, dearest cousin, for my sake."

Thus Marguerite left Saultemont just a fortnight before the Uhlans came to Pont-Ste.-Maxence. And the very day of her departure brought a new guest beneath our roof,—a guest who was to make matters still harder for me, and call into play all the prudence, courage and ingenuity which Eugénie Forrester might possess.

It was in the evening, after dinner, and the other three had withdrawn as usual from the dining-room. I remained alone, gazing through the window at the beautiful moon which looked down on unhappy France, serene and unconscious, as though all strife, all worries and troubles, were nonexistent. How I remember that evening! The moon shed its soft light undisturbed on the velvety lawn, and touched the distant Oise with silver; while nearer the house, its reflection broke up the shadows cast by the tall white poplars upon the waters of the stream, which, like Tennyson's brook, after bubbling out of the grass, sped onward through the grounds to join the brimming river.

A cloud crossed the face of the moon, and I was about to leave the window when it suddenly floated away, giving me a glimpse of something which made my heart stand still. This was the brief apparition of a man whom I plainly saw emerge from behind a thick fir-tree and afterward disappear among some bushes. To give the alarm was my first

impulse, but the thought of my dear grandmother restrained me; so that I rang quietly for the butler. He was an old and faithful servant who could well be relied on.

"Louis," said I, "you must get your gun,—there is a burglar in the garden."

"Some one after the poultry, no doubt, Mademoiselle. A little peppering will, as you say, hasten his departure and take away all inclination to return."

"Stay, Louis!" I exclaimed, as the old butler turned to leave the room. "I will go with you. There must be no rashness, no mistake. What if it should not be a burglar?"

Louis did not like this arrangement.

"You might get hurt, Mademoiselle."

But I insisted. I no longer felt afraid: the prospect of an adventure simply delighted me; and that it was possibly dangerous only added to the excitement. The more Louis tried to dissuade me, the more I coaxed and entreated. Finally he went for his gun, and brought down, together with his own weapon, a large horse pistol, which he triumphantly handed over to me.

"Mademoiselle, it is not loaded; but, as you do not know how to shoot, that is just as well. It may serve to frighten the burglar; and can, at any rate, do no harm."

"Like a child with a new toy so was I pleased with this imposing weapon. Placing it carefully under my arm, I threw a cloak over my shoulders and pronounced myself ready to start. One difficulty arose, however, which we had not foreseen. We found it impossible to leave the house either by the front or by the back door without being seen. We had, therefore, to retrace our steps and let ourselves out by the less dignified but safer way of the dining-room window. Louis climbed out first, and then helped me to jump, pistol and all. My heart went pit, my heart

went pat. This was indeed exciting.

We walked silently across the lawn,—Louis in front, I following close behind, ready to start at my own shadow or even at the snapping of a dry twig when my foot chanced to tread upon it. At length we arrived at the spot where the apparition of a man had crossed the moonlight. Here we also crossed the gravelled path and stood uncertain before a large clump of bushes. I had seen the man enter these. Was he still among them? That was the question.

"Let me speak, Louis," I whispered: "he will not be afraid of a woman."

And, suiting the action to the word, I raised my voice and called to the hidden one, not very loudly but with extreme distinctness:

"Come out of those bushes, friend, and no harm shall be done you. If not, we fire!"

"Mademoiselle Eugénie, is that you?" answered a voice I thought I knew, and Count d'Ory stepped out into the moonlight. "O Mademoiselle, can you help me? I am wounded and can walk no farther. Stay!" he continued, for I was about to speak. "You must not take me in. The Prussians may be close at hand; even now perhaps they are in the town. Were I discovered under your roof, the consequences would be disastrous. But, oh, for heaven's sake let me sleep to-night in a barn, sheltered from this dreadful cold!"

Count d'Ory spoke wildly. By the light of the moon I noticed that his arm was in a sling, while his face was so pale and drawn that I knew he must be suffering great pain. No hesitation was possible.

"The Prussians are not coming," I said: "they are still at Beauvais. You shall sleep for the present in my uncle's bed, and to-morrow you may do what you will."

Count d'Ory allowed himself to be

persuaded, and the three of us returned to the house, re-entering by the way we had come out—namely, the dining-room window. This feat was not accomplished without much difficulty. First of all, Louis lifted me in; then Count d'Ory was pushed up by him, while I pulled at the unwounded arm and shoulder; and finally Louis himself would, I think, never have managed to climb over the sill had he not discovered under a tree a wheelbarrow which the gardener had forgotten to take in.

Even while we were resting from our labors a voice was heard outside:

"Louis! Louis! where are you, then? Your dinner is getting cold."

Louis opened the door and answered the summons:

"I am coming in half a minute. Mademoiselle is giving me orders."

Then, turning to me, he added:

"Take him upstairs, Mademoiselle. I will dine quickly and will join you in less than a quarter of an hour."

He went out, leaving us together—the wounded man and me. The Count had sunk down on a chair. He looked so pale and exhausted that the first thing I did was to open the large cupboard in which the provisions were kept, find the best brandy and pour some out for him to drink. No doubt the cupboard door creaked, or perhaps the noise we had made entering had reached the ears of those who were in the next room. Anyway, I was caught in the act; for Aunt Mauricia opened the drawing-room door and inquired:

"Why, what are you doing there, Eugénie dear?"

"One of the men is poorly: I'm giving him some brandy," I answered,—which was true enough, although not the whole truth; for I had not yet made up my mind whether Aunt Mauricia should be told of Count d'Ory's presence in the house. Fortunately, the large

cupboard door completely concealed the wounded man, who was sitting in a half-unconscious state behind it.

My good aunt looked surprised.

"I wonder I was not told of this at dinner-time?" she remarked. "I am the proper person to give out the brandy, Eugénie. You might make mistakes, or at the least be taken in by the servants."

"Dear Aunt, I happened to be in the dining-room admiring the moon, and Louis thought it a pity to disturb you."

Aunt Mauricia said no more and withdrew, to my great relief.

"Colonel Forrester's Eugénie," thought I, "what have you come to? First an equivocation, then a fib; who knows whether, the way things go on, you may not some day tell a bold, bad lie?"

However, there was no help for it. Aunt Mauricia was not the person to be trusted with such a secret. She was all that was good and kind, but timid and nervous to a degree.

The brandy seemed to revive Count d'Ory most wonderfully. I led him up to my uncle's room, and left him in Louis' care when the latter came up from the kitchen. Then I slipped back to the drawing-room, where no one made any remarks about my long absence. Mauricia's black eyes alone questioned me, but she said nothing; and no one except Louis and I knew that night of the new guest Providence had so very strangely sent to be cared for by me.

XIII.

The next morning, while still on the borders of dreamland, I thought I saw a gypsy princess sitting on a chair by my bed. Her long black hair floated over her shoulders and her robes were of a scarlet hue. I opened my eyes in astonishment and discovered that my princess was no other than Mauricia, clad in her dainty red dressing-gown. Then I closed them again immediately; for I realized that my little cousin was

there to question me upon the events of the previous evening.

"You are not to sleep any longer, Eugénie!" cried Mauricia, whose sharp eyes had detected my feint. "Do you know how late it is? Why, Ernestine has been in with the hot water and has lit the fire, and yet you have slept through it all!"

"Mauricia," I said solemnly, "what are you doing there?"

"You know that as well as I do, you naughty, wicked Eugénie!"

And Mauricia coaxed and threatened until she had heard all there was to be told. Then she expressed her extreme satisfaction at the prospect of a little excitement, pledged herself to secrecy, and departed.

Meanwhile I began my dressing, and after breakfast sent for the butler to inquire how the patient had slept. I heard that he had been quite ill, even delirious, during the night, so that toward morning Louis had summoned Doctor Bazin, a very old friend of the family. The wound was pronounced to be rather serious; but less was to be dreaded from it than from the patient's extreme weakness. He could not be moved for some time to come. Such was the Doctor's report. After that Aunt Mauricia had to be taken into our confidence, and we never regretted it. Pity for the wounded and a certain patriotic feeling conquered her fears of the Prussians, and she nursed the young officer as if he had been her own son.

Thus a fortnight passed, and Count d'Ory was mending rapidly, when one morning I was awakened very early by the sound of a flute played outside the house. This was, I knew, the Doctor's signal of danger, and it alarmed me very much. Hurrying into my dressing-gown and slippers, I opened my bedroom door and went downstairs. In the hall I found the worthy man. Old Louis had

let him in, and they were talking in whispers together. I joined them, and immediately afterward floating down the stairway came that elf Mauricia.

"The Prussians are coming!" groaned the Doctor. "What shall we do with our patient, Mademoiselle Eugénie?"

"Oh, surely," I exclaimed, "they would not touch a wounded man!"

"They would indeed," replied Doctor Bazin. "Some of them are very brutal, and would think nothing of sending him a prisoner to Germany."

"Eugénie," whispered Mauricia, "why not hide him in the hole under the passage window?"

As this proposition was eventually accepted, a few words must be given in explanation to the reader. The Chateau of Saultemont was a very old place, and possessed, like many other such antiquated buildings, queer little nooks and secret hiding-places. One of these had been discovered by Jean when playing one day with Mauricia and myself at the ever-popular game of hide-and-go-seek. Up near the attic, under the roof, were the servants' bedrooms; alongside of these, between the rooms and the outer wall, a passage existed, just like the passage on the floor below where our bedrooms were, and like the one on the groundfloor which we had dignified by calling it the hall. The walls of the chateau were very thick, and the wall of the top passage appeared especially so; for it was hollow and widened out to meet the far-projecting roof,—thus forming a long, narrow chamber. True, it was not over-comfortable; but it was a safe hiding-place. Just above, a window had been let into the slates; so cleverly had this been done that light and air were admitted not only into the passage itself but into the secret chamber also.

Unfortunately, we were then in the middle of October, and the cold was

severe. To sleep in an attic chamber without a fire would be madness for an invalid. Count d'Ory, therefore, was carried into the butler's room, whence at a given signal he could easily be moved into his hiding-place. Ernestine and the cook were sent down to rooms near the kitchen, on pretext of these being warmer. Two of our men-servants were in Paris with my uncles, and the under-housemaid had left long before; so that these changes were easily made. What hard work we had that morning arranging everything!

Tramp, tramp down the street! The Prussians are coming! Rap, rap at the gate! Louis goes to open it. He returns with a paper—a *billet de logement*. We are to board and lodge Lieutenant von Steinberg and five troopers. This was written in very bad French, and I felt how useful—how very useful—my knowledge of German would be.

For the next half hour all was bustle and confusion, but we were in some measure prepared for our unwelcome visitors. The troopers we quartered in a large outhouse, not far from the chateau. But they had hardly departed, accompanied by Louis, when the sound of high words made me hurry to the spot. I found, to my distress, two or three of the men shouting at our old butler to make him understand their wishes. Of course the more they shouted, cursed and swore, the less was the poor old man capable of guessing what they wanted. I alone in that house knew their language; but it required no little courage on my part to face those coarse Uhlans, of whom so many tales of cruelty had been told us.

At that moment I felt a little hand stealing into mine: Mauricia was by my side, her large eyes shining. The child's faithful affection gave me new courage, and together we marched up to that noisy group.

"Was bedeutet dieser Lärm?" I asked severely.

The men were silent; then one of them, in a gentler tone of voice, gave me some explanation. What they required was a mere trifle, but the misunderstanding might have led to some unpleasantness; and such things might happen again,—that was the worst of it. I resolved, at all events, not to go back to the house until they had somewhat settled down.

So Mauricia and I quietly seated ourselves on a rustic bench, while the horses were watered and fed, the fires lit and the kettles put on to boil. More than once the soldiers came to me for information about the locality or to beg me to act as interpreter; and so interested was I in watching their proceedings that Mauricia, who was seated by my side, was forgotten. But all of a sudden I was startled by a voice behind us exclaiming:

"*Prachtvoll!*"

Only then did I learn the reason of my little cousin's extreme quietness. While I had been occupied with my thoughts, Mauricia's sketch-book, which seldom left her, had been opened, and the little fairy had industriously entered all the different characteristics of our five Germans into its pages. There was the lanky Johann bringing water from the well; and Hermann, the stout man, who stood brushing down the horses. Then Ulrich, the wicked-looking, sly one, was represented true to life; and the other two made a picture worthy of "Punch," with their cheeks puffed out as they blew the reluctant sparks into life and kindled a blazing fire.

But these sketches were not shown to me till afterward; for at the sound of the voice behind her Mauricia tried to close her album. She was prevented, however, by a large but not ill-formed hand which was laid on the open page.

"*Bitte, Fräulein!*" said the voice; then

in French: "*Mademoiselle, je vous prie!*"

Mauricia gave up the book, but we both turned very red; for the tall, fair man who had spoken to us wore the uniform of a German officer, and we knew he must be Lieutenant von Steinberg, whom we should have, for some little time at least, to board and lodge, to fear and to obey. These last two items were not mentioned in the *billet de logement*, but they were evident enough without it.

Mauricia and I stood watching our enemy with a certain amount of anxiety. Our scrutiny was, on the whole, rather favorable. The lower part of the face was stern, except when the mouth relaxed, as it did then, into something like a smile; and the eyes, whatever might be their usual expression, had at that moment a good-humored twinkle which was reassuring.

"Thanks, Mademoiselle! They are very good," he observed at last, returning the book with a fine bow.

Our enemy's manners were gentlemanly but his French was deficient. I therefore spoke to him in German and explained the reason of my presence so near the men's quarters.

"A thousand pardons for all the trouble we have given you!" he rejoined. "I hope this disturbance will not occur again. And, *ach, Fräulein*, you can not tell how pleased I am to find some one who is able to speak to me in my own mother-tongue! Does the little one understand German also?"

"No, sir," answered Mauricia. "But I understand it."

"Very good! very good!" laughed the Lieutenant.

On our return to the house we found Madame de Fontenay in a great state of anxiety, not knowing what had become of us.

"And the German officer came," she went on, "and took possession of his

room, and said many things I could not understand, even when he spoke French,—I was so flurried. I suppose he is up there now, the horrid man!”

Mauricia and I looked at each other. We knew where he was, and we had been guilty of talking to the enemy for the last five minutes. But discretion is the better part of valor. We changed the subject. However, when she came to wish me good-night, my little cousin murmured in my ear:

“Teach me German, Eugénie. I *must* learn to understand what they are all talking about.”

(To be continued.)

Ave Maris Stella.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

HAIL, sweet Star of Ocean shining,
God's own type of love maternal,
Mother Virgin still combining,
Opening gate to realms supernal!

Gabriel hailed thee, sweetest Maiden,
Ave, Eva's name reversing,
With our sins and sorrows laden,
All our heavenly joys rehearsing.

Break our galling chains asunder,
Bring thou light unto our blindness,
Good from evil draw, sweet wonder,
By thy beatific kindness.

Show thyself our Mother truly,
To His throne our sorrows bearing,
Who through thee our nature duly
Took to save us from despairing.

Virgin, 'mid all virgins purest,
Peerless in thy gentle beauty,
Make our life from sin securest,
Chaste and meek through sense of duty.

Through earth's pilgrimage to ease us,
Clear our path from dire temptation,
Till, in heaven beholding Jesus,
Songs we raise in exultation:

Chaunts of glory never ending,
Father, Christ and Holy Spirit,
Breathed to Three in One thus blending,
May th' angelic choirs inherit!

Literature, Science, and Art during the Early Middle Age.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

PAUL THE DEACON (740-801).—A native of Cividale del Friuli, this deacon of Aquileia was devoted to the Lombard monarchy. His “History of the Lombards” is drawn from the recollections of persons living in his days; but it stops at the advent of Rotari, and the portion treating of the dukes of Benevento is a continuation by Erchembert, a son of Adalgarius. When the Lombard power in Italy had been shattered definitively by the Franks, Paul retired to the Benedictine monastery of Montecasino; but his affection for the dethroned dynasty went with him, and he encouraged Adelchi in his efforts to restore it. Charlemagne was urged by overzealous partisans to punish the political deacon with the loss of eyes and right hand; but the monarch asked whether another hand and eye could be found for the preparation of works like that of the mistaken scribe, and took him to France. In a short time the emperor and the deacon became devoted friends, and one of the favorite recreations of the former was the propounding of enigmas which Paul would immediately solve in verse. Among his many writings we find a History of the Bishops of Metz, and an amplification of the Roman History of Eutropius, which he continued from the time of Julian to the reign of Leo the Isaurian. It was continued in the ninth century by Landolphus the Wise, canon of Chartres, down to the time of Theophanes.

EGINHARD (d. 850).—This celebrated secretary of Charlemagne was not a Frank of France, but a Trans-Rhenane Frank; “a barbarian with a slight

knowledge of the Roman language," as he himself quaintly avers. History and legend have been mingled in order to afford moderns some ideas concerning the career of this presumed son-in-law of the great emperor; where history terminates and where legend begins in the narrative must be left to the discernment of the reader. It is certain, however, that Eginhard attracted the admiration of Charlemagne in his early boyhood; that he was educated in the company of the royal children; and that in time he became superintendent of public works, in which capacity he caused the construction of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, using for the purpose ideas generated by and materials brought from the devastated churches and palaces of Italy. Nor is it improbable that, as the olden chroniclers assert, Eginhard suggested to Charlemagne the emperor's undoubted project for canals which would connect the Northern Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea.

It is certain that Eginhard was regarded as the adopted son, *alumnus Cæsaris*, of Charlemagne. Never did the emperor separate from him until death came between them; and the royal sons of his patron ever honored him. But it is not certain that the Chronicle of the monastery of Lorch, written in the twelfth century, is to be credited when it narrates how Eginhard became enamored of Emma, one of the daughters of Charlemagne; how that sovereign discovered the intrigue by mere chance; and how he prudently resolved to preserve the honor of his family by espousing Emma to his humble secretary. There is nothing preposterous in the tale; but if the wife of Eginhard was a daughter of the great monarch, we might expect to find the fact adduced by the fortunate husband among the motives which he assigned for his

having written the life of his benefactor. Shortly after the death of Charlemagne, Eginhard conceived the idea of passing the rest of his days in the monastic life; Emma consented; he became a priest, and entered one of the many Benedictine monasteries which he had founded on his numerous and valuable estates. Emma lived until 836; and, as Eginhard writes, her memory was cherished by "her husband and brother." The "Letters" of Eginhard are of great importance for a knowledge of his times. His continuation of "The Annals of Laurissa" down to 829 and his own "Annals of Eginhard" (741-829) seem to suffer from the fact that the author was a royal historiographer; but we must remember that these works have reached us after many "corrections" and other interpolations by copyists.

Thus far we have considered only the Latin literature of the Early Middle Age,—the literature, that is, which alone obtained in the Western Europe of those and several subsequent centuries. Now we approach the subject of the intellectual culture of the Greek or Lower Empire in those days; and we must remind the reader that although the Orient had been the cradle of Christianity, paganism clung more tenaciously to life in that region than in the West. The peculiar philosophy of the Neo-Platonists, which had reached its meridian of glory under Julian the Apostate, and which had definitively abdicated when that paganizer had gone to judgment, continued to claim the veneration of a few votaries, pretending that it possessed a "secret chain" of masters who would transmit its esoteric doctrines from generation to generation. This Neo-Platonism soon degenerated into a cabalistic system, a hidden *theurgia*; and its great master was a certain Plutarchus, called "the Great"

because of his masterly interpretations of the teachings of Plotinus, Porphyrius, and Iamblicus.

Among succeeding leaders, the most famous were Proclus, Marinus of Syria, Isidore of Gaza, Zenodotus, and Damascius. This Damascius, the authority most quoted by the paganizing admirers of Hypatia in their endeavors to besmire the fame of St. Cyril of Alexandria, was the last of the "hermetic chain"; for in 529 Justinian deprived the cabalistic professors of their stipends, and finally closed their lecture-halls. Then the so-called Neo-Platonists emigrated to the court of Chosroes of Persia, trusting that this foe of both Christianity and the Empire would aid them in propagating doctrines which were eminently calculated to subvert the religion of the despised Nazarene. But the Persian monarch condemned their vagaries; and perforce they scattered through the Eastern countries, obstinately but vainly trying to stem the tide of divine revelation. Æneas Gaza, the most famous of these latest Neo-Platonists, became a Christian; but, preserving his veneration for Plato, he wrote a dialogue on the immortality of the soul, in which he opposed the dogma of the Trinity to the master's doctrine of the *logos* and the soul of the world. At this time all votaries of philosophy were already regarded as either Platonists or Aristotelians; the invincible hankering after theological controversy which characterized the Byzantines and nearly all the early Oriental Christians incited many to a study of Aristotelian dialectics. It was a pagan, Simplicius of Phrygia, one of those cabalistic Neo-Platonists who frequented the court of Chosroes, that rendered the best commentary on Aristotle during this period. The same Simplicius wrote a commentary on the "Manual" of Epictetus, which scholars regard as

one of the best moral treatises of the olden time.

Now for a few words on the Early Medieval Greek historians. Procopius of Cæsarea, a civil and military adviser of Belisarius, and afterward prefect of Constantinople, ought to have been well acquainted with the history of his time; but while his "History" is a fulsome panegyric of Justinian, Theodora, and Belisarius, his "Secret History" more truly depicts the emperor as a hypocrite, the empress as a vindictive wanton, and the general as a spiritless victim of a dissolute wife. But in spite of the contradictions of Procopius, and although he carries his imagination so far as to insist that demons often sported on the throne and in the bed of Justinian, many modern historians have regarded him as a reliable authority in matters of this reign. Agathias of Myra wrote a fantastic narrative of the deeds of Justinian from 553 to 559; but we owe many otherwise unobtainable details concerning the Goths to his propensity for wandering away from his subject. Menander of Constantinople continued the work of Agathias down to 582; but his book is chiefly interesting for his presentation of the treaty between Justinian and Chosroes, and for much information about the Huns, Avari, and other barbarians. George Syncellus, a contemporary of Charlemagne, wrote a chronological work which was much prized by scholars until it was discovered that it was a mere copy of the "History" by Eusebius. Eusebius of Miletus composed a chronology from the time of the first Assyrians to the death of the Emperor Anastasius; but we possess only a fragment treating of the origin of Constantinople. Constantine Porphyrogenitus wrote a "Life" of his grandfather, Basil the Macedonian, as also an account of the barbarians who were then assailing his

empire. This emperor caused Simeon Metaphrastes to prepare a collection of Lives of the Saints; and he encouraged Theodosius the Little to compile an encyclopedia, but of its fifty-three books only two have come down to us.

Turning now to the subject of Early Medieval science and art, we must first remark that in a period of transition such as engages our attention, progress in science and art is an impossibility. The assimilation of many new peoples certainly augmented ethnographical and geographical knowledge; but during that period only one person seems to have attempted to reduce this knowledge to a scientific basis. This enterprising genius was an Egyptian named Cosma, surnamed Indicopleusta because of his travels in India and Ethiopia. Following the lead of Lactantius, SS. Augustine and Chrysostom, and a few other Fathers of the Church, he believed that the Ptolemaic system contradicted the Bible when it asserted the rotundity of the earth, and therefore he devised a theory which was accepted as a "Christian Topography." He contended that the earth is a flat parallelogram, twice as long as it is wide, surrounded by the ocean, portions of which body of water—the Mediterranean, the Caspian, and the gulfs of Arabia and Persia—jut into the land. He thought that beyond the ocean there is another world, a portion of which was once inhabited by men; here was situated the Garden of Eden, and the sons of Adam remained on that continent until the Deluge, when the Ark of Noah was wafted to the then unknown world. From the four sides of the earth, said Cosma, there rises a wall which soon curves in such guise as to form a cupola above our planet—the vault of heaven. Under this cupola the sun and moon make their daily travels, but the wall prevents their going around the earth.

They simply go around an immense mountain which arises to the north of the earth. In the summer the sun arrives nearly to the summit of this mountain, and the days become long; as the sun descends, the days become shorter. The sun is scarcely one-sixth the size of the earth. Cosma wrote about the year 536.

As for medical science during the Early Middle Age, it can demand but little of our attention. Until the advent of Alexander of Tralles in the seventh century, all physicians followed the prescriptions of Galen; Alexander relied much on his own judgment, advising his pupils not to cling obstinately to what had been taught by the ancients, but to heed the age, manner of life, strength, etc., of their patients. He was an advocate of bleeding, and in any part of the body, although he generally used the lancet on the part affected. He condemned the use of opium in cases of headache, of astringents in dysentery, and of poultices in gout. He believed in mineral treatment, and he often recurred to cabalistic practices. Theophilus, an officer of the imperial guards of Heraclius, wrote a work on medicine which is theological rather than physical in its erudition. Paul of Ægina obtained great reputation in the eighth century as an obstetrician.

Concerning the Fine Arts during the Early Middle Age, their condition was naturally deplorable. Music was the sole art not decadent, and it really flourished only in the Catholic sanctuary, where it donned a new guise under the name of the "Gregorian Chant." When the Italians invented organs is a matter of doubt; but as early as the eighth century we find a Venetian musician building an organ in France. Painting, sculpture, and architecture deteriorated at this period. Then originated that degeneration of the Roman style which is termed Romanesque; and also that

lighter form which is known as Byzantine, and which is remarkable for its greater elevation of the arch, and for the substitution of the diminishing arch for the flat ceiling. Toward the end of the eighth century Arabian architecture began to produce some remarkable works, although it was merely a weak imitation of the Byzantine. In Spain it assumed the peculiar feature of slender and gracile columns, and adorned itself with those fantastic creations which we term "Arabesques."

It was not in this Early Middle Age, the period of gestation when the Catholic Church was creating a new society and therefore inspiring new artistic conceptions, but in the later and therefore more Catholicized Middle Age, that originated the peculiarly Christian medieval architecture—the style which is falsely, but nevertheless persistently, designated as the Gothic. In the entire range of historical and archæological appellations there is none which so aptly and reasonably illustrates the *lucus a non lucendo* idea; and it is illustrated by this deliberate ignoring of the salient fact that not one of the really Gothic edifices (that is, not one of those buildings which the Goths erected) shows the special characteristic of the style which is designated as Gothic—namely, the pointed arch. Moderns should reflect on the fact that all the really Gothic edifices exhibit every feature of the Romanesque decadence; and if they have not grasped this fact, they should study the palace which Theodoric erected at Terracina, as well as what is left of that monarch's palace in Ravenna; not forgetting the Church of St. Apollinaris in the same city, and the cupola-covered mausoleum erected by Amalasunta over the remains of her father.

Father Hermann Cohen.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

THE conversion of Hermann's sister and her son was followed some years later by that of several other members of the family; but the one whose welfare lay nearest his heart, his mother, died without having received baptism, in December, 1855. He was at that time preaching at Lyons, whence he writes to the Count de Cuers: "My poor mother is dead!...I remain in uncertainty; but so many prayers have been said for her that we must hope that something may have passed between her soul and God."

Nevertheless, although his loving trust in God remained unshaken, his grief was intense. He had loved his mother all the more tenderly from the anxiety he had once caused her; he had prayed for her without ceasing since his conversion, and had especially recommended her soul to Our Lady. "She is, like thee, a daughter of Jacob; she belongs to thy family," he says in a prayer to the Blessed Virgin. "O my Heavenly Mother, have pity on the souls of those whom I loved here below!"

His mother's death without baptism was a bitter sorrow to him. He spoke of it once, not long after the event had happened, to the holy Curé of Ars. The venerable priest, whose prophetic soul seemed at times to pierce the veils of futurity, listened to him attentively. "Hope," he said at last,—“hope still. A day will come when, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, you will receive a letter that will bring you great comfort.”

Hermann had almost forgotten this remarkable prophecy when, six years later, December 8, 1861, a Father of the Society of Jesus placed in his hands a

A good life keeps off wrinkles.—*Spanish.*

letter written by a person of eminent sanctity who was then dangerously ill. This person, who occasionally received communications from Heaven, related that once, after Holy Communion, she had ventured to ask Our Lord how it happened that He had refused to hear Father Hermann's continual, fervent prayers for his mother's salvation.

In reply, she had a mysterious vision of what took place around Mme. Cohen's deathbed. She saw the Blessed Virgin, to whom the convert had so often entrusted his mother, intercede on her behalf and beg for this poor soul as a gift from her Divine Son. Mary's prayer was heard: the dying woman, who seemed unconscious of what was going on, suddenly was moved by grace; a supernatural light broke upon her, and, turning toward "Him whose mercy pursued her even in the arms of death, she said: 'O Jesus, God of Christians, God whom my son adores, I believe, I hope in Thee; have pity on me!' Faith, charity, a desire for baptism, a firm will to live according to the Catholic teaching if life were restored, a deep contrition for past offences,—all these things were expressed in the last cry of the poor soul toward its God. After having shown these things to me," the revelation went on, "our Divine Lord added: 'Communicate all this to Father Hermann. It is a consolation I wish to give him, that he may praise and make known the tenderness of My Mother's heart and her power over Mine.'"

Without attaching undue importance to this singular revelation, we may observe that it proceeded from a person of recognized holiness, and that the fact of its having been announced to Father Hermann six years beforehand gives it a certain weight. It brought him great comfort, and henceforth he dwelt upon his mother's death with renewed hope and thanksgiving.

After he had completed his course of theology and received the priesthood, Father Augustin entered upon the life of apostleship, in which he was during many years to spend himself for God and for souls. The vocation of the Carmelite is contemplative rather than active; but still the rule permits him to preach, hear confessions, and give missions; and our hero's superiors judged him capable of doing great things for God as a missionary.

At times, when we read his letters, we are inclined to believe that his own tendency was contemplative rather than active; he often thirsted for solitude, and the hours he spent in the silence of his cell or before the tabernacle were certainly the happiest of his life. On the other hand, it must be said that God visibly blessed his obedience to the commands of his superiors. His success as a preacher was wonderful, and innumerable souls were drawn to God by the sound of his voice. His power lay in his ardent conviction, in the burning love of God that burst forth in his voice and gestures, rather than in any display of oratory.

In 1854 he preached in Paris for the first time since his conversion. The Church of St. Sulpice was crowded on the occasion. Hermann's former celebrity as an artist, his startling conversion, his monastic vocation, made him an object of extraordinary interest and curiosity; and, to add to the solemnity of the occasion, the Archbishop of Paris was present.

The preacher's opening words moved the assembly to its very depths. "My very dear brethren," he said, "my first act on entering this pulpit must be to make an act of reparation for all the scandals I had the misfortune to cause in this city....I confess that I have sinned against Heaven and against you.

I own that I deserve your contempt. I am ready to make a public reparation for the past." He then went on in his simple and vehement way to speak of his conversion, of the infinite mercy of God, of the happiness of the love of God; dwelling slightly on himself, but speaking warmly and lovingly of the Blessed Eucharist, to whose influence he attributed his conversion and his subsequent happiness.

Besides Paris, some of the chief cities of France—Lyons, Bordeaux, Rouen, Rennes, Valence, Poitiers, and others—were evangelized by Father Hermann. The mission he preached at Bordeaux in 1856, together with religious of various Orders, was especially successful. His gifts as a linguist enabled him to hear the confessions of many English, German and Italian strangers. In the course of this mission alone he baptized five Jews, received the abjuration of several Lutherans, and blessed many civil marriages.

He often preached at Lyons, where he was much beloved. At every instant he was stopped in the street by persons who begged for his blessing. One day, being short of time and having business to transact in distant parts of the town, he took a cab and drove about for several hours. When he wished to pay and dismiss the cabman, the good man stoutly declined to touch a penny. "Do you think that I would let you pay me for the honor you have done me?" he said. "No, no! Give me your blessing. I will take nothing else."

The popularity he enjoyed at Lyons alarmed the saintly missionary, and he begged his superiors to remove him to another post. His prayer was granted, but in a different manner from what he expected. In 1862 he went to Rome to assist at the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, and for the first time since his conversion he met his former

master, Liszt, who assisted at his Mass and received Holy Communion at his hands. Times had changed both for master and pupil: they had now greater and more solid interests in common than their old passion for music.

Among the prelates then in Rome was Cardinal Wiseman. In his anxiety to promote by all means in his power the progress of Catholicity in England, he had conceived the idea of founding a Carmelite monastery in London, and he considered good Father Hermann eminently fitted to begin the work. He applied to the General of the Order and to the Pope himself, and obtained a promise that Father Hermann should be sent to London. Before leaving Rome, our hero went to take leave of the Pope. "I bless you, my son," said Pius IX.; "and I send you to convert England, just as in the fifth century one of my predecessors blessed the monk Augustin and sent him to England as its first apostle."

Father Augustin reached England in August, with a small sum of money—about six pounds—in his pocket and few friends to welcome him. Soon his presence became known. In the days of his youth he had enjoyed a certain celebrity in the artistic world of London, and his return as a barefooted Carmelite excited much interest. By degrees he made his way; his work became known and understood; and on October 15, Feast of St. Teresa, he established his little community in a house belonging to the nuns of the Assumption.

In the days long gone by, when England was the "Dowry of Mary," the English Carmelites had been numerous and flourishing, and Father Hermann loved to dwell on these memories. "It was near London," he writes, "that Mary gave the holy Scapular to St. Simon Stock." And the recollection of the English saints of his Order was a

great encouragement to him in the labors of his new foundation.

A circumstance that occurred soon after his arrival in England contributed to draw attention to the Carmelites and created a favorable impression on the public mind. Eight Catholic sailors, Spaniards by birth, had been condemned to death for piracy and murder. They asked for a priest of their nation; and one of the Carmelite Fathers, also a Spaniard, was requested by the prison authorities to visit the criminals. In a speech which he made in 1864 at the Catholic Congress of Malines, Father Hermann related in all its details this moving incident of his life in London. He was struck by the courtesy of the prison officials. "I doubt," he said, "if there exists a single Catholic country where the prison authorities would receive a priest with the courtesy which I experienced in London."

The prisoners prepared for death with extraordinary piety; they went to confession and received Holy Communion on the morning of their execution. "Never during the thirteen years of my priesthood," adds Father Augustin, "did I witness in a more striking manner the effects of the Blessed Eucharist." The prisoners seemed absorbed in the thought of God and heaven. One, who had been the ringleader of the band, kept exclaiming: "I am happy now: in half an hour I shall see God!" No less touching was their deep contrition, their humility, and the earnestness with which they kept repeating the only English word they knew—"Pardon! pardon!"

The sermon in which Father Hermann related this incident of his life in London made a great sensation at the Congress of Malines. It afforded an irreligious Belgian paper a pretext for attacking the prior of the London Carmelites; and the *Times*, in spite of its sympathetic tone when speaking of the execution at

Newgate, published the hostile article of the Belgian periodical. The result of this was very different from what might have been expected.

By this time the Carmelite friars had removed from their first abode in London to a house with a garden belonging to a Protestant, Mr. Bird. They were anxious to buy the house, which in every way suited their purpose; but so far they had not succeeded in persuading the landlord to sell it. Just then the *Times* fell into Mr. Bird's hands. He sent for Father Hermann, showed him the article of the Belgian paper. "See, Father," he observed, "the fine things that are said of you!" Then he added: "I am now quite ready to sell my house to you: this paper has disposed me in your favor. Let us proceed to business and settle matters directly." The affair was concluded, and the Carmelite convent at Kensington was thus happily founded.

Besides his Lenten sermons in London, Father Hermann preached many missions in Scotland and Ireland; he spoke English well, and was as successful as a missionary in Great Britain as he had been in France. He devoted himself in a special manner to revive devotion to the Blessed Virgin throughout the land once called her "dowry," and he was never weary of reminding his hearers that the holy Scapular had first been bestowed on an English Carmelite. "This alone is in my eyes a promise of the future conversion of England."

In spite of the success that crowned his efforts, Father Hermann longed to resign his post as superior of the London Monastery. He loved to obey rather than to command, and the burthen of superiority always weighed heavily upon him. In May, 1865, to his great joy, he was allowed to resign his authority into the hands of one of his brethren; henceforth he resumed

his work as a simple missionary, and continued to preach the Word of God throughout France, England, Germany, and Belgium.

He was, as we may remember, of German origin, and he often returned to preach in his native country. In 1865, he preached the Jubilee of St. Ausgar at Altona, near Hamburg; the following Advent he preached at Berlin, in French and in German; and he returned to Berlin for the Lent of 1868. Over four thousand persons used to come to hear him. "Your prayers have brought forth good fruit," he writes: "the mission at Berlin has been blessed by immense graces; over two thousand persons, men and women, received the Scapular."

In Belgium, where he often preached, he was no less successful. He writes: "I have been greatly pleased with my journey to Belgium; everywhere I preached on the Holy Eucharist and I was listened to." The Blessed Sacrament being his great devotion, when he spoke on this subject so dear to his heart his words had a power and a meaning that sent them straight to the souls of his hearers.

As we know, he made no attempt to dazzle his listeners by the finish of his rhetoric: his eloquence sprang from the heart, and the secret of its power lay in the speaker's tremendous earnestness. He prepared himself for preaching by prayer; he was accustomed to ask God to give him the grace to convert souls without reaping for himself any personal honor or glory. He cared little for the conventional forms of sacred eloquence, and confessed very simply that when he had paid too much attention to them he converted no one. Nevertheless, his respect for the Word of God made him prepare his sermons carefully, with a view of doing the most good possible.

He spoke best on the subjects that touched him most keenly—the Blessed

Sacrament, the vanity of the pleasures of this world, the bondage of sin, the irresistible aspiration of the human soul toward an infinite Good. When treating these subjects his voice had a penetrating force that reminded his hearers how he himself had been drawn from darkness and sin to the glorious liberty of the children of God. His preaching, over which the innate poetry of his Eastern origin cast a warm coloring, was full of fervor and earnestness, and his past experiences invested it with a living, personal interest.

We are told that in an episcopal town in France there was a venerable canon who was very severe in his criticism of sermons. When Father Hermann came to preach in the place the canon went to hear him; and on leaving the church after the sermon, he exclaimed: "At last here is a preacher! This is what we want to convert souls." And there were tears in the old man's eyes.

Although Father Hermann spent the greater portion of his time in preaching the Word of God throughout France, Belgium, Great Britain and Germany, he did not neglect the particular interests of his Order; and he contributed by his influence to its development and progress. Several new monasteries were founded by him; among others the Convent of Bagnères-de-Bigorre and that of Lyons. The foundation of the latter came about in this way:

A Sister of Charity, Sœur Marchand, who had a particular devotion to the Order of Mount Carmel, had prayed and hoped for many years that a branch of it might be established at Lyons. In 1855 Father Hermann went to preach the Advent at the cathedral. When the Advent station was over a friend of Sœur Marchand, a generous silk merchant, came to offer the Father ten thousand francs for the foundation

of a monastery. Other benefactors completed the sum, and the Fathers were able to buy back the convent they had occupied before the Revolution.

On the 8th of September, 1859, in the name of his Order, Father Augustin took possession of the building, and Mass was celebrated once more in the desecrated church. The enthusiasm with which the people of Lyons welcomed back the sons of St. Teresa was due in great measure to the personal popularity of Father Hermann. During the first days of the new foundation the poverty of the little community was very great; but he himself relates how the different religious communities of the town vied with private individuals in providing the Fathers with their daily food.

Father Hermann was too deeply devoted to the interests of God not to rejoice at the development of an Order destined to make Him better known and loved. His filial affection for the Order of Mount Carmel breaks forth in his letters. "The habit of Mary," he writes, "has been received with more than cordiality—almost with enthusiasm." When he himself became a Carmelite in 1849 there were only six French Carmelite friars; five years later their number had increased to forty; and instead of three convents there were eleven in France. Father Hermann's humility made him overlook the fact that this rapid progress was due in a great degree to his influence and to the lustre that he had shed on the Order.

He seems to have been absolutely unconscious of the part he had played in its development. Solely intent on the work he had undertaken for God and souls, he never thought of himself except now and then, when his longing for a contemplative life seemed to gain the upper hand. As time went on, this thirst for solitude increased; he longed for the peace of the cloister.

Obedience kept him at his post. "I am always the Wandering Jew," he used to say, alluding to his incessant journeys. Once he was asked, "What is your usual residence, Father?" "A railway carriage," he said, half smiling, half sad. In this, as in all else, the will of God was the rule of his actions. "I feel detached from everything," he said,— "even from the works I have founded. I tell Our Lord every day that I am completely indifferent whether they succeed or fail; I place everything in His hands, and trust to His good-will."

(Conclusion next week.)

A Contrast.

A PALATIAL railway train recently went flying across the continent. It was a special train and a train *de luxe*. To aid in its construction all the finer woods and metals and fabrics paid tribute. Rosewood, mahogany and ebony were used as freely as most people employ ordinary pine; while silken rugs of Persia and hangings of costliest plush and damask contributed the softness which robs travel of its fatigue. A buffet car was equipped with every delicacy that the corners of the earth could furnish; also a luxurious smoking apartment was arranged for the beguiling of the plentiful leisure; a barber shop and toilet requirements were ready for the grooming of the outer man, and a corps of attendants were at hand to see that no one suffered from even the slightest exertion. No king ever progressed more sumptuously. All former marvels of comfortable travel and delightful ingenuity were outdone by this record-breaking triumph of up-to-date magnificence.

Many years ago a poor man who lived near a small city of Italy was in

the habit of taking journeys, but they were in many ways different from those undertaken by the polished gentlemen who sped from ocean to ocean in that unparalleled train. In the first place, they were on foot; and indeed the poor man himself, to those who beheld only externals, would cut a very sorry figure if compared with the passengers of that moving palace. He was gaunt and hollow-eyed from much fasting and hard toil and long vigils. As to tailor and barber, he had neither. A coarse brown habit modelled from a peasant's frock, old and soiled and patched, a frayed rope about his waist, sandals much the worse for wear,—this was his garb, surely insufficient to make amends for the worn face and attenuated figure. Neither were there garments in reserve in box or bundle; for he had no luggage, not even scrip or purse.

When he must eat he begged at some kitchen, refusing all but the coarsest food. He sought shame; he rejoiced when men despised him. "Thanks be to God!" he said when they called him madman, and stoned him. He slept where night overtook him—upon some hard floor or under the stars. If he had asked a little place upon the fine train which crossed the continent the other day, he would have been called a tramp by the smartly-clad officials, perchance by the travellers themselves.

The host whose money paid for this wonderful journey was Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the great manipulator of Wall Street; while the seventy passengers who were his guests were clergymen bound for the Protestant Episcopal Convention to be held in a city named for the poor man.

The poor man was St. Francis of Assisi, whose feast his followers kept just as the passengers were settling down to their pleasant work in the great city named for him.

Notes and Remarks.

In an Apostolic Letter on the Rosary published at the end of last month the Holy Father expresses his gratification that this devotion is better known and more widely practised by the faithful, and that many of its fruits are now to be seen everywhere. After summarizing the history of the Rosary, his Holiness declares that the heresy of the Albigenses is rife under a new guise, infecting and contaminating Christian peoples and leading them inevitably to their ruin. The Mother of God and the most loving Mother of men will be propitious to the prayers of all who invoke her. "There can be no more efficacious means for winning the favor of the Virgin Mary than that of surrounding with all possible honor the mysteries of our Redemption, in which she not only assisted but participated; and in unfolding before the eyes of all mankind the series of divine truths proposed for our meditation."

Few religious communities are more widely spread or have been more abundantly blessed than the Sisters of St. Joseph. Fifty years ago they founded their first house in Canada, where they now have many large and flourishing institutions—convents, orphan asylums, preparatory and high schools, academies, hospitals, etc.,—all branches of the original establishment in Toronto, the beginnings of which were small indeed. The four founders, one of whom was a convert from Quakerism, represented as many nationalities—American, French, Irish, and German. The last of this noble little band, Mother Bernard Dinan, passed to her reward at the Sacred Heart Orphan Asylum, Toronto, on the 20th ult. It was the reward of half a century of patient suffering and unremitting labors in the cause of education and

charity. She was a noble character, broad and generous, like God's great saints. Her many amiable and excellent qualities of mind and heart had greatly endeared her to her fellow-religious, and she was admired and beloved by the Catholic public for her spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice.

The death of Mother Bernard was in keeping with her life. Abundant tears were shed at her funeral when the trials and privations of her early years in religion and the sufferings of old age were recalled. But all these were bravely borne; and, though death came suddenly, almost her last act was a visit to the convent chapel. So great was the veneration in which this holy Sister was held that the orphan children who followed her remains to the cemetery, of their own accord gathered earth from her grave to preserve as relics.

The honor recently paid by his fellow-physicians to Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, was well deserved. This venerable man at the age of eighty-four enjoys a vitality that is little short of marvellous when one remembers how full of labor and study his fourscore years have been. In addition to his professional duties, Dr. Davis has founded and fostered two great medical schools. He was also, we believe, a leading spirit in the establishment of the famous Mercy Hospital; and his enthusiasm for the Sisters whom he invited to assume charge of it has grown with time. A great preacher of temperance, his own vigorous old age is a striking proof of the soundness of his preaching. His simple, upright life is the fulfilment of one-half of the promise made to his mother, who, dying when Dr. Davis was only seven years old, admonished him always "to live a good life and do good to his fellowmen." The second half of the promise is fulfilled in his distinguished career as a physician,

in his lofty standard of personal and professional conduct, in his many and notable public benefactions, and in his kindness to the poor. Medical schools have developed amazingly since Dr. Davis was a boy—his own medical course extended over just sixteen weeks,—but the public will be satisfied if, with superior advantages for imparting instruction, our modern colleges graduate physicians as wholly honorable and admirable as many of these "doctors of the old school."

Just at this juncture the following strong paragraph from the *Athenæum* is more than usually impressive:

As in Cyprus the remains of Frankish splendor point mainly to French knights (it was so in Greece also), so now in Palestine the modicum of culture and good education comes largely from the devotion and persistency of the French Roman Catholic missions,—excellent institutions respected all over the world by those who know them. It has come to our knowledge lately that in the far Pacific islands the French Fathers stand out superior to the rival missions for refinement, toleration, and unselfish piety. It is very interesting that the religious Orders so harshly treated by the home government should be the mainstay of the imperial position of France in the Levant, and the only maintainers of her old and just influence.

These words from the most scholarly literary journal in the English language lose no force when one remembers that perhaps not one member of the large staff of the *Athenæum* is a Catholic. Those who have heard and stupidly heeded the reports about the friars in the Philippines might pause and ask themselves, Is it reasonable to suppose that there is such a difference between the Spanish Fathers and the French Fathers, after all?

It has often been asserted, and by persons whose opinion carries weight, that it will be many years before the natives of the Philippines are subjugated, and that for a long time to come we

must be prepared to hear of casualties like that which occurred at Samar on the 28th ult. One savage tribe of islanders numbers at least 300,000, and warfare has been its occupation and pastime for centuries. Among civilized or semi-civilized Filipinos the greatest danger is to be feared from secret societies, which are said to have spread rapidly since the American occupation. These societies are known to be the centres of revolutionary propagandism. "It will be remembered," remarks the *Monitor*, "that the components of these dangerous organizations were formerly hailed as the real friends of the new régime in the Islands. The leaders of these secret confraternities are the same fellows whose calumnies against the Church and priesthood were so eagerly swallowed by the hostile pulpit and press, and disseminated on this side of the Pacific as gospel truth."

The meeting of many Methodists in London has had one result already—it has sent a ripple of laughter round the world. John Wesley has numerous followers—about 18,650,000, mostly in this country;—but there are so many kinds of Methodists that our statistical authority adds after these figures the explanatory clause, "Methodists of all descriptions." Representatives of manifold divisions of this religious family who lately met in London town dubbed themselves an œcumenical conference. That's where one laugh comes in for those who know the meaning of the word *œcumenical*. Of course many resolutions were passed, some of which are highly diverting, though doubtless very serious to the Methodist mind. It was resolved to "mobilize" the forces of Methodism for the purpose of subjugating the Catholic Church. A turbulent Brother named Brook declared that the place to begin operations was Rome;

and suggested that the Pope be called upon forthwith, presumably in camp-meeting tones, to come out of the Vatican, give up his infallibility, Index, and things, and acknowledge the denomination (to be) of Methodism. The rest of the Catholics, 250,000,000 or so, would follow like sheep, without showing fight at all. Another campaign on a smaller scale against the Greek and Russian Church, then—the Methodist millennium.

Brother Brook was "moved" when he made these proposals, and to his mind, at the moment, the actuation of them probably appeared as easy as rolling off a log. To calmer minds, however, the work to be accomplished seems stupendous, and there had better be no delay in getting at it. Brother Brook must "hustle" and secure all possible assistance. The undertaking calls for the most strenuous efforts of every loyal follower of John Wesley. But these efforts ought to be well directed. It will do no harm to expend a certain amount of energy in shouting. This will keep up the courage of the brethren. Bombarding the city of Rome with insulting and calumnious tracts directed against the Pope, convents, etc., is to no purpose. The valiant missionaries who have been engaged in this sort of skirmishing should be withdrawn. They are wasting ammunition that will be needed when the new campaign opens.

The London *Tablet* states that the ancient home of the McKinley family in Ireland before their emigration to the United States is still standing. It is a substantial stone farm-house in the County Antrim known as Dernock House. "On an old stone slab by the hall-door the initials of the McKinley of a century and a half ago are thus inscribed: 'W. McK., 1765.' In the Insurrection of 1798 arms and ammu-

nition were found by the military in Dernock House; and a William McKinley, a namesake and granduncle of the late President, was arrested, brought to Coleraine, where he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. He was shot in the market-place, and buried in the churchyard of Dernock, where there is a headstone still in good preservation over his grave."

There are some things of which the discerning Catholic can not approve in Mr. Vaughn's much-discussed article on the Papacy in the *Westminster Review*; but there are certain other things which Mr. Vaughn—though he describes himself as a Protestant friendly to the House of Savoy—seems to understand better than many Catholics do. For instance, of the intolerable situation so often complained of by Leo XIII., Mr. Vaughn says:

The feelings of the Pope and the clerical party with regard to the city which has been theirs for so many hundreds of years have been harrowed without stint, so much so that we may fairly conclude it has been the special object and desire of the present régime to humiliate and annoy the Vatican in every possible way. Churches have been torn down on the flimsiest of excuses; papal 'scutcheons, often of fine workmanship and great historical interest, have been purposely destroyed or defaced; a statue of Giordano Bruno has been erected in the Campo de' Fiori, with an insulting inscription on its pedestal for all the country-folk from the Campagna and the Hills to read. But of course in the eyes of Protestant Europe all these are trifles—mere pin-pricks of the ruling powers in Rome to vex the overthrown priesthood,—and therefore quite fair and excusable.

Very frank and fair is this, and very, very truthful. So, too, is Mr. Vaughn's statement of the reasons why the Vatican does not 'accept the annual appropriation' offered by the Italian government as a partial compensation for its stealings:

The Vatican can never again agree to a convention with the Italian King and parliament *alone*: it can not trust itself to any agreement with one power that so frequently in the past has shown itself capricious and untrustworthy in its

dealings. A mere whim of the personal ruler of Italy, or a transient wave of anti-clerical feeling in the Chamber, may bring about the revocation of this "treaty" between the old power and the new at any moment, and propose in its stead a fresh arrangement between the helpless Pontiff and the all-powerful military force by which his little island* of territory in Trastevere is surrounded. The Papal policy of foregoing the uncertain advantages offered and of continually protesting is wiser and more dignified than a policy of surrender, followed by a possible disavowal and change of existing treaties.

It is an extremely interesting fact that the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Vaughn, though not in complete agreement with the wishes of the Holy Father, is that, as a basis of final settlement, not Italy alone but the whole Christian world must by covenant guarantee "that the independence of the Pope shall always be respected; so that no matter what political changes may occur in Italy or even in Rome itself, the head of the Roman Church shall be permitted to continue in peace his great duties toward all of the Roman faith throughout the world."

The death of the venerable Vicar-Apostolic of British Guiana recalls the large number of priests and prelates of all ranks who in our time have given up the profession of arms to enter the service of religion. In the most austere Orders of the Church may be found ex-army and ex-navy officers of various countries who, though bred to arms, sought the peace and seclusion of the cloister. Bishop Butler was formerly a captain in the British Army, and won distinction in the Indian Mutiny Campaign, also in China. One of his brother officers is a missionary in Australia.

It is pleasant to hear that Sassoferrato's famous picture of the Madonna del Rosario, stolen months ago from the Church of Santa Sabina in Rome, has been recovered. It is prized as one of Sassoferrato's best works.



The Prayer of Love.

I OFTEN think, dear Mother Queen,
When sweet the birds are singing,
How with a few clear-fluted notes
They keep the wild-wood ringing.
They never change their joyful song,
But keep on gaily trilling;
Again and yet again they voice
The life within them thrilling.
Thus do I sing the love to thee
That in my heart is welling,
And *Ave, Ave* whisper low,
The Holy Rosary telling.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XVII.—AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.

HARRY RUSSELL returned to college at the opening term in September; and with him proudly went young Clarence, who was promptly placed in the Third Academic class. Thus a Russell was at the head and tail of the school.

A few days before classes commenced Harry called on Mr. Longstreet, who had all along paid his college fees.

"Hello, Harry! Where have you been keeping yourself all vacation? Out in the country, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I have been in town all summer," replied Harry.

"Indeed! I did not see you at all."

"I have been engaged in business."

"That's good. You don't intend to let the grass grow under your feet, eh? What business?"

Harry told him. He also informed him of the partnership he had entered into.

Mr. Longstreet began to look serious.

"But is it all right, Harry? Square business? I would not like to see you get into any trouble, you know."

"I am sure of that, sir, thanks! The business is perfectly right and quite promising. A good thing can be made out of it in the near future, if it be properly looked after."

Harry then, with profuse thanks, politely and delicately informed Mr. Longstreet that he did not think he was justified in longer accepting the annual scholarship.

"Nonsense, my boy! I am perfectly willing to see you out. So far you have been a credit to yourself and to me."

"While very thankful for what you have done for me, sir, I do not think I should take any more of your money."

"My dear boy, such modesty and abnegation are refreshing. You say you have not been in the patent business more than two months. You can not have earned in that short time enough to pay your way through college and clothe yourself."

"Mr. Dodsworth assured me this morning that there were already over four hundred and twenty dollars in the bank to the credit of the firm of Dodsworth & Russell. To make sure I went to the bank and asked for a statement. So there are already over two hundred dollars coming to me."

"This is extraordinary. You must have struck a perfect gold mine. Hope it will last. Very well, if you insist. If the money should take unto itself wings and all that, you know where to find me. Do not be afraid to come if your golden bubble should some day burst."

Harry thanked his benefactor heartily. "By the way," said Mr. Longstreet, "what about that madcap youngster, the second edition of yourself—your little brother? Can not I transfer my allegiance to him?"

"I do not think so, sir, thank you! He is provided for, for at least two years."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Dodsworth. He insisted upon being allowed to do this. By the end of two years I hope to take that on myself, if the business venture continues as successful as it is now."

"So I suppose I must transfer my affection to some other deserving boy. Good-bye! Come and see me often."

Harry Russell went out of the kind-hearted man's store with elated spirits and bounding steps. The world just now was a pleasant place to live in. He meant to work hard this year. He was quite determined to take the philosophy medal.

"Strange!" said Mr. Longstreet, as he gazed meditatively through the plate glass of the store door.

"Say, Haylon, what do you think of this affair of Russell?" he asked ten minutes later.

"Can not make it out at all. Nigger in the fence somewhere. This fellow Dodsworth is practically *giving* him that money. I must investigate. I hope no harm will come to the lad. I'm going to keep my 'weather eye' open."

There was one feature about this vacation success which was specially gratifying to Harry. He now had some cash at his own disposal. His chief friend of his college life, Claude Grantley, continued periodically to invite him and his sister Grace to his home. Now that Harry had some money which he could do as he pleased with, he began to think of dressing a little more stylishly than he had hitherto done. In his secret thoughts he was ambitious to

possess an evening dress suit. The Grantleys moved in quite a select circle. Harry had often seen and admired men in evening dress at their house, but he could not remember ever having seen any one of his own age appear in one.

Fortunately, his common-sense saved him from falling into this blunder. He promised himself, however, that as soon as the occasion properly demanded it, he would appear in one. For the present he compromised between his desires and the proprieties and purchased a Prince Albert.

Ever since Grace Russell had become acquainted with Ethel Grantley, after the quarrel over the essay prize between their two brothers, they had been fast friends. They were often at each other's house. This fact, while not the cause, was the occasion of the formation among several members of the philosophy class of a certain little social association, which, while harmless enough in itself if kept within proper limits, became the source of much detriment to study among those taking part in it.

Everyone will admit that to spend an evening now and again at the home of a college friend, to have a little carpet dance or a game of cards, is a very pleasant and innocent source of amusement. The difficulty is that the ardor and inexperience of youth is apt to allow the pleasant recreation to degenerate into an abuse by the frequency with which it is indulged in.

This was the case with the members of the class of philosophy to which Harry Russell now belonged. Nearly all of them were of good social standing. Patrick Cullane had already entered the seminary; Harry Russell was the poorest boy in the class. But among the refined it is not money but breeding which opens the door for admittance. Harry was so happy and popular that had he been as poor as Job's turkey he would

still have been in great demand. No little gathering was considered complete without him. He was so full of, and sparkling with, well-bred humor that all the boys voted him a jolly good fellow; and all the boys' sisters—well, we will leave it to your sisters to tell you exactly what they would say in such circumstances.

Owing to this popularity there was danger for Harry Stanley Russell. He soon had too many irons in the fire. He gave two hours every afternoon after class to hard office work. He planned in September with Grantley and Armitage to have only three social evenings in every two weeks. But soon other invitations came. First an invitation to Grace, and of course her brother had to act as her escort; then it was a formal invitation from some other house for both brother and sister; then the class reunion assumed larger proportions and after a while was called *soirée* and *conversazione*. It was not very long before Harry and Claude and Bruno found all their evenings occupied. A little guitar or mandolin efficiency, especially for one whose sister sings and plays well, soon causes a young fellow to be in great demand. What was the consequence of it all for Harry Russell? There followed a neglect of the duties of the hour. His studies began to be most woefully neglected.

Nor was Harry Stanley Russell's case a peculiar and isolated one. This ill-regulated, because untimely, seeking for social amusements is a regrettable feature among those who are pursuing secondary education which the trainers of youth have in these days to contend with, often in deep bitterness of spirit because of the futility of their efforts to stem it. How often has not a distinct call to the highest vocation on earth—the priesthood—been nipped in the bud

by some kind but foolish matron who insisted on sending the enticing bit of pasteboard to the young man whose plain duty it was to spend his evenings over the intricacies of mathematics or metaphysics, and all because "he is so nice," or that he fills out a cotillon so gracefully! How often has a kind but foolish matron maimed or perhaps destroyed the most brilliant prospects for a professional career in law or medicine by an unwise insistence of invitations, which, being accepted, have engendered a taste opposite to that necessary for hard study, rendering the victim, in the end, a mere society butterfly! Yes, madam—the *victim*! I remember a case—but this is preaching. Let us get back to our story.

Harry Russell's evenings during the first few months of his graduating year were so occupied that he fell very much behind in studies of the first importance. Grantley and Armitage were in as bad a plight. The three often came to class tired and sleepy from late hours the night before.

The mastering of philosophy requires calm study. It can not be acquired, even by the very brightest, as one would learn so many lines and repeat them by rote. Principles and theses have to be grasped and assimilated before they can be defended or applied.

One day about the middle of January the professor of philosophy startled our three friends. It was at the close of the day's classes.

"One minute!" he said to the three. "I am so displeased and discouraged by the way you three are studying, or rather not studying, that I refuse to assume any responsibility with regard to your graduating—no, you need not begin with any excuses; I have heard these too often. The president is now waiting to see you. You will all three, please, go to his room at once."

And the justly indignant professor solemnly walked out of the class-room.

"Land o' Goschen! we are in for it now!" exclaimed Grantley, with white, scared face.

The others were equally frightened. Their faces had as little color in them as Grantley's. They went like criminals to the president's door. One of them gave a most conciliatory knock; they would not disturb the president for the world.

"Come in,—come in, boys!" came the well-known voice of the head of Rockland. Each boy anxiously and nervously scanned the great man's face as if to read his own fate therein. A long-drawn "A-ah!" from the president did not mend matters.

"Sit down," he said briefly.

The three sat down as invited—no, *ordered*. They would not do anything else in the wide world but sit down. When they were seated the president put down his pen and swung his office chair around so as to face them. They were facing the light: he had his back to the light, as he had intended.

"I am sorry, young gentlemen, to hear such unfavorable reports of you."

He paused—cruelly long, the boys thought. Why not say at once what he had to say and have it over?

"It is not what I had expected of you. You have talents—ample talents—to make a good course in philosophy. You are not doing it. Your professor is disheartened. I have called you to give you warning. The warning is this."

The president's short sentences cut like a knife. Each one of the three knew they were true with regard to himself. The head of Rockland sat with his right arm on his roll-top desk. In his hand he held a slim wooden paper-knife. At each sentence he jabbed the point of the knife into a pad of paper, as if thereby to enforce his remarks.

"The warning is this," he continued. "The semi-annual comes on in three weeks. You three, not having done your duty, will get no second chance. If you fail then"—snap went the paper-knife,—*"if you fail then, you can not go on. Rockland will throw you aside as I do this broken thing,"*—and he threw the two pieces into the waste-paper basket. "I want no excuses. You know the cause why you have given dissatisfaction. Change your habits and get to work. Good-evening!"

(To be continued.)

Freaks of Nature.

Rocks often take queer shapes. The Old Man of the Mountain is a familiar sight to all who have been fortunate enough to see those great hills which have made New Hampshire a rival of Switzerland. And the coast of Maine has a similar profile, called the Old Man of the Sea. These are freaks of nature, but upon the side of a hill in England a gigantic white horse has been carved by the hand of man. It is one hundred and seventy-five feet long from head to tail, and is supposed to be the work of men who lived in the time of good King Alfred, who reigned just a thousand years ago. Above the figure are still to be seen the last remains of an old camp.

ON the side of Loch Lomond in Scotland dwells an old man who had never until recently been prevailed upon to climb Ben-Lomond, the hill which has been before his eyes during a long life. When he got to the top of the eminence his delight knew no bounds. "Eh, mon!" said he, with evident pride in his exploit, "but the world's a big place when you come to see the whole of it!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—A non-Catholic publishing house in London publishes a new volume of selections from Saint Bernard under the title of "The Song of Songs."

—Among new books promised by Messrs. T. & T. Clark we note "The Children of Nazareth," by Mgr. Le Camus, translated by Lady Herbert.

—"Political Nativism in New York State," by Dr. Scisco, published by the Columbia University Press, is a history of the "Know-Nothing" movement in 1854-55.

—Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons have issued a complete course in French, also a new and greatly improved edition of their "Shorthand Instructor." It includes numerous exercises and a variety of literary selections in engraved shorthand. The work is designed for class or self-instruction.

—The simultaneous publication of two new books referring to Fenelon illustrates the charm which his personality still exercises. Longmans, Green & Co., have just brought out Mr. E. K. Sander's work, "Fenelon: His Friends and His Enemies"; while Messrs. Methuen & Co. announce another edition of "The Life of Fenelon," by Viscount St. Cyres.

—The appearance of a volume of poems by Mr. Herbert Trench of London revives the name of his relative, Archbishop Trench, of Dublin. Half a century ago the philological world was deeply interested in the Archbishop's "The Study of Words,"—a work that has not been entirely superseded by more recent volumes on the same subject, although some of the prelate's etymologies and not a few of his inferences have been pretty thoroughly discredited.

—About a year ago Daniel O'Connell, said to be a lineal descendant of the great Liberator, died at his home near San Francisco. Across the beautiful bay, near to the Golden Gate, he found inspiration for the poetry with which he clothed his thoughts of many years. His career was a varied one. He was a son of the University of Dublin and a commissioned officer in the English navy; but his Bohemian instincts and impetuous temperament made him impatient under discipline, and in the late Sixties he left the service and gave himself up to the uncertain fortunes of literature, writing with skill and a fine discretion upon any subject which offered. His favorite spot for meditation was an eminence near his chosen home; and on that hill his friends are building

his monument, a simple seat of granite, with approaching steps. His last poem, what has been called his "swan song," will be engraved upon the panels. "The Chamber of Sleep" he named it, with the prophetic foreboding of one who saw the shadows lengthening after a long and dreary day.

—Hall Caine and Marie Corelli are becoming linked quite frequently in literary reviews nowadays. That neither is a literary artist is very generally conceded by competent critics. In the meantime, as Mr. Caine's "The Christian" was followed by Miss Corelli's "The Master Christian," is there not some reason for dreading that "The Eternal City" may spur on the lady scribe to the perpetration of "The Sempiternal City"?

—The current *Critic* contains a catalogue of "Fall Books from American Publishers." Under the heading, Fiction, we find nearly two hundred titles, not many of which are familiar as being new editions of old works. Two hundred new novels! Who can hope to read a tithe of them?—and who is credulous enough to believe that he will miss anything really worth while if he reads none of them? Possibly one book in fifty may survive until "the leaves begin to turn" in 1902; but even that is doubtful. The average novel of our young century is fully as ephemeral as yesterday morning's newspaper.

—In view of the fact that next to nothing is generally known about Cardinal Wolsey as a churchman, Father Taunton's new book, of which mention was made last week, should find many readers. He holds that the great Cardinal was something more than a politician: that his ecclesiastical work, had it been allowed to ripen, would have been of more lasting effect than his secular triumphs. The most important chapter of Father Taunton's volume deals with the divorce of Henry VIII., and throws new light upon a question which seems never to have been thoroughly discussed.

—We did not feel warranted in praising Sibyl Creed's "Vicar of St. Luke's" so enthusiastically as certain influential secular reviewers have done—we wonder what epithets these critics would employ for some other Catholic novels that we know,—but we are glad to note the good-natured and rational way in which the secular press has met the ridiculous objection urged against the

book in certain quarters. The *New York Times* states objection and answer in these very fair words:

Certain Protestant readers of "The Vicar of St. Luke's" have accused the author of a lack of candor, not altogether, perhaps, without justification. "This is not a work of controversy," she says on page 252; "It is not a polemical tract in the form of a tale," she reiterates on page 282. Then, after the reader has become interested in the "tale," we are taught, two hundred pages further on, by every argument and insinuation at the command of a controversialist, that the Anglican Church is an unsubstantial delusion, and that Rome alone is founded on a rock, just as the hero of the story discovers, to his own satisfaction. We do not see the use of criticising an author for skill in enveloping a forensic fiction; it seems to us that her motive would have been still more reprehensible had she made no denials at all. We feel quite sure that people who really enjoy this book, for it is a masterly characterization of the English High Church clergy, do so with the gathering impression that they are reading a very clever piece of literature, without any idea that they are perusing a tract in disguise. And if they do discover their mistake, it will only be with genuine emotions of esteem for the author's art, in which there can be no word of condemnation for her alleged dissimulation.

Literature (London) takes exactly the same view of this interesting matter.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., *net.*

Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, *net.*

Jeanne D'Arc. *Agnes Sadlier.* \$1.

Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.

The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.

The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 10 cts.

The Bible of the Sick. *Ozanam.* 75 cts.

A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa.* \$1.50, *net.*

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.

The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* 70 cts., *net.*

The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed.* \$1.50.

Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coulances.* 70 cts., *net.*

Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.* \$1.35, *net.*

On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.

The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Donckt.* 75 cts., *net.*

Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, *net.*

Pastorals of Dorset. *M. E. Francis.* \$1.50.

An Original Girl. *Christine Faber.* \$1.25, *net.*

The Saints. Joan of Arc. *L. Petit de Julleville.* \$1.

By-Ways of War. *James Jeffrey Roche.* \$1.50.

Spiritual Letters of the Ven. Libermann. Vol. I. \$2.

Mononia. *Justin McCarthy.* \$1.50.

The Passion. *Rev. M. J. Olivier, O. P.* \$1.50.

Aphorisms and Reflections. *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., *net.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. C. Manuel, of the Diocese of Alton; the Rev. J. B. Smith, S. J.; and the Rev. Alto Heer, O. S. B.

Mother Bernard and Sister Ursula, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Berchmans, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Frederick Cox, of Fall River, Mass.; Mr. E. F. Sibile, Massillon, Ohio; Miss M. J. Corcoran, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Charles Lynett and Mrs. James Fitzpatrick, Montreal, Canada; Miss Katherine T. Barlow, Reading, Pa.; Mr. James Redmond, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; Miss Mary Staunton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Pollard and Miss Nellie Keating, New York city; Mr. M. J. Hoven, Madison, Wis.; Mr. Roman Niggel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. W. A. Murphy, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Matthew Robinson and Mr. M. Parle, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Bridget Gleason, Darwlu, Minn.; Mr. Jacob Canfield, Springfield, Ohio; Miss Catherine Kennelly, Fishkill, N. Y.; and Miss Carrie Eckert, Cincinnati, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

NO. 17.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Repentance.

PECCAVI! written large upon my brow,
Like him of Florence, full of bitter dole,
I gazed upon the rugged heights my soul
Must scale, ere I for pardon low might bow.

The way was long and steep, and fear I felt,
When, lo! a stronger e'en than Virgil's hand
Stretched out to lead me through the dolorous land,
Till, spent with sorrow, on the heights I knelt.

The sacred sign above my soul was traced—
Absolve te! and then Christ's Precious Blood
Poured from His Sacred Heart its healing flood,
And from my brow the mark of sin effaced!

Father Hermann Cohen.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE day came at last when Father Hermann's superiors allowed him to satisfy his ardent thirst for solitude. In the year 1868, after his Lenten station at Berlin, he received permission to retire to the monastery of Tarasteix, near Tarbes, of which he may be considered the chief founder.

It is usual in the Carmelite Order that, besides the friars who are employed in duties of the sacred ministry, a certain number of religious should live apart and carry on those traditions of prayer and recollection that constitute the very essence of the Carmelite spirit. When circumstances allow it, each province possesses a hermitage, or house of

retreat, where these hermits retire in perpetual silence, devoted to prayer and contemplation, while their brethren carry on the work of the apostolate in the battlefield of the world.

Father Hermann desired that the French province should possess one of these retreats, and he spent the fortune he had inherited from his parents in buying a large tract of ground at Tarasteix, near Tarbes. By degrees he was able to collect enough money to begin the monastic buildings; they were not completed till 1867. The isolated situation of Tarasteix, in the midst of woods and hills, its calm and peaceful surroundings, made it an ideal solitude; and its founder's one desire was to bury himself in this lonely spot and to serve God there in silence and prayer. However, although he directed the building of the hermitage, it was not until 1868 that he obtained permission to make it his permanent home. His joy was immense, and after receiving his superior's commands he writes to his nephew: "I thirst for that spot; it seems to me the anteroom of heaven."

During the few years that he had yet to live, Tarasteix was his habitual residence. But more than once obedience obliged him to leave what he calls his "delicious solitude." After each absence he returned with greater joy to his hermit's life. "Nowhere have I found God more easily; nowhere have I felt Him so close to me; nowhere have I tasted more fully the delights of the

religious life. I enjoy a deep happiness, a delicious peace in my solitude; it is the real element of a Carmelite monk."

By the desire of his superiors, he resumed his musical compositions, which he had put aside since his conversion; and during his stay at Tarasteix he composed the last of his series of hymns. The *cantiques*, or hymns, of Father Hermann are well known in the parish churches and religious communities of France; and even now, long after their author has gone to his reward, they continue to draw souls nearer to God and to heaven. The music is entirely our hero's composition; the words are partly those of a holy Visitation nun, partly of Mgr. de la Bouillerie, Bishop of Carcassonne. "Father Augustin's hymns to the Blessed Sacrament," says an eminent artist, "are so many acts of love toward the Holy Eucharist, and many souls will owe to them their eternal happiness." And this was the composer's only ambition; the passion for music that had absorbed his youth had been, with all his other passions, merged into his wondrous love of God; and now nothing could move him but what related to his Master's service.

We have had occasion to speak of the great personal influence exercised by Father Hermann. When he interrupted his active apostolic life he continued, by his letters, in a more limited sphere to direct many souls in the path of perfection. Those who knew him—and, thank God, there are many left who once enjoyed his friendship—speak with deep feeling of his charm of manner and winning kindness. One of his chief characteristics was his extreme simplicity; it almost surprised those who, before knowing him personally, had heard only of his wild artist life and of his miraculous conversion, around which popular sentiment had thrown a romantic halo. His manners and

conversation breathed the austerity of a monk, the fervor of a saint, and the straightforward simplicity of a child. The expression of his countenance was frank and open, his eyes transparent in their honesty and sincerity. He was full of compassion for sinners, but somewhat severe in his direction of those whom he considered called to a certain degree of perfection. "In the confessional," says one of his penitents, "Father Hermann speaks briefly, with extraordinary power. . . . As a director he is absolute, directing souls only in the narrow path of the evangelical counsels." His favorite penitents were always the poorest and most lowly; he was often called the "confessor of servants."

By his religious brethren, who better than any others knew him in the intimate details of his daily life, Father Hermann was looked upon with deep veneration. He had overcome, after long and patient efforts, the impulses of a passionate nature and untutored will. "He had an extremely delicate conscience," says one of his superiors, "and the simplicity of a child; . . . he was ever inclined to exaggerate his faults, or what he looked upon as such, from excess of humility."

It was observed that in the first fervor of his conversion Hermann was somewhat inclined to treat others with the severity he used toward himself; and that, as he advanced in the path of sanctity, he became more and more indulgent toward others, although he never relaxed his own strict self-discipline. This progress was noticed by those who saw him at intervals; among others by the Visitation nuns of Paray-le-Monial, in whose chapel he preached several times. After a triduum he gave to the community in 1866, the superior was struck more especially by his eminent sanctity. "It was easy

for us to note the marvellous progress he had made in the path of holiness; his example did us as much good as his words."

His love for suffering increased as time went on. "Nothing is more delightful than to suffer for Jesus!" he exclaims. "Pray that I may not be a single moment without suffering something for His pleasure and His glory." His weak health and constant headaches afforded him frequent opportunities of suffering. "I can not say," he writes to the Count de Cuers, "how happy I am to suffer these things for the love of Jesus. It is so sweet to trust entirely to His holy will that if I were sure I could cure myself by simply touching one of my hairs I would not do it for worlds, if I knew Our Lord wishes me to be ill. His will is my paradise." Father Hermann's happiness in his vocation made all things in his religious life sweet and easy to him. "Nothing at the Carmel makes me suffer," he says. "I suffer only when I am away from my convent."

The principle and mainspring of his whole life, the secret of his loving acceptance of every pain, lay in his all-absorbing love of God in the Holy Eucharist. Father Hermann has often been called the Apostle of the Blessed Sacrament, and we know that he had made a vow never to preach a sermon without speaking of the adorable mystery to whose direct influence he attributed his conversion. The thought of the Blessed Eucharist pervaded his life in its smallest details: it was to him a living, personal, tender love that breaks out with touching simplicity in his words and in his letters. Once when in his presence some one praised the works of a Protestant author, adding, "It must be said, however, that he is very cold," Father Hermann exclaimed: "How can he be otherwise

than cold? He has never been to Holy Communion."

Many persons observed that when he said Mass his face seemed radiant with a supernatural beauty, like that noticed on the features of the venerable Curé of Ars. His novice master says that "the mere name of Jesus caused him to beam with joy." After Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin was the object of his love. He often recalled the fact that his own conversion and that of his sister, his brother and his nephew, had all taken place during the month of May. "It is Mary who led me to Jesus," he says in one of his sermons; "and I gave myself to Jesus in the Order of Mary."

From this brief sketch of Father Hermann's spiritual gifts we may safely assert that he possessed the chief characteristics of eminent holiness—a burning love of God, deep humility, and forgetfulness of self. But let us hasten to add that his sanctity was singularly attractive. This fervent religious, so austere in his own life, was a warm friend. The love of God that had taken possession of his heart, far from crushing its natural affections, seemed to have strengthened and developed them; and this characteristic trait goes far to explain Father Hermann's popularity. We have seen how deeply he cared for his mother and his family; how the thought of their welfare pursued him in the solitude of his cell and among the labors of his apostolic career. He was no less devoted to his friends. "As for me," he writes in 1867, "the old religious affections that remain faithful and constant are a great consolation. Long live old friends!"

He never forgot the friends of his youth and prayed constantly for them. The conversion of Liszt was a great joy to him; but a mutual friend having brought about an interview between

him and Georges Sand, of whom he had seen so much in his childhood, the result was a bitter disappointment. The celebrated authoress looked at the monk with ill-concealed contempt. "So you have become a Capuchin!" she said, and that was all.

Among the holy souls who after his conversion were united to Father Hermann by the ties of friendship we may mention Mgr. de la Bouillerie, Bishop of Carcassonne, his auxiliary in the association for the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; Count de Cuers, his first Christian friend and constant correspondent; and Louis Veuillot, the well-known Catholic writer, who was Father Hermann's warm admirer. "I loved Hermann with all my heart," he wrote after his friend's death. "He was all humility, simplicity and truth."

To these names we must add those of two nuns: Sister Marie Pauline du Fougerais, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister Natalie Narischkin, a daughter of St. Vincent of Paul. The first became acquainted with Hermann almost immediately after his conversion. She had been very ill a few years before, and during her enforced time of rest she employed her remarkable talent for poetry in composing some *cantiques* in honor of our Blessed Lady. But she made no use of them, and the hymns lay for several years completely forgotten among the Sister's papers. In 1848, however, a family in whom she was interested fell into deep poverty, and the idea occurred to her that if her hymns were set to music they might be sold for the benefit of her *protégés*. The superior of the convent approved of her plan and undertook to find the proper person. She mentioned the subject to the Marist Fathers, and they immediately recommended a young Jewish convert of their acquaintance as eminently qualified for the task. Sister

Marie Pauline was thus introduced to Hermann Cohen; he gladly undertook to set her words to music, and the collection of hymns was published under the title of "Glory to Mary." The sale brought in a sum sufficiently large to assist the good Sister's *protégés*; for Hermann, although he was at that time working hard to pay his debts, refused to accept a single farthing.

Sister Marie Pauline continued to be a firm friend to the musician whom Providence had thrown across her path. She followed him with deep interest in his new vocation; and many of his letters, after he joined the Carmelites, are addressed to her. It was to her friendship that he entrusted his sister, whose conversion he attributed in great measure to the influence of Sister Marie Pauline.

This holy nun died in the year 1863. Father Hermann, writing afterward to her superior, thus relates a singular impression he experienced when he said Mass for the repose of her soul: "When I came to the Memento for the Dead I recommended that dear soul to Mary with all my heart. After Mass, during my thanksgiving, I wished again to pray for her, when suddenly I seemed to see her in spirit, smiling and serene. Her features had resumed the freshness of youth; she seemed radiant with joy, and I felt irresistibly convinced that she was happy with her Spouse Jesus."

The history of Sister Natalie has been made known to the world through the writings of her friend, Mrs. Augustus Craven.* Born of a noble Russian family, brought up in schism, she became a Catholic and soon afterward a Sister of Charity. Her life was spent in serving the poor and little ones of this world; but none came in contact with her without feeling the charm of her rare

* "La Sœur Natalie Narischkin." Perrin, Editeur. Paris.

holiness. Father Hermann knew her well; and, speaking of her to one who had been acquainted with her from her childhood, he said: "She is certainly one of the most beautiful souls that exist in the Church at the present time."

The humble little convent of which Sister Natalie was superior often served as a resting-place for Father Hermann before the Carmelites had a monastery in Paris; and a large number of letters seem to have been exchanged between those two servants of God, in whom may be found many striking traits of resemblance. Most of these letters have been destroyed; but the fragments that remain sufficiently prove the heights of sanctity to which both had attained.

In January, 1870, Father Hermann writes from Tarasteix: "Help me to return thanks to our dear Master; help me to return love for love. One day in your convent parlor you said to me: 'Oh, how our Lord Jesus loves you!' I did not then understand those words as well as I do now: I did not then understand that the Divine Spouse had deigned to choose my soul upon which to pour out His favors; but now, when I feel those outpourings of His love, your words come back to me, and I see that you had a foresight of all that our merciful Saviour meant to do for me here. I can not help confessing the truth of what you then said to me, and I cry out within myself: 'O Jesus, how Thou lovest me! But what canst Thou discover in me? Nothing save misery and unfaithfulness.'"

He goes on to relate how at certain times the love of God seems to envelop and possess him, so that "the hours pass like so many minutes." And he concludes with these words: "Willingly I accept your place of meeting in the Heart of our Jesus. Like you, I wish to live and die there." If these touching confidences prove the intimacy that

existed between a loving God and His faithful servant, they prove in no less degree the eminent sanctity of her who was judged worthy to receive and to understand them.

We must not omit to mention the Curé of Ars as among the holy persons with whom our hero was on terms of confidence. He seems to have been accustomed to consult the Curé in all the important circumstances of his life; and we have seen how the servant of God prepared him for the mysterious communication that was to comfort him in his filial sorrow. Later on, when he founded the Carmelite Monastery of Lyons, M. Vianney was his support and counsellor. When Father Hermann consulted the holy Curé on the subject of his foundation of Tarasteix, he was assured that God warmly approved of his desire to establish a hermitage wholly consecrated to contemplation and penance; but M. Vianney added these prophetic words: "You are right to promote the foundation of the hermitage; but as for you personally, you will not enjoy it long."

The prophecy was realized to the letter. We have seen with what happiness Father Augustin sought the peace of his retreat; how, after the fatigues of his life of preaching, he delighted in the sweet silence of Tarasteix. It seemed as if Providence had led him there only in order to give him time to recollect himself before undertaking new labors. He had spent himself for the sake of others with unstinting generosity, and it was right and fitting that he should enjoy a time of close communion with God before going forth once more into the battlefield to fight the powers of darkness. After two years' stay at Tarasteix, new duties and charges were laid upon him by Providence; and then came another time of rest,—rest in his eternal home at the Master's feet.

In 1870 Father Hermann's happy time of solitude came to an end: he was named novice master at Broussey. Some months previous the holy soul who had comforted him in regard to his mother sent him this message: "Tell Father Augustin that he must not remain in the desert: he must struggle and fight." He himself seems to have felt that those two years of spiritual happiness were meant to prepare him for death. Before leaving Tarasteix he said to one of his brethren: "I know that God brought me here to prepare me for death. If you only knew how detached I feel from all things!"

Two months after his appointment as novice master at Broussey, war broke out between France and Germany. Father Cohen was a German by birth; and as the tide of defeat set in against France, and popular excitement against the enemy increased, it was thought more prudent that he should leave the country. He made a brief stay at Tarasteix, and then crossed the frontier near Grenoble, where he narrowly escaped being torn to pieces as a spy. Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Geneva, who knew him well, received him with great affection.

There happened to be at that time at Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, a numerous colony of French fugitives; they had no resident priest and the Bishop begged Father Hermann to open a chapel at Montreux for their benefit. He obeyed, but after a few weeks a more perilous task was proposed to him. By this time thousands of French prisoners had been sent to the interior of Prussia. They were in great distress, being deprived of all spiritual assistance and moral support, as well as of every material comfort. As time went on French priests were allowed to visit them; but at the period of which we speak this was strictly forbidden.

It occurred to Mgr. Mermillod that Father Hermann—a German by birth, a Frenchman by adoption, enjoying, moreover, great personal popularity at Berlin—was exactly the man capable of filling the post of chaplain to the French prisoners. He communicated his idea to the saintly Father, who obtained his superior's permission to proceed to Berlin. A priest was found able and willing to take his place at Montreux; and on November 24, feast of St. John of the Cross, Father Hermann started for Berlin. He seems to have felt that he was going to meet death. "Germany will be my grave," he said on leaving Montreux.

He easily obtained permission to see the prisoners, and was appointed to the chaplaincy of the town of Spandau, about fifteen miles from Berlin, where over five thousand desolate prisoners were confined. The misery, moral and physical, of these poor fellows was intense, and the Carmelite friar appeared to them like a heavenly messenger. His warm sympathy, his absolute devotion won their hearts from the first. He begged from his friends for his new children, and boxes of linen and clothing were sent from all parts of Europe to be distributed among the soldiers.

About two weeks after his arrival at Spandau he writes: "The prisoners are beginning to ask to go to confession; this evening eight of them came to my room....I never had so large a field for gaining souls to Jesus." And a few days later, on December 22: "The prisoners besiege me from eight in the morning till evening; I have given myself up to them, and they make use of me to the utmost....I must say that they fully repay me for the love I show them. On an average, fifty soldiers a day ask for confession and Holy Communion."

An eye-witness thus describes Father Hermann's life at Spandau: "He had

the spiritual charge of six thousand prisoners. The church being too small to contain them all at one time, five hundred are taken there every day. The Father used to preach to them and hear their confessions....His spare time was spent in visiting the hospitals, where there were many sick, chiefly small-pox patients. Besides this, it was the Father who distributed the clothes and money that were sent to the prisoners, and he did it with admirable zeal. He had not one minute to himself during the day."

On the 13th of January the Father was stricken down with small-pox; he had probably caught the disease from the sick soldiers to whom he had given Extreme Unction. His eldest brother Albert, who had become a Christian, hastened to Spandau, accompanied by a Capuchin, Père de la Billerie. They found Father Hermann in bed, very ill but perfectly conscious. "Well, my dear Father," he said, addressing Père de la Billerie, "I want you. I am in bed for three or four weeks longer, and I should be very sad if our good work here were abandoned. It may happen, too, that Almighty God will take me; and if so, you will be here to replace me."—"O Father," replied his visitor, "I hope you will be left to work for souls!" Father Hermann took up a crucifix that was lying on his bed, looked at it earnestly, and then said very sweetly: "Well, no! no! I hope that this time Almighty God will take me."

The patient's condition grew more critical. On the 15th he received Extreme Unction at the hands of the parish priest of Spandau; he was still conscious, and in spite of his sufferings he sang the *Te Deum*, the *Magnificat*, the *Salve Regina*, and the *De Profundis*. Two days later delirium set in: he thought he was preaching to his soldiers, and was greatly agitated for some hours. On the 19th he recovered complete

consciousness. "I am going to die," he said. "May God's holy will be done!... I care to live only to win more souls to Jesus." He then made his confession, and explained certain matters connected with his dear soldiers' interests or relating to the affairs of his Order. At nine the same evening he received Holy Communion and remained a long time absorbed in thanksgiving.

A Jesuit lay-brother and a Sister of Charity had nursed him through his illness, and now watched near his bed. Toward the middle of the night they begged for his blessing. "Willingly, my children," he answered. Raising himself, he extended his arms and, slowly, reverently, he pronounced the sacred formula. He fell back exhausted from the effort. "And now, my God," he was heard to murmur, "I give my soul into Thy hands!"

He lay all night in perfect calm, breathing slightly but uttering no word. Toward ten in the morning he moved a little and his beautiful soul passed to the bosom of God. According to his own wish and by the care of his brothers, he was buried at Berlin, in the Church of St. Hedwige. But if his remains are laid to rest in the land of his birth, his memory is kept alive in the country of his adoption; and the Church of France claims as one of her precious treasures Father Hermann, the convert and the apostle, who died a martyr of charity serving the soldiers of France.

A death such as his was worthy of one who so passionately loved his crucified Master. It was made known in France by the pen of Louis Veuillot, who had sincerely loved Father Hermann.

"Last month," he wrote in the *Univers*, "died at Spandau our dear and constant friend, Father Mary Augustin of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Bare-footed Carmelites. The world still called him by the name under which he had

been known for many years, and which his musical talent had made celebrated: he was generally called Father Hermann. He was always a very good and very holy religious, austere and gentle. He went through the world barefooted, begging, preaching, founding monasteries; obedient in his ardor and humble in his success. He died at Spandau, where he had gone to minister to the French prisoners....He gave himself up to his work and he died of it....Being what the grace of God had made him, it was fitting that Father Hermann should die thus."

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

XIV.

MAURICIA began her German lessons next day. Fortunately, I possessed a grammar, else it would have been impossible to procure one at such a time. And soon another pupil came to me. The Count was mending rapidly, and began to find time hanging on his hands. When he heard that Mauricia was learning German, he insisted on taking lessons also. One advantage he had over her: he had learned a little of the language at school. But the child picked it up with amazing rapidity, and never lost an opportunity of talking German whenever she could. She made Herr von Steinberg sit for her, chattering away to him all the time; and when he saw we liked it, he would stop when he met us in the garden and help us out of any difficulty. I am afraid our conduct was very reprehensible at that time, but we glided into friendship almost imperceptibly. Indeed, we had begun by duly hating the young Lieutenant whose countrymen had brought us to such straits.

Herr von Steinberg, however, was so courteous, so amusing, and withal so careful not to alarm our pride or wound our susceptibilities, that we could not help liking him. Then, again, I, as interpreter, frequently had to speak with him, either about our own affairs or those of our near neighbors; and a common language, which remained a sealed book to so many, was another bond between us. Mauricia followed my bad example: she became very fond of the young German officer, who after the first day was careful to treat her like a grown-up young lady. And many a sketch did she take of the soldiers and their horses, quite winning their hearts by her pictures, which she sometimes allowed them to keep and send home to their families.

But the war and its consequences were rapidly having their effect. No more did Mauricia roam over the hills with little Pierre. For one thing, there were too many soldiers about; then, again, little Pierre shunned us. He felt that we were partial to the enemy, and would have nothing to say to us. Marguerite had left the boy to my care, and I grieved to see him wander about pale and sad; but I could not help it.

One day, however, he came home with a light in his eye and a color on his cheek which had long been strangers to the almost baby face. I asked no questions, but the very next day shots were heard in the neighborhood, and that evening Herr von Steinberg came home with a stern frown instead of his usual pleasant expression.

"What is the matter?" I inquired very timidly, when I met him tramping fiercely up the stairs. We had all heard the shots, but knew not what to make of them.

"Are we wild beasts," he responded angrily, "that we should be peppered at through hedges and from behind

walls? Let them fight us like men, but not in that skulking way."

From these words I understood that a band of Francs Tireurs had come into our neighborhood, and the tidings grieved me; for woe in those days to the village in whose vicinity these men had left their mark! For one or two unhappy Prussians shot down by their rifles, fierce revenge was taken: homes were burned, the peasants ill-treated, and the principal inhabitants carried off as hostages.

The Franc Tireur himself, no doubt, thought that his work was highly patriotic, and to a bold and active man it could not fail to be alluring. To annoy and harass the enemy, to weaken the power of the Prussians, to be here one day and there the next; the very sense of danger and the knowledge that to be taken was to die,—all combined to render the independent life of a Franc Tireur attractive to many. But to the peaceful householder and to weak women and children, who were the sufferers from this irregular species of warfare, the Francs Tireurs' approach was ever to be dreaded; and I, for my part, have always thought their way of fighting both useless and cowardly.

That evening, contrary to custom, I was alone in the room with Count d'Ory. Mauricia had retired early with a feverish cold; and Madame de Fontenay, rather anxious about her, had gone to look after the little daughter she loved so dearly. The young officer lay propped up by cushions on the sofa, while I from the hearth-rug gazed sadly and dreamily into the fire. It was so unlike me to be silent that the invalid noticed it at once.

"What is the matter, Mademoiselle Eugénie?" he inquired. "Has anything occurred to grieve you?"

"I feel as sad as a nightcap," I said, trying to laugh it off. (Quite a French

expression that—"sad as a nightcap.")

"Those shots I heard to-day, what were they?" he went on.

"The Francs Tireurs," I replied briefly; then after a while: "Oh, why did they come! We were so happy, so peaceful! Now who knows what may happen?"

"Are the Germans, then, so angry?"

"They are terribly angry; and no wonder. One man has been killed and two wounded."

"My God! They have not been rude to you!" exclaimed Count d'Ory, sitting up quite straight in his excitement.

"Oh, no, no!" I answered. "Herr von Steinberg is there and he protects us. But," I added with a sigh, "even he will not be the same any more."

The Count looked tired and disturbed, as he sank back against the cushions. Presently he said, rather sadly:

"I thought you a better patriot than that, Mademoiselle Eugénie."

"Monsieur, what do you mean?"

"Why, Mademoiselle, your mother was French, many of your relatives and some of your friends are also of this unhappy nation; yet you can find it in your heart to admire a man whom you should avoid and dislike as a foe and still more as a conqueror!"

"If you had seen Herr von Steinberg, you would not talk like that," I replied impetuously; but I felt very miserable, for I knew that Count d'Ory was at least partly right.

I had had much to try me during the day,—much to make me anxious. Little Pierre was so excitable I feared he would run away and join the Francs Tireurs; for many had done so when they heard the band was near the city. Monsieur Thomasson had shut up his house that very morning and departed, on a pretext of business; but he had taken his brother's rifle with him, and everyone knew he was not very far off. And now when I was tired and

worried Count d'Ory's reproach came to trouble me still more, and I had no spirits left to answer it or throw it off. I covered my face with my hands and cried bitterly. My tears, unfortunately, only increased the Count's suspicions, and he started up and paced about the room, exclaiming to himself:

"She loves him!—she loves him!"

The idea was so absurd that I began to laugh; then indignation took hold of me and I also rose from my seat.

"Count d'Ory," I said, "you have no right to judge me so rashly. I do not hate Herr von Steinberg, but you are greatly mistaken when you think that I love him. I must wish you good-night!"

He hastened to make some apology, but I would not listen; and, vexed and angry with both myself and him, I quickly left the room.

In my little bed that night I wept again; for my heart had at length revealed its secret and told me, so sadly and so hopelessly, that the one I loved was not Herr von Steinberg,—oh, no! but the wounded officer whom I had helped to nurse for a month; the man I had learned to know and to appreciate; alas! the man also who loved my cousin Marguerite.

It was during those dull and trying days when we had studied together, and talked unreservedly about art and literature, thoughts and feelings, that we learned how much there was really in common between us; for even where our opinions clashed, the discussions seemed to give a zest to our intercourse by enlivening our conversation. Count d'Ory, as I have said before, had fair curly hair, and his honest blue eyes seemed to vary according to his humor: darkening when he spoke seriously, and twinkling all over when he laughed. He was much shorter and slighter than Monsieur de Clisson, but active and well-proportioned, and his mind was of

no common order. His thoughts were noble, his feelings warm, and his temper good, as he proved during his illness and enforced seclusion. No wonder that I felt the charm, and that little by little, and all unconsciously, I grew to love him.

XV.

After a restless night. I thought next morning that the fresh air would do me good. Little Brownie was eating her head off in the stable, and darted along like a mad thing as soon as she felt her mistress on her back. We cantered up the lane at a rapid rate; but after a while the steepness of the hilly downs checked my pony's speed, and we were proceeding leisurely along when a group of soldiers appeared on the brow of the hill. The morning breeze that caressed my forehead had banished dull care, but dark thoughts returned to my anxious brain when I perceived that the soldiers were leading a prisoner,—a Franc Tireur, no doubt. Some one I knew, perchance.

The group advanced toward me, and as they drew nearer what were my amazement and sorrow when I recognized in the prisoner Monsieur Thomasson! For he it was who had so unluckily fallen into their hands.

"My poor Monsieur!" I cried. "What will they do to you?"

"Shoot me, no doubt," he answered grimly. "But, Mademoiselle," he added eagerly, "I should like to speak with you on matters of importance before I die. Should this not be possible, give my love—my best love and my last thought—to Charles. Poor Charles! He will be deeply grieved."

These words were scarcely spoken when the soldiers hurried him away; and I rode on up the hill, wondering if it were possible to save Monsieur Thomasson from his sad fate. Over the downs my pony cantered, walked or

trotted, according to her own sweet will; for the rider was busy unravelling this new problem. "Can I save him? How shall I do it?" The changes rang on these two questions, so nearly alike.

When I reached home at lunch time the whole household was in a state of consternation, easily to be conceived when you remember how much we had latterly seen of the unfortunate gentleman who had just been made a prisoner. So many of our county families had left at the approach of the Prussians that we had been driven by our loneliness to become more friendly with those who remained. Monsieur Thomasson was the nearest of these, and he had proved himself a worthy and kind-hearted neighbor.

"I am going to speak to Herr von Steinberg," I told Aunt Mauricia; and accordingly, after lunch, I waited for him in the park. My mind was so agitated, however, that I had not the slightest idea how I should plead. With a stranger I should probably have felt less nervous. Presently the gate opened and Herr von Steinberg came up the path. A vexed look crossed his face when he saw me; for he had evidently seen Monsieur Thomasson and knew well enough what I wanted to say.

"It is of no use, *Fräulein!*" he said decisively. "Do not give me the pain of refusing you."

"What is of no use?" I asked; for I wanted to gain time and I could think of nothing better to say.

"I can not possibly let him off," he replied; "so please do not ask me."

"But he has killed no one," I said; "he never joined the *Francs Tireurs*; he was lost in the forest,—he told me so himself."

"No, *Fräulein,*" answered Herr von Steinberg: "this man's intentions were evil, and my superior officers would blame me were I not to make an example

of the first *Franc Tireur* who has fallen into our hands. And, besides, my men would mutiny; for they have sworn to avenge the death of their comrades so treacherously murdered."

"At least," I said, seeing that there was no hope of saving poor Monsieur Thomasson, "grant me one request. May I go with Aunt Mauricia to bid him good-bye? It would comfort him, I know."

Lieutenant von Steinberg thought for a few moments.

"I can see no objection," he replied, in his usual courteous manner. "I will give you a permit." And he wrote a few words on a card. "Only," he added, "go this afternoon,—be sure to go this afternoon!"

I shivered, and, murmuring my thanks, turned away sick at heart.

Aunt Mauricia and I found that we had not far to go to see our unfortunate friend. Within a stone's-throw of our park stood the strong walls of Monsieur de St. Pierre's fine old place, which was now abandoned to its sad fate by the family. At one time a convent whose thick walls dated as far back as the thirteenth century, the Prussian officers had found its roomy cells and large refectory convenient quarters for their men; while they appreciated the vast subterranean cellars, stocked with rich wines, which they drank themselves; and with cider, which went to the soldiers.

Monsieur Thomasson had been placed in one of these rooms, in the very centre of the building, and apparently the most unlikely place for a man to escape from; and yet as soon as I had entered it with Aunt Mauricia I knew that our friend might yet be saved. For this room, as was often the case in olden days, had a secret egress. The first year of my stay at Saultemont we had often spent a happy afternoon at the St. Pierres', the boys especially being great

friends of mine. Together we had had pleasant games, the old chimneys and quaint nooks and cupboards serving admirably as hiding-places. I had been telling Eustache de St. Pierre one day of our old Catholic houses in England and their places of concealment, when, anxious, no doubt, to show me that France also was well provided for in that respect, he took me upstairs to the centre of the building—up to the very room indeed in which Monsieur Thomasson was now a prisoner.

In the wainscoting of this spacious chamber the pressure of an invisible spring disclosed a secret staircase; and Eustache de St. Pierre and I, having nothing better to do, began to descend. Eustache had found an old lantern; and, encouraged by this, I followed him down the damp and dismal steps, until at last another door yielded to our pressure and we found ourselves among the wine barrels under the convent. Creeping slowly along from one cellar to another, we finally emerged—with feelings of great relief, for we had thought ourselves lost—out in the open air close to the river-bank.

I remembered the existence of this secret passage when the sentinel who was guarding Monsieur Thomasson showed us into the quaint old room, so that he had scarcely closed the door when I flew to the wainscot and pressed the spring. It yielded; and when my astonished companions beheld the secret staircase their excitement was so great as to be almost dangerous; and I shut up the wall again in a hurry, for fear the sentinel should take the alarm.

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" cried Monsieur Thomasson when he at length grasped my idea, "you are my good angel!"

"Take care you do not get lost among the cellars, and that your lantern does not go out, Monsieur," I replied.

But he was not to be daunted.

"I know I shall be saved!" he kept repeating, so strong was the reaction from despair to renewed hope.

"Have you any paper, a pencil?"

"Yes, yes! They could not refuse them to a poor condemned man."

I took the pen he held out to me and sketched, roughly but as accurately as possible, the ins and outs of the cellars.

"Here, Monsieur," I said, "hide this; and when they lock you up for the night, take the light they bring you and go. May God preserve you!"

Hurriedly as all this had taken place, the voice of the sentinel interrupted us while we were yet planning, and we had to leave. Hope, however, remained with us and spurred us to fresh efforts. It had been arranged that Monsieur Thomasson should remain hidden in the cellar nearest the river until Gaspard, an old acquaintance, should go to him at dawn with a peasant's blouse and straw-hat. Gaspard was an old farmer, a rough diamond, crusty and often disagreeable, but brave and reliable. Aunt Mauricia sent for him that evening and explained what she wished him to do. The old man agreed at once; nor would he take remuneration for what was, to say the least, a dangerous job.

So far, so good; but Aunt Mauricia and I slept very little that night, and every time we woke we breathed a prayer for our poor friend's safety. Count d'Ory had been let into the secret and was greatly excited; and I do not know who was the most pleased when Gaspard sent word next morning that 'the bird had found its nest.' The message had just reassured us a little when Louis came up saying that the German officer wished to speak to Mademoiselle in the drawing-room.

(To be continued.)

A HUNDRED years hence we shall all be bald.—*Spanish Proverb.*

Lukewarmness.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

GOD brooks no lagging service in His friends,
 Nor can He view with mild, complacent mien
 Our listless life of habit's dull routine.
 No outward forms of worship make amends
 For lack of fervor true; 'tis love that lends
 To all our deeds their beauty and their sheen.
 And eager love is prompt, with vision keen,
 To further day by day the loved one's ends.

Alas for us, who weary of the way
 That once we trod with zeal that languished not;
 Who droop and doze when we should watch and pray,
 Nor realize how wretched is our lot!
 Alas! for unto each doth He not say,
 Abhorrent, "Would that thou wert cold or hot?"

Kyrie Eleison.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

WE turn once more to the infallible teaching of Holy Church. First, as to venial sin, it lays down:

If any one say that a man who is once justified can for the remainder of his life avoid all sin, even venial sin, unless by a special privilege, as was the case with the Blessed Virgin, let him be anathema.

That is simply stating what is laid down plainly in the Scriptures: "The just man falls seven times a day." If the falling seven times were into serious sin, he would no longer be just; but the fact of falling seven times into venial sin during the day still leaves him a just man. And in the Holy Scriptures the word *just* is used not alone of a man in the state of grace but of a man in the highest degree of holiness; such a one as would be canonized and has been canonized in the Church. For instance, St. Joseph is said to be a just man; St. Elizabeth and her husband, St. Zachary, are said to be just before God; holy Simeon is said to be just, and so on.

Having these in our minds, let us repeat the Scriptural saying, "The just man falls seven times a day." It is perhaps on this account that the Church has made the wise rule that no person is to be canonized till fifty years after death. But the Scriptural saying has great encouragement for you and me (if we may dare to adopt it). With God's grace, we are trying to serve Him, in our own sphere, humbly and from our hearts; and seven times in the day and seventy times seven there are falls, and the heart within us gets discouraged. The falls are our own, while the discouragement is the work of Satan; and the advice of the pious and the learned is: Make an act of sorrow for these falls, hide them in God, and trouble about them no more.

One of the saints says: "As fire burns up any amount of stubble, so one act of charity burns up any number of venial sins." And that stands to reason; for if an act of charity can destroy a venial sin and any number of them, and if a thousand venial sins would not make a mortal sin, it follows that an act of charity can wipe out any number of venial sins. Well, we make an act of charity, and several, every time we say the "Our Father." O brother, of a truth "with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plentiful redemption!"

So far as to venial sin. Now as to mortal. It is temptation that leads us into sin; in fact, temptation means an inducement. There are temptations for which one man has no inclination, but another has great inclination. One has no temptation to steal, another none to revenge, another none to blasphemy. Again, there are moments when—we know it well from a sad experience—we have great inclination toward a certain seeming good; and immediately that we have secured the forbidden fruit, like Adam, we lament

our act and weep for years afterward, and would not upon any account (so we think) repeat the act. We go on—and, alas! there it is again: we fall and rise, rise and fall.

Now, let us suppose the act we are speaking of to be grave disobedience to God; then there is mortal sin. What, then, are we to say of this case? Very curiously, the Council of Trent has not a decree upon that point; but this is the conclusion of all theologians: that if we have not recourse to God from time to time, and earnestly, we are near a fall. Father Hunter, the learned Jesuit, in his valuable work, "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology," sums it up well when he says:

It is true of man, in his actual state of elevated nature,... help is still needed to enable him to avoid mortal sin.... In ordinary circumstances, and unless protected by God, no man would go long without being assailed by urgent temptation to grievous sin. When this often happens, we are warned by Scripture that a fall into sin is sure to occur sooner or later, unless the soul have the assistance of helping grace.... The doctrine on the need of grace to make it morally possible to resist grievous temptation is not expressly defined by the Church; but it is a certain theological conclusion, the denial of which would be at least rash.*

The last thing we have now to look at is our continuance in grace; in other words, perseverance. This is the thing beyond all things desirable for us. If this thing is not gained all else is little. Some souls while on this earth were confirmed in grace. John the Baptist was so confirmed; so were the Apostles after the descent of the Holy Ghost. (It is not necessary to say that the Blessed Virgin was thus preserved.) They were, by an intervention of God's grace, saved from ever yielding to temptation to great sin. It was certain they never would yield. In other words, God gave such grace to St. John in his mother's

womb and also to the Apostles on the day of Pentecost that when grave temptation should arise, they were sure to ask for help; and when that help was vouchsafed they were sure to co-operate with it, and therefore would never fall into great sin. I do not know whether they themselves were aware of it. Perhaps not, for the sake of humility; or if they were, they were so filled with another grace—that of the knowledge of their own weakness—that they were sure to attribute all to God. They were not preserved from venial sin: this wonderful favor was reserved for the Blessed Virgin.

Oh, how glad we should be if we were told that we were confirmed in grace! On the other hand, I can see reason to thank God because He has not deigned to do so. Whatever He does is good. If I were asked to-morrow whether I would choose to be confirmed, fear of my own future would most assuredly urge me; while at the same time I would recognize that what God willed was best. But that is beside the question. Now, here is the authoritative teaching of the Church:

If any man shall say that he who is once justified can not sin or lose grace any more,...or that he can avoid all, even venial, sins during the whole course of his life, as the Church holds was the case with the Blessed Virgin, let him be anathema.... For it is good for us to fear with a holy fear. If any one shall say that a person justified can, *without the special help of God*, persevere once that he has received grace, or [if he should say] that *with it* he can not persevere, let him be anathema.... If any one shall say that he shall most assuredly have that great gift, the gift of perseverance even to the end, unless he has learned it by revelation, let him be anathema.

But fearing we should lose courage, the Church, like a tender mother, tells us to hope in God:

All ought to place and repose their firmest hope in the assistance of God; for God, who began the good work, will finish it. Nevertheless, let those who think they stand take care lest they fall, and in fear and trembling let them work out their salvation.

* Vol. III, chap. "Necessity of Grace." This work, written in English, is plain enough for any non-professional reader. So far as I have read it, I found it very useful.

See, then, how precarious, my brother, is our position, even when you and I are, by the mercy of God, placed in a state of grace. No mother ever was, or ever will be, so solicitous about the welfare of her children as our mother the Church is about ours. We "may sin and lose grace," any amount; we "can not avoid all, even venial sins, during our life," unless we have particular protection, as Holy Mary had. Unless we have "the special help of God, we can not persevere"; but with His blessed help we can. We can not say even then "that we are assured of final perseverance, unless He has specially revealed it to 'us.'" In other words, any moment we may fall away, never after return, and so be finally lost.

Who knows all that as the Church knows it? Why, it is from the Church that every theologian that ever wrote has had his knowledge. If, then, no one knows it like the Church, and if no mother loves her children as the Church loves hers, what wail will not go up from her maternal heart to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, whose "holy Spirit has enlightened the hearts of the faithful"? *Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison!*

Add to this that as a fond mother would pine to see her children dwarfed and deformed and stunted, and would give riches and worlds to see them grow tall and strong and graceful, so does our mother the Church long and pray to see our souls "increase in wisdom and age and grace with God and men." It is most encouraging, then, to recollect that every act of religion that we perform in the state of grace gains us additional grace and merit,—every act, every word, every occupation. Our souls, then, increase in age and grace and wisdom, just in the same way as our bodies grow by food and exercise and air.

It is encouraging also to remember that not only can prayer obtain all things when offered by one in the state of grace, but it, moreover, merits an eternal reward. If I take my rosary beads and say them, there are several fruits: (1) I pray for some special end, suppose a sick person, and by God's blessing obtain help for him. (2) I gain indulgences, which I can offer for the poor souls if I like, or they may go to wipe out the temporal punishment still hanging over me because of my past sins. (3) I obtain merit, which is stored up for me against the day when the "just Judge shall render to everyone according to his works." And (4) I do an act of fraternal charity, which the good God, who does not overlook a cup of cold water, will have in remembrance for me. But for all this I must be in the state of grace.

Says Father Hunter:

Prayer is an infallible means of grace, and whatever spiritual favors one is in need of will always be obtained by him that prays....The Catholic Church teaches that prayer is ordinarily necessary for salvation; for without prayer the needful help will not be given. In particular, the grace of final perseverance is to be obtained by prayer and maintained to the end.

The word *grace* means something given to us and to which we had no claim. It is from a word kindred to *gratis* in Latin. We know the meaning of *gratis*. Every day we rise the sun gives us a grace: his light is a grace to which we have no claim, and which we could not, by any work of our own, earn from the sun, but which he gives *gratis* and bounteously to us. Now, if we could not, by any act or word, set a claim on the sun, so that he would be bound to give us his light, how could we set up a claim on God, who is infinitely beyond the sun, to send us His grace? And grace is to God, in a sense, what the sun's light is to the sun.

That is what reason teaches, that is

what faith teaches. Before you and I were baptized, then, we had infinitely less right to claim grace from God than we should have, when we are going to our bed to-night, to order the sun, by our rightful command, to shine out to us. Joshua did it; but it was by the power of God, who for the time imparted His omnipotence to him.

By the pure compassion, bounty and love of God, then, we got grace at our baptism; God did two things then, or rather made a twofold promise: first, that while we continued in that state—i. e., as His children—every act of ours that tended toward salvation would obtain additional grace here (which is as if the sun would give us additional light),—in other words, God would set us higher in His friendship and love; and, secondly, each of these acts would have its corresponding reward in the next life, and our degree of grace or friendship here would mark our degree of glory or happiness or nearness to God hereafter.

On account of this twofold promise of God we get a twofold claim, which we can insist upon in justice. If you promise me a dollar for doing a certain work, I have a claim for a dollar *in justice* against you. If for the same piece of work you promise me, out of your own generosity, one hundred dollars, it may be one hundred times the ordinary wages of the work, but because you promised it to me I have a *just claim* on you for one hundred dollars.

That is the case with God. He has promised us His help every time we call upon Him; and He has promised a reward in the next life for every act of worship—prayer, aspiration, Mass, sacrament, charity, counsel—that we do here. Both these promises I can justly keep God to; and God, because of His word, is as justly bound to give them to me as you were to give me the

hundred dollars. If when I go to my judgment it is brought against me that there was a moment when a temptation came to me and I sinned, if I can show that at that moment of temptation I prayed to God for help, I being at that time in the state of grace, and God did not give it, then I can show that God failed in doing me justice. In some such manner it would be if you owed me one hundred dollars, and when I was dying of hunger and called upon you to pay it you did not pay me, although you could and you knew that I was dying; then every reasonable man would put my bodily death at your door.

The Holy Bible is teeming with those promises of God—"Ask and you shall receive." As to the reward in the next life, St. Paul in this context uses the term "just God." God surely can not be unjust. Why, then, does St. Paul say the "just God"? For this reason: that as I would have no right ordinarily to one hundred dollars for doing a little piece of work, except that you promised it, and as by reason of that promise I got a right, and a right even in justice; so God made the promise, that promise bound Him and gave me a rightful claim on Him, and God will not "dishonor" His own word or be nonsuited in His own court.

Now, all this is while we are in the state of grace. Let us turn the page, and, O brother, who will tell the loss it is to one's own self to sin against the grace of God? It would take volume upon volume, and, alas! alas! But let us look at it as briefly as possible.

God was good at our baptism; that we admit. He at that time entered into a contract with you and me. "I will be your God," said He to the Jews, "and you will be My people." I will suppose that you did not break your contract with God, but I will suppose

that, unfortunately, I broke the contract with Him. Oh, what a contrast would be then between you and me!

It may be a matter for theologians to discuss whether I was then worse off than before I was baptized. But let me suppose that I was a poor emigrant from Ireland; I landed friendless on the shores of New York; you took me in—(by the way, have you read in John Francis Maguire's "Irish in America" that terrible scene of the fever sheds on the St. Lawrence river?); you nursed me, you hazarded your life for me, you adopted me; and I acted a Judas to you! What would you say? What would you do to me? Would you keep me in your house? Would you have me even as one of your hired servants? Was not your heart more willing to help me when you found me, friendless and a waif, at first than now, when my baseness has dried up the milk of human kindness in your heart?

However, let me suppose—but may God in His mercy save me from the reality!—that I am in mortal sin. How do I stand? What am I to do? I broke the contract; and it is well known if one side break a contract, the other side can not be bound by the broken contract. Therefore God is not bound, and He withdraws His word. I can no longer set up a claim against Him *in justice*. I can but appeal to His pity. It is true that outwardly I can perform all the works that you can. It is Sunday morning or it is a week morning and you and I go to Holy Mass. You carry off grace, and I not one jot or tittle of grace. I have digged to myself a broken cistern. Mortal sin has sealed my soul and grace could not enter; it may be all about, as the sunlight was all about the grave of Lazarus; but it did not enter in, and his decaying flesh felt it not; for as yet the divine voice had not cried: "Take away the stone."

No work that we do is of eter a value. St. Paul says something that terrifies us: "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned and have not charity, *it profiteth me nothing*." But is my prayer entirely valueless? Oh, God forbid! Oh, thanks be to God, no! My prayer moves the pity of the good God. It can not move His justice, because the justice that by reason of His word existed between us I by my act destroyed. God was watching me all the time,—I am the creature of His hands.

When Lazarus died he had no claim that our Divine Lord should come and raise him from the grave. Yet Our Lord in His mercy kept, as it were, watching him. And so He said: "We go into Judea; our friend Lazarus sleepeth." And before that the sisters of Lazarus sent to Him, saying, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick!" Remark that when he died they did not send, saying, "He is dead whom Thou lovest"; because death is a type of grievous sin, and God can not possibly love a soul in grievous sin. But they said, "He whom Thou lovest is sick"; for God loves the soul until it dies the death of sin. And the sisters of Lazarus are a type of that earthly Mother of Dolors whom we have been looking at, with the streaming eyes and the outstretched hands, crying, "*Kyrie eleison!*"

Do what I may—give my goods to the poor, deliver my body to be burned,—while I am out of God's friendship, it profits me nothing. God's pity toward the sinner is as the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the case of Lazarus. We read:

When Jesus, therefore, saw her weeping, and the Jews that were come with her weeping, He groaned in the spirit and troubled Himself.... And Jesus wept. The Jews, therefore, said: Behold how He *loved* him!

Alas! it is *loved*, not *loves*. Jesus loved my soul before it died; after the death

they say, "Behold how He *loved* [not *loves*] him!" Could Lazarus rise from his grave? I can no more rise from mortal sin.

Jesus, therefore, again groaning in Himself, cometh to the sepulchre. Now, it was a cave, and a stone was laid over it. Jesus saith: Take away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto Him: Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he is now of four days. Jesus saith to her: Did not I say to thee that if thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God? They took, therefore, the stone away; and Jesus, lifting up His eyes, said: Father, I give Thee thanks that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always, but because of the people who stand about have I said it; that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me. When He had said these things, He cried with a loud voice: Lazarus, come forth! And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said to them: Loose him and let him go.

It is thus that the Sacred Heart of Jesus takes pity on my dead soul, which, in the strong language of the inspired word, "already stinketh." But Jesus said: "Take away the stone." And when they had taken it away He cried in a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth!" *Loud* because of His own great strength and because of His eagerness to give me life. And presently my dead soul comes forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands (i. e., with the fetters of bad habits), and the face bound about with a napkin (showing that I went astray, and did not know the right road to go); and Jesus said to the priest: "Loose him and let him go."

He restores to my soul its former life. And not alone that, but all the works it did when it was alive He restores to me; but no work that it did while in the grave will He count a *living work*. And He casts my sin behind Him and will remember it no more. Oh, the mercy of God! It is more than I would do to you; it is more than you would do to me. I do not know if God could cast my sin behind Him so thoroughly

as to remember it no more only for His being God; but I believe He could not. God is infinite, and He is infinite in all His works; and therefore He is infinite in His forgiveness.

Let us now take a rapid survey of the world; and while we are doing it let us remember that just as "Eve is the mother of the living," so the Church is the mother of souls. Children come to the world—some alive, some stillborn; some like Jacob and Esau, "struggling in the womb." Eve is the mother of all these. In like manner is it with the spiritual children of the Church. Some are fully born, some stillborn, some struggling. She has this very day eleven hundred millions of children over the face of the earth. Half, and more than half, of these are stillborn,—never "born of water and the Holy Ghost,"—never baptized. Five or six hundred million stillborn children! Add to this the number of those among the Christian sects who believe in Christ and make a show of administering or receiving baptism, but never do either; thinking they are alive, while in reality they are dead. "O Son of Man, mourn with the breaking of thy loins! Cry and howl; for this is the sword of a great slaughter that maketh the desolate Mother stand amazed and languish in heart and multiplieth her ruins!"

Let these teeming millions grow up in body. What do they become in soul? Ask India, ask China, ask Turkey,—ask all the nations outside of Christianity. They are, I say, the stillborn children—the hundreds of millions of children, premature, abortive, suffocated, stillborn children—of the desolate Mother. They never had life; and in their corruption they have added abomination unto abomination until "their filthiness is execrable." And, lo! the Church mourns for them as parents are wont to mourn over the first-born son.

But come to those who have been baptized. I do not know if a third of the human race receive baptism. I believe not; I believe hardly a fourth. Now go, in thought, through Christian lands, and is it not true that of those who were raised to be sons of God, "the princes of Israel, every one hath employed his arm to shed blood"?

O weeping Mother, "shall thy heart endure or shall thy hands prevail"? She will prevail; as was said of another, the children of such tears can not all be lost. She has two stays, poor Mother! and only two; but two that are powerful and consoling. She looks to all that have charity in their heart,—“All you that thirst, come to the waters; and you that have no money, make haste, buy and eat. Come ye, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” And when we come about her, and weep with her and pray with her, her heart is encouraged “to endure, her hands are held up to prevail.” She turns her tearful eyes to God and wails in a piercing wail: *Kyrie eleison*—God the Father, have mercy! *Christe eleison*—Christ the Son, have mercy! *Kyrie eleison*—God the Holy Ghost, have mercy! And from the mercy-seat in the heavens comes the response:

I am the Lord, thy God, from the land of Egypt. I knew thee in the desert, in the land of the wilderness, and there is no Saviour beside Me. Thou shalt know no God but Me. I will deliver them out of the hand of death. I will redeem them from death...I will heal their wounds, I will love them *freely*; for My wrath is turned away from them. I will be as the dew, and Israel shall spring forth as a lily.

Hearing this, the weeping eyes are dried, the outstretched hands are raised in exaltation, and the wail of earthly grief is changed into the Angels' song of joy: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will!"

A PROFITABLE religion never wanted proselytes.—*Italian.*

Longfellow and the Ojibways.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS and engravings had of course made us familiar with the stately mansion known as Longfellow's home; and so when we saw it in reality for the first time, something more than a year ago, there was nothing strange about its appearance, and we had the feeling of having been beguiled into a wild-geese chase. Yet, the facts in the case being indisputable, we shook off the sensation of familiarity, and, as pilgrims and strangers, went through the usual routine of sitting in the poet's chair, gazing upon the old clock on the stairs, and admiring the ample and spacious dwelling which was the home of George Washington for a very trying period, long before the world heard of "Hiawatha" and its author. Opposite the house, I may remark in passing, is a vacant lot, bought by Longfellow in order that no man could build a dwelling there that would obstruct the view of his dear River Charles. Would that more people understood the value and the beauty of their surroundings! The landscape without is even of more importance than the furnishing within.

A little schoolboy, passing with his "shining morning face," had given us an astonishing bit of information.

"Miss Longfellow isn't at home. She's gone away to be turned into an Indian."

Investigation proved the truth of his words. Miss Longfellow had indeed gone upon a visit to the Ojibways, and was to be made a member of that nation. And why? A few words will tell.

Everyone is not aware that the legends embodied in "The Song of Hiawatha" are, with a few exceptions, quite genuine. The Ojibways use names and words to-day that are identical with those employed in the poem, and

their employment dates back of any record. When the explorer Schoolcraft went to live among these gentle red-men he at once pronounced them superior to any Indians he had ever met, and he had met many.

News is slow in reaching the "Islands of the Blessed," the headquarters of the Ojibway nation, and in 1898 their head chief had not heard of Longfellow's death; so, knowing he himself must soon die, he dispatched two men, laden with his farewell greeting, to his beloved storyteller at Cambridge. But, as you know, Longfellow had preceded him to the "happy hunting-grounds," and only his daughters were living to do the honors of the old Cragie mansion. They were extremely cordial, however; and when the visitors left they carried away a promise concerning a visit that was to be made to the old Ojibway camp ground. That visit was paid last year, and then and there Miss Longfellow and her married sisters were formally adopted as members of the Ojibway nation,—“turned into Indians,” as the little lad had said.

A splendid series of native tableaux was arranged for the occasion, and in connection was performed one of the most extraordinary pantomimes in the history of dramatic art. The site was a little island near Sault Ste. Marie, where a lodge had been constructed of moss-covered stones and cedar with its bark untouched. Within, one saw only the shining silvery birch bark, ever dear to the heart of the Indian. The last act of the drama was the most thrilling and the most fitting. The dances were done, the peace-pipe smoked. The black-robe had told of Christ and His Blessed Mother; Hiawatha was about to depart. He told his people of the journey before him, and then bade them farewell and paddled lightly away over the sun-tipped waves.

So soon does to-day become yesterday that this celebration is already ancient history; but it will ever linger in the memories of those who denounce the extermination of the original owners of the soil, and who believe—

that in all ages
Every human heart is human;
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

Non-Catholic Devotion to the Rosary.

IT may be a surprise to most of our readers to learn that the devotion of the Rosary is practised by many devout Anglicans. Several manuals explaining the different methods of reciting it are in use among them; and from time to time periodicals published by this denomination contain practical articles on the devotion—exhortations to fervor and regularity in its use, suggestions as to the philosophy of the Rosary, etc. The current number of the *Holy Cross Magazine*, the organ of an Anglican community in this country called the Order of the Holy Cross, answers the question, How should the Rosary be used? In the course of his introductory remarks the editor declares that “probably no devotion has done so much to familiarize the minds and hearts of men with the mysteries of the Gospel as the Rosary”; and, as proof that it has found a firm place “in the Catholic piety of the American Church,” he states that frequent applications come to him from all over the country for advice in regard to it. “Some have never used it, and have concluded that it would be wrong to hold out longer against a devotion which has for centuries had so prominent a place in the spiritual life of the faithful.”

After a brief explanation of what is

called "the body of the Rosary"—the prayers, etc., of which it is composed,—our Anglican *confrère* proceeds to the consideration of what gives the devotion a spirit and life peculiar to itself—viz., the accompanying meditation on the life of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. He says:

The meditations are as a general rule quite informal, and are made while saying the prayers. A simple help is to insert in the "Hail Mary," after the holy name Jesus, the announcement of the particular mystery or of some circumstance connected with it. For example, if one is meditating on the Nativity of Our Lord, after the Holy Name might be said, "Who was born of a Virgin for love of me." This could be varied for each "Hail Mary," as, "Who was laid in a manger for love of me," "Who received the worship of the shepherds," etc. A more elaborate method, which has been adopted by many, is to repeat between the "Hail Marys" a verse of Scripture illustrative of the mystery under consideration. Several manuals have been published in our church giving a suitable text for each of the prayers throughout the entire fifteen mysteries.

In concluding his remarks, which are nothing if not practical, the editor of the *Holy Cross Magazine* warns his readers against the spasmodic use of the Rosary as something tentative. He would have everyone who feels disposed to practise this devotion first decide just how often he can make use of it, and then take care to be regular:

Do not begin with the idea that you are testing it. The Rosary is not on trial: it was tested and its place as a Christian devotion assigned it many centuries ago by men and women immeasurably holier and wiser than you. Let your thought be quite the reverse—namely, that *you* are on trial; that God is giving you a new opportunity to realize the great mysteries of the faith with a vividness you never knew before; and that to endure the test successfully you have to improve this opportunity with all the powers of your intellect, your affections, and your will. Be regular and humble, and your case will surely be exceptional if it does not prove a great spiritual blessing to you.

As the practice of Catholic devotions has frequently led outsiders into the Church, we can not but rejoice to see pious Anglicans invoking Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

Notes and Remarks.

The celebration of the millenary of the death of King Alfred the Great has served the only purpose such celebrations usually serve by making the public better acquainted with his life-work and his character. Dozens of volumes about Alfred have issued from the press in England and this country, not to mention the magazine articles; and it is pleasant to notice how enthusiastic are the tributes to this typical Catholic King of the olden time. Even Voltaire forgot to sneer when speaking of him. "I do not know," he wrote, "that there ever was upon the earth a man more worthy of the respect of posterity than Alfred the Great." But to our mind the most eloquent tribute ever paid to the saintly ruler, who began his kingly duties each day by devoutly assisting at Mass, is the fact that in the oldest manuscript (Parker) of the Saxon Chronicles a cross is invariably marked on the margin of the page wherever the name of Alfred occurs.

Persons who contract mixed marriages would do well to remember that the usual promises may have no binding force whatever in the eyes of the non-Catholic party. Not long ago we heard of a young man who made these promises without the slightest hesitation, and then, accompanied by his father, consulted a lawyer "to make sure that they didn't really mean anything." False-promising in all such matters is now so common that many reputable persons consider it no crime. A few months ago the president of the Iowa Bar Association asserted that one-half of all the evidence received on behalf of the defence in criminal cases is false; and quoted the opinion of a distinguished judge that 75 per cent of

the evidence offered in divorce cases approaches deliberate perjury. A man who makes a false promise to the woman whom he intends to take for his wife will not be apt to hesitate about perjuring himself should he ever desire a divorce.

We doubt whether any event less momentous than the assassination of a President of the United States, by an anarchist born and bred among us and educated in our public schools, could have done so much in so short a time toward exposing the fallacy that the prosperity and security of our republic is at all dependent on our much-belauded school system. All of a sudden it seems to be generally recognized, even by ministers who used to shout themselves hoarse in their advocacy of the little red school-house, that the public schools, as at present constituted, instead of being a conserving are emphatically a disintegrating social force. Now, at long last, the vexed question of religious education can be discussed with hope of its being satisfactorily settled.

Under the title "A Promenade around St. Albert," Father Cul  rier, O. M. I., is contributing an interesting series of sketches to *Les Missions Catholiques*. St. Albert is an episcopal see of the Canadian Northwest. The diocese comprises the Territory of Alberta and portions of Saskatchewan and Assiniboia. The mission was founded by the celebrated Archbishop Tach   in 1862, and was erected into a regular see in 1871. The venerable Mgr. Grandin, consecrated in 1859, only two years after that nestor of American prelates, Archbishop Elder, took up his residence in St. Albert in 1868, his episcopal palace (as the bishop's house is commonly styled in Canada) being a veritable log-cabin. In the three decades that have since

elapsed vigorous strides have been made in the evangelization of the district. The Catholic population of Indians and whites numbers 16,000; there are 2 bishops (Mgr. Legal is coadjutor to Mgr. Grandin); 45 priests; Gray Nuns, Sisters of Providence, Sisters of the Assumption, and Faithful Companions of Jesus, to attend to the spiritual needs of the people and to conduct numerous academies, hospitals, orphan asylums, and industrial schools. Mgr. Grandin was twenty-five years a bishop before he possessed all his episcopal insignia, so limited were his resources.

In a recent work on the Flowery Land Mr. Thomas G. Selby relates that he once discussed at length the social customs of the Chinese with a distinguished official of the country. The arguments against foot-binding and other disabilities to which the women of China are subjected were listened to with respectful attention, and Mr. Selby thought he had made an impression until the Chinaman retorted: "Foot-binding may be quite as cruel as you assert; yet we think it better than the promiscuous dancing of underdressed women which is practised at some of the Legations and Consulates, as well as in the merchants' 'hongs.'" Which proves that the heathen Chinese can be satirical on occasion.

A letter written by the heroic Bishop Favier gives the welcome information that the Christians of his diocese are being fully compensated for the losses they suffered during the never-to-be-forgotten Reign of Terror last year. They are rebuilding their houses and peace seems to be really restored. "We are also receiving ample compensation for our beautiful churches that were burned down," says the Bishop; "but time will be needed to rebuild them. Our residence

in Pe-tang has been rebuilt, finer than ever. Our cathedral is also approaching completion, and in a few months there will be no trace of last year's siege. I am also building two large hospitals at Peking and Tientsin; they will be ready before winter." This is gratifying news, but it is impossible to resist the mournful reflection that the repairing of the spiritual damage wrought by the regrettable outbreak will be a slower process. It will be many decades before the animosity engendered in the Chinese mind by the atrocious conduct of the armies of Europe is eradicated.

Verily, the children of this world, in France at least, are wiser in their generation than the children of light. From the *Semaine Religieuse* of Quimper we learn that the most determined efforts are being made by the enemies of religion in that misguided country to undermine the faith and virtue of the students of French seminaries. During the holiday months these students are furnished, at purely nominal subscription rates, with such newspapers as *Social Justice* and *The Voice of the Age*,—sheets fully as dangerous as the worst of our yellow journalism. Moreover, they receive a variety of lithographed letters written exclusively for seminary students, and calculated to prove utterly subversive of ecclesiastical discipline and all genuine clerical training. The zealous Bishop of Quimper points out this dangerous propaganda to his brother prelates; and, in support of his contention that it is a Masonic device, quotes extracts from various published Masonic documents, all pointing to the evident desire and attempt of the lodges to inoculate the youthful clerics of France with their own deadly virus. "Cast your nets into the seminaries," was the instruction given in one such document; "and, if you do not precipi-

tate matters, we promise you a more miraculous draught than that of Peter." The seminarists, however, have withstood the temptations that assailed them during their compulsory military service; and it is to be hoped that the vigilance of their ordinaries will nullify this greater because more subtle danger.

A recent issue of one of our French contemporaries cites with evident astonishment the letter which the University of Glasgow a few months ago forwarded to the Pope. Our contemporary calls attention to the flattering titles by which the Holy Father is addressed by this Protestant University; and remarks that the particular terms are of major importance, since they were chosen after mature deliberation and full knowledge of their significance and import. In fine, our French friend considers the incident to be a notable sign of the evolution of ideas in Great Britain toward a return to the true faith. This is perhaps ultra-optimistic; but at least the Glasgow University's letter is grateful evidence that rampant Protestant denunciation of the Sovereign Pontiff is rapidly becoming obsolete.

A great many persons seem to have the impression that secret societies of every sort must be under the ban of the Church, and that it is a contradiction of terms for an organization composed of Catholics to call itself a Catholic secret society. And yet an association might be secret, even oath-bound, possess signs and a ceremonial, and still not be forbidden by any ecclesiastical law. In themselves, these are not the objectionable features of the secret societies which the Church condemns. The evil is in absolute secrecy, in rash promises or oaths that involve unconditional obedience or are otherwise immoral, in signs that are impure, in rituals that

are religious. It is always on moral grounds that the Church legislates. Secret societies whose object and character are in no way subversive of good order and religious principles she does not concern herself with. A secret society like the Knights of Columbus, needless to say, is not secret in the Masonic sense. This society was founded by a priest and has been approved by numerous bishops. It is recognized that certain excommunicated societies effect much good in the material and social order, and it is well known that many of their symbols and ceremonies were originally religious and Catholic. These societies are condemned because their secrecy is absolute; because unconditional obedience is exacted of their members; because they are hostile to the Church or in some way usurp her place.

If the assertion that a scientist can not be a Catholic or a Catholic a scientist were made only by persons of average intelligence, it would be sufficient refutation of it to mention the names of Michael Chevreul and Louis Pasteur, both of whom were loyal Catholics and leaders in the scientific movement of our age. The record of the great chemist to whom a monument was lately unveiled in Paris has probably never been exceeded. The life and works of Chevreul constitute one of the glories of the world. The international tuberculosis congress, which met in London last summer, merely continued and elaborated the work of which Pasteur more than any other man was the founder. His name is enrolled among those of the world's great beneficent geniuses. The best monument that could be erected to him is the Institut Pasteur, endowed for the perpetual prosecution of his favorite studies, and for the care of patients suffering from the diseases the

study of which occupied the best part of his life. There in a beautiful chapel repose his ashes; and there every Catholic visitor will recall Pasteur's memorable saying: "The more I know the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant."

The Catholic world generally, and devoted clients of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in particular, rejoice over the beatification of the Venerable Father Claude de la Columbière. As spiritual father of Blessed Margaret Mary, the fame of this saintly Jesuit has become coextensive with that of our Divine Lord's chosen apostle of the devotion to His Sacred Heart; and, as the decree certifying to the heroicity of his virtues does not fail to note, it is congruous that the daughter having obtained celestial honors, these should also be extended to him whose paternal guidance "prepared the ascensions of her heart." The Sovereign Pontiff declares that he finds especial cause for rejoicing at the beatification because of certain providential coincidences of the time, he having at the beginning of this century consecrated the universality of the human race to the Most Clement Heart of Jesus. He hopes one day to give to Blessed de la Columbière the full honors of canonization.

The Abbé de la Caille was the first astronomer to study the southern heavens, and he completed a catalogue of 10,000 stars visible from the Cape of Good Hope. He was also the first to determine the solar and lunar parallax. In publishing this information the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* announces that on the proposal of Sir David Gill, royal astronomer, the South African Philosophical Society has decided to erect a memorial tablet to the learned Abbé.



A Song for the Wheel.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

A SONG for the winsome bicycle
With or without the chain,
For the graceful steed whose noiseless speed
Your horses can never attain!
A song for the docile charger
That has borne me o'er many a mile,
With never a balk nor a tiresome walk,—
My steed without temper or guile!

You may talk of your saddle-horses,
Of the thrill as they bear you on
At a rapid pace that annihilates space,—
But the horse's prestige is gone.
Just bring out your fleetest roadster
For a race, long or short as you please;
The event will reveal that my flyer, the wheel,
Can distance you, always, with ease.

If you talk of exhilaration,
There, too, is your claim overthrown;
For your joy's, of course, in your horse's force;
The cyclist's, in his own.

So a song for the smooth, swift bicycle,
The barb of best metal and poise,
The steed of steel, the glorious wheel,
Delight of all vigorous boys!

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XVIII.—AN ESCAPE AND A RELEASE.

PHEW!" said Bruno, as soon as the dazed three were once more safely in the yard. "That was a stunner! Did a cyclone strike us?"

"Was it short? Was it sweet?" Well, I should remark!" said Grantley, with grim humor.

"That knocks our dances and parties sky-high for the rest of this year of grace," observed Harry Russell.

"No: don't say that—" began Claude.

"Do not count me in for *anything* till next July," said Harry. "This is altogether too serious. We have only three weeks till the 'Little Go,' and, to tell you the solemn truth, I do not feel in the least prepared for it. Three weeks! This is terrible!"

"If we failed, do you think he would drop us?" asked Bruno.

"Sure as a gun—a mauser at that," replied Harry. "I call all engagements off. Make my excuses to your sister Ethel and your mother, Claude, for my absence to-night. I am going to work."

"So am I," said Claude. "Guess we had better call all the parties off from now till the end of the year—till July?"

"It would be the best and safest thing to do," said Armitage. "My, but won't there be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth to-night in two or three houses!"

When Harry Russell reached home he went straight to his own bedroom and began to work in earnest. On his way he had telephoned to Dodsworth to tell him he could not attend to any business for three weeks. Dodsworth seemed very compliant. He assured Harry that it would be all right. He could manage: the bank account was steadily growing, the sales increasing. According to Cratcher's instructions, Dodsworth was determined to have at least five hundred dollars to Harry's credit before the end of six months, whether the sales warranted it or not.

Presently a gentle tap at Harry's bedroom-study door.

"Who's there?"

"I—Grace."

"What do you want?"

"Let me in."

"I can't,—I'm busy."

"I won't go till you do."

Harry knew from experience that the way to gain time was to let his sister in. He got up and opened the door.

"Well?"

"O Harry! shall I wear my organdie or shall I put on my white pique for the Grantley party to-night?"

"Neither. The party is declared off."

"O-oh!"

Grace's eyes were very near filling.

"Have you boys quarrelled?"

"No, but there will be no more parties until after graduation."

"No—more—parties! *Harry!*"

"It's a fact. All are off until after examinations. Can't afford to lose any more time."

And Harry then told the wondering Grace of the awful interview with the president.

"That mean old thing of a professor! He did it all!" she said petulantly.

"Hush, Grace! Remember he is a priest. You shouldn't talk that way. Never mind, Gracie dear!" he said, very sorry for her disappointment and with a self-reproach for the abrupt manner of communicating unpleasant intelligence. "Never mind! Wait till after exams are over; then won't we make up for lost time! There! there! don't cry. I have to prepare for the semi-annual for the next three weeks, night and day. If these dangerous rocks and shoals are passed, then we may have a few—just a few—parties by the end of June. To tell you the truth, sis, I have had such a scaring up that for the present I have no relish for any kind of amusement."

By this conversation it can be seen that the president's incisive words had the effect he intended. It also shows that while our friend Harry had abundance of good-will, he lacked a certain amount of discretion. Recreation is an aid to hard and conscientious study;

entire abstention from it is unwise. It is only the abuse of it which leads to the neglect of study.

When our three friends settled down to solid work they realized how much time they had frittered away since September. Practically, they had to go over the whole year's work. It was dry work, too; but they kept at it faithfully. Their professor watched them closely. As their earnest attention manifested itself in class, he again became reconciled with them. His manner had changed so much toward them that about three days before the dreaded semi-annual they ventured to ask him what their chances of passing were. He answered kindly:

"I believe that all you three boys needed was a good shaking up. I am well satisfied now with your efforts. Keep them up. What do I think of your chances? I think it is quite possible that you may pull through."

Whereat the three were very much encouraged. At length the important day came. There were fifteen in the class. Early that morning the boys peeped into their class-room, and, lo! it was metamorphosed. In the place of the professor's desk and platform there were five easy-chairs for the examining board. Before this row of chairs was placed a small table covered with a cloth, and a plain chair. Here the one to be examined would sit. Harry thought it looked very formidable.

Soon after eight o'clock the president, their professor, and three other Fathers solemnly filed into the class-room. Most of the class were in the chapel, just across the corridor, saying "Hail Marys"—it must be confessed, in a very distracted manner—for their own success and for the success of their friends.

The class was examined alphabetically. Armitage, owing to this arrangement, had second place, a boy named Albert

Ames going in first. Armitage came out jubilant. The examiners were kind and, he declared, "dead easy," which probably means that they happened to ask him questions on subjects about which he knew something. Grantley "faced the music," as he said, the seventh. Poor Russell was nearly last. He was thirteenth on the list, and it was nearly noon when he entered the examiners' room. His two special friends waited for him.

"What did you get?" asked one, as he emerged with a peculiarly unhappy smile on his face.

"A lot of stuff about concepts and certitude."

"Did you get through, do you think?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. Don't remember a word I answered. Some of the examiners smiled and nodded their heads once in a while. I guess it's all right."

"Let us wait, boys, and find out the results," suggested Grantley. "I want the agony over."

They waited what they thought a reasonable time after the board rose—but which was actually less than seven minutes,—and then rapped gently at the president's door.

"Did we pass, Father?"—very timidly from Harry.

"Did we pass? That means, did all pass? You do not think that all fifteen were successful, do you?"

"I mean we three."

"Oh, the scapegraces! Well, boys, I can not really say. The examiners have not handed in their notes yet. They are at lunch now. Come again at two o'clock."

They jumped on their wheels and scattered to their homes. Promptly at the time appointed they were again at the president's office.

"Come in, boys. Let me see who you are. Grantley, Armitage, and Russell.

Wait a minute." He then ran down the list. "Hm! One! There's another—two! I am afraid—ah, here it is—three! I congratulate you all three. You passed on a close margin,—very close indeed; Armitage the closest of all. You are all three safe. Now, boys, I see you took to heart my warning of three weeks ago. I hope for the next half there will be no cause for complaint. Put away your musical instruments and leave parties alone until after next June."

"Thank you, Father!—many thanks!"

"Do not thank *me*: thank yourselves for having had sense enough to settle down to work in time. There! be off with you; I am very busy. Oh, by the way, Russell, here is a note for you which came by a messenger boy a few minutes ago. I believe it is from your friend, Mr. Haylon."

The note ran:

DEAR DEFENDER OF THE PRINCESS OF THE GOLDEN LOCKS:—Can you come to my office at four? I have something important to tell you.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES HAYLON.

"It's lucky this message came to-day instead of yesterday," mused Harry. "I wonder what he wants with me?"

Harry telephoned from the college to the lawyer; but the latter would give him no information that way. He merely told him not to bring his wheel and to be there at the time appointed.

Punctually at four Harry Russell walked into the lawyer's office.

"Sit down, Harry. Now tell me all about your patent roller business."

"How did you come to hear that I was in it, sir?"

"I heard it from Longstreet. Tell me everything."

Harry told his friend the whole story, as related in these pages.

"It is wonderful," he remarked, when he had heard all. "I confess I do not understand it. I have made inquiries about this Dodsworth. He is a stranger

around here. Comes from somewhere in Kentucky. But it is a fabulous sum to make in less than six months on a patent which would not require two hundred dollars to put on the market. How much do you say the thing has already made?"

"Last night Mr. Dodsworth told me that there was to the credit of the firm in the bank close on the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars."

"Dodsworth! Dodsworth! Where have I heard that name before? For the life of me I can not think. However, that was not the reason I sent for you. You will be sorry to learn that your old friend, the little cripple, is very sick."

"Indeed I am, sir,—very sorry. Poor little girl!"

"She has been ill over two weeks." (He did not tell Harry that he had supplied her with medicine and every delicacy he could think of.) "I fear she will never get up again. Poor child! I was down Cat Alley this morning. She asked for you. I promised to bring you to see her this afternoon. Will you come?"

"Certainly, sir; I shall be glad to go."

"She is very low, and she keeps whispering some words which neither the woman in attendance nor myself can understand. Perhaps you will be able to make them out."

The lawyer led the way into one of the slums of the city, and into one of the most squalid blind alleys that could be found in the slums.

"Pretty tough place, sir," said the policeman, as the two turned into the alley. "Better let me go with you."

"Oh, no!" replied Mr. Haylon. "The people know me hereabout. I'm safe. I am going to see a sick girl."

"Nan, is it? I'm afraid she's got her death," said the policeman.

"I believe so, too."

Picking their way carefully in the

dark of an early night of winter, they entered a low underground room. The air was fetid from want of ventilation and the smoke of an untrimmed lamp.

"Do you know me, Nancy?" asked the kind lawyer, in tones as sweet and gentle as a mother's, as he bent over the suffering child.

"Yes, sir," came the faintest whisper.

"Is the good boy here?"

"Yes, Nancy: Harry Russell is here. He has come to see you."

The sinking child weakly disengaged her hand from a pair of beads which was wound around her fingers. She gently touched Harry's face.

"You were—good—to—me!" came another faint whisper. "Good—good!"

"What does she say?" inquired the lawyer, turning to Harry.

"Speak, Nannie," said Harry. "Your old friend is here. What do you want to say to me?"

She was sinking fast. The boy, putting his ear close to her lips, heard, or thought he heard, her say:

"Dodsworth—Russell!"

"Why, she is talking about our firm name—Dodsworth & Russell! How did she come to hear anything about it?"

Harry put down his ear again. Again he heard the same words, but more faintly pronounced; and then he was under the impression that he caught the word "bad."

"Ah, now I have it!" said the lawyer, excitedly. "Now I see. It's all clear to me. Thank you, Nancy! I understand. Good girl. Keep quiet now. I know what you want. The story you told me in the Chamber of Commerce corridor."

The girl's strength was fast waning. She spoke with her beautiful eyes. She was understood at last! Her eyes thanked the lawyer. Then they closed peacefully. Haylon put the beads back into her hands.

"Has she seen a priest?" asked Mr.

Haylon of the weeping and bedraggled woman standing beside the bed.

"Yes, sir. He came this afternoon and anointed her. Half an hour later he brought her Viaticum. After that she sank rapidly."

"Are you her mother?"

"No, sir. She was a waif. I took her in and fed her when a baby. There's a mystery about her."

"You are a good woman," said the lawyer kindly, seeing only the nobility of her deed, and losing sight of the squalor of the surroundings.

"Thank you kindly, sir! It's few kind words I have had spoken to me these many years."

Her tears flowed afresh.

"Kneel, Harry!" said Mr. Haylon.

The two knelt by the poor bedside and together they repeated the prayers for the departing soul. Earnestly the man prayed, and wept for compassion too. What would the judge upon the bench, the jurymen in the box, the opposing counsel, say could they have seen the great lawyer and corporation counsel—whose name was prominently mentioned as candidate for governor of his State—could they have seen him at this moment kneeling at the bedside of a poor crippled girl, soothing her last moments, and doing all in his power to assist a trembling soul at the portals of eternity?

Men admire grandeur in men in any form. We would fain hope that both judge and jury—aye, and even the politicians, too,—would have thought a great deal more highly of Mr. Haylon than they had ever done before. One thing is certain. James Haylon would not have cared one red pepper what others would think of him when he knew that he could do some good or relieve some suffering. But he would prefer to let no one know anything about it.

(To be continued.)

A Sweep's Compliment.

The office of street-sweep is unknown in this country, but in England these sweeps are often found at crossings, ready to remove some real or imaginary dust from the path of pedestrians and to receive a penny in return. One of them tells of the crossing for which he cared near Marlborough House, and how the members of the fashionable clubs used to pass over it by the thousands.

"There's only one of them all who returns my bow," he said; "and I tip my hat to everyone. But this is a real gentleman. You've seen him, I'm sure. He is a thickish sort, with a grey beard; and every afternoon he takes a bit of a stroll, and when I bow he bows too. His name? Oh, yes! his name is the Prince of Wales, God bless him!"

The Prince is now King of England, and among all the compliments bestowed upon him by flatterers and place-seekers he must cherish this bit of appreciation from the poor lad who sweeps the crossing near Marlborough House.

The Greatest of Artists.

A French musician has named himself the Greatest of Artists; and surely, although an unmistakable oddity, he has some claim to the distinction. He plays at the same time, and easily, several different instruments—the piano, cornet, clarinet, violin, a chime of forty bells, the bass drum, cymbals, triangles, two kettle-drums, tabor, and castinets. He accomplishes this by a cunningly devised scheme of pedals, and often smokes his pipe while his concert is going on. He has travelled all over Europe, and has made a standing offer of twenty-five hundred dollars to any one who can succeed in imitating him. So far no one has accepted the challenge.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Aspiring young authors with the manuscript of “the great American novel” to dispose of will learn with joy that, according to the *Publishers’ Weekly*, there are exactly 554 publishing houses in the United States.

—Admirers of Jean Ingelow will find much to interest them in a memoir of her, just published by Wells Gardner & Co., London. Miss Ingelow was a true poet and a woman of noble character. In a notice of this unassuming volume a writer in one of the great dailies remarks: “It is refreshing to turn to a life so singularly retired and so absolutely free from all desire to stand in the glare of public notice.”

—From the American Book Company issues “A Text-Book of Psychology for Secondary Schools” by Daniel Putnam. Faint indeed must be our praise of this work. In a small volume the author treats psychology without limitation. The result is that subjects are not developed and that the statements made are too broad to be exact. Without going into detail we may say that our one great objection to the book lies in the fact that there are many other works which present the same subject in a better way.

—A pleasant little volume by John Henry Francis deals with “Life Questions”—the existence and nature of God and our relations with Him and with our fellowmen. It is not as strong as one would wish it to be, considering the difficulty and the importance of the questions; but it is, as we have said, pleasant, and it contains some excellent quotations. We find no conclusive evidence that the writer is a Catholic, though Catholic philosophy and theology seem to inform most chapters of the book. The Mountel Press.

—Tributes to the late Abbé Hogan all make reference to his excellent books, “Clerical Studies” and “Daily Thoughts.” Shortly before his lamented death he informed us that he was preparing a volume of meditations for seminarians. It is to be hoped that this work had been completed and that it will soon appear in print. It is to the great credit of Father Heuser, editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, that he induced Dr. Hogan to write for publication. “I had never thought of publishing anything till I came under his influence.” To Father Heuser, by the way, the public is also indebted for “My New Curate.” That delightful book was written under his inspiration

and on lines by him laid down. No one has stronger reasons to rejoice over its popularity than Father Heuser. He is a great editor, and the review which he founded and conducts in so admirable a spirit, is one of the most creditable fruits of ecclesiastical scholarship in America.

—We must honestly admit that until we had read the miniature life of St. George by the Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R., we were of opinion that data for a history of England’s patron saint must be as scarce as relics of St. Gabriel. But the learned dean has proved that St. George has a complete history of his own, and it is a very interesting one. Clients of the holy martyr will welcome this little book, which is issued by R. & T. Washbourne.

—Many valuable suggestions for formulating a course of study in Christian Doctrine are contained in a pamphlet by the Rev. Thomas J. O’Brien, just issued by D. H. McBride & Co. It should be in the hands of all teachers in parish and Sunday-schools. Father O’Brien is the inspector of schools in the diocese of Brooklyn, and the author of an excellent “Catechism of Catholic Faith and Practice” for advanced classes. The present publication is a paper read at the educational conference held at the Catholic Summer School this year. It excited much interest among the members, and its appearance in print has been eagerly expected. We hope to hear that this very important pamphlet has been widely circulated among Catholic teachers.

—Our retreat literature has been enriched by the publication of “Meditations for the Monthly Retreats in Religious Communities,” translated from the Dutch of the Archbishop of Utrecht; and “The Retreat Manual,” by Madame Cecilia, religious of St. Andrew’s Convent, Streatham, England. The Archbishop affords three short meditations for each month, all on our Divine Redeemer. They are practical and devotional. Published by Michael Kearney, London. The best feature of Madame Cecilia’s little book is to be found in the groups of “Practical Hints” which terminate the several chapters. These are calculated to rouse interest, being fresh and lifelike. Here is one of the hints on mortification: “Act energetically; for example, when tempted to remain idly in bed, the only remedy is to *get up*. While you remain in bed praying for grace to conquer the temptation, you will probably go

to sleep again." Most probably. This manual does not give a series of meditations, but treats of the more fundamental principles of the spiritual life. One chapter of superior excellence to our mind is on "Signs of a Religious Vocation." Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

—Two more excellent and highly important books have been published by Mother Mary Loyola, of Bar Convent, York, England. Our praise of her "Soldier of Christ," "Child of God," etc., is merited in the same measure by these new books: "Forgive Us Our Trespases; or, Talks before Confession," and "First Confession." The former is intended for children's use, the latter will be welcomed by mothers and teachers and pastors. Both works have had the advantage of revision by Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., who praises the author for the labor and care which she has spent upon them. Every parish priest will agree that there is no portion of parochial work more difficult and delicate than the first confession of children. Mother Loyola's books will be found eminently helpful in this work; they are the fruit of practical experience, and they have only to become known to be thoroughly appreciated. Published by Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Retreat Manual. *Madame Cecilia*. 60 cts., net.
First Confession. *Mother Mary Loyola*. 40 cts., net.
Meditations for Monthly Retreats. *Archbishop of Utrecht*. \$1, net.
Life Questions. *John Henry Francis*. 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.
Forgive Us Our Trespases. *Mother Mary Loyola*. 55 cts., net.
Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.
Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.
The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., net.
Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.
John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin*. \$1.50, net.
Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding*, 6 cts.
The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence*. 10 cts.
Jeanne D'Arc. *Agnes Sadlier*. \$1.
The Martyr of Molokai. *Charles Warren Stoddard*, 10 cts.
The Bible of the Sick. *Ozanam*. 75 cts.
A Day in the Cloister. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.60, net.
The Way of Perfection, and Conceptions of Divine Love. *Saint Teresa*. \$1.50, net.
Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney*. \$1.25.
The Divine Plan of the Church; where Realized and where Not. *Rev. John MacLaughlin*. 70 cts., net.
The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed*. \$1.50.
Meditations and Exercises on the Illuminative Way. *Michael of Coutances*. 70 cts., net.
Beyond these Voices. *Mrs. Egerton Eastwick*, \$1.35, net.
On the Threshold of Life. *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* 75 cts.
The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus. *Guerra-Van der Donckt*. 75 cts., net.
Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis. *Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L.* \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John P. Hopkins, of the Diocese of Rochester.


Sister Mary Antony, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Mary Innocentia, Sisters of St. Mary.

Mr. Florence Willebrand, of Gallitzin, Pa.; Mr. G. Piche, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gillis, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Michael Judge, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Barbara Spettel, La Crosse, Wis.; Mr. Cormac Gallagher, Mr. James Gallagher, Mrs. Edward Delaney, Miss B. V. Finley, and Miss N. M. Tierney,—all of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Hoffer, Mrs. Mary Stack, and Mrs. Helen O'Neill, Hancock, Mich.; Mr. William Likly and Mr. Joseph Hoffman, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Jane Whelan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Gannon and Mr. James Murphy, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. George Curtin, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. C. R. Ohliger, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Neeson, New York city; and Mr. Henry Diegal, Conner's Creek, Mich.

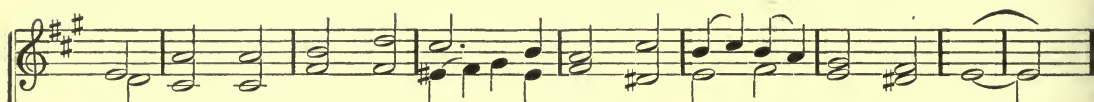
May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

What Mortal Tongue can Sing Thy Praise.

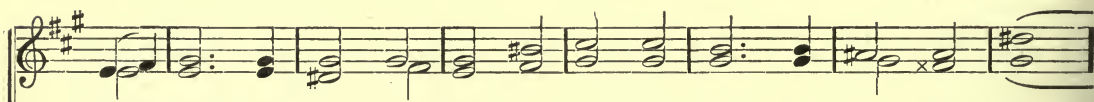
Rev. H. G. Ganss.



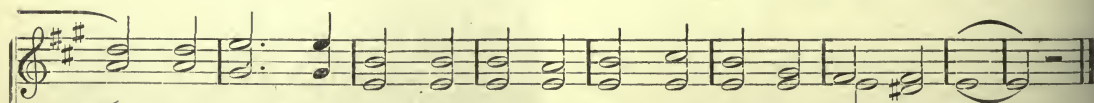
1. What mor - tal tongue can sing Thy praise, Dear Moth - er of the Lord ?
 2. O Vir - gin, what sweet force, was that Which from the Fa - ther's breast
 3. But oh ! it was thy low - li-ness, Well pleas - ing to the Lord,



To an - gels on - ly it be-ongs Thy glo - ry to re - cord.
 Drew forth His co - e - ter - nal Son, To be thy bo - som's guest ?
 That made thee wor - thy to be-come The Moth-er of the Word.



Who born of man can pen - e - trate Thy soul's ma - jes - tic shrine ?
 'T was not thy guile - less faith a - lone That lif - ted thee so high ;
 Praise to the Fa - ther with the Son and Ho - ly Ghost, thro' whom



- - Who can thy might - y gifts un-fold, Or right - ly them di - vine ?
 - - 'T was not thy pure, se - raph - ic love, Or peer - less chas - ti - ty.
 - - The Word e - ter - nal was conceived With-in the Vir - gin's womb.



QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS.
(Francesco Francia.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

NO. 18.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

All Souls'.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

A DREARY day. Low hangs the leaden sky
As dull as vast, with never lightsome rift
Of sunshot blue, or fleecy clouds to lift
The spirit upward. Cheerless falls the eye
On meadows dank and upland fields that lie
All sodden with the late-October's gift
Of chilly rains; and oft the bleak winds shift
From point to point with fitful sob and sigh.

Earth's sadness but the symbol is to-day
Of lasting woe in that dread prison where
Our loved ones gone their debt to Justice pay,
The while each pleads in agonizing prayer:
"Have pity! For my lapses make amends!
Have pity, ye at least who were my friends!"

November Feasts of Our Lady.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

OUR LADY OF INTERCESSION.

DEVOTION to the saints is closely linked with prayer for the faithful departed. The saints in heaven can not be unmindful of the souls in purgatory: on the contrary, they pray earnestly for the hastening of the day when the holy souls shall be admitted into paradise, to share with them their everlasting rewards. As the prayers of our Blessed Lady are the most powerful in obtaining relief for the faithful departed, it is not surprising to know that in quite recent times Catholic piety has obtained from the Holy See approbation of a feast in honor of Our

Blessed Lady of Intercession,—*Beata Maria Virgo de Suffragio*.* This festival is intended to commemorate the love Our Lady bears for the holy souls, and at the same time to implore her succor on their behalf.

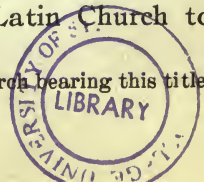
The feast has not an extensive observance, but in places where it is kept the date assigned is the Sunday within the Octave of All Saints'. The Collect of the Mass, to be found in the supplement of the most recent editions of the Roman Missal, may be rendered as follows:

"Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that, through the pleading of the Blessed Virgin Mary's intercession, the souls of the faithful may find rest, and we may receive the gift of Thy grace and the reward of life everlasting. Through our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son."

The Sunday after All Saints' Day has been allotted to this feast of Our Lady of Intercession, as being the nearest convenient day to the commemoration of the dead on All Souls' Day, suitable for such a celebration.

From primitive times there exists among the writings of the Fathers ample testimony to the fact that Christians have always celebrated with special prayer the anniversaries of the departed. With the Greeks it has been the practice to reserve Saturday (the day dedicated by the Latin Church to

* There exists in Rome a church bearing this title.



Our Lady) as an occasion of intercession for the dead; this is particularly the case with the Saturday preceding the first Sunday of Lent and that preceding the Feast of Pentecost.*

As to the institution of the commemoration of all the faithful departed on All Souls' Day, Amalarius (ninth century) has an allusion to its observance; he speaks of the Office of the Dead being celebrated after that of the Saints.† But for more definite injunctions in this matter, the liturgy is indebted to St. Odilo of Cluny, a Benedictine abbot, who died A. D. 1049. The Roman Martyrology thus testifies to the fact on the 1st of January: "St. Odilo of Cluny, who was the first to order within his monasteries the commemoration of all the faithful departed, on the day following All Saints'. This rite the universal Church afterward adopted, and thus gave it her approbation."

The legend concerning the introduction of All Souls' Day is told by monastic writers. "A pilgrim of Aquitaine, on returning from Jerusalem, lost his way, and found himself close to a barren and desolate islet inhabited by a hermit. This holy man extended hospitality to the wandering pilgrim, and asked him, since he belonged to Aquitaine, if he knew a monastery called Cluny, and its Abbot Odilo. The pilgrim replied that he did. 'Listen, then,' said the hermit. 'In this place we are quite close to the regions where the souls of sinners undergo the temporal penalty of sins committed on earth; and from where we are we can hear them lamenting that the faithful, and in particular the monks of Cluny, are so niggardly in offering up prayers for the mitigation of their sufferings and their release from them. In God's name, good pilgrim, if

you ever get back to your country, seek out the Abbot of Cluny, and beseech him from me to redouble—both he and his congregation—their prayers, vigils and almsgivings, for the deliverance of these souls in pain, and so increase the joy of heaven.' The story goes on to tell that on hearing all this from the pilgrim St. Odilo ordained that in all the monasteries of his congregation the morrow of the Feast of All Saints should be devoted to the commemoration of all the faithful departed."*

It is affirmed by an eminent liturgist that the Office of the Dead represents the true form of a Vigil, or Night Office, as celebrated by the clergy in Rome during the eighth century. There are no day-hours for this Office, and the absence of hymns seems to indicate that it is the Roman Office in its purest form.†

Lastly, reference may be made to a devout Latin sequence, beginning with the words *Languentibus in purgatorio*, which in many churches is sung before the Blessed Sacrament, previous to Benediction, during November. This sequence, addressed to our Blessed Lady on behalf of the holy souls, is extremely devout, and its plain-song melody is greatly appreciated.‡

May the sinlessness of Mary plead to the divine and merciful Judge in favor of those of her faithful children whose souls are still being cleansed in the purifying flames of purgatory!

* "History of the Roman Breviary," Batiffol-Baylay. (p. 200.)

† Ibid., p. 197.—Of course this would not include the verse *Requiem æternam*, etc., which is substituted for the *Gloria Patri* at the end of the psalms. A monastic usage, still observed in France, directs a procession to be made on All Souls' Day through the cloister and the cemetery. During this procession commendations or absolutions are sung over various tombs.

‡ This sequence, with its music (as well as others for the liturgical year), may be found in "Varie Preces," one of the publications of the well-known Benedictine monks of Solesmes, in France.

* Thomassin.

† "Christian Antiquities" (Smith); also "Catholic Dictionary," art. "All Souls'."

PATRONAGE OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

On the third Sunday of November many churches solemnize a festival in honor of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Greeks, who are so assiduous in devotion to Our Lady, celebrate the "Protection of the Mother of God" on the first day of October. This feast dates back to the tenth century, when it took its rise from a vision vouchsafed to St. Andrew "Idiota." On that occasion Mary, attended by the apostles, prophets and angels, manifested herself as praying for the welfare of the world, at the same time spreading out her vesture over the faithful as a token of her maternal protection.*

But this festival of the Greeks must not be confounded with that sanctioned by Rome in more recent times under the appellation of the Patronage of the ever-blessed Virgin. Our Latin feast arose in the year 1679, and received formal approbation from Pope Benedict XIII. at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Its object is to commemorate the power of the glorious intercession of the Mother of God, and at the same time to encourage the faithful to have recourse to her in their needs, both spiritual and temporal.†

Our Lady's patronage is a theme constantly dealt with by ascetical writers, such as St. Bernard and St. Alphonsus Liguori. Benedict XIV. says that the feast which commemorates the patronage of Mary is founded upon the great dogmatic principle that she can and does intercede in heaven for us her children.

It is apparent to all how dear to the heart of every Catholic is the patronage of our Blessed Lady; far more so than

that of any other saint, however exalted. It could not be otherwise; for Holy Mary is not only the Mother of our Redeemer, but she is also Mother of His Church. St. Augustine says: "She brought forth Jesus, our head, in the flesh; she co-operates by her charity to the bringing forth us, His members, in the spirit."* According to a divine decree, Jesus Christ, the author of grace, came to us through Mary; can it, then, be considered strange that God should will that grace, in its measure and application, should also come to us through her maternal intervention?

During our Saviour's earthly life Mary was already used as the instrument by which some of the greatest wonders of grace were accomplished. This is pre-eminently so in the sanctification of St. John the Baptist (Our Lord's first miracle on the souls of men), and in turning water into wine at Cana of Galilee (His first miracle wrought in favor of temporal concerns). These two facts are surely not without meaning. Just as in the forgiveness of Magdalene Christ intended to inspire sinners with hope; and in the healing of the daughter of the Canaanitish woman, perseverance in prayer,—so in the miracles alluded to He would indicate that it is His will that the faithful in all ages should receive grace through the intervention of Mary. Moreover, *perseverance* in grace is not disjoined from Our Lady. This is exemplified in the person of the beloved St. John, who, faithful to the end at the foot of the cross, received from his dying Saviour Mary to be his mother.†

There is nothing remarkable in the liturgy for the Feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the entire Office and Mass being taken from the "Common."

* De S. Virginitate, vi.

† "Mary in the Gospels," Northcote, Lect. xvii, where this subject is fully treated of.

* Smith's "Christian Antiquities," art. "Mary."

† De Festis B. M. V.—Bened. XIV.

PRESENTATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

An ancient tradition, embodied in the apocryphal works called the Proto-evangelion and the Gospel of the Birth of Mary,* relates that the Blessed Virgin, when three years of age, was presented by her parents in the Temple at Jerusalem. Alone, and with a firm gait, the holy maiden ascended the fifteen steps which led up to the sacred building from the court of the women. A sacrifice was then offered, according to the custom of the law; and after they had paid their vows to the Lord, Joachim and Anne returned home, leaving behind them the Holy Virgin, to be brought up for God, in company with the other maidens who dwelt within the sacred precincts of the Temple. These are the simple details given us by this legend of antiquity.

Pope Benedict XIV., in his treatise on the Festival of the Presentation, remarks that this act on the part of the parents of Our Lady was one of devotion and not of obligation. This learned Pontiff furthermore states that there can be no doubt that the presentation of Mary really did take place, but of the details which surrounded this act of devotion absolute certainty does not exist.

It is possible that the feast was kept as early as the year 730, at least in Constantinople; but certain evidence of this fact is not forthcoming till 1150.† The Greeks call the day "The entrance of the Blessed Virgin into the Temple," and mention is made of it in the most ancient Greek menologies extant.

The Feast of the Presentation was introduced from the Eastern Church into the West A. D. 1372, its first place of celebration being the papal court at Avignon. Pope Pius II., in the year 1460, confirmed by his apostolic authority the establishment of the festival on the

21st of November; and he acceded to the wishes of William, Duke of Saxony, in instituting a Vigil of preparation.*

When a reform of the calendar took place, during the pontificate of Pius V., the Presentation, together with several other minor feasts of Our Lady, was removed from the liturgical year. But this omission was not of long duration; for at the instance of Turrianus, S. J., Pope Sixtus V. restored the festival in 1585, and decreed that the Office of this day should be recited throughout the universal Church. Former Pontiffs had annexed indulgences for all those who took part in its celebration.

Later on, Pope Clement VIII. showed his appreciation of the feast by raising it to the rank of greater double. This Pontiff, moreover, corrected the Office which had been in use up to that time and formulated the one now in vogue. It had been customary to recite the Office of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin on the 21st of November, substituting the word *Presentation* wherever that of *Nativity* occurred.†

The antiphon at the *Magnificat*, and also the Collect, are so characteristic of the Office of the day that a translation of them may be here inserted with advantage:

"O Blessed Mary, Mother of God, Virgin forever, temple of the Lord, sanctuary of the Holy Ghost; thou, without any example before thee, didst make thyself well-pleasing in the sight of our Lord Jesus Christ! Alleluia."

Prayer: "O God, who wast pleased that Blessed Mary ever a virgin, being herself the dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost, should on this day be presented in Thy earthly temple, grant, we beseech Thee, that by her prayers we may

* De Festis B. M. V., Bened. XIV.; and Martene "De Antiq. Eccl. Discip.," cap. xxxiv.

† Benedict XIV., De Festis B. M. V.; Butler's Lives of Saints, Nov. 21; Gavantus-Meratus, "in festo Præsent"; Martene, "De antiq. Eccl. Discip."

* Chap. vi. † Smith's "Christian Antiquities."

worthily be presented in the heavenly temple of Thy glory! Through our Lord Jesus Christ."

This festival is held in particular veneration by many religious Orders, as well as by numbers of the clergy, who choose this day to renew in a solemn manner the promises which bind them to God's service.*

OUR LADY OF THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL.

A notice on the minor feasts of the Blessed Virgin in November would be incomplete if no reference were made to the most recent festival, sanctioned by the Holy See in 1895. The full title of the feast is, "The Manifestation of the Immaculate Virgin Mary of the Sacred Medal, popularly styled the Miraculous Medal."

This medal is perhaps the one most known and most prized by devout Catholics. Its form, and the ejaculation accompanying it—"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"—were made known in a vision to a Sister of Charity living in Paris, in 1830. The marvellous favors, both temporal and spiritual, which have accompanied the devout use of this medal won for it the expressive title of *miraculous*.

To commemorate the mercy of God and the powerful help of Our Lady through its instrumentality, Pope Leo XIII. was moved to sanction the celebration of a special festival. The date assigned is the 27th of November, that being the anniversary of the apparition. But this concession of the Holy See regards only the congregations founded by St. Vincent de Paul; others wishing to keep the feast must obtain a special faculty for so doing.

The Office and Mass for Our Lady

of the Miraculous Medal are entirely proper. The Epistle is taken from the Apocalypse, and relates the apparition of the Woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and a crown of stars above her head,—this is generally understood as signifying Our Lady. The Gospel recounts the miracle at Cana of Galilee, wrought at the intervention of the Blessed Virgin. The following is a translation of the Collect:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, whose will it was that the most Blessed Virgin Mary Thy Mother, conceived Immaculate, should be famed for numberless miracles, grant that, always craving her protection, we may attain to everlasting joy!"

This, however, is not the only feast of Mary which has been instituted during the pontificate of Leo XIII.; for, besides increasing the dignity of the festivals of the Annunciation and the Rosary, two other commemorations relative to the Mother of God have been created and added to the calendar, although not of universal celebration. The first of these is the Holy Family—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,—kept on the third Sunday after Epiphany; and the second is that of the Apparition of Blessed Mary Immaculate (of Lourdes), on February 11. The objects of these different feasts may be gathered from the Collects which follow:

The Holy Family: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who by Thy unspeakable virtues hast rendered domestic life a holy state, being Thyself subject to Mary and Joseph, cause us, with their aid, to profit by the example of Thy Holy Family, and to be admitted to everlasting fellowship therein!"

Our Lady of Lourdes: "O God, who by the Virgin's Immaculate Conception didst prepare a fit dwelling-place for Thy Son, we humbly beseech Thee that we, who are commemorating an apparition of the same Virgin, may be blessed with health of soul and body!"

* A religious congregation of Sisters under the title of the Presentation was founded in 1777, and is now widely spread.

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

XVI.

I T can not be said that I went down willingly to meet Herr von Steinberg. That officer, I knew, must be very angry with me; all the more so, probably, as he had hitherto been most considerate in his dealings with my family. I therefore entered the drawing-room looking nervous and abashed; and, as I expected, Herr von Steinberg looked very severe indeed.

"My Fräulein, it rejoices me to see that you are somewhat ashamed of your conduct."

The tone was cutting, and I bridled up at the reproof.

"I am not in the least ashamed of it," I retorted, looking him boldly in the face. "I have done no wrong."

"You have shown yourself unworthy of my confidence. Is it nothing in your eyes to say, 'I have done no wrong'?"

"Did I ever give you to understand that I would not help the prisoner?"

But the reply unnerved me utterly:

"I did not deem a promise necessary between you and me."

"O Herr von Steinberg," I exclaimed, the tears starting to my eyes, "you can not, surely, so misjudge me! What have you against Monsieur Thomasson that you should be so bitter over his escape? He is no criminal, as you know, but an unfortunate countryman of mine. Was it not natural—yes, and even right—for me to do all in my power to save him?"

"So, so! Do not take it to heart, Fräulein Eugénie. You acted for the best," said Herr von Steinberg, in a much gentler tone. "But," he continued, "did it never occur to you that a life saved on one side might be the cause

of a life lost on the other? What about the sentinel whom you bribed or cajoled?"

"You have not put him to death?" I cried in horror.

"He is to be tried by court-martial this afternoon, and if guilty must die to-morrow."

"You can not allow that," I said. "You must not, Herr von Steinberg. I swear to you by all that is sacred the sentinel could not possibly be aware of Monsieur Thomasson's escape. O my friend!" I cried, falling on my knees in the extremity of my eagerness and trouble, "if any one is to be punished for this deed, it must be myself alone. Do not let me be the cause of the death of an innocent man."

"You must not kneel to me, Fräulein Forrester," said the young officer, raising me from the ground and seating me beside him on the sofa. "Now," he went on, in answer to an anxious look, "we will do our best to get this poor fellow off." He sat for a moment immersed in thought. "The simplest way," he suggested after a pause, and hesitatingly, "would be to trust me entirely, and to tell me how so clever a plan was conceived and carried out."

Herr von Steinberg looked doubtfully at me as he said this; but I saw no reason for not confiding to him the existence of the secret passage, now that Monsieur Thomasson was in safety. Therefore, in a few words, I told him how Eustache de St. Pierre had once shown me the spring which opened the wall, and how I had remembered it when I entered the room to bid Monsieur Thomasson a last farewell. The officer listened attentively to my recital, and was much relieved to hear that matters were not so bad as he had feared.

"I believe that your name need not appear in all this, Fräulein Eugénie. The secret passage will account perfectly

for the prisoner's escape. You can not guess how pleased I am to know that the sentinel is innocent. But wait a minute: I have something of importance to communicate."

He rose as he spoke, and, opening the door, shouted:

"Ulrich!"

A step was heard in the hall and presently a dark, wicked-looking soldier appeared on the threshold.

"Your brother will be acquitted, Ulrich; you may go and tell him so."

The soldier departed, leering at me so hideously as he went that I felt as if some unknown danger were close at hand; and I looked anxiously at Herr von Steinberg.

"What worries me is this, Fräulein," he said. "You must know that Ulrich is a spy on his own account, and has discovered something which you have hitherto so well concealed,—namely, the presence of a wounded Frenchman in your house."

I heard no more,—the shock took away my breath, and I fainted on the sofa. When I came to, Louis was trying to pour brandy between my lips, while Herr von Steinberg stood by fanning me with a newspaper. They both looked so bewildered that a sense of the ridiculous came over me and I laughed outright.

"O Louis," I cried in French, when at length I grew composed, "they know that Count d'Ory is in the house!"

"Fräulein," observed Von Steinberg, who understood what I said, "I think your friend is safe for the present. My rascal, as you may have guessed, holds this bit of knowledge like a sword over my head, and likes to feel that he has me in his power."

"O my friend," I exclaimed, "why should you suffer for our sake? Our debt of gratitude is large enough already."

"Fräulein Eugénie," he answered, very solemnly, "gratitude is a poor fruit

which I will not beg for you; but if I might dare hope for love—how happy you would make me!"

"No, no!" I cried, drawing back. "I can not give you love. And yet," I added, as I saw his pained expression, "I do like you so much!"

"You will not marry a German?" he asked, much distressed.

"It is not that indeed," I protested; "but—" A vivid blush dyed my pale cheeks and I stopped abruptly.

"Ah, I know what it is!" exclaimed Herr von Steinberg, tramping about the room in his agitation. "Yes, Fräulein Eugénie, you love the man upstairs!"

I rose to my feet; I would not tell a lie, but a lurking fear made me evade the truth.

"Herr von Steinberg," I replied, "you may believe me when I assure you that no one has ever spoken to me of love but yourself. Let us be friends," I said, holding out my hand.

But he had turned away, and as I closed the door I heard him mutter:

"He may not have spoken, but I am right for all that."

Slowly indeed did I crawl up the broad stairs that led to my room. I thought no more of Herr von Steinberg's love for myself: my whole mind was taken up with one idea—Count d'Ory's liberty, if not his life, was in danger. Oh, how I longed for my father, for his wise help and warm sympathy! I stood half-way up, sick at heart, my hot forehead seeking coolness from the baluster, when the drawing-room door opened and a voice called softly:

"Fräulein! Fräulein!"

"What is it?" I inquired.

"I would willingly have a conversation with the French gentleman. I could help him to escape."

Now I trusted Herr von Steinberg thoroughly, and therefore took him up with me to Count d'Ory's room, never

doubting, and, besides, driven to despair.

But Count d'Ory, totally unprepared for this visit, jumped up with a start and laid his hand on his sword. The two foes stood thus for one moment, face to face, both good specimens of their different races. The brave Teuton, exceptionally tall and broad, seemed to fill the room with his presence and to tower above Count d'Ory's slight form, now greatly reduced by his recent severe illness.

"O Count d'Ory," I thought rather bitterly, "why do you want Marguerite, who cares nothing for you, when poor little Eugénie loves you so dearly!"

It took me some time to explain to the Count how matters stood; and even then he did not look very amiable, nor as grateful as he should have been to Herr von Steinberg. By and by, however, his native courtesy gained the upperhand, and we three gathered round the welcome fire; for the day was cold and dreary. Conversation at first flagged, but the matter in hand was too serious for trifling. Herr von Steinberg spoke to the point at once, and I soon had hard work translating.

"Count d'Ory, you have recovered?"

"Quite, Lieutenant von Steinberg," answered the Count; "although this total confinement weakens me. I long for a breath of fresh air."

"It would, then, be a good thing in every way if you left this place and were enabled to cross the sea?"

"That it would!" exclaimed Count d'Ory, with delight. But at that moment he caught my glance and, to my great astonishment, stopped short in the middle of his speech; his brow grew dark, he looked angrily at the German, and finally answered decidedly and not too politely:

"No, sir, I will not go: I remain here."

Herr von Steinberg did not answer for some minutes; then he said:

"Fräulein, tell this gentleman that I proposed to you this morning and that you refused me."

"What!" I cried, abashed. "Tell him that! Never!"

"My Fräulein," he continued, very seriously, "it grieves me much that my knowledge of French should be so limited. I know that an avowal of this kind ought to be made by me, not by you. Believe me, nevertheless, I pray you, when I say that this gentleman's future happiness may depend on his understanding clearly that you and I are friends, nothing more—"

"Mademoiselle," now interrupted the Count, with affected calm, for he was in a very bad temper, "may I ask what you have been saying about me?"

"I do not see that you have any right to know it," I answered, rather nettled at his tone. "But I will tell you, nevertheless. Herr von Steinberg, for some unaccountable reason, thinks it would interest you to know that he asked me this morning to marry him and that I refused him."

"Refused him!" The Count leaped to his feet and shook the German warmly by the hand, calling him between every shake such pretty epithets as "a brave fellow," "a true gentleman," "a noble heart," and so forth.

"Monsieur," he cried, "give me an hour and I will be ready to start! But tell me what must I do?"

He resumed his seat, trying hard to appear calm and discuss the question of disguises and means of escape.

At last Herr von Steinberg took his leave, and I was about to follow when Count d'Ory called me back.

"Eugénie," said he, when the door was shut and we were alone, "why did you make me believe you were in love with the German officer?"

"Did you think that?" I asked, not a little astonished.

"I did. Eugénie, did you never hear of the god that was blind?" he asked, after a pause.

"Cyclops when Ulysses put his eye out?" This I said recklessly to conceal my agitation; for the caressing tone, the use of the word "Eugénie," and the joy in Count d'Ory's face made me guess what was coming.

"Silly child!" he whispered. "I mean Cupid. Eugénie, if you do not love the German, perhaps you may have a little affection to spare for me?"

I remained silent, too much moved to speak. We were both standing near the fireplace,—I with my face averted; Count d'Ory leaning on his elbow, gazing at me anxiously.

"Do you not love me, Eugénie?" he said presently.

I could only murmur:

"What of Marguerite, Monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle de Hauteville loves Olivier de Clisson," he answered gravely. "And, besides, Eugénie, who took me in when I was wounded? Who nursed me when I was ill? Who bore with and amused a fractious invalid? I loved Mademoiselle de Hauteville very dearly, but another is now the queen of my heart and I can not be happy without her. *Chérie!*"

I turned toward him, my eyes filled with tears. But all misunderstandings were at an end, and heart poured itself out to heart with love and confidence,—danger and the approaching separation rendering each moment more sweet, more precious.

"Tell me, Count d'Ory," I inquired, with some little curiosity, "what made you refuse escape when it was first proposed to you?"

"I could not leave you, Eugénie, to that German fellow," said he. "I was desperately jealous of him. Besides, as long as you were not actually engaged, I knew there was some chance for me,

and I was not going to be sent out of the way so conveniently."

"But poor Herr von Steinberg!" I murmured. "He has behaved most nobly. I am so sorry for him!"

"*Mon Dieu*, so am I!" said the Count. "But if we Frenchmen are defeated in war, it is only fair that we should win in love." He smiled rather bitterly as he spoke, but brightened up again as he whispered tenderly: "And that would be something worth doing—would it not?—if all women were in the least bit like my brave little Eugénie."

(Conclusion next week.)

In Pace.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

IN some dim chapel raise his tomb,
Beneath the shafts of windows pouring
On the amethystine gloom
The warmth of sunset's crocus bloom,
And lay him down in mien imploring;
His waxen hands in silence pressed
Above the sculptured lattice, showing
Mystic gems upon his breast
Adown the brodered vestment dressed,
Beneath their dust-sheath softly glowing.
Nor gaze upon the fixed face,
But on the screen where meek and lowly
Looks the Mother "full of grace,"
From out the shrine's enamelled case,
With Eastern eyes—beseeching—holy.
And let the breathless taper, high
Upon its scone of silver burning,
Speak his prayers that shall not die;
And for his earthly songs, spread nigh
The garlands to the dust returning.
But let no breath of spring come here,
Nor song of bird nor scent of clover;
Let the spider without fear
Swing shimmering pathways far and near
Till all the arch is netted over.
There through old incense opaline
Faint flutes shall strew the air with roses
Smooth as pearls; the violin
Weave royal music for his sin;
The organ sob till twilight closes.

The Summer Isles.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

ON a clear day, one standing on the mainland and looking out to sea can plainly discern a low group of islands lying, as the sea-gull flies, about nine miles off the shore of New Hampshire. As to the islands themselves, it matters very little whether they are nine or nine hundred miles away from *terra firma*. Even their guardianship is divided: some of them belonging to New Hampshire, some to the State of Maine (why, by the way, is Maine always spoken of as the "State of Maine"?); and until recently they have never been visited by the tax-collector or been subject to the will or caprice of any lawmakers.

Isolated, undisturbed, for nearly three hundred years these wind-and-wave-swept rocks have dwelt under the shadows of the world's changes, as little affected by them as the eagle under his overhanging cliff. The inhabitants have had their own wild dramas of murder and shipwreck, their sweet stories of human love and grief; but they have shed their tears and solved their problems and reaped their sad harvests alone. The news from the seat of war during the great Rebellion reached their indifferent ears like a spent wave. The weather, the tides, the last haul of fish, the condition of their boats,—these things were more to the Shoalers than changes of administration or famines in India. I say "were" advisedly; for to-day there are no inhabitants worth mentioning, except the flitting tourists and the army of servants at the great hostleries.

One exodus has followed another in the history of these Summer Isles; the fisherman's cottage has gradually given

way to the mandate of destroyers, until now when one speaks of the Isles of Shoals, his listener usually thinks only of a fashionable hot weather resort, where the *cuisine* is excellent, and the August climate without flaw if one's lungs are sound.

But to the poet and the antiquarian these sea-girt shoals have other charms than broiled bluefish and salt air. The beginning of their history has a unique attraction. How many years they had been waiting for the white man's foot no one but the geologist can conjecture, but we are pretty sure that Captain John Smith has fair claims to be their discoverer. That was in 1614, six years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. As to the number of the islands, it all depends on the tide. There are six at low tide, eight or nine when it is high. Appledore is the largest. Its other name, Hog Island, from its resemblance to a hog's back, is not so romantic; but the island itself, by any name, is far the finest of the group, containing some four hundred acres, all undermined with ancient graves and the foundations of vanished homes.

There seem to have been God-fearing people on these islands for a period after their settlement, and Puritan missionaries thundered away to willing ears. But the Revolution put an end to peace and good behavior; for the Shoalers were accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and ordered to disperse. Those who remained seem to have defied all law, divine and human; and to have attracted to themselves kindred spirits. The record henceforth has few redeeming features, and is simply one recital of orgies and crimes. Here dwelt the typical fishwife with her scold's language of Billingsgate; the whipping-post was in constant use; pirates were entertained in the best society; fights were of daily occurrence,

and whiskey was the common beverage.

We boarded a smart little steamer at Portsmouth on schedule time, and sat patiently for two hours waiting for it to start. Time is of no account here. If you lose a day, what matters it? There will be another one to-morrow, perhaps more fair than this. At last the delayed mail arrived and the bow of our tiny craft pointed toward the Summer Isles. We left the quaint old town of Portsmouth behind us, passing the Navy Yard at Kittery, the islands, each with its own story, and entered the open sea. The day was fair, the ocean like glass; the music from the melodious bell-buoys struck our ears with sweet persistence; and our cares we had left on shore. If you wish to find a heart-ache on the Isles of Shoals, you must take it with you.

Before us lay those Isles, growing nearer with each turn of the wheel. There were hundreds of passengers on board beside ourselves, but we did not see them: we were alone. The world was newly made. There was nowhere aught that could sadden or defile or make afraid. The bell-buoys sang of hope and content and peace beyond compare; the circling gulls guided us, the earth was growing very small, and then—we were at Appledore!

Hunger hangs lead upon the wings of the wildest fancies; and so, avoiding the great hotel in order to save time, we made for a sea-washed rock, where the wild birds came to help us with our sandwiches and bit of fruit. Then we were ready for our tramp.

The tourist with no poetry in his soul looks at these stern, bare islands, these low-lying, bleached rocks, and shudders, seeing no beauty, only desolation. But to him who knows and loves them the mild charms of the mainland soon become a forgotten dream, and the incessant sound of the sea its lullaby.

One thinks, "Is there a world nine miles away? What is the use of it? This is enough. Was there ever such a morning before this? Will there ever be another?"

The air is absolutely pure; everything is clean,—if there is a spot upon the shining sails of yonder fishing boat, you can not see it; there is no noise but the soft breaking of the waves. Everywhere there are flowers blushing in the soft light. All seems made for repose. Even the rocks have been so gnawed by the spray during the ages since creation that they seem more like cork than granite.

There are no trees upon these islands, but we did not miss them. Twenty-four hours before, a treeless land would have seemed a veritable Sahara: now we were glad that nothing could come between us and the wonderful sunshine. There were many bushes once, but sometimes these summer isles are winter isles, and one must have fuel. There is always warning of rough weather; for then Appledore moans. "Look out for a tempest! Hog Island's crying!" say the old sailor-men when the wild wailing of the wind is like that of a lost child.

There was a village on Appledore from its settlement until 1679; and there was a meeting-house, of which no one knows the site; and an academy where gentlemen's sons were sent from the mainland to have their minds equipped and manners polished. Now there are only depressions—about seventy—where those who know where to look can find the poor little cellars of long ago; and graves whose slabs were quarried by no man, being only fragments of rock broken from the great cliffs in stress of weather. These tempests hurl the rocks about as giants play at football, and the shore-line varies from year to year. There is a flower-embowered cottage on Appledore that everyone seeks; a

grave near by that everyone visits. In the cottage Celia Thaxter dwelt; in the grave her body lies.

Many years ago the Honorable Mr. Loughton, a somewhat distinguished and decidedly disappointed politician, obtained the position of lighthouse-keeper on White Island, and moved his family thither. There they dwelt for six years, the little children having no companions but one another, no excitement but the storms and an occasional wreck, no view but a waste of waters. The little maid Celia learned to tend the light, lest something happen to her father, and some unsuspecting ship strike the cruel rocks. They were happy children, learning Nature's sweetest secrets; and one of them was storing in her baby mind gentle fancies, which she afterward wove into verse to which the world listened. The birds came at her call; her care of a flower seemed to give it new grace and beauty. Soil was scarce on White Island. She had many wild blossoms hiding in the crevices of the rocks where a bit of earth had lodged; but her real cultivated garden was only a yard square, and it was filled with marigolds.

Open afresh your rounds of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!

she was fond of saying. When one withered, she who loved it so could not cast it away, but made a little grave for it, as if it had been a dead robin.

One day a fierce tempest carried away the covered bridge, a hundred feet long, which connected their cottage with the lighthouse; and for a while the flowers were forgotten in the awful thought that a raging sea was between them and the light. But when the tide went down, these plain, brave people in some manner got a boat across.

I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower—
Ten golden and five red.

One thinks instinctively of those lines even now; for the red and golden lights still burn, one alternating with the other. True, they are not the clustered lights of Celia's childhood; but, like them, they throw their beams into a naughty world.

After six years the Loughton family moved to Appledore, and are there buried. The father, Mr. Loughton, never set foot on the mainland again, but often said he wished it was still farther away. For twenty-five years he lived on the islands, like a limpet clinging to a rock. On Appledore Celia found earth enough for all the flowers her heart craved: her writings tell of the wild riot of bloom which sprang up about her. Her garden is gay to-day—as near as possible like that she left when she sailed out into the unknown sea. There is a brilliancy to these mist-swept flowers which makes them like no others. Never were there such crimson and scarlet and yellow petals. This is doubtless due to the salt air. People take seeds from the Shoals, and from these seeds they raise ordinary and well-behaved blossoms on the mainland.

Star Island is, if anything, more enticing than Appledore; and it, too, has its human history. Its golden age of prosperity was about the middle of the eighteenth century; but it had had inhabitants ever since the intrepid Captain John Smith, while careering around the raging main, discovered and took possession of it. There is a monument to the doughty Captain at one end of the Island. Three Turks' heads, in memory of some Mohammedans he once made way with, formerly surmounted it; but they have yielded to the touch of Time or the vandal hands of tourists. Star Island is a place of graves. You come across them so often that you hesitate to press your foot where there is earth enough to hide a

body from which the soul has escaped.

There was a flourishing town here once, named Gosport from a village over-seas. The little meeting-house still stands, and is, I imagine, yet in use; for a modern cabinet organ is part of its scant equipment. The first church on this site was built from the timbers of a wrecked Spanish ship. Occasionally the inhabitants would have a wilder carousal than usual, and would then burn the meeting-house. The present one was built of stone,—“So they can’t burn it,” the parson said. Its walls are two feet thick, its dimensions thirty-six by twenty-four feet, and it is perched upon a high rock like a lonely sea-bird. It has had other uses than furnishing a place for the conversion of sinners, being occupied on weekdays as a store-house for fish.

We can hardly think of the gayety and romance of sunny Spain in connection with these stern, forbidding Shoals; but there was formerly much dealing and trafficking between their rough fishermen and the light-hearted sailors from Bilboa, who brought spices and rare woods and bright fabrics and dried fruits to America. Five or six vessels a year were loaded at the Shoals and sent to the land of castanets and sunshine.

More than one Spanish ship has gone to pieces on these low rocks. One winter’s night, in 1813, the *Sagunto* met her fate on Haley’s Island. Fourteen sailors were found on shore the next morning, stiff and cold. Good Mr. Haley buried them, and Mrs. Thaxter wrote some lines about them:

O Spanish women over the far seas,
Could I but show you where your dead repose!
Could I send tidings on this Northern breeze
That strong and steady blows!

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
These you have lost; but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are
wet
With thinking of your woe!

There spoke a gentle heart. The sailors’ bodies rest on Haley’s Island still, each with a little medal of Our Lady upon a pulseless breast.

There are few islanders now, but those who remain have the same fierce love for their ocean home that the Swiss have for their mountains. Mrs. Thaxter tells of a boy of thirteen who, having been taken to the mainland for the first time, spent his hours sitting upon a woodpile in a cellar in Portsmouth, awaiting anxiously the happy moment of his return.

Summer is late in reaching the Shoals; but she makes up for it in the autumn, oftentimes lingering until November. In October the blueberry bushes are aflame, and all the scant vegetation takes on bright hues in saying farewell. And at last winter comes—but it is of Summer Isles that I am writing, not of snow and waves gone mad, and loneliness and waiting.

Once more my face was turned toward the land where civilization dwelt and heartaches lingered, and the dear islands were behind me. Then came thoughts of some far-off future day when, freed from the sad Puritan traditions which have failed to bring happiness, these Shoals might be holy isles, with fair, cross-surmounted buildings from whose towers the blessed Angelus should ring.

IN these crowded modern days, the only man who “finds time” for great things is the man who takes it by violence from the thousands of petty, local, temporary claims, and makes it serve the ends of wisdom and justice.

—William De Witt Hyde.

I COMMEND my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.—*Shakespeare’s Will.*

The Manager of Chester's Mills.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"YOUR manager is about as bad a business man as I'd care to meet, Hugh," said John Northcote, knitting his brows. "I must get rid of him."

"Rid of Tennant!" exclaimed Hugh Chester, raising himself from his easy-chair. "What do you mean?"

John Northcote laughed.

"What I say. The success of the mills depends largely on the manager."

"Wilfrid Tennant is perfectly trustworthy, I think," said Hugh Chester.

"No doubt; but he's incapable."

"If I had had the least idea that you meant to discharge Tennant I shouldn't have sold the concern to you," Chester said irritably.

Some weeks before a London specialist had informed him, without any undue circumlocution, that only in Queensland or South Africa might he hope to live for any considerable time. Hugh Chester was without any ties to bind him to England. He had no liking for his position of mill-owner, and the money he expected to realize by the sale of Chester's Mills and the mansion adjoining would be sufficient to enable him to live in ease and comfort. When Northcote made him a fair offer for his property he had closed with it at once. The men had been acquainted for years; and, despite their different constitutions and temperaments, a certain liking for each other had grown up between them.

"Oh, nonsense!" Northcote answered.

"What on earth is Tennant to you?"

"We were at Oxford together, and he is a good fellow,—a splendid fellow," Chester said slowly.

The last rays of the autumn sun came in through the western window and lit up the features of the two men,—

Chester's, fine, delicate and somewhat effeminate; Northcote's, firm, stern and well-cut.

"He may be a very good fellow," Northcote allowed; "but all the same he's a very inefficient manager. How came an Oxford man to accept the position?"

Hugh Chester moved uneasily.

"It—his story wouldn't interest you."

Northcote was in good-humor.

"Try me," he said persuasively.

"I suppose the telling of it won't hurt Wilfrid. His people lost their money somehow, but they had influence enough to get him a berth in a big commercial concern in the city. He got on fairly for two years. Then a considerable sum of money went wrong, and Wilfrid was suspected of knowing how."

"Well?" Northcote's voice was sharp.

"That's all. The affair was, in a measure, hushed up. He was discharged of course."

"Naturally. I wonder why such things should be 'hushed up'? A man should suffer for his crimes or follies."

"Wilfrid wasn't guilty, he says."

"Who was?"

"He never said, if he knows."

Northcote laughed impatiently.

"The usual thing! I can't understand an innocent man lying under the imputation of being a common thief."

"I'm quite certain he was innocent," Hugh Chester insisted.

"Oh!" And John Northcote shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't matter. He wouldn't have suited me in any case."

"Poor fellow! He had been idle for a long while before he settled here."

"And you took him as manager without any guarantee?"

"Why not? He never took the money, you know," Chester said obstinately.

Northcote smiled.

"At any rate, he knew little of his new duties, I take it."

"Well, yes; but the former manager, a good old fellow, took him under tuition, and he got on after a bit."

"I dare say," John Northcote assented cynically. "No wonder Chester's Mills were not a paying concern. Is Wilfrid married?" he asked, after a pause, and rather for sake of saying something than interest in the manager.

"No, he isn't," Hugh replied. "There was some talk about him at *that* time, I remember. He was said to be in love with some one or engaged to some one. He isn't very communicative. His sister—she's a good many years younger than he—lives with him now."

"Oh!" Northcote lit a cigarette.

"Yes, she's a nice girl,—a very nice girl. I suppose Tennant was deeply attached to Miss Luttrell, since—"

"Miss Luttrell?"

"That was the girl's name, I think. I wonder how it came into my mind now? Or perhaps it was Luthell. I have a dreadful memory for names."

"It is a familiar name to me," John Northcote explained. "My brother's wife was a Miss Luttrell."

"Ah! He's in Australia, isn't he?"

"Yes" (John's voice unconsciously took a higher key),—"in Melbourne. Harry has made a position there for himself. He's one of the wealthiest men in the colony, and also one of the most trustworthy."

"You are proud of him?" observed his companion.

"Well, yes, I am. It isn't on account of his wealth either. It is the position he holds. His name, I understand, is a sufficient guarantee for any project."

Chester sighed almost enviously; and Northcote hastily made some trivial inquiry concerning certain people of the neighborhood. He liked Hugh too well to hurt him knowingly.

A few days later saw the purchase of the property completed, and by

the end of the month Hugh Chester was ready to leave England. He had remained on in his old home, by John Northcote's earnest wish, to the last possible day; and the two men were standing on the steps of the hall door, waiting for the carriage which was to convey Chester to the station, when one of the mill hands came flying up the gravelled path.

"Mr. Tennant—the manager, sir,—he's dead!" the man gasped.

"Dead! Impossible!" cried Hugh Chester, in very genuine distress. "He was perfectly well last night."

"He's dead now, all the same; and some one said it was his heart, sir."

"Yes," Chester said. "I remember: he was warned." He turned to Northcote. "You'll see to things, won't you, John? The poor fellow has no one but his sister. I wish I could stay, but the *Egypt* sails to-morrow."

"Yes, I will," Northcote promised readily. "And I'm sincerely glad I did not speak to him."

"I know, I know!" Chester rejoined, huskily. "And now good-bye!"

The two men held each other's fingers for a moment in a hard grip; then Chester entered the carriage, and John Northcote hastened to the mills, where Wilfrid Tennant lay dead. He had died, it would seem, as he sat writing in his private room. Various papers and memoranda were scattered about. These Northcote quickly collected and thrust into the manager's private desk; and when the funeral was over he set to work to put the desk in order. The papers therein related almost entirely to business affairs and were soon disposed of, but in one pigeon-hole were a few letters tied together. Northcote opened them without any consideration. They referred to the mills in some way, no doubt. He started, however, when he unfolded one of the letters.

"Harry's writing!" he said aloud in his surprise. What connection could his brother have had with Chester's Mills?

He laid down the papers with a vague, instinctive feeling that they held some secret that he had better not know. A moment later he lifted them with a smile. "What a fool I am!" he said, and opened the sheet that came first to his hand. Gradually his lips tightened in a hard line and his brows contracted. With the set look still on his face, he read to the end.

The minute-hand of the big office clock moved over a fourth of its hourly course before he stirred. When he did, he arranged the letters in order of their date and read them through. They were all from his brother to Wilfrid Tennant, and from them John Northcote had no difficulty in learning that the crime of which the dead man had been accused had been committed by the brother he was so proud of. It was clear, too, that Wilfrid Tennant had voluntarily chosen to bear the imputation of being a common thief.

But why he had done so Northcote marvelled, and his hand sought the spot where the letters had lain. When he drew it forth it held a faded photograph. Faded as it was, Northcote recognized it as his brother's wife. At the bottom was written, "For Annie's sake."

By that evening's post a long letter went to the prosperous Englishman who had achieved an enviable position in Melbourne. It was such a letter as demanded an answer, and in due course an answer came. It read:

I suppose you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that at first I had no intention of aught else than taking the loan of Penley Brothers' hundreds for a few weeks. I was a gambler always, both at the card-table and on the turf, and I stood booked to win on a certain race. I didn't. Then when suspicion fell on Wilfrid Tennant, I encouraged that suspicion; and he kept silent because he loved the girl I was engaged to—Annie Luttrell. One thing, however,

he insisted on in return for his silence. I must leave London and give up betting. I was glad to make the promise and I kept it. Annie and I were married quietly, and came here. You know how I have succeeded; but I tell you that all my life long the memory of Wilfrid Tennant and what he did for me has come between me and the happiness people think I enjoy.

There were some further words—a plea that Mrs. Northcote should be left in ignorance of her husband's crime and cowardice, and a generous offer of money for any relative of the dead man's. John Northcote's lip curled as he read.

"The theft was bad enough," he said; "but that he should have allowed another to suffer for it was infinitely worse. And as for money—ah, Mary Tennant would never accept it!"

Under other circumstances, the new owner of Chester's Mills might have failed to notice the refined and gentle girl who had been the late manager's housekeeper. At first he had been puzzled as to how he should contrive to make her believe that her brother had made adequate provision for her future, and he had asked and received permission to arrange Wilfrid's affairs. In the position he had made for himself he saw Mary Tennant much more frequently than he otherwise would, and for the first time in his busy life found pleasure and rest in a woman's society.

People who knew John Northcote only in a business capacity could scarcely have recognized him in the eager, impetuous wooer he became ere the end of the year. There was a new humility, a new diffidence in him. To his working people he was more kindly and considerate.

When Mary became his wife he wrote to Hugh Chester, and his letter puzzled the exile not a little:—

The mills are doing fairly,—only fairly. But I have found out that there are better things in the world than wealth. Does that surprise you? Anyhow I shall never regret that I purchased your property and that I knew the manager of Chester's Mills.

Some Thoughts from Lacordaire.

THE enemies of the Church have never read her history attentively, else they would have remarked the inexhaustible fertility of her resources and the marvellous adaptability of the same. She resembles that giant, sprung from the earth, who from his very fall received new strength. Misfortune but restores her pristine virtues; in losing power lent her by the world she does but recover her own native power. The world can deprive her only of that which it has bestowed—participation in the benefits arising from riches, rank, secular honors, protection; vestments these, woven by impure hands, which, as the tunic of Dejanira, the Church must never wear save above the sackcloth of her native poverty. If gold, in lieu of being the handmaid of charity and the ornament of virtue, prove detrimental to the one or the other, then must gold perish. And the world, in spoiling the Church, does but restore to her the nuptial robe, the gift of her Divine Spouse, of which no one can deprive her. For how rob her who possesses naught, or how spoil her whose treasure poverty is?

It is in voluntary renunciation that God has made the strength of His Church consist, and no mortal hand can rob her of that treasure. This is why crafty persecutors have sought less to despoil than corrupt the Church. Most subtle form of evil! All would be lost by this ruse if God permitted the evil to be universal. But from Corruption springs Life, and from her very ruins Conscience awakes to vitality. Mystic circle, of which God holds the secret and by which He governs all.

The pulpit is a school of popular theology; and from the lips of the priest skilled in divine science the streams of

eternal life, mingled with the traditions of the past and the hopes of the future, should flow to water the world.

Earth has witnessed the erection of splendid palaces, sublime sepulchres, temples all but divine; yet never have human skill and love created aught so perfect as the cloister.

In the hour of alarm men of weak faith shrink from action; but the apostle sows in the storm, that he may reap in the calm. He remembers the words of his Master: "You shall hear of wars and rumors of wars. See that ye be not troubled."

The sword does not always stay its course precisely where justice ends, nor will it easily re-enter its sheath when once it has been heated in mortal strife.

Nothing attains perpetuity and universality but what is in mysterious accord with the wants and destinies of man.

The early works of the saints have a virgin purity which moves the Heart of God; and He who shields the tender blade from the fury of the tempest keeps guard over the cradle of momentous events.

Victory obtained over self, by the stern repression of pride and the senses, helps us also to overcome the world. For what power can it possess over hearts thus fortified against sin and shame and suffering! Admirable spectacle! Religion elevates man by the very means the world employs for his abasement. She by servitude renders him free, and by crucifixion she makes him a king.

Every Christian recognizes himself as the instrument of right against might; and, the child of Him who heeds the

faintest groan of His creatures, he too must be ever ready at the first cry of distress. Even as the hunter, ready for the chase, stands at the foot of a tree listening intently to know from which point the wind blows, the Christian should stay not to count the gain or loss. Blood gives itself gratuitously or not at all. Conscience rewards it on earth, God repays it in heaven.

A Potent Agency.

A LESSON which can scarcely be too persistently impressed upon the mind of the Catholic layman is that individual example is a great power for good or evil, and that he personally owes it to God and the Church to give to his fellowmen such an example as shall exert no influence other than a salutary one. In the published records of many a conversion to the true faith we find that the initial grace bestowed upon the convert was his providential intercourse with some fervent Catholic, often a servant or a day-laborer; and in the unpublished thousands of such records it is certain that the example of unostentatious, good, practical Catholics has been a potent agency.

The Catholic layman, moving in professional, commercial or labor circles, enjoys opportunities of working for religion such as are denied to the priest whose sermons non-Catholics seldom hear, or the editor whose paper they do not often read. Controversy is not necessary, nor is it always advisable,—though each should be able to give on occasion a reason for the faith that is in him. But a genuinely Christian life, practice that is uniformly consistent with belief, manly profession of one's faith and simple obedience to its precepts,—this is possible to all, and it is probably far more effective in influencing

the religious beliefs and winning the thorough sympathy of non-Catholic friends and acquaintances than would be the most impassioned appeals of the clerical orator or the most logical disquisition of the able journalist.

Our books of history and philosophy and apologetics the busy man does not read, but there is one book that he is constantly reading—the open book of our daily life. This is especially true of Americans. They are in many respects the most remarkable people in the world, but they have no head for metaphysics. Yet there never was a people that could weigh and sift and analyze the meaning of a *fact* like the American people. They do not ask us what we can say in favor of our religion, what arguments we can offer for its divine origin and character. They test it as they would test a new mechanical contrivance by asking, How does it *work*? Does it give better results in civic and domestic virtues? Does it make men more honest and straightforward and truthful and peace-loving and pure? And on the answer that they read in the lives of Catholic friends and neighbors will depend their judgment upon the faith we profess.

"Words move but example draws," is as true nowadays as ever before; and the example of the Catholic should in all justice be something more than negatively innocuous,—it should be positively, even aggressively, beneficent. The missions to non-Catholics have reached as yet barely a handful of those who sadly need them; each son of Holy Church has it in his power to make his ordinary daily life a most successful mission to the non-Catholic world in which he habitually moves. It is well to remember that we shall eventually be judged not only as to the evil which we have done but also as to the good which we have failed to do.

Notes and Remarks.

Bishops in various parts of the world—India, France and New Zealand—have lately warned their flocks against what one of them calls “impudent traffic in sacred things.” The Bishop of Tarbes denounces certain sacrilegious swindlers who have been promising spiritual favors at Lourdes on the payment of stated sums of money, even going so far as to forge the signatures of eminent ecclesiastics in order to make it appear that the scandalous scheme is approved. A thirty-days’ prayer to St. Joseph utterly repugnant to Catholic teaching, with instructions for its recital that are plainly superstitious, is condemned by the Bishop of Laranda. This multiplication of unauthorized prayers and devotional practices is one of the greatest abuses of our age. Solid piety seems to decrease in proportion to the increase of new-fangled devotions. We lately saw reference to a prayer-book in which there are no fewer than sixty-five “rosaries.” As the Bishop of Laranda remarks, “there are prayers already in plenty that have the sanction of God and of His Church.” Those who compose new prayers and invent new rosaries would be better employed scouring pans or raking leaves.

The editor of *The Literary Era*, noting some of the changes in the public taste, sets down “a revival of interest in the Church of Christian antiquity” as among the conspicuous developments of the last half century. It is worth while to quote his words:

This Romeward glance has marked every return to historico-romantic art. Tieck, the Brentanos, and other German romanticists of the later eighteenth century, found in the Catholic Church the living exponent of the mediævalism which they worshiped, and became enthusiastic converts. Their French follower, Chateaubriand, returned under the same influence to the faith

from which he had wandered in his youth. In England, Sir Walter Scott exploited the Middle Ages and the Catholic Church for the scenery and the incidents of his finest poems and romances. Though his was only a pictorial interest, as is that of Caine and Zola and the rest, there is no doubt that he was a powerful factor in preparing the way for the Oxford Movement toward Ritualism and Rome. Indeed, Father Barry, in his monograph on “Cardinal Newman,” reminds us that “Walter Scott remained always an object of his admiration, nor can we doubt that his stories opened to the future Cardinal a vision of the ancient faith by which he was unconsciously influenced.” And, lastly, the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, who revived the romantic spirit in England after the reaction against Walter Scott and his school had run its course, reverted to Catholic art and Catholic literature for their inspiration.

But it is not in the sphere of the arts alone that the Romeward tendency is manifesting itself: in the ethics of the day it is even more apparent, and intellectual sympathy with the Church is more common in English-speaking countries than it has ever been since the Great Schism. If one may judge by signs, a glorious day for religion is speedily approaching, if priests and parents, colleges and seminaries, supply the Church with a devoted and enlightened laity and a worthy priesthood.

The General Convention of the Episcopal Church lately held in San Francisco was devoid of any important results. It had been proposed to change the name of the denomination; to adopt new canons prohibiting marriage after any divorce for cause arising after marriage, and decreeing excommunication against members who married after divorce, except in the case of an innocent party in a suit for adultery; also to establish a more liberal policy toward “sectarian” bodies desiring affiliation with the Episcopal Church. For good and sufficient reasons all three of these proposals fell flat, and it is altogether probable that the same fate will attend them at the next General Convention

in 1904. There were clerical and lay delegates in San Francisco sane enough to see the presumption there would be in a comparatively small denomination calling itself the Catholic Church of the United States or of America; and they wisely concluded that no matter what official name might be adopted the sect would still be known by outsiders as the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The attempt to adopt new marriage and divorce canons was opposed by clerical and lay delegates on the ground that such legislation would have the effect of damaging the Church and driving people from the communion. The bishops were made to feel how powerless they are to change the interpretation of the law of marriage traditional among Protestants. The "divorce scandal" will therefore continue, and probably increase, among Episcopalians. The efforts to attract other denominations to the Episcopal body were no more successful. The General Convention was hardly over when the Reformed Episcopalians announced that they would entertain no proposals for union till certain cherished pretensions of the P. E. C. were forever abandoned. Thus does Protestantism ever reveal itself. The "city of confusion" becomes worse confounded.

A strikingly concrete illustration of the universality of the Church, and of her unswerving obedience to the command of her Divine Founder, "Going, teach ye all nations," is afforded by each successive issue of *Les Missions Catholiques*. In a recent number we find letters from Archbishop Cedi, of Syria; Mgr. Otto, Vicar-Apostolic of Kan-Sou, Mongolia; Father Aroulapper, native Jesuit of Trichinopoly; Archbishop Gandy, of Pondicherry; Abbé Joly, of Nagasaki, Japan; Mgr. Augouard, of Oubanghi, Africa; a Jesuit missionary of Central

Madagascar; finally, Father Lecomte, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who writes from Upper Cimbebasia, giving a most interesting account of the baptism of the old King of Catoco. The illustrations accompanying the main articles give excellent views of scenes, churches, and personages in Africa, China, and the Canadian Northwest. The whole number emphasizes most impressively the Church's exclusive right to the title of *catholic*,—a name which must prove illusory as applied to any other body of Christians.

The humors of the schoolroom are illustrated with exquisite drollery in "English as She Is Taught," a compilation of genuine answers to some examination papers in our public schools published by The Century Co.. None of these answers have been "tampered with nor doctored in any way," as Mark Twain assures us in the preface; and indeed the *naïveté* of them passes the invention of the grown man. Here are some samples: *Alias*, a good man in the Bible; *Emolument*, a headstone to a grave; *Ipecac*, one who likes a good dinner; *Republican*, a sinner mentioned in the Bible ("and in Democratic newspapers now and then," adds Mark Twain); *Plagiarist*, a writer of plays; *Demagogue*, a vessel containing beer and other liquids. Some curious information is also given by these youthful prodigies: "We should endeavor to avoid extremes—like those of wasps and bees"; "Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle because it is so beautiful and green"; "The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah"; "The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America"; "Henry VIII. was famous for being a great widower, having lost several wives"; "Holmes is a very profligate and amusing writer." Alas, poor Autocrat! Most of these

specimens refer to things that the children ought to know; a few, however, show a knowledge that they ought not to possess under any circumstances. Thus two bright youths, with *zoölogical* and *geological* "in their minds but not ready to their tongues," wrote most improperly: "There are a great many donkeys in theological gardens." And: "Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets."

Of course, this book has a serious as well as a humorous side; it reveals school-children as receptacles of obscure and wordy rules; and, as Mark Twain says, "They might as well be crammed with brickbats: they at least would stay." The humorist concludes with some reflections on "brickbat culture" which the directors of our public schools might well take to heart.

The Eucharistic Congress in St. Louis was a great success, and its promoters are to be congratulated on the fruit of their efforts. It drew prelates and priests in large numbers from every part of the United States. Admirable was the interest taken in all the proceedings, the fervor shown at the celebrations held in every church of the city, the zeal manifested in plans proposed for the spread and increase of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The papers read and the sermons delivered all bore the stamp of solid learning and enlightened piety; and the regulations adopted by the Congress are well calculated to secure practical results to priests and people. Rarely is such an object-lesson in the faith afforded as was given in the Church of St. Francis Xavier at the opening of the Congress—between five and six hundred bishops and priests bent in adoration before their Eucharistic Lord. What a wondrously impressive sight it must have been! The new century has witnessed nothing more

extraordinary. Most auspiciously indeed has the Eucharistic movement begun in our country. That untold blessings will result from it, who can doubt?

* *

The Congress was the subject of a strong, stirring editorial in the *Western Watchman*, two passages of which deserve the widest reading possible:

"We have an altar," and on that altar is Christ, the Son of the living God. He is there for the life of the world, for the life of the Church, for the life of His priests. The essential difference between a Catholic and a Protestant church is not that the one is the house of God and the other is not, for both have been devoted to the worship of the Deity; but the Catholic church is not only God's house: it is actually inhabited by Him; while the Protestant house of God is without a tenant. The Emmanuel is a hidden God, and His presence is made known only by the conduct of believers. Catholics, especially priests, must proclaim the Real Presence by their conduct toward the Blessed Sacrament. The faith and piety of the priest must permeate the parish, and the faith and piety of the people must permeate the world. This is the one way in which all men may belong to the royal priesthood of the New Law. "Whosoever confesses Me before men, I will confess him before My Father who is in heaven."

The Real Presence remains "a hard saying," and reason in our day will not accept it. We can not prove it for two reasons: it is a mystery and it is a thing of faith. But the greater the difficulty of understanding, the stronger the duty to believe. This belief must not be theoretical; it must be, above all, practical. It must be a living faith. The priest proclaims the truth of Transubstantiation, but he can not prove it; he can show he believes it; and in believing it can induce others to believe, when in his piety and devotion at the altar he shows that he is standing on holy ground, and that in looking into the uplifted Host he is face to face with the Most High God. When the priest is often seen in the sanctuary, the faithful will be often seen in the pews. An empty sanctuary produces an empty church.

It seems that the Congregations are still a difficulty to the French ministry. The passage of the famous, or infamous, Law of Associations has not afforded them the complete satisfaction which they evidently anticipated from its enactment. The *Annales Catholiques*, of

September 29, states that the government was then actively striving to induce the Carthusians to reconsider their determination to leave France, and to prevent the Trappists from following the Carthusians' example. No question is ever permanently settled until 'tis settled right; and, unless all signs fail, France will have, within the next decade, a ministry and an Assembly of Deputies that will make short work of repealing the legislation that threatens their republic with an exodus as disastrous as would be the departure of not only the Jesuits, Assumptionists, Carthusians, and Benedictines, but the Little Sisters of the Poor, St. Vincent's Sisters of Charity, and many other communities devoted to works of purest charity and humaneness. When Catholic France really awakens, the present impious rulers will be retired without any unnecessary delay.



Catholic deaf-mutes in the United States have a capable and zealous patron in the person of Mr. James F. Donnelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The periodical which he publishes in the interests of this class of unfortunates deserves the generous support of the Catholic public. There is urgent need of energetic efforts to secure religious privileges for our deaf-mutes attending State institutions, in not a few of which open or secret proselytism has been going on ever since they were established. Mr. Donnelly asserts that in the majority of them Catholic children hear nothing but calumnies against the Church, and that thousands of them have lost the faith. The *Catholic Deaf-Mute* publishes a list of schools for the deaf supported by public money in which the right of religious freedom is denied to Catholic pupils. The mere statement of such an outrage ought to be enough to secure its immediate abolition.

Notable New Books.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. By Jean Guiraud. Translated by Katherine De Mattos. Duckworth & Co.

To write a biography of St. Dominic true to life is a difficult task. He is one of those saints who easily lend themselves 'to legend;' it has fastened upon him, and his history is consequently obscure. To his admirers he is known as one of the foremost defenders of the Faith, full of zeal for the glory of God, the founder of a great religious Order powerful for good in a thousand ways,—in a word, as one remarkable even among saints for holiness of life, marvellous deeds, and wondrous miracles. To the enemies of the Church, St. Dominic is merely the founder of the Inquisition, "his figure appearing to them in the sinister light of the fagots,"—a bigot of bigots.

The present biography avoids many errors. It is not legendary, it is not sentimental, it is neither picturesque nor exhaustive; but it is written with admirable candor, and the author has drawn from the most reliable sources. There are many more copious and more interesting histories of St. Dominic—for instance, the admirable one by the late Mother Drane,—but there is none more free from exaggeration and extravagance than M. Guiraud's volume. We can cordially recommend it as a correct outline portrait, greatly to be preferred to many another picture in which one sees more of the author and less of his subject. In the main, the translation is good.

A Saint of the Oratory. By Lady Amabel Kerr. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

The saint whose biography Lady Kerr has so charmingly written is Blessed Antony Grassi, of the Fermo (Italy) Congregation of Oratorians. His beatification was solemnized last year, more than two centuries and a quarter after his death. Steps leading to that consummation were taken as long ago as 1748, and again in 1874, 1893, and 1895. His sympathetic biographer sees in this lengthy delay a special design of the Holy Ghost in presenting this new saint to our veneration and imitation at this particular time.

Perhaps the reader of these edifying pages—and they are just as attractive as they are edifying—will conclude that the one great lesson which we may learn from Blessed Antony's life is that there is no necessary connection between sanctity and unusual, extraordinary or (in the worldly sense of the word) heroic deeds and enter-

prises. The broad lines of this gentle Oratorian's career were as unlike the "strenuous life" that is so belauded nowadays as can well be imagined. His life was simple, uneventful, and untroubled; as distinctly commonplace, to all appearances, as that of any ordinary good priest. And herein undoubtedly is the best lesson it can teach the many thousands who, we trust, will peruse its interesting record. Sanctity or holiness lies within ready reach of all: it is nothing more than the perfect accomplishment of the everyday duties of our state in life. Lady Kerr is to be sincerely congratulated on the production of a volume which affords both spiritual help and intellectual delight; and her publishers are to be thanked for presenting it in a fittingly handsome form.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. By the Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S. Benziger Brothers.

This new volume of the series of text-books of Scripture-study undertaken by Father Gigot has all the merits of the preceding volumes, for which we have repeatedly expressed our admiration. The author is evidently in touch with the best modern scholarship, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and he inspires confidence by his open-minded discussion of the conclusions arrived at by Bible students not of the faith. We notice, by the way, that, while there is not the least disposition to yield a single point involving doctrine or doctrinal inference, Catholic apologists of the most uncompromising orthodoxy are beginning to assume a more sympathetic tone when speaking of the so-called Higher Criticism. Perhaps the reason for this may be found in the following words of Father Gigot:

The time has unquestionably gone by when Christian apologists could afford to treat lightly the prolonged and painstaking labors of generations of the best Hebrew scholars of the world. This is all the more true because there is an ever-growing agreement among them concerning the main positions assumed, and also an ever-growing diminution of differences regarding points of any importance. It must be conceded, no doubt, that a certain number—or rather a comparatively small number—of the Higher Critics have been actuated throughout their work by a strong bias against Revelation; that such scholars have at times set forth arguments which had for chief support their unbelief in the possibility of miracles, and drawn rationalistic conclusions from the facts they appealed to. But these features were personal, and not necessarily connected with the critical analysis of the historical and legislative portions of Genesis-Josue. Hence it is that when their views were submitted to the test of unbiased critics, their irreligious character was at once discounted; and their scientific value, if they had any, was the only element that received consideration. In fact, in the eyes of

almost all the supporters of the critical theories regarding the Hexateuch, the admission of several documents back of our sacred records appears as the best means to corroborate their historical character; and the ascribing of each one of them as near as possible to the age to which it really belongs, as the best help toward the correct understanding of the facts or laws recorded.

In accordance with this truly Catholic spirit, the Recent Theories are not treated in the high-handed fashion common among our apologists a few years ago, but are discussed in a temper befitting well-bred men and scholars. Indeed, both sides are so evenly presented that it is hard to tell in what direction the author himself leans,—a questionable merit in a text-book, some will think. We are grateful to Father Gigot for the labor of digesting and condensing a large literature into this brief compass, and for his open-minded and capable treatment of an important and difficult subject.

Renaissance Types. By William Samuel Lilly. Longmans Green & Co.

Four or five years ago when Lord Acton was planning the monumental series of historical studies that are still unpublished, he invited Mr. Lilly to undertake a section of that great work; but the invitation was declined because Mr. Lilly was then "fully occupied with other studies." The volume under review is the fruit of those studies. It was evidently written *con amore*. It is vivacious in style and spirit; it is illuminated with all the lights and side-lights that the wide historical reading of the author afforded; and it is exceedingly—perhaps excessively—liberal. It amounts to a history of the Renaissance. "I remember," the author writes, "one of the most accomplished scholars it has been my good fortune to meet saying to me that in investigating the past the problem is to extract general history from individual histories." Accordingly, Mr. Lilly has chosen five types of men to exhibit the more marked characteristics of the Renaissance period; Michael Angelo, the artist; Erasmus, the man of letters; Reuchlin, the savant; and Sir Thomas More, the saint.

Mr. Lilly is a Catholic, but he has deliberately chosen to write from the view-point of an outsider,—a questionable proceeding, but one in which he has been splendidly successful. His work, therefore, can not be described as Catholic, any more than the work of Symonds, Freeman or Heath Wilson could be so described. The net results of Mr. Lilly's studies, however, will be satisfactory to most Catholic scholars; for, while granting that the Reformation was the source of

some good things, the author utterly rejects the contention of Protestant partisans that to that remarkable period we owe "the liberation of the conscience in religion" and "the principle of religious freedom." Quite the contrary spirit animated those times and later ones. We also gladly mention as among the best results of Mr. Lilly's studies, the defence of Michael Angelo against the charges of youthful dissipation and of being a Protestant in reality; and the fresh exposure of the methods of Froude, especially in reference to his treatment of Erasmus. Those for whom this work was intended will find it fresh, scholarly, interesting and illuminative.

The Isle of the Shamrock. By Clifton Johnson. The Macmillan Co.

To our mind, the numerous illustrations by Mr. Johnson form the best feature of this book. It is pleasantly written, and he gives some interesting accounts of village characters and entertaining descriptions of rural scenes. But his views are always from the outside. One can not read many pages without concluding that the author must have rushed through Ireland on a jaunting-car, stopping now and then at wayside inns or cabins just long enough to jot down his impressions. These appear to have been formed quite as hastily as they were written. Mr. Johnson met one "stout, red-faced Catholic priest whose breath was odorous of whiskey, [therefore]... nearly all the clergy are drinkers." Again, he found that in the Protestant churches "discussion and disagreement are always rife," while in the Catholic churches "there is more harmony." Conclusion: this harmony must be due to "intellectual stagnation."

The conditions to which the Irish peasantry are subjected are hard indeed, but the hardest of all is to be at the mercy of writers like Mr. Clifton Johnson, so incapable of understanding what the poor in Ireland have to contend with, and that it is less honor for a country to be prosperous than to be free from crime.

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. Macmillan Co.

"The Crisis" is one of the books that deserve the praise they have received, and this is saying much. Mr. Churchill, first of all, chose a theme informed with more than ordinary interest; and a theme which required a time-setting full of effective possibilities, in the way not only of character portrayal but also of situations whereby the sweep of action might be kept tensely, though not sensationally, dramatic. We are just

at a time when the days of the great crisis are beginning to stand out clearly; and this novel, this idealized picture of men we all know through history—an idealization which is more real than reality,—will open up new channels of thought and of study; and because of this the history of to-day will become better known to us as studied through a better knowledge of the past.

It has been generally conceded that "The Crisis" is a distinct advance over "Richard Carvel" in point of literary workmanship. There is no reason why a comparison need be made; for the *mise en scène* called for different methods of plot-movement. In the Virginia story, the progress is outward and from a centre; in "The Crisis" the characters are, as one reviewer has said, "drawn toward a geographical centre by the controlling force of an individual, which presently becomes national destiny." Of the character portrayal, Grant and Sherman stand out the heroes they were; and though Mr. Paul Leicester Ford may have given us the true Washington, Mr. Churchill has given us the true Lincoln.*

Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. By a Sister of the Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena (Stone). Edited with an Introduction by the Very Rev. Father Procter, O. P. Benziger Brothers.

This is a most interesting and edifying volume,—a handsome volume too, skilfully printed and tastefully bound. It consists of a hundred or more brief biographies of saints of the Order of St. Dominic, with—excellent feature—a short, suggestive prayer at the end of each one. These prayers, many of which are remarkable for their beauty and unction, are translations of the Collects recited in the Mass on the saint's feast. The biographies are arranged according to the Dominican calendar, but in an appendix we have a chronological list, which is also an index. The variety of these word-pictures could not be greater than it is. Every condition and position of life is represented. There is Blessed Imelda, for instance, patroness of First Communicants, whose baptismal robe was never sullied, dying in a transport of joy and peace at the age of eleven; and Blessed Anthony Neyrot, first a religious, then a profligate and apostate, then a convert, and finally a martyr for the faith which he had renounced.

Our table is piled high with new books, but none was more welcomely received than this collection of Lives of Saints. May it win a host of readers, every one of whom will find between its covers a patron and a pattern!



Her Majesty.

BY E. BECK.

HER ways are most erratic,
Her moods uncertain are,
She is as autocratic
As sultan is, or czar;
And, strange to say, her orders
When most absurd, unwise,
Within her kingdom's borders
Occasion no surprise.

For she, this queen so royal,
So fair likewise to view,
Has subjects truly loyal,
And vassals not a few,
Who wait upon her daily,
And bear her humors all,
And do her bidding gaily
Within her kingdom small.

Her words are often quoted,
Her smiles are highly prized,
Her actions still are noted,
Her faults are minimized:—
For she so early laden
With weight of royalty
Is just a little maiden
Whose age is half-past three.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XIX.—A SORE TRIAL.

WHEN the foster-mother of the little cripple saw the child had passed away, she threw herself upon the bed where the body lay, in an abandon of grief. Mr. Haylon tried to soothe her, but waited until the first outburst of grief was passed. He was tenderness itself when he spoke.

Most men live dual lives. Those who knew the lawyer in his fierce forensic combats of the courts, battling with

voice and brain for his client—stern, unrelenting, leonine, and with eagle glance detecting flaws in his opponent's armor,—would scarcely have recognized him in the gentle comforter, soothing an old and slovenly woman's grief,—a woman, too, of the slums, from whom Respectability would make a wide *détour* for fear of contamination.

After assuring the mourner that he would attend to the funeral arrangements and expenses, he and Harry took their departure. As they were leaving the poor woman moaned:

"It's never a chick or child I have now to care for! Oh, sir, she was all the world to me!"

"The poor girl is better off now, Mrs. McSweeney."

"That's true, sir; but it's lonesome I'll be without her." And the tears flowed afresh.

"She was not your child, you say?"

"No: I adopted her when she was a baby. She was as dear to me as one of my own."

"I quite believe it. Her news-stand in the Chamber of Commerce comes to you. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will buy it from you. Here is thirty dollars for it. Will you take that?"

"May God Almighty in heaven bless you, and the blessings of a poor woman go with it!"

He did not tell her that the stand and all its stock belonged, of right, to him. The purchase was in reality a polite fiction. For many months he had supplied all the salable articles on Nancy's stand. He would not dream of letting the woman know that.

The next morning Mr. Dick of the Brass Buttons was installed in the

cripple's place. And a proud boy he was, with a crisp ten-dollar bill for capital, and a well-stocked stand with which to begin business.

When Harry Russell and the lawyer left the hovel where Nancy died, the latter walked so rapidly that the boy could scarcely keep up with him. He was thinking deeply. Harry had sense enough not to disturb his thoughts.

Russell had thoughts of his own to keep him occupied. The mystery of life and death and suffering had come home to him with startling vividness. Great thoughts—thoughts which make men of boys—were crowding in upon him. This was the first time he had met Death face to face. His mind was filled with a variety of emotions.

"Will you come home to dinner with me, Harry?" said Mr. Haylon, as they emerged again into the business portion of the city.

"I thank you, sir, but I prefer not to go this evening. I want to go home and think."

"Very well, my boy. But do not get morbid over this evening's experience. Remember that Divine Providence overrules everything. Good-night!"

The following day, with the clue the dying girl had given him, Mr. Haylon set on foot an investigation which was eventually to change the current of Harry Russell's life.

But while the astute lawyer is making his preliminary inquiries, we will leave him for a time and relate an incident in Harry Stanley Russell's college career which was to prove the bitterest experience of his life. He was destined to cry: "If an enemy had done this I could have borne it; but that my friend should rise up against me!" It all came about in this wise.

Our readers will remember that the friendship of Claude Grantley and Harry Russell began with the incident

of the quarrel over the prize essay on St. Anselm. Harry's noble explanation of the difficulty caused a mere schoolboy acquaintanceship to ripen into strong friendship. This friendship was bound and cemented by a mutual esteem. It had never been marred nor broken up to the time of the incident now about to be recorded. Just before it happened, owing to the common danger they had passed through with regard to the treacherous "semi-annual," their liking for each other was never more solid. But a dangerous familiarity, which among the inexperienced and the thoughtless is apt to breed contempt, was the origin of the trouble.

Harry Russell dressed very stylishly during his last year at college. To those who watched him closely there appeared the slightest traces of superciliousness. This was not marked except to those who knew him well. To the ordinary run of boys at Rockland he was the same genial, good-natured Harry, the friend of the small boy and protector of the weak.

All the boys noticed that he dressed better—wore higher collars and was more particular as to the set of his necktie and the polish of his shoes. But everyone knows that as boys get higher in college they begin to pay more attention to their personal appearance. It is a natural evolution. It creates no particular notice at a college. The opposite would create more.

Now, Harry, with his many excellent qualities, was not ideal. He was rather sensitive. He foolishly disliked that any of his companions should refer to his former impecuniosity. It is true that his domestic affairs were now in a much better state than they were ever before within his memory. His father, under Mr. Longstreet's aid and his influence, had kept steadily at work. As an experienced electrician, he earned good

wages, so that comfort was once more to be had at home. Yet Harry was sensitive. One day he was extremely angry because some one in his class had slightly hinted in a foolish way that the class parties had been broken up, not so much for the sake of the studies which had been neglected, but to avoid their expense. It was, of course, a foolish remark. Harry was more foolish in taking it up as if it were intended for him and for him alone.

Grantley observed his ill-humor. He was surprised at his friend. Harry could not be a cad, he thought; yet this looked uncommonly like caddishness.

One day Claude, unfortunately, made a great blunder. It was a day or two after the "semi-annual" in February. He and Harry were in the college library, each selecting a book for "a good read" on the next day, which was the regular Thursday holiday.

"What shall I read?" said Harry. "I really do not know what to choose—Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Egan, Finn, Lecky. I don't know which to take."

"I am going to stick to Dickens," said Grantley, "until I have read all his works. Ah, here's the one I want!—'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' Mrs. Crispingle is delicious. Say, Harry," he continued, "I tell you what you should read"—and he took down a volume of Thackeray,—“you should read his chapter on 'Snobs.' It's fine."

Why did Russell blush? Perhaps he was a little nervous and overwrought. The death of Nancy had upset him. His "plugging" on account of neglected work for three weeks had been hard on him. A reaction was setting in. He was not quite himself. Then he was the least bit, ever so little, conscious that he was acting in a manner—well, not becoming to an American gentleman. This consciousness stung him. In a moment he was angry.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with passionate anger in his eyes.

Grantley saw that he had made a mistake. He tried to pass it off lightly.

"It's fine literature, Harry: you will enjoy it."

"What do you mean?" he again inquired, more angrily than before. "Do you intend to insult me?"

"Not at all!"

"Yes, you do."

"No, *I do not*. Harry, be reasonable, old fellow!"

"Don't 'old fellow' me, please!"

"Umph! you are rather huffy to-day."

"Huffy or not, I won't let you or anybody else insult me."

Claude, foolish fellow, began to get angry too.

"Who is insulting you? I tell you I was not; but if the cap fits, you may wear it. Perhaps, after all, it would be well for you if you did read something about snobs. I am not the only one who has noticed you. A little money in one's pocket doesn't make a gentleman."

"I—I—I—" began Harry Russell, but he was too angry for speech.

Grantley snatched up his Dickens and left the room.

Russell sat down in a daze. What had he done? Quarrelled with his best friend! Fallen out with the boy whom he really loved! It seemed as if it were all a dream, the whole episode was so sudden and unreal. Oh, this ought not to be! It *must* not be. It is all a mistake. He jumped up and followed Claude. He got into the yard just as Grantley was mounting his wheel.

"O Claude, Claude! it's all a—"

Grantley did not stop. Evidently he was angry too.

"When your common-sense returns, I'll talk to you!" And he was off.

What little things make or mar our happiness! A hasty word, a thoughtless remark. The pity of it!

Russell went home actually sick at heart. He knew he was to blame. He had been too hasty, too sensitive, and too foolish. But pride also whispered that Claude was to blame as well. Yes, let him come and apologize.

Grantley argued much in the same way. He had been foolish; he should have kept his advice to himself. Yet Russell was too uppish lately. Then, let him make the first approaches toward a reconciliation. Russell must do that, or otherwise—well, he didn't care.

He did care, however, very much. Both spent a miserable evening and Thursday. On Friday each waited for the other to make the first approach. Neither of them made it. They did not speak to each other all that day, in class or out of it. Two unhappier boys could not be found at Rockland. Saturday passed in the same way—and Monday. Misunderstandings between friends soon become inveterate. By the next Wednesday night—one week—it seemed to both as if they had been apart for centuries.

The quarrel involved the two boys in many awkward situations. Their sisters remained as fast friends as ever, blissfully unconscious of the condition of affairs between their brothers.

"I am going over to the Grantleys, Harry," said Grace on the first Sunday afternoon after the quarrel. "Will you come for me in the evening?"

"Really, you take up a great deal of my time," said her brother, testily. "It is not far and there are electric lights all the way. Can't you come home alone?"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Grace. "Um-um! if my own brother, does not want to see me safely home, I guess I can ask Claude. Probably he will be more accommodating."

"Ask him," said Harry, shortly.

She did, but Harry took care to be out of the house when he came.

As the days went by the breach grew wider. There was one redeeming feature about the quarrel. Both of the belligerents were too high-minded to say anything mean or ugly about the other. Each bore his annoyance—and his sorrow—in silence.

XX.—FRIENDS AGAIN.

Russell and Grantley were enthusiastic amateur photographers. Both homes were adorned with some really fine pictures that the boys had taken and exchanged in the palmy days of their friendship. It so happened that Mr. Dalrymple was an enthusiast in this line as well. It was he who had given these two boys the first lessons in the mysteries of the art. One day he met them in the corridor.

"I have been trying to see you two for a day or more," he said. "I am preparing a lecture entertainment for Washington's Birthday. Will you help me, both of you, to dust and arrange the slides?"

"Do you want me, sir, or—" began Harry Russell.

"I want you both. I have plenty of work for both."

Neither boy liked to refuse. Thus it came about that evening after class that the two were thrown together for the first time in many days. They worked on in silence, except when one or the other spoke to Mr. Dalrymple. That gentleman soon saw how the land lay. There had been a falling out. Of that he was certain. How could he manage to effect a reconciliation? He was at a loss what to do.

Both boys were working on the same set of slides, numbering and arranging them for the professor. Sometimes their hands would accidentally touch,—if, for instance, one through inadvertence was out of order in taking up every other slide. "Excuse—" one would begin, and

then suddenly stop short; while the other would make a substitute for acceptance of the quasi-apology by a sound somewhere between a word and an inhalation of the breath.

They had worked on in this strained way for nearly an hour. The sets of slides were nearly all finished. By this time it was growing dusk, so that they had to light the gas in order to see to finish their work.

"I have one more set, boys, and then I will release you."

The teacher put the last box of slides on the table between them. Harry Russell stretched out his hand at once to lift the lid of the box. Just at the moment Grantley did the same. For some unknown reason, at the instant of doing this Claude became distracted. Harry felt the pressure of his whilom friend's hand on his own as it rested on the lid,—he felt the palm of a hand which he had so often taken in his own, and which he would now give the world to shake once again in friendship. Claude's distraction lasted not more than three seconds, but it sent a thrill through each.

"Oh, excuse me! I was not think—" began Claude; then he checked himself as he remembered he was talking to one whom he thought he hated.

"It was my fault—" and Harry stopped short for the same reason.

What geese boys are in general and these two in particular! Here was a good opportunity for a reconciliation for which both were longing. Had their sisters been placed in a similar juxtaposition, they would have kissed and made up in a trice.

The two boys went on sorting the slides according to a directive lecture catalogue. The set happened to be a very pretty one. It was a series of illustrations of a story published in one of the magazines some years before,

and which was at the time immensely popular. It was the story of a suffering child, whose continual pains were partly alleviated by the fascination it had for a set of tin soldiers. The mother and father were not living harmoniously together. One day, striding in anger across the sick-room, the father stepped upon and flattened one of the soldiers. The child wanted an explanation, which neither father nor mother could nor dared to give. The death of the child restored peace and harmony to the sorrowing parents. One, taking up the flattened tin soldier, said: "He knows now!" The other replied: "Yes, but at what bitter cost!"

The touching story was well known to both the boys. In fact, not long before they had read it together. The photo-slides had been well executed.

Incidentally, Harry Russell lifted the last of the series up to the gas-light. He was much impressed by its beauty.

"Beautiful!" he said, forgetful of his strained relations with his companion.

Claude was carried away for the moment. Without thinking, and from force of long habit, he put his hand on Harry's shoulder and said:

"What is? Let me see."

Both looked at the slide held up to the light. Their heads were close together.

"At what bitter cost!"

For the first time in many long days their eyes met. There was a timid, wavering look in each pair. But, still, there was a look of love,—of hungry love. The mutual look broke the ice. The stemmed torrent of their affection for each other rushed back.

"Harry!"

"Claude!"

Both spoke in tones scarcely above a whisper. Young men are not as a rule demonstrative. This was enough. Each had spoken—intentionally—to the other. Two right hands sought each

other as if by spontaneous action. The clasp was long and warm, burying animosity and pride and coolness, breaking down all the foolish barriers which had arisen between them.

"At what bitter cost!" said Harry.

"At what bitter cost indeed!" replied the other. "Harry!"

"Well?"

"What geese we have been all this time!"

"Perfect geese!"

"And how miserable I have been!"

"Not more than I have; you may bet on that, Claude!"

"Well?"

"I think I shall go over to the library and take out the book which has the chapter on 'Snobs.'"

"Oh, don't, Harry! I was so foolish at the time I suggested it."

"Not at all. I believe I was growing to be one. This affair has taught me a lesson," admitted Harry. "Claude!"

"Well?"

"I think if Grace goes over to see Ethel this evening I will come at nine to bring her home."

"Do, old man! It seems an age since you have been to the house."

"If I don't come, and you bring her back, you won't find me away from home."

Mr. Dalrymple, coming suddenly into the room where the boys were working, was delighted to see the two laughing and chatting like magpies. And perhaps it was not the picture held to the gas-light that did it all. Certainly there were two sore hearts held apart by a foolish pride and longing to be reconciled. Mr. Dalrymple had quietly dropped into the students' chapel during his absence and said a prayer that the two might again become friends.

"Grace, going over to see Ethel to-night?" said Harry an hour later.

"Ho! ho! A certain brother doesn't

seem to care very much lately whether his sister goes or not."

"Gracie, are you going?"

"I don't know yet."

"Please go!"

"There! Now I'm sure of it. You two had a falling out—keep quiet and let me talk,—you had a quarrel with Claude Grantley, and now you have made up."

(To be continued.)

Queer Customs in China.

The Chinese not only pay great respect to their aged living relatives, but they worship the spirits of their forefathers after they leave the earth. Once a year, in the early spring, they have what is called the Festival of the Graves, at which time they repair to the burial grounds, taking with them little dishes of food and wine. These they arrange in order about the grassy mounds with much care and many ceremonies. Candles and joss-sticks are lighted, and the men and boys strike their foreheads upon the ground as a token of humility in the presence of their ancestors. Then they burn a large amount of paper money upon the graves, and conclude by another offering of food, with which the poor ghosts are expected to refresh themselves later.

Just think what it would mean to be a Chinese boy! You would not only be obliged to obey your father—mothers do not count for much in China,—but you would have to do homage to your grandfathers as far back as anybody could remember.

WHAT are pointed out in Rome as the four most celebrated pictures are: Raffaello's "Transfiguration," Volterra's "Descent from the Cross," Domenichino's "Saint Jerome," and Andrea Sacchi's "Saint Romualdo."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Vladimir Soloviov, the Russian poet and philosopher who died a few months ago, is referred to by a writer in the *Athenæum* as one of the most vigorous intellects of our time. "His hymns to the Mother of God are beautiful; he glorifies her under her gnostic name of the Virgin of the Rainbow Gates."

—"Drink and Its Remedies" is the title of yet another American edition (there were five already) of Father Cullen's "Temperance Catechism." The little book deserves all the encomiums that have been passed upon it. It can not be too widely circulated. The arguments set forth in favor of Total Abstinence are strong and varied; but what we like best about this booklet is its insistence on the importance of the Sacraments, prayer, self-sacrifice and good example in combating the drink evil. Published by the Christian Press Association.

—Under the general title "Religious Education and Its Failures," the Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D., formerly Bishop of Gibraltar, lately contributed four excellent papers to this magazine: "The Leakage and Its Causes," "Errors Concerning Memory," "Errors in Our Catechetical System," and "Evidence in Corroboration." Great interest has been manifested in the subjects so frankly and wisely discussed by Dr. Bellord in these articles, which plead for a reform in our methods of religious instruction, and illustrate the need of catechisms entirely different from those now in general use. Pastors and teachers everywhere will be gratified to hear that these highly important papers have been revised and enlarged, and are now to be had in pamphlet form. Published at our office.

—No writer on educational topics in the United States is now so widely read as Bishop Spalding. Teachers have recognized the inspiration of his books and they are eagerly welcomed everywhere. The Bishop always insists that the aim of life is the Kingdom of Heaven, and that the school finds its loftiest mission in the things of the mind and the higher life. "For the emphasis which his books and addresses have put upon this side of education," says the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, "the American people owe him a debt of the profoundest gratitude." And the writer adds: "When the committees who select books for teachers' libraries meet this fall, they should examine the catalogue to see how many of Spalding's books are on the

shelves, and the very first order for additional volumes should include those of his series which are not in the library."

—The New York *Staats Zeitung* chronicles the discovery by Father Joseph Fischer, S. J., professor in the Stella Matutina school at Feldkirch in the Vorarlberg, of two large maps by Waldseemüller in the library of Prince Waldburg-Wolfegg at Wolfegg Castle. The older one, dated 1507, is entitled, "Universalis Cosmographia secundum Ptolemæi traditionem et Americi Vespucii aliorumque lustrationes." This is the oldest map that bears the name America.

—The *Chautauquan* describes itself as a magazine for self-education. This is probably intended to mean that with the *Chautauquan* for a guide one might educate oneself in a way. A very crooked and narrow way it would be, if we are to judge by this statement regarding Madame Guyon: "She . . . worshiped the saints, adored the relics of martyrs, etc." Madame Guyon was a mystic and the guide of Chautauqua is a Methodist. One may not know just what to think of her, but after reading such an article as we have quoted one imagines the writer to be a pale, spectacled young person preparing for the ministry, whose knowledge of the Catholic Church has been derived from such sources as D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation" and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

—Dr. P. Kehr, professor of history in the Protestant University of Göttingen, believes that one of the chief glories of the present glorious pontificate was the opening of the Vatican archives to historical students of all nations and creeds. That is a very natural view for a professor of history to take, and the whole cultured world will so far agree with Dr. Kehr as to admit that Leo XIII. has given the death-blow to the old charge that the popes are necessarily obscurantists. The German savant gives a snapshot view of the archives, which shows that students have not been slow to profit by the Holy Father's generous invitation. We quote a paragraph of his which we find in the *Literary Digest*:

A visit to the working-rooms of the Vatican archives assumes an international aspect. By the side of the German professor are found a French savant and representatives from every Christian country of Europe and America. Since access has been given so freely, various institutes for research have sprung up in great rapidity in Rome for the special purpose of utilizing these treasures. The leading learned

organizations are the Prussian Historical Institute, the Görres Society, consisting of German Catholic savants; the Austrian Institute for Historical Studies, the French École de Rome, and the Hungarian School; and there is even a Belgian, a Danish, and a Polish Society. So great is the international zeal to investigate these archives, which contain the greatest collection extant of unpublished documents on the history of the medieval ages, that it is with difficulty room can be found for all who ask to be accommodated. The Vatican authorities have made the best of arrangements to supply the demand, and the librarians meet the wants of Protestants as quickly and as politely as those of Catholic savants.

—Of all fleeting things literary fame would seem to be the most ephemeral. Many authors whose names were once on everyone's lips and whose books were in everyone's hands have lived long enough to be forgotten even by those who have need to remember. Robert Henry Newell, who died in Brooklyn last summer under sad circumstances, was a brilliant war correspondent and the author of several very popular books, including a volume of poems. He was editor at different times of the *New York Mercury* and *Hearth and Home*, and wrote constantly for other periodicals under the name of Orpheus C. Kerr (office seeker). His most successful books were the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers." We have yet to see an adequate notice of this brilliant but eccentric man, so well known to the former generation. He is reported to have died alone in poverty and obscurity.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.
Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1 50, *net.*

Renaissance Types. *William Samuel Lilly.* \$3.50.

The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., *net.*

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., *net.*

The Catholic Girl in the World. *White Avis.* \$1, *net.*

Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. \$1.75, *net.*

A Saint of the Oratory. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60, *net.*

The Crisis. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

The Retreat Manual. *Madame Cecilia.* 60 cts., *net.*

First Confession. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 40 cts., *net.*

Meditations for Monthly Retreats. *Archbishop of Utrecht.* \$1, *net.*

Life Questions. *John Henry Francis.* 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

Forgive Us Our Trespases. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 55 cts., *net.*

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Henry Mueller, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati; the Rev. Hubert McPhilomy, Archdiocese of Philadelphia; and the Rev. John O'Reilly, Diocese of Davenport.

Mr. Frederick Kolp, of New Berlin, Pa.; Mr. Andrew Herzog, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Acton, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Dines, Ivesdale, Ill.; Mr. Bernard Armstrong, Springfield, Ohio; Mr. Valentine Erner, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. Timothy Hanley, Ballyclough, Iowa; Mr. William Irving, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret Logan, Manchester, N. H.; Mary G. Walsh, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Julius Kurth, Easton, Pa.; Miss Josephine Walter, Mrs. Phoebe Garland, Mrs. Mary Ryan, and Mr. James Kelly,—all of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Lawrence Nolan, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Clark, New York city; Dr. Eugene Walsh, Richland, Wis.; Mr. J. E. Walsh, Fairhaven, Wash.; Mr. Amable Benoit, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Humphrey, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Catherine Murphy, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Barbara Egan, Salem, Mass.; and Mr. Edgar Dauer, Lawrenceville, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: Friend, \$1; McM., \$5; Mrs. T. H., \$2; C. P. A., \$1.65; Friend, \$2.

For the Indian and Negro Missions: McM., \$10.

For the Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars: M. McM., \$1; Mrs. P. K., \$2.

For the Japanese lepers: P. A. B., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

NO. 19.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

"God Rest Them!"

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

GOD *rest them!* 'Tis a sweet and tender prayer;
O breathe it o'er and o'er,
That He may lead them into mansions fair,
Where they shall weep no more!
So it may happen that another day
Some Christian, passing by
The place of graves, will linger there and say,
"God rest them!" where we lie.

On Attention in Reciting the Little Office.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

IN order to perform the Office it is not necessary to have in mind the precise sense of the prayers we say. The texts are at times difficult, and the attention is not always under our control. Besides, the mind may legitimately exercise itself upon other suitable objects. Yet, speaking generally, we can not pay too great attention to the sense of the words, "Let him who reads, understand."* This is most natural and is conformable to the mind of the Church and to the example of the saints. In fact, when we address ourselves to God and bless Him, or when we utter certain forms of prayer, it is but natural to attend to the words we pronounce, and join to the letter the thoughts and affections it expresses.

To neglect this source of inspiration and seek else for ideas is doing a kind of violence to our mind by laying on it a double needless labor, and making it wellnigh impossible to do either in a proper manner. Again, by so doing we should be lowering the dignity of the Office and misunderstanding its aim. The Church has certainly not given us this book except for a wise purpose; and what other end can she have in putting her words on our lips except to put her thoughts into our mind and her sentiments into our heart?*

The example of the saints is clear upon this point: they do not seem to understand any mean between strict mental application to the words and distraction. St. Bernard tells his monks: "During the psalmody think of nothing else but what the psalmody suggests."† St. Bonaventure says: "As far as possible, say no word without attention and understanding it." St. Teresa, always so practical and common-sensed, gives the same advice: "When I say the *Credo* I ought to understand what I believe; when I say the *Pater Noster*, love requires that I should know who this Father is."‡

Now, attention may be verbal or mental: to the words we pronounce or to the thoughts they express. On the point, then, of verbal exactitude let us hear the author of "The Myrrour":

"And as it is so great peril to leave

* Bacquez, pp. 206, 207.

† Serm. In Cant., 47.

‡ "Way of Perfection," 25.

* Matt xxiv, 5.

ought of this holy service as is before said, therefore all that are bound thereto ought not only to ascertain their heart to have mind thereon, but also to use their tongue to say it suitably and distinctly, without failing or over-skipping of word or syllable. For like as a good harper smiteth all the strings on his harp each in its own kind; and if he smote the first and the last, or if he smote recklessly over all at once, he should make no good melody; right so God's service is likened to the song of a harp, as the prophet saith: *Psallite Domino in cithera*,—that is, 'Sing to God on the harp.'* And therefore in this harp of Our Lord's service ye ought to smite all the strings; that is to say, all the words and syllables, each in its kind and in its place, and not hurry them out together, as though you would say them all at once. For the praising of God in His Church ought to accord to His praising in heaven, whereof St. John in the Apocalypse, after he had heard it, said: *Et vocem quàm audivi sicut citheredorum citharizantium in citharis suis*: that is, 'The voice that I heard in heaven was as the voice of harpers harping on their harps.'†

"All the words and syllables ought to be said distinctly from the beginning unto the end in each member and in each part thereof. For like as clippers or falsifiers of the king's money are punished by death, even so they that clip away from the money of God's service any word or letters or syllables, and so falsify it from the true sentence or from the true manner of saying thereof, deserve to be grievously punished against God."

We must be on our guard against "clipping the money of God's service." This, again, need not generate scruples. All that is required is that we should give to the verbal recitation that

ordinary amount of care and exactness which we use in any important matter of our daily life. St. Francis of Assisi used to punish himself very rigorously for the least voluntary distractions; and St. Joseph of Cupertino, whenever he found himself drifting into carelessness, repeated the verse. These were not cases of scruple, but of a stern purpose, which aimed at bringing the mind into obedience according to the words of the Apostle: "Bringing into captivity every understanding to the obedience of Christ."*

It is useful to recognize from the first the cause of our faults; the remedy then is easy. Now, the faults we are beset with come chiefly from a desire to hurry over the Office. Says Bacquez:

"Dissipation of mind, routine, desire for liberty, preoccupation, and above all that restless activity which hinders us from fixing our thoughts upon anything whatever and makes us always long after some new object,—all conspire to render the 'Office' time inopportune and to shorten its duration. To recite the Office with suitable gravity and attention we must love it and know its attractions; and to love and relish it we must have the spirit of prayer, of recollection and fervor. Everything which tends to weaken this spirit tends to lessen our love for the Office and to make us hurry over it.... There is no fault more common, none more fatal, none whose effects are more difficult to cure.

"'Haste is the destroyer of devotion,' says St. Francis de Sales. If we allow ourselves to get into the habit, the interior spirit, which is the source of all merit, becomes dried up; and instead of the highest use of our intellect, there is only a lip-worship, and holy thoughts and noble sentiments are replaced by a blind and mechanical routine. Once

* Psalm xcvii, 5.

† Apoc., xiv, 2.

* II Cor., x, 5.

a slave to this habit, in vain do we multiply words of prayers.... The words that rise to our lips say nothing to our heart and leave no impression on our soul. They are nothing but a useless set of words, like those Our Lord blamed the heathen for: 'When ye pray, speak not much like the heathen; for they think to be heard on account of their much speaking.' To reduce the highest function to a purely mechanical exercise, to turn to the detriment of the prayer and piety what was meant to preserve and develop both one and the other, can not be indifferent and without reproach in God's eyes. Let the awful implication warn us: 'Let his prayer become sin.' And the punishment foretold by the psalmist: 'Let the labor of their lips cover them, let burning coals fall upon them.'"

If the cause of hurry is the whirl of various occupations which nowadays is heaped upon us (as though our salvation depended upon the amount we do and not how we do it!), the remedy is very easy. The Office is of obligation; private prayers and special devotions are not. Rather than say the Office badly—for hurried saying is bad saying,—omit or shorten every other devotion and give the time thus gained to the Office. It is well for us to bear in mind that the devout saying of the public prayer is much more important to the Church than all the rosaries, meditations, litanies, and novenas of private devotions. St. Bonaventure says it is an illusion to think that we can compensate by our private devotions for the voluntary defects in the prayer the Church imposes on us. If we say the Office properly, we have mental prayer in a most perfect form, and a vocal prayer we can apply to every intention.

But looking at the question from the point of time, what is gained by a haste

so unbecoming? "Some short moments in an hour; ten minutes at most on the day's Office. Does it compensate—I do not say for the fault we commit, for the merit of which we deprive ourselves, for the scandal we cause, or for the punishment we incur,—but for the resistance we feel in so sweet and consoling an exercise? Can we reasonably, for a gain so small, dry up in our heart the fountainhead of grace, and make the most precious hour of the day not only unfruitful but a weariness and a pain?"

The example of the saints is to the point. St. Alphonsus made a special vow never to lose time, yet he never hurried over his Office. He carried out what he recommended to others—viz., to say it with calmness, attention and respect. St. Francis Xavier, too, although a whole world lay before him to convert, never hurried over the Office, but even added to it special prayers to obtain the grace to say it well.

We do not want to make the Office a burthen, nor do we advocate the slow and measured recitation used by some of the contemplative Orders. This would but ill assort with the active vocation. The recitation should be sufficiently grave, so justly measured, that the sense of the verse and the meaning of the words can have a chance to penetrate our heart. When the Office is made, as St. Benedict calls it, "the work of God," and nothing is preferred before it, then the times of choir are the happiest hours in the day. They are all too short for the sweetness we gain in the sacred psalmody. And shall we sacrifice this by wasting our time upon other works which are not so necessary or profitable?

One remedy against hurrying is that followed by such great saints and such busy men as St. Charles Borromeo, St. Philip Neri and St. Vincent de Paul. They never said any part of the Office

by heart, but read line by line the psalms and prayers they knew best. This practice, although it may not suit all persons, is useful to those who are overburthened with exterior work. "For by this means the words, striking the eye and the ear at the same time, are less exposed to pass unperceived; and the care taken to discover the word we pronounce is one more obstacle to the tendency to routine."*

But attention is not confined to mere verbal accuracy. Words are only the outward clothing of the thought. A machine, such as the phonograph, can produce the mechanical effect of words, but it can not think. We are not machines: our mind has to go with our voice. As St. Benedict says: "Let the mind concord with the voice." And the psalmist says: "To Thee hath my heart said."† Our heart must speak to God if we would be heard. Therefore let the psalmist lead you: "If he prays, pray with him; if he sighs, sigh ye also; and if he rejoice, joy ye too; should he express hope, fill your heart with trust; or if fear pervades him, tremble. For all things what are here written are as a mirror for us."

Thus says St. Augustine: "Let it not be objected that the words of the Office are not our own; that the Psalms were not composed for us; that they suppose a train of thought, circumstances, and dispositions that are not ours. For the Office has been compiled for us. The Psalms (we can not repeat them too often) have Jesus, the Incarnate God, not David, as their first and principal object. What they express is not the mind of any one man in particular, but the mind of all Christians considered in Him who is their divine head. The sentiments contained in the Psalms are those which by the Holy Ghost were first wrought in the soul of Our Lord, and

then through Him in all those who are members of His mystical body. Therefore they are ours as well as David's or any of the saints'. So it was for us the Psalms were written. The Holy Ghost had us in view when He inspired them. He speaks of our perils, of our warfare. He mourns over our sins; and it is our repentance, our hope, our zeal, gratitude and love, He speaks of in such true and touching language. For, according to St. Paul, 'All things are yours; but ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.'**

No matter how careful we may be at the beginning of the Office to fix our attention and secure our wandering thoughts, we soon grow distracted and our fervor dwindles away. The Church, as far as she could, has tried to remedy this; for she has woven her Office out of psalms, antiphons, hymns, versicles, lessons, and prayers; so that variety should be secured. She, moreover, orders that at one time we should sit and at another stand or kneel or bow, or cross ourselves. This is one of the great practical advantages that saying Office in choir has above private recitation. But these means fail when we say our Office by ourselves, and we want other aids to help the infirmity of our minds.

One of the great helps—and we are speaking now of private recitation—is to be careful of the place in which we say the prayer. There is no place where God can not be found, but there are places where He is to be found more easily. "The Lord is in His holy temple: the Lord in heaven hath His seat."

Wherever we say our Office, one thing we can always control—unless, indeed, sickness or something exceptional makes it impossible,—and that is our attitude. But there are few things about which we feel less scruple or so easily listen to excuses. And how glibly we quote to ourselves St. Teresa's saying, that

* Bacquez, p. 239.

† Psalm xxvi, 8.

** Bacquez, pp. 209, 210.

one of the conditions favorable to a good prayer is a comfortable position! Now, what the saint does say is that a physically uncomfortable position will naturally divert our mind to the pain we feel; and therefore a position free from these inconveniences should be secured before beginning to pray. She did not mean that sofas or armchairs are the best places for prayer—unless it is God's will we should occupy them.

Sancta sancte.—Holy things should be done in a holy manner. Our body, as well as our soul, has to give its meed of service to God. Our Divine Master gives us the example of a reverent posture in prayer. The Evangelists tell us: "He raised His eyes to heaven";* "He prostrated on the ground";† "And kneeling He prayed."‡ And such of His servants as St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Charles, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis de Sales, the Venerable Curé d'Ars, said their Office on their knees. St. Paul of the Cross always said his Office bareheaded.

But if we are not able to kneel for any length of time, and have to change our position, we can always adopt one that is reverent and recalls to our mind that we are speaking with God. To get this the real truth about the Office well into our mind is the surest means of securing a reverential saying, no matter what position we are obliged to take; for where the heart is regulated the body will correspond.

As to the proper time for prayer, God is always ready to hear us. However, as the Church has fixed seven hours for prayers, the Office, *as far as possible*, should be said either at these hours or as near to them as can be. Happy he who can (and how few there are who can not if they would!) snatch a few minutes every three hours to take part in the prayer fixed for that

hour. Custom has, however, sanctioned a division into three parts. The three parts are: Matins and Lauds said overnight, the Little Hours in the morning, and Vespers and Compline in the evening or afternoon. The objection to this is that it makes a night prayer of Lauds, and thus loses sight of the fact that it is the original morning prayer of the Church. Now, we would suggest as a better division: Matins overnight; Lauds, Prime, Tierce and Sext in the morning; None, Vespers and Compline in the evening. Compline might be said before Matins with only a short interval for mental prayer.

But when we foresee a day before us fuller of engagements and occupations than usual, it will always be well to get *all* our Office said at once in the early morning, so as to secure "that nothing be preferred to the work of God."* The Office should be our first care. An old writer, Hugh of St. Victor, says: "To pray before the time is *providence*; at the fixed time, *obedience*; but to postpone it is *negligence*."†

"Is it useful to have a companion and say the Office aloud and alternately?" asks M. Bacquez. And he thus replies: "It is good sometimes to use this method, in order to prevent the bad effects of habit and to stir up our fervor. If true piety is present, each one is excited and edified, like the seraphim of whom Isaias speaks. The more they conform to the usages of the choir, the less difficulty also will they have in entering into the spirit of the Office."

Another useful plan to guard our attention is to mark in our books some fixed places, such as certain verses or words. These will serve as signals to recall our soul, if wandering. For instance, at the *Gloria Patri*. St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi told one of her Sisters that she had been taught by

* John, xvii, 1. † Mark, xiv, 35. ‡ Luke, xxii, 41.

* St. Benedict's Rule.

† Ed. Migne.

her confessor to make an offering of her life to the Holy Trinity whenever she bowed her head at these words,—“As though I were presenting my head to the executioner to undergo martyrdom.” The Blessed Jordan, the second General of the Dominicans, used at these words to implore in a special manner the blessing of the Most Holy Trinity. Once at Matins, when the Invitatory was being sung, he saw our ever dear and Blessed Lady coming down from heaven and bearing in her arms her Divine Son. A throne was set up for them by the angels. During the *Venite* Our Lord and His Holy Mother regarded the friars with great benignity; and whilst they were bowing at the words *Gloria Patri* the holy man saw God’s Mother take the tiny hand of her Son and make the sign of the cross over the brethren.

The word *Oremus* is a direct invitation to recollection. The *Per Dominum nostrum*, with which so many prayers end, recalls our union with Jesus Christ. The *Amen*,—a word so often used, and its meaning so little realized. These are some of the obvious places at which to regain our attention. Then some verse or some particular word sheds one day a special light into our soul. This should be marked to recall the light we have had. Two of those great spiritual writers in which the French Church has been so prolific, Cardinal Bérulle and Père de Condren, tell us that when saying the Office alone we are to remember that we do not interrupt or distract ourselves if we pause at some particular passage which there and then affects us. We rather are obeying Holy Writ, which tells us to meditate day and night upon the Word of God and to find in it all the light we require. The Holy Ghost has a message to give us, and we must listen to it. How can we listen for His voice if we are always speaking?

Links of Love.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

I.

MAY 1, 1898 — Once I remarked in “Sweetheart’s” hearing: “It must be a delightful thing to keep a diary; one can talk with the pen so much easier than with the lips. Then, reading in after years the record of past pleasures, noting the growth of thought and feeling, would it not be interesting?” And the next Christmas, among other gifts, there was the loveliest little *diario*, bound in blue; linked to it with a bit of Venetian chain the exquisite gold pencil that I had so often admired among Sweetheart’s heirlooms. On the first page these lines: “May this volume never be opened or closed with a sigh, or the writing which shall fill it ever be blotted by a tear!” So, to make the first entry, I choose this joyous spring day, my birthday, and begin my story from the beginning, when I was a lonely little girl, wandering in that Old-World garden, confiding odd fancies to my first friends, the flowers.

There was no sweet mother-face, no strong father-voice smiling from or touching to music the first recollections of my infancy; only Kathleen and a garden,—but, oh, that garden was a rare place, almost up among the clouds! For the old chateau had been built at the foot of a sheer bluff, growing upward till its roof found a level with the highland behind. That highland, converted into a paradise—with arbors of white and purple grapes, bowers of jessamine, shading rows of plum and pear, apricot and almond trees, beds of bloom for every season—was entered through an attic window for a gate. And such a delightful view to meet one—the ancient city of Tours, the lazy

Loire spanned by its graceful bridge, and in the distance chiming belfries and a world of spires!

"Sure, darling, it's a comfort to the eyes, those church spires," Kathleen used to say, directing my attention to them long before I understood her meaning. "No matter how far from home you may be, in what strange foreign lands you may find yourself, the churches all speak the same language to your heart; and you know there's one Friend always waiting for you there, darling,—always waiting for you there!"

Nine long months of the year—for the summer lingers late in Southern France—we lived and had our being in that roof-garden. The more ornamental, but less picturesque, *jardin* which lay before the house belonged to our tenants, a grim old Russian nobleman and his invalid wife, for whom, together with their three domestics, I cherished a vehement dislike.

"Why must they live in our house?" I demanded sternly of Kathleen. And she replied:

"Hush, my darling! and I'll be trying to tell you; though you are too young yet to understand how it was when I came here: your father gone away; and your blessed mother just going after him, only a 'Good-bye' to say to me; you beginning to walk alone down the thorny road of life; and this great house ten times too big for us; but bound on our backs with a nine-year lease. And sure a lease, dear, is a promise to pay rent of a house whether you live in it or not, or whether you'd better be saving that same rent for bread. And it was a glad day when the priest of St. Martin's—the one blessed priest who could answer a body in English—sent me those same tenants to help us out of our trouble. The Holy Mother keep them here, I'm praying, till we can go away!"

"Are we ever to go away from here, Kathleen?" Of course that question was a natural sequence.

"Maybe sometime," she sighed; "but, mind, I'm not promising it. We never know if To-morrow will be frowning or smiling till she throws up her veil and says 'Good-morning!' to us face to face. It's God's way to keep the future hidden, dear; and if it's His way, it's surely best. And now I'll be spinning a story for you."

That was Kathleen's way of changing the conversation. And such stories as she spun! When her fund of fairy-lore was exhausted, every flower in our garden was woven into some beautiful legend, broidered with poetic imagery, breathing the spirit of St. Francis, the sweet fraternity of all created things—"Sister Butterfly" and "Brother Bee." And when the sun's last rays had been withdrawn from the fair landscape, and night came bringing youth its meed of happy dreams, the parting memory day left with me was Kathleen sitting by my bed, softly singing the song which, because of its gay, lilting melody, I loved the best:

Ah, the white rose of life
That God gave, dear, to you,
With its heart full of love
And its leaves full of dew,

And the morning sun climbing over the hill
To see if my darling be waking!

Ah, the blessed round world
That God made, dear, for you,
With its floor all of green
And its roof all of blue,

And the star-eyes of angels a-peeping through
To see if my darling be sleeping!

For Kathleen, letters often came,—letters which she would go apart to read; but one memorable May morning there arrived something for me: a box bearing the travel-signs of a long journey, which, murmuring unintelligible exclamations, she proceeded to open before me. A tear splashed on her quick, strong hand as she lifted the lid; and

the first article—a bright-bound book—she kissed several times, as though it had been a person. Then she poured into my lap a glorious array gathered from toy-land and doll-land, crying:

“Ah, *mavourneen*, it’s not everyone that has the true Sweetheart to send her fine gifts from over the sea! Some day I pray you’ll be looking in each other’s eyes,—I can not tell you now,” she replied to my torrent of questions—Who was my Sweetheart? Where did he live? How did he look? What was his name?

So now Miss Curious must needs content herself with stringing strands of shining fancies on the thread of imagination, while proudly displaying her treasures to the few who filled her childhood’s “book of friends”: the kind *curé*, who made everyone’s joy or sorrow his own; Mlle. Adrienne, my governess, a tall, black-robed woman, who never smiled, and who, I sometimes thought, envied me my Sweetheart; and poor Ernestine, an orphan, scarce ten years my senior, who was bound till her majority to the cruelest of mistresses, our neighbor over the way.

My first efforts to express sympathy for her were in the form of shared nuts, fruit or candy. Of course it needed but a breath of kindness to set the lonely heart aflame. When every hard task assigned her was accomplished she would glide across to me at eve-fall, speaking love and gratitude with every glance of her large soft eyes, from which tears had never washed the wondrous smile of perfect peace. In her confidences the present was never touched upon, only the future, with its sweet hope—the hope of becoming a little Sister of Charity, and humbly serving that dear Lord who took from her each night the tiny twig-crosses of sorrow which she offered Him, and laid them beside His own great cross of oak, His crown

of thorns, the hyssop, and the nails.

“Sure, and if that’s the way the child talks, it’s a blessing that, thanks to Miss Adrienne, you can understand the French language that she speaks!” said dear Kathleen, when I would repeat to her some of Ernestine’s aspirations. “It’s a grand calling to be a priest or a nun; but wherever we may be God gives us all many blessed ways to serve Him,—many, many ways.”

That first “wonder-box” was followed each May, each December, by another, the contents growing more valuable as I grew older and more appreciative. Everywhere about my pretty room you could find my Sweetheart’s gifts; but I loved most a ruby cross of curious setting, seven stones and nine, each seeming a drop of blood caught and prisoned in a crystal sphere. It was the first jewel Ernestine had ever seen, and she delighted in holding it, coaxing the sun to bring out crimson lights and flashes, reverently kissing it as she restored it to me. I, too, was playing with the fascinating trinket, by the window, that fair September afternoon, when Kathleen’s hasting footstep on the stairs came nearer, nearer, and she rushed into the room, crying:

“O darling, we can go home now! Your grandfather—God rest his poor strayed soul!—is dead!”

“Home, Kathleen? But this is home. Must we leave it—poor Ernestine and everything! And grandfather is dead! O Kathleen, he was my Sweetheart,—my dear, dear Sweetheart!” I clung to her in an agony.

“No, he was not your Sweetheart,” she answered; “far from it. He was a hard man, whose heart was a granite rock, without a cleft for a green blade of love or forgiveness to take root in. That summer night when your mother gave her hand to the poor young artist, she left behind her forever the

saddest home a roof ever covered. But now—God be praised!—it's all over. I'll be carrying back, safe and sound, the treasure I was sent here to watch over. And very soon, dearest, you must be giving to another the love that's made my poor bare life a dream since you first came into it!"

I held her closer, and as I pressed my cheek to hers I noted for the first time how flecked with gray was her thick brown hair. My friend, my faithful Kathleen,—till then she had been only my playmate.

"Kathie," I whispered, "I shall always love you the same. But tell me more about my father. He was an artist?"

"Yes, a great artist," she said; "but the world did not understand him. His pictures are all in that closed room at the turn of the stairs that you've often asked to enter; and now I'll be slipping the key in the lock for the first time in years, and packing everything for the journey home."

Whatever, till then, dormant artistic talent I may have inherited awoke within me as I stood next morning in the centre of that long-closed room, my dead father's studio. A flood of air and sunshine streamed through the casements, swaying the moth-eaten curtains fringed with cobwebs, casting rugs of gold here and there on the bare floor, in whose dust were traced three diverging paths—Kathleen's tiptoe footsteps, each leading to a window. A large easel occupied one corner, on which stood a half-finished picture; and when I looked around at those which hung upon the walls, or leaned against them, all proved to be in the same state of incompleteness: messages to the artist's soul, heard in the night's mid-watches,—heard and understood, but to utter which, when day brought opportunity, all effort failed. Even the copy of a Raphael's Madonna—an

engraving of which had always hung above my bed,—even that shared the fate of the rest. The sweet, familiar mother-face smiled toward me from the canvas, but the Holy Child was missing from her arms. Ah, father,—dear unfinished life! O empty chair and cold, closed room! With nameless terror tugging at my heart, I turned and fled to seek the warmth and strength of Kathleen's sympathy.

How closely we clasp things in this life just before we must put them by forever! Never so beautiful seemed my old roof-garden as I walked therein for the last time, bidding each flower, each tree, an individual farewell; never so grand the gray chateau—"my castle of happy memories"; never so musical the cuckoo clock warbling the hours from its niche upon the stairs, or the mellow bell of the great cathedral calling in the distance; never so fair the "blessed round world," my childhood's world, "with its floor all of green and its roof all of blue." Then, partings over (my poor Ernestine, how bitterly she wept!), we were on the sea,—I for the first time; awestruck by its power and immensity, thrilled by its beauty; looking with eager expectancy toward the new world, the new life I was about to enter, and at whose threshold I would find waiting, with outstretched arms, my Sweetheart—the mysterious Sweetheart who had long since taken form in my imagination as a tall, dark figure, with the yearning eyes of my beautiful mother's miniature; the dreamy smile, the thick brown hair and flowing beard of my father's.

After a cloudless voyage, the vessel steamed into her dock amid a deluge of rain, tossed against one's face by a mischievous east wind. On the pier a host of dripping umbrellas surged and swayed. To me it seemed that for each one reaching port, three persons

waited in welcome. But my Sweetheart was not among the number, only a little gray man, whom Kathleen saluted and presented to me as "good Doctor Warren," sent to meet and hedge us round with the tenderest care for the rest of the journey, and who left us only at the door of home.

How clearly I remember the first glimpse of the dear old house, with the smiling, happy boy framed in the broad, hospitable door, his marvellous blackness intensified by a snowy white apron! Of him Kathleen asked a single question:

"Will we find the mistress in her old room—the blue room?" When he had replied affirmatively, "You need not be showing us the way: I know it," she commanded: Then, seizing my hand, she drew me up the hall.

"Darling" (I felt her tremble), "in a moment more you'll see your mother's mother,—she that's loved and longed for you in the distance all these weary years; your Sweetheart,—so she wished you to know her till the meeting (if there ever came one); and I've not forgotten to keep the secret. You must be going in to her first, and alone, Miss Rose. I'm just the poor servant that's tried to do her duty for the dearest mistress in the world; and I fall back in my old place now. That's her room yonder, with the door wide open; and she's lying there, too weak to rise, the doctor said, for very strength of joy. Fly to her like the white bird of love and healing that you are,—fly straight into that hungering, thirsting heart that a hard man broke, and make up to her for all her sorrows."

"My child,—at last, at last!"

The rapturous cry thrilled me as I ran forward, to fall into the outreached arms of my mother's mother—my Sweetheart; a woman of wondrous beauty, despite the pain-lines in brow

and cheek and the ivory whiteness of her hair.

Then such a long embrace! Dreamed-of mother-love, with its warm kisses and its murmured tendernesses, had come to me at last! After a long while she turned my face up to the light and read it like a letter from the past, sobbing:

"Yes, yes, *her eyes, her mouth, her hair*—my lost darling's self,—mine, mine forever now! Say you will love me,—say it again! Oh, in your dear voice say: 'I will love you, grandmamma; and I will never, never leave you while I live!'"

And I made answer, stroking her soft pale cheek:

"I do love you, grandmamma; only I like *Sweetheart* better for the name to call you always by. Listen, if it does not sound prettier, dearer: I love you, love you; and I will never, never leave you, Sweetheart, while I live!"

And I never will! Mary often teases me, asking what I shall do or say when the Prince comes to bear me away on the winged white steed of Love? *Her Prince* is going to carry her off on the next anniversary of our graduation, June 27. How fast Time flies! I pray she has wisely chosen: that *her* dear heart may not be broken by a "hard man" like Mr. Manchester. I can never even think of him as my grandfather.

Now good-night, little book, and *au revoir!* Next time I will tell you what I think about life, all I am doing and all I mean to do with the happy, happy days that make up the simple sum of mine.

(To be continued.)

WE have the assurance of God Himself that death is no break but a continuance,—rather a real beginning, all before it being but a prologue. The gates open and we pass through.

—Percy Fitzgerald.

November.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

NOT a gleam of color o'er all the lea,
 Or above it in heaven's dull canopy,
 Not a wind-note struck but in minor key,
 As if to bid us remember
 That the year has lost health's ruddy glow,
 That its blood runs thin and its heart throbs slow,
 That its speedy death they all foreshow—
 These sights and sounds of November.

But other scenes meet our faith-cleared eyes,
 To listening ears float other sighs,
 And fervent petitions incessant rise
 From loving hearts that remember
 The Holy Souls who expectant wait
 The opening wide of their prison-gate,—
 Be it ours to hasten that joyous date
 In this month of our dead, November.

A Thirteenth-of-November Feast-Day.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

NOVEMBER in Rome. The time of the vintage is over; the sky laughs in its purity of autumn blue; round about the city sportsmen are going out over the wet meadows in the early morning; and the little strips of young wood seaming the Campagna, moist, cool, diamond-hung and steaming in the sunshine, still harbor many a shy late flower. In the streets clashes a revelry of light and color; the last glory of suburban villas is gathered in to deck shrines and tombstones; and there is one spot, at once both shrine and tomb, at which some of the fairest and sweetest tributes are laid. I mean where, in the little chapel at S. Andrea del Quirinale, the altar covers the grave of St. Stanislaus Kostka.

The church, a very quiet one, belongs to the Society of Jesus, and stands on the heights above the Quattro Fontane, at the back of the now royal palace. When the humble Duke of Gandia built

his novitiate in 1566 it seemed a fine thing that it should be but one street distant from the papal palace; when the papal palace became the royal palace, the honor grew to a peril. However, as nothing is lasting in this world—as revolutions brew, ferment and ripple away again silently to the edges of the teacup; as kingdoms and republics alternate in succession with the most liberal and fraternal equality,—there is no real cause for agitation. Above the balcony of the Quirinal Palace the Virgin and Child of papal days keep watch. Peter and Paul (we do not say it irreverently) look down upon Castor and Pollux; the names of Phidias and Praxiteles read beneath their work—if it be theirs—at the foot of the old, old obelisk: Egypt, Greece, Rome—where are they now? And exactly facing the antique doorway by which the little kings and queens of our own day come out, from the fountain he set there, stares the name of Pius VII. If it is not a *memento mori*, it has at least some grim significance in the place it occupies.

The Church of S. Andrea, said to occupy the site of the Temple of Quirinus, was built in the seventeenth century from designs by Bernini, and stands back from the street on a small piazza of its own. It has a projecting portico, supported by columns and approached by a semicircular flight of steps. The interior boasts several pictures by good masters—David, Borgognone, Gerard de la Nuit, and others; and contains also a rather remarkable tomb, that of King Emmanuel of Sardinia. There is upon this a handsome bust-portrait of the monarch who abdicated his throne to enter the Society of Jesus. S. Andrea is very rich, however small, and full of rare marbles in casing, pillars and floor. About the cupola are wreathed those flights of sculptured angels which found

such favor in Hawthorne's eyes. To him "this little, little temple [it is not more than fifty or sixty feet across] has a more perfect and gemlike beauty than any other."

To Catholics, whatever they may think of this somewhat enthusiastic statement, there is indeed a gem here, and it is the tomb of St. Stanislaus. Stanislaus is not the universal saint, like Aloysius Gonzaga; nor is his feast celebrated with that pomp and splendor which on June 21 make it almost impossible to approach his altar in the Church of S. Ignazio, much less to attend to your devotions there in peace. Yet is there something singularly and potently attractive about this "little youth," in the memory of his spotless life and most tender devotion to Mary. On the November morning which is his feast-day many will come and kneel at that precious altar to receive the Bread of Angels, humbly praying that they "may be made worthy of It by his intercession who deserved to be fed with the same by the ministry of angelic hands."

At the threshold of the church, strewn with green and kissed with sunlight, the inevitable Roman beggars have posted themselves since dawn. To-day they beg alms for the love of "San Stanislao Benedetto"; and, however much you may resent their importunity, you will find it hard to refuse them when the genius of Christian faith places upon their lips those selfsame words the Church is breathing in supplication at God's altar. The chapel of the saint (the middle one on the left as you enter) is adorned with three fine paintings by Carlo Maratti, representing scenes from St. Stanislaus' life. Perhaps the most beautiful is the one over the altar, in which he is kneeling, with face of unspeakable rapture lifted to the face of the Virgin Mother as she presents

him the Holy Child. A mellow radiance lights the scene, and the very tints breathe holiness.

When you go forth and leave the spot, that group will stay with you—the painter's legacy, as the epitome of a life. For there is much in that life worth remembering, and chiefly the joy of its innocence and the loveliness of its love. But when you have forgotten its details, the impression of it will yet dwell with you similar to the soft, luminous atmosphere of Maratti's canvas. You will think of the boy Stanislaus kneeling, dumb-struck with ecstasy, at the feet of the Virgin Mary, leaping at mention of her sweet name, quickened pulses sending the warmth to his cheek each time he spoke of her; and dying at last, lit up with celestial happiness, when she came to him—as he had prayed that she might come to him—on the festival day of her Assumption, at the hour of the morning-star. "Thou hast given him his heart's desire and hast not withholden from him the will of his lips. For thou hast prevented him with the blessings of sweetness. Alleluia."

All that is left of the chaste body lies beneath the altar, enshrined in a casket of lapis lazuli decked with silver lilies. It would seem that, by Our Lady's choosing, this pure one, whose soul incessantly wore her colors, should be honored with them likewise in death.

The buildings adjoining the church—among others the novitiate, where so many holy religious were formed; where St. Francis Borgia received the fugitive son of the house of Kostka; and where on November 25, 1585, Aluigi Gonzaga, the young Marquis of Castiglione, took final leave of his attendants—have suffered a good deal from the modern laws of confiscation and annexation. Some small part of the property has been retained, but the room in which

St. Stanislaus died (the room showed at present is but another in which mementos of him have been collected) perished when the wing in which it stood was wrecked to enlarge the new-laid grounds over which the Quirinal windows look.

There is nothing astonishing in this intelligent nineteenth-century vandalism. If it be not the usual way of the world anent the things of God, in Italy at least it has become so common as scarcely to elicit a remark. Far indeed are the days when a Pope restricted the designs of his architects, to spare the hovel of a poor old woman. And as for that miller of Frederick's time, who was so desperately sure and declared so emphatically that his mill was his own, he should have been bidden to go study law, to say nothing of logic. He must have been an extremely old-fashioned person even in his own day.

The merest scrap of a garden has been left to the Jesuits, while the far larger part is absorbed in the useless decorative plot above mentioned. Here, where it is so unlikely to be appreciated, now stands the fountain at which the boy Stanislaus held intercourse with angels, and at which they bathed his breast burning with divine love. As for Stanislaus' brothers in religion, they may look out, and seeing it at a distance, cut off from them, take what comfort they may.

But to return to St. Stanislaus. His so-called room is reached through the novitiate. Some very modest stairs bring you to a first room, painted round with a series of pictures representing the entire life of the saint—from the miraculous sign which preceded his birth, through the years of childhood; the persecutions of his brother Paul; his sickness and receiving of the Blessed Eucharist from the hands of angels; Our Lady's calling him to the Society of

Jesus; his flight in pilgrim's garb; the miracle by which his brother's horses were prevented from advancing; his reception into the novitiate,—on to his death. One of the most notable among these smaller paintings is that of a fellow-novice delivered from temptation by the prayers of St. Stanislaus. The group of boys kneel at the altar of Holy Mary; and the contrast between the two central figures—the bowed head and humbled mien of the one, the fervor and eagerness of the other lifting his pure pale face and innocent hands in intercession—is very fine.

In a small chapel adjoining this room are precious relics of martyrs and saints. Beyond it we enter the room proper. An altar occupies each end, and one of these is surmounted by a picture believed to be an authentic likeness of the saint. At these altars on the 13th of November Masses are said without interruption until noon. In the middle of the room, against the north wall, upon a couch of marble, the figure of the novice reclines, delicately slim and almost childish, as it did upon his bed of death. The head is turned slightly over, pressing downward upon the pillow as if in sleep. In the right hand lie a crucifix and a rosary; the left is raised, to show the image of Mary which it holds. The Jesuit habit, open at the chest, is of black marble; while the inner garment, the body and pillows are white. The feet are bare and exquisitely modelled. There is a great peace and sweetness in the face; the features are of extreme fineness and nobility. It is not hard to understand that the Protestant sculptor (Le Gros) who modelled this should have become a Catholic later on.

There is a great fascination about that still, young marble figure. You may turn from it to look about the room, but you will come back and

stand yet closer, and the spell will grow upon you until you find it hard to leave at all. It may be that tears—dumb tears of the soul's deep envy—will sting your eyes. The whole room is full of some sort of clinging reminiscence, a sort of atmosphere purer than the outer air. You stand looking down upon that image, fair with a beauty above this world's beauty, and are ashamed of your life. It is the sort of feeling you have when you see children make their First Communion. You would give a good deal to be able to go back and stay among those little and those innocent, those simple and those pure ones—boys wearing white roses and little girls white-veiled and white-robed,—with whom you one day knelt. In the room of St. Stanislaus Kostka you do not pity the children who died in childhood.

About this spot children flock happily. They are in sympathy with him, they can understand him,—he was one of them. All day long they come trooping from home and school to pray their simple prayers around his couch. And he seems to lie gladly among them. His eyes are open, even though the calm and long, last restfulness of death are on his face. And very sweet and very young he seems; for the sculptor has half-parted his lips with that tenderness of joy which must have lingered upon them when the Beautiful Queen brought the glory of heaven into his humble cell that August morning, and the holy virgins intoned their song of mystery around his bed.

The Years.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

GRAY pilgrims we, who, tireless, march on,
Nor falter as we tread the mystic sod;
Who move toward night, or haply toward the dawn,
Unquestioning, but striving back to God.

Eugénie Forrester.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

XVII.

WE were talking thus, sitting close to the fire hand in hand, when a slight tap on the door made us both jump out of our chairs.

"Who is there?" shouted Count d'Ory.

"We can not find Eugénie," answered Mauricia's voice from the other side of the door. "Pierre and I have been hunting for her everywhere. Do you know where she is?"

Count d'Ory threw open the door.

"Enter, Mademoiselle!" he said. "You shall be the first to know our secret. This young lady whom you have known as Miss Forrester has promised to be my wife."

Mauricia stared, her eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Eugénie, come!" she cried, seizing hold of me as if afraid I should escape her. "My mother is so anxious."

I caught her up and carried her off,—Mauricia was such a slender little creature; no weight at all for a strong girl like myself.

"My cousin," she asked, as we wended our way downstairs, "are you really going to marry Count d'Ory?"

"Yes, little one. Don't you like it?"

"I never heard of anybody having two wives," replied the child, positively.

"Mauricia, what do you mean?" I said, my heart growing sick with fright. "What have you heard? Speak!"

"Isn't Count d'Ory going to marry Marguerite?" said Mauricia, in a very matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"You little silly!" I exclaimed, giving the child a shake, for she had scared me for a moment. Then I began to laugh at the absurdity of the idea. "Marguerite is going to marry Monsieur

de Clisson," I added. "But hush!"—for we were at the door of Madame de Fontenay's room.

When I told Aunt Mauricia of my engagement to Count d'Ory that good lady was much shocked at our want of etiquette.

"How is it, Eugénie," she said, "that this young gentleman did not write and ask your father for your hand? Or, failing that, that he did not come to me first? In my time no young girl would have listened to such speeches; she would have courtesied gracefully and answered: 'Monsieur, I can not listen to you: it is my father that you must address.' Such a want of *savoir-faire* might have been expected from a mere English girl like you, who have had no education; but that a French officer should so far forget himself,—I can not understand it."

"Dear Aunt Mauricia," I said gently, "please forgive us! We were taken so much by surprise. Do you know that Count d'Ory must leave Saultemont this evening?"

"Good heavens!"

My news fairly took Aunt Mauricia's breath away, and she listened with great interest while I gave her an account of all that had happened in the last few hours. One thing only I kept to myself—namely, that Herr von Steinberg had asked me to be his wife.

The clock had struck the hour for Count d'Ory's departure, yet he still lingered among us. It was a very cold day in January; and our country-house, ill-fitted for winter use, allowed the wind to enter by many a crevice.

My grandmother never left her room, where we often kept her company. On this day, however, we sat in Count d'Ory's garret, huddled close to the fire, and cold in spite of our endeavors to toast our feet and scorch our faces. From time to time one or other of us

would rise impatiently and look out of the window in the passage, whence we could descry, toward the farther end of the lawn, groups of soldiers moving about. They were too far off for us to see them distinctly, but they seemed to me unusually lively, and I feared some impending danger. Nothing occurred, however; and at last Lieutenant von Steinberg was heard coming upstairs.

"What is it?" we cried, trooping round him.

"Ulrich is dead. He will trouble you no more, Fräulein."

He looked down on me kindly and a little sadly; but my aunt and the Count were ready with their questions:

"How did it happen? When did it happen? Where did it happen?"

Herr von Steinberg had to satisfy them. He told us that Ulrich, excited by the release of his brother, which he attributed to his own cunning, had indulged in a great deal of horse-play with his comrades, and had finally accepted a bet with one of them that he would climb the wild-cherry tree that grew on the lawn quicker than the other soldier, who was a noted climber. Seizing a branch that hung over his head, he swung himself up, and after a hot struggle reached the top first. His shout of triumph was heard from on high,—but the boughs of the wild-cherry tree are liable to snap. A crash—a cry—and Ulrich lay on the grass below, dead—quite dead—with a broken neck! And Count d'Ory was safe once more.

"But Ulrich's brother?" queried the Count, after a long pause.

"Knows nothing," replied Herr von Steinberg. "He is a slow, rather stupid fellow. I questioned him indirectly: he knows nothing. So, my dear friend, you may safely remain here a few days more. It is better than wandering about the country evading our sentries."

"But some one else may discover me,"

objected Count d'Ory; "and a second time I may not be so fortunate."

"*Geduld*,—patience!" answered Herr von Steinberg. "My last bit of news is this: Paris has surrendered; we shall soon have peace."

I am afraid that my first sensation on hearing that Paris had surrendered was one of relief. Peace—blessed peace—would come once more. Count d'Ory would be safe, and we should soon learn what had become of Marguerite. My father would cease to hold his life in his hand, as he did then every day, being war correspondent; while Madame de Fontenay would be able to rejoin her husband, and Madame de Cambr sis the son she loved so well. These thoughts passed hurriedly and confusedly through my brain; nor did they last long: a gasp as of some one catching his breath scattered them completely.

Count d'Ory's face was very pale.

"Poor France!" he muttered sadly, and he quickly crossed to the window to conceal his grief.

I went over and stood beside him; my remorse was great for my own selfish thoughts. I had forgotten what a blow this surrender must be to him. True, things had been going from bad to worse ever since the beginning of the war; but Count d'Ory, full of patriotism, had evidently hoped to the last. He would not look round when he felt my touch, but he took my hand within his own, and I knew that my presence comforted him. Silently we looked out the little window, although the German soldiers had gone to their quarters and there was nothing to look at. After a while Count d'Ory turned to speak to those in the room, but they had considerably vanished,—we two were alone.

"Eug nie," he said, looking at me with eyes full of affection, "how happy it makes me even in this evil hour to

know that all our misunderstandings are at an end—that you are mine!"

"Yes," I answered softly. "Now your sorrows are my sorrows, your joys will be my joys."

A moment later Mauricia entered with the tea-things.

"It is long past five o'clock, Eug nie," she said; "but my mother thinks you will enjoy a cup of tea, all the same."

"Will not Aunt Mauricia join us?"

"She has gone to look after grand-mamma. We have left her so much alone to-day. But I will boil the water, Eug nie, if you will toast the bread."

I took up the long toasting fork and crouched down before the fire, meaning business; but Count d'Ory presently took the fork out of my hand, under pretext that I was heating my face, and that henceforth his duty in life would be to work for me,—the result of this speech being that we both held the fork between us. The bread was more or less burned, but—except by Mauricia, who made faces at it,—the toast was pronounced to be the nicest that was ever made.

XVIII.

War was over! The Prussians had left Pont-Ste.-Maxence and were now wending merrily homeward, leaving misery, hatred and revenge behind them. Yet the parting of our household with Herr von Steinberg was not untinged with regret. He had gained all hearts by his generosity, and was evidently very sorry to leave us. Mauricia, too, disgraced herself in the eyes of her astonished relatives by weeping bitterly. She embraced Herr von Steinberg before them all, and bestowed on him a photo representing a group of us three girls—Marguerite, Mauricia and me—which had been taken just before the war.

The little country-town seemed very dull and quiet when the last soldier disappeared round a turn of the road

and the sound of the drum died away in the distance. Saultemont had a dirty, deserted air after their departure, which made us all feel miserable, until we brightened up in the evening when my two uncles arrived from Paris. They were both wretchedly thin. Incessant fighting and semi-starvation had been the cause of that. But, as we had secretly feared never to see them again, our rejoicing was in proportion.

My grandmother awoke from the state of torpor in which grief and worry had thrown her, and we all laughed and talked away merrily, avoiding on this first evening any allusion to sad events; above all refraining from the question each was burning to have answered:

"Where, then, is Marguerite?"

The answer came ten days later, and it was a very sad one. Marguerite was dead. The letter containing the fatal tidings was written by an army chaplain, who had seen in the papers the inquiries made by the Marquis de Hauteville. This was his account of my poor cousin's death,—a tragic end to the short life and ill-starred romance of a beautiful girl:

"The battle was scarcely over, and a shot occasionally whizzed past me as I stepped across the battlefield to tend the wounded and comfort the dying. Many of the Sisters were already on the spot, heedless of danger; nor should I have noticed in the increasing twilight a lady wearing the Geneva Cross, had not her sharp cry of despair induced me to look up. The lady was bending over the unconscious form of a French officer,—some one very dear to her, no doubt; for I heard her sob bitterly. She gazed wistfully at me as I approached, and together we stanchd the blood which streamed from a terrible wound. 'O my dearest one,' cried the lady, 'it is hard to have found you here only to lose you!' And her tears fell on the

unfortunate man's face. He opened his eyes, and a look of intense joy came into them. 'Marguerite!' he murmured; 'my Marguerite!' Poor fellow! Death was written on his brow, and I hastened to prepare him for the end.

"Then I left them together and went to help others; for alas! there were so many. But somehow I could not forget those two, and a few hours later I returned to the spot on which I had left them. The officer lay dead, as was to be expected, a smile on his pale face; but, to my horror, the lady also lay motionless. A shot had pierced her temple—she was dead! The thought occurred to me to seek for some clue to the identity of this ill-fated pair, and this is what I found on the dead man's breast—the miniature painting of a young and lovely girl, and written below: 'Marguerite de Hauteville de Cambrésis. Monsieur le Marquis.' I recognized the face: it was that of the noble lady who lay dead beside him. Monsieur le Marquis, I do not know the history of the two who loved each other so tenderly, but surely it must have been a sad one. May God comfort you, unhappy father, and help you to bear this trial!"

This was the gist of the chaplain's letter, and it came as a terrible blow to us all. My uncle took to his bed and was ill for weeks after receiving it. No doubt, now that it was too late, he reproached himself for the useless pride which had made his child so unhappy. We all nursed him carefully; and then it was that dear little Pierre attached himself to Marguerite's father with that devotedness of which his affectionate heart was capable. My uncle, on his part, was not ungrateful. The following autumn he sent little Pierre to a good school, where the boy worked hard and rewarded his benefactor by the progress he made. Pierre eventually entered the

French army, and is now a captain in the hussars. Nor can his own father be more proud of him than is his adopted one. Indeed, the Marquis sympathizes with the brave and warlike son of the woodcutter a great deal more than he did with the gentle, easy-going Jean. Poor Jean! he lies in the little cemetery of Pont-Ste.-Maxence, side by side with his proud but generous-minded twin. Count d'Ory and I sometimes visit the graves. We loved them both very dearly. May their souls rest in peace!

In June "Philip" and I were married. He made me call him Philip one lovely afternoon in spring when we wandered side by side through the woods, culling the wild flowers which grew in great profusion all about us.

"Eugénie," asked Count d'Ory, "are you happy?"

"Yes, Philip," I answered truthfully. "And this evening I shall wish for nothing more: my father will be here."

Our wedding was a quiet one; for death and sorrow had been near us too recently. But among the guests I must not forget to mention Monsieur Thomasson and his brother Charles. Charles had never seen me since the opening of the war, and could not thank me enough for saving his brother's life. His gratitude took the shape of a lovely diamond necklace, while Monsieur Thomasson presented me with some costly Venetian lace. Herr von Steinberg wished me joy in a kind, manly letter, and sent me from Germany a locket with the giver's portrait concealed in the back. I felt very sorry for him, and could only hope that some *liebes Mädchen* would one day console him.

And now farewell, Diary of Eugénie Forrester! That harum-scarum young lady has ceased to exist, and the Memoirs of Madame la Comtesse Montemar d'Ory are not for its pages.

(The End.)

Sad Scenes in France.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

OUR American readers have certainly followed with anxious hearts the campaign that is being carried on in France against religious Congregations. They are aware that a law against liberty of association was passed last July in the French Chambers—a law most intricate and perfidious in its wording, most malicious in its object, which aims at nothing else than the wholesale destruction of religious Orders in the country. These are placed between several alternatives: either they must disperse, give up their community life, leave the country; or, if they elect to remain in France, they must apply to the government for an official recognition, which is so framed as to hamper their freedom in all things, and to place them at the mercy of their arbitrary and tyrannical foes.

Some religious Orders who are devoted to active work, have applied for the required authorization; and in acting thus they have been guided by the worthiest motives—viz., the wish to continue their ministry, at whatever cost, in a country where their labors are more necessary than ever. The greater number of the Congregations, however, those especially whose life is purely contemplative, have preferred to seek in a foreign land the peace and freedom of which they are so iniquitously deprived at home.

There was no time to be lost; for the law states expressly that the nuns and monks who on the 3d of October are living in community without having applied for the necessary authorization, shall be forcibly dispersed and their property seized by the State. Hence the haste with which these innocent, and in

many cases helpless and inexperienced, men and women had to provide for the future. Many have gone over to England, others to Belgium, where the language is the same as in their own country, and the cost of living comparatively cheap. In Switzerland the federal government has shown scant sympathy for the persecuted religious, and in several instances it has refused to let them settle on Swiss soil. In Spain and Italy the anti-clerical feeling is such that neither country would be a safe refuge.

The injustice and cruelty of a law that treats as outlaws and criminals hundreds of blameless citizens have been indignantly commented on in the leading French papers. One of them rightly observes that in France the word *liberty* is written on all the walls, while in reality there is, perhaps, no country where individual liberty is so completely trampled underfoot. But in spite of these partial protests, in spite of the burning indignation and sorrow of a group of Catholics, it must be owned that the public at large seems strangely indifferent to a fact that to thoughtful minds is a grave warning of greater evils to come.

Among the melancholy scenes which have been taking place around us, two remain imprinted on our mind with singular distinctness. Pathetic in their simplicity, they brought home to us, better than pages of indignant denunciation would have done, the iniquity of the freethinking tyrants who, alas! hold the reins of government in France, the brave patience of their victims, and also the incredible indifference of the casual spectator.

The first of the incidents we are about to relate took place in the north of France, at Montreuil-sur-Mer. It was a gray and rainy September day; a high wind, blowing straight

from the Atlantic, literally shook the little railway station. In the shabby waiting-room sat twenty white-robed Carthusian monks. Some were venerable old men with snowy hair and forms bent with age,—men who, after half a century of quiet, cloistered life were suddenly cast on the rough highways of the world. Others were in their prime; and among these was a naval officer who, when his career was most successful, had exchanged his brilliant uniform for the monastic cowl. They sat motionless while the railway officials bustled to and fro; and the other travellers looked on with a pathetic indifference, heedless of the sad and solemn thoughts that the sight of those silent, white-robed figures should have awakened. The rain was falling heavily, the sky was gray and lowering; and within sight of the station, beyond the low-lying marshland, stood the great white monastery—the home that the exiles had just left, perhaps forever.

The past history of these banished and persecuted monks was well known to us. Their now deserted convent was an unspeakable source of happiness and prosperity to the surrounding country; never was a suppliant turned away from their gates unrelieved and un comforted. To many of their poor neighbors they gave employment, to others food and lodging; upon one and all they poured forth with unstinting hands the gifts of their large-hearted charity. The churches in every village for miles around were either built or repaired or decorated by them; and many a poor family, for years together, owed its daily bread to the same generous givers.

Their one link with the outer world was their charity; they neither wrote nor preached nor mixed in the busy fray of human life. The object of their Order being purely contemplative, in silence and solitude they suffered and prayed

for their fellowmen. In what manner could these white-robed recluses threaten the safety of the French Republic? By a strange irony of fate, the silent travellers were bound for the country whence, three hundred and fifty years before, their brethren had fled to escape from the despotism of a king, just as these were sent adrift through the tyranny of a republic.

Under Henry VIII. a noble band of Carthusian monks laid down their lives for the faith. Some perished on the gibbet at Tyburn; others from hunger and misery in the noisome dungeons of Newgate; while the survivors sought an asylum in Flanders, only a few miles from the spot where on that dreary September day we watched the departure of their brethren.

When at last the train rushed in to the station the Carthusians rose and silently took their places, without even casting a last look at the home they were leaving. We remembered, as they passed by, that the old chronicles insist upon the fact that the Carthusian martyrs of the sixteenth century went to their death as simply as though it were an ordinary duty; and we realized that these, their twentieth century brethren, went into exile with the same unpretending dignity. To Catholics, however, who believe in the power of intercessory prayer, there is something ominous in the departure of men whose mere presence amongst us seemed a pledge of Heaven's protection over the land, and whose lives were a perpetual holocaust offered to God on behalf of their erring countrymen.

A few days after we had witnessed the departure of the Carthusians from the wayside station, a scene very similar, yet different, passed before our eyes, and made us realize again, perhaps still more keenly, the cruel iniquity of the law framed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau

and his colleagues. There are, or rather were, three Carmelite convents in Paris; of these the most ancient, as well as the most interesting from its history and traditions, was that of the Rue Deufert Rochereau, situated in a quiet, old-fashioned quarter, on the left bank of the Seine, beyond the Quartier Latin, close to the great military hospital of the Val de Grâce. This part of Paris has an Old-World appearance, that presents a curious contrast to the brilliant boulevards and crowded thoroughfares of the right bank of the Seine.

The Carmelite convent was founded under the reign of Louis XIV., when Cardinal de Bérulle brought from Spain two of St. Teresa's first companions, who became the foundation-stones of the Order in France. Since then generations of noble and holy women have lived and died within those grey walls, whence their representatives are now expelled by the sectarian tyranny of the government. Together with their sister Carmelites of the two other Paris convents, the nuns of the Rue Deufert resolved from the first to seek for no official recognition at the hands of their oppressors; they were convinced that such a step would involve them in endless difficulties, and they preferred to leave their beloved home rather than allow the integrity of their rule to be tampered with by undue interference. At their head was a prioress who worthily represented the traditions of heroism and holiness that St. Teresa seems to have bequeathed as a precious heirloom to her daughters. In past days her ancestors had fought and died for their country and their God; in her soul their high courage had not degenerated, only it had changed its nature and turned to a serene patience that seemed far superior to the fleeting vicissitudes of life, however hard and bitter they may be.

It was to take leave of these saintly women that on the 1st of October a small group of friends and relatives stood near the northern railway station, in the noisiest and busiest part of Paris. About twelve o'clock an omnibus drove up; from it stepped fourteen Carmelite nuns. They had left their convent amidst the sympathy of their poor neighbors, who, gathered on the threshold, bade them a tearful farewell.

On arriving at the station, the religious formed into two lines, and slowly, quietly, in their white mantles and black veils, walked across the noisy and crowded platforms to the train that was starting for Belgium. Before them, bareheaded, walked several gentlemen; behind them, a group of ladies; and thus they passed through the astonished and wondering crowd. Among the spectators many were moved, and instinctively bared their heads; others gazed with astonishment at these veiled women, who seemed the inhabitants of another world. Only one or two ventured on impertinent and disparaging remarks, which, we may add, were promptly repressed.

When the Carmelites were seated in the train, their chaplain entered and solemnly gave them a last blessing. Their friends followed. "It is hard for you to leave your convent home," said one. "God wills it so," replied a cheerful voice from under a black veil. "He will be with us wherever we go."

Then came the moment of departure. The friends of the religious bade them a last farewell; the Duke de C—, a near relative of the prioress, alone remained, having claimed the privilege of escorting to the journey's end the innocent victims of sectarian tyranny. Their other friends gathered together to see them pass; the men baring their heads as the train slowly steamed out of the station, carrying to a more hospitable

land the holy recluses, whose prayers, let us hope, may bring light and repentance to their unhappy country.

As we passed into the sunshine and glare, the gayety of the streets seemed to jar painfully upon our overstrained nerves; we felt solemnly impressed, as though we had been present at a deathbed scene. But our pity went out not so much to the holy women who, wherever they go, carry in their hearts the peace 'that passes all understanding,' as to the miserable country whose noblest sons and daughters are sent adrift, and where, alas! in many cases the wickedness of the oppressors is only equalled by the selfish apathy and indifference of so-called Catholics

A Month for Compensations.

ONE of the commonest themes from which poets and novelists deduce the elements of genuine pathos is remorse for unkindness or injustice toward the recently departed. And in real life this sentiment of keen regret is still commoner than in the pages of poetry and fiction. No sooner has the poor old mother folded her weary hands in death than the negligent son and the frivolous daughter are pierced by the memory of the sadly unrequited love she has ever lavished upon them; of their indifference to her trials and sorrows; their unkind words, harsh upbraidings, and still harsher neglect. The faithful wife passes away; and upon the illumined memory of the husband there rushes a very flood of instances in which he wounded her spirit and bruised her heart by his coldness, his brusqueness of behavior, his ungracious response to her appeals for sympathy and confidence.

So it is with each of the varied social relations. We hear of the death of a parent, a relative, or a friend; and at

once we reproach ourselves with our past harshness or neglect, or, at the very least, with the kindness which in justice we should have manifested but have carelessly withheld. Few indeed are they who on such occasions do not echo Tennyson's sigh:

Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Poignant as is this regret to every sensitive heart, it pierces the Catholic with far less bitter anguish than that with which it affects those outside the Church. In non-Catholic literature, as in non-Catholic daily life, the peculiar sting of the regret is its futility, its uselessness. The remorse born of the awakened love which death has proved to be merely slumbering, not extinct, is unavailing. The mourner would redress the wrongs inflicted upon his departed friend, would give abundantly of the affection withheld so long; but all in vain: it is forever and forever too late. Even should his creed warrant him in hoping that the loved departed may know of his repentant sorrow, there is wanting the sweet consolation of actively and effectively aiding the dear ones who have passed away.

In the mourning of the Catholic there is no such despairing note. His regret is not, at least it need not be, unavailing. For him Death has indeed broken the tie of mundane companionship; but it has not severed that sweeter bond, the communion of saints. He can not, it is true, *undo* the wrongs and the unkindnesses of which he has been guilty toward his departed loved ones; but he can *repair* them.

The Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, in a word, is so entirely consonant to the needs and aspirations of the human heart that belief therein is in reality far easier than disbelief. As a matter of strong probability, Purgatory is believed in and prayers for the dead are offered

up by thousands of pious souls who through invincible ignorance are still without the body of the Church. The intuitions of love are stronger than the negations of their truncated theological beliefs; and their hearts acknowledge the truth of the doctrine which, it may be, their lips deny.

Be this as it may, Catholics in name and belief must recognize how precious a privilege it is to be allowed to assist their dear ones even after the shadows of death have hidden them from mortal view. To those of us who have experienced the regret or remorse of which mention has been made, November should in reality be a month for compensations. The debt of love which we neglected to pay to relatives and friends while they lived with us on earth we may now discharge and with generous interest. For the tender sympathy, the loving smile, the kindly word, the helping hand, which we once refused, we may now substitute the fervent ejaculatory prayer, the attendance at Mass, the recitation of the beads, or the Way of the Cross. To atone for the undue rigor of our treatment of many of the faithful departed, we may now gain and apply to them unnumbered indulgences, partial and plenary. For those suffering souls who have the strongest claims on our affection or our justice we should, so far as it is in our power to do so, secure the offering up of the adorable and propitiatory Sacrifice of the Altar. If it is always "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins," it is especially during the present month that Catholic charity yields prompt and generous response to the pleading cry that Purgatory is ever sending up to earth: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"

Notes and Remarks.

Young rulers seem to have a breezy way of defying convention and prejudice that the newspapers enjoy more than the politicians. There is Mr. Roosevelt, for example, upsetting the calculations of the Northern politicians by appointing a Southern Democrat to high office; and exasperating the Southern Democrats by having a cultured and upright colored gentleman, Mr. Booker T. Washington, to dinner in the White House. And the young Emperor of Germany, in a like spirit of Bohemianism, has appointed Dr. Spahn, who is said to be an aggressive Catholic and the son of a leader of the Centre Party, to a professorship in the University of Strasburg. In making the appointment the Emperor wrote: "I rejoice to show to my Catholic subjects that recognized scientific ability, based upon patriotism and fidelity to the Empire, will be utilized by me for the welfare of the Fatherland." This is very frank and very German and very admirable. Our President and the Kaiser may give the politicians some scarlet moments, but the people like that sort of thing. It is so refreshing.

Virginia has set her sister States an example which they might wisely imitate. Among the matters debated at the Constitutional Convention in Richmond was the question of appropriations to "sectarian" institutions. Now, while the enlightened know that "sectarian institutions" means the opposite to "Catholic institutions," in the bright lexicon of preachers and politicians the expressions are synonymous. When, therefore, the Richmond Convention proposed to withdraw the regular subsidy from all "sectarian" institutions, two good men and true addressed the members in favor of Catholic institu-

tions, with the result that the following amendment was made: "Provided that nothing herein contained shall apply to any institution in which, in the opinion of the General Assembly, a sufficient number of the youths or young men of the State receive free education to compensate for such appropriation, or at which the youths of the State are attempted to be reformed from criminal tendencies." This is perfectly satisfactory, and Catholics have never demanded more. Honors seem equally divided between Messrs. Higgins and Meredith, who advocated the amendment, and the fair-minded members of the Convention who so gracefully yielded when they saw their mistake.

It is many years since we first found pleasure in the writing of the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey—it was a volume of meditations on the life of the Blessed Virgin. But it contained nothing more creditable to the mind and heart of the author than his recent letter on the proposal to appoint a bishop of the P. E. Church in the Philippine Islands. Dr. Crapsey says:

My reason for deprecating the establishment of a Protestant Episcopal diocese in those islands arises from the fact that the people of the islands are Christians, and have been Christians for generations. In every village is a Christian congregation with its Christian pastors, and Christian bishops have oversight of the churches. Our entrance into that field will be of the nature of an intrusion. We will not be preaching the Gospel to the heathen but to Christians, which, in the present state of affairs, is both useless and dangerous. If we say that the form of Christianity in those islands is corrupt and must be destroyed, we make ourselves judges of other men's lives, and are trying to cast the mote out of our own brother's eye, altogether regardless of the beam that is in our own eye. Is our commercial religion so pure, so Christlike, that we can afford to look down upon and despise the religion of our Roman Catholic fellow-Christians?

We Americans are in the Philippine Islands by virtue of our military power. The people do not want us there, a very large number of our own people do not think we ought to be there, and

the occupation and government of the islands present the gravest problems that our government has ever had to deal with. Now, if we add to these complications religious rivalry and bitterness—if every Protestant denomination rushes in there not to build up the Kingdom of God but to secure denominational advantage and prestige,—then we make a bad condition worse, and the work of pacification much more difficult than it is at present. Surely the people of those islands have suffered enough without having forced upon them all the evils and discords of sectarian Protestantism.

It seems to many of us that we should leave the schools and other agencies of our civilization free to do their work; and when that work is done, leave the Philippine Islands to develop their religious life naturally along the lines of their history. It is impossible that any new form of Christianity should take root in that soil. Experience teaches that the seed of the Reformation is sterile in lands that have been long under the influence of the Latin race. Our missions have been barren in Mexico and in South America; and they will be barren in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico.

Only a broad-minded, right-hearted man could write in this way. Dr. Crapsey is evidently not one of those pious men who think they are serving God when they oppose His Church.

Father William Barry's article in the London *National Review* (October) has been so fortunate as to arouse attention in this country as well as in England. He writes of the prevalent secularism, or "atheism in practice," which is undoubtedly the religious disease of the day. Dr. Barry is both eloquent and logical, and we hope our readers will procure his article for themselves. His optimism is exhilarating, and his confident assertion that the future belongs to the Church is in pleasant contrast with the dismal prophecies of sectarian leaders. We quote a paragraph:

Any power that aims at the revival of Christian faith under modern conditions must be independent, world-wide, supernatural, and in its general effect miraculous. From a merely human level it can not raise mankind out of the slough into which atheism has betrayed it. No department of State will be equal to such a task; for the State is this fallen society, and itself needs redemp-

tion. Private effort is laudable at all times; any association which has retained even a fragment of true Christianity will, thus far, be telling in the good cause. But there is only one church in contact with European and American society which fulfils the conditions required. Independent, supernatural, miraculous,—these high epithets have belonged from of old to the Catholic Church and are hers to-day. She does not preach an abstract or merely historical Saviour; she has never simply relied on a written record; and while she treats with kingdoms and republics as a power of this world, she deals directly with the individual as an ambassador from the next. In one point of view she is accessible to touch and sight; in another she is ideal, spiritual, transcendental. And she fills every period of Christian history with her achievements, her sufferings, and her victorious resistance to hostile powers.

There are many outside the Church who feel the full force of all this, and at least a few others who have already expressed much the same thoughts as these:

Four centuries—a long chapter in the world's history—prove that Rome, however charged with corruption, keeps the heart of religion still beating. The Gospel that she received she preaches yet. Her faithful are orthodox Christians; while the rebels, as she foretold them, who separated from her in that name, have shorn it of divinity, and—strange paradox!—are indignant with her because she insists that the Bible is truly God's word and Jesus of Nazareth His Son. Her faith has not changed, and its permanence is the measure of their defection. If Luther or Calvin could have foreseen this state of things when he broke away, would it not have left him dumb with amazement? And, observe, the more it is urged that Roman officials are or have been a scandal to their high calling, that genius is not to be found in Catholic apologists, or insight and ability among bishops and clergy, so much the more conclusive is our argument in favor of a secret divine influence which would not suffer its purpose to be undone by such weak and needy instruments.

There ought to be some stern legislation against the reckless use of words. To make *progress* or *civilization*, for instance, synonymous with electric fans and phonographs is at least as serious an offence as to pass a counterfeit dollar; yet this is what is very commonly done by writers who are out of sympathy with the Church, or who have no true

conception of what culture or civilization is. *Reynold's Newspaper* (London), which is purely secular, notes this in a striking sentence or two: "Religious bigots in this country often tell us that civilization and progress go hand in hand with Protestantism. If these ignorant people would pay a visit to the Austrian Tyrol they would be disillusioned. The Tyrolese, who are Catholics, are perhaps the happiest and most prosperous people in the world, and in their lovely Alpine villages live under conditions which suggest that they come of a race whose ancestors dwelt in Paradise."

It is noteworthy that Freemasons themselves—at least the wise and intelligent among them—have abandoned the absurd claim that used to be made for the great antiquity of the Lodge. In an address delivered at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the founding of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction in Washington, Grand Commander Richardson said, referring to the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry:

The rite was in existence in France and other countries of Europe some years prior to 1762. It was composed of three degrees of the York Rite and twenty-two others, the eighteenth being the "Rose Croix," and the twenty-fifth degree the "Prince of the Royal Secret." Scottish Masonry was introduced into America by Etienne or Stephen Morin, who held a patent from the Rite of Perfection or Heredom, Orient of Paris, bearing date of August 27, 1761. He was then about to sail for America; and, as a reward for services done the order and for his zeal in Masonry, he was given authority by this patent to establish perfect and sublime Masonry in the New World.

Freemasons sometimes claim that they adopted older rituals, observances, and titles. Perhaps. Adopted and adapted.

There is a genuinely Christian spirit in the pastoral letter which Bishop Favier of Pekin lately addressed to his persecuted and afflicted flock. It is to be hoped that it will be widely read,

among pagans as well as converts, as an offset to much that has been said and written and done by nominal Christians during the past year. Bishop Favier exhorts his people not only to forgive their enemies, but to avoid reproaching the pagans for what has already passed. But let us quote a part of what this noble Bishop has to say by way of sympathy and exhortation:

Victims of wicked men who are rebels against the imperial commands, you have been hunted from your homes, your goods have been pillaged, your houses burned, and many of your relatives have lost their lives. Stripped of everything, separated forever from those you hold most dear—from your wives and your children,—you have now but one feeling toward your assassins and incendiaries (which indeed is not surprising), that of hatred. But to-day I am going to remind you of one of the precepts of our holy religion—the *pardon of our enemies*. To show that you are good Catholics, you must give up all these feelings of anger and hate and put out of your hearts all desire of revenge.... Bear with patience and resignation. This persecution has been like a terrible tempest, after which the winds fall and there comes a calm.... Your good example will cause your holy religion to be respected and appreciated; and your patience and charity will draw day by day many more to adore the true God, for *charity draws all things to herself*.

If the Chinese were more accustomed to utterances like these, their opposition to Christianity would probably be very much less violent and general. But the misery is that a good many things go under the name of Christianity that are not Christian at all.

Good Catholic sculpture is not so common in this country that the work of Miss Sara Cecilia Cotter should pass unnoticed. Miss Cotter's chisel has more than once earned high praise from discriminating critics; and in the art exhibit at Buffalo, where such bright particular stars as MacMonnies shone at their best, she was not overlooked. Not all young artists secure for their early work appreciation so prompt and so cordial as came to Miss Cotter.



A Song for the Golden Days.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

SING, O children,—sing, O children!

Quickly fly the golden days;
Blithe the heart and pure the spirit
Lifted up in songs of praise.

Greet the morning with your singing,
Greet the eventide with song;
Then your sleep shall be the sweetest
Till the bright dawn angels throng.

And your voices shall re-echo
Through the valleys everywhere—
On the mountains,—O ye children,
Sing; for all the world is fair!

The Indian Cadmus.

IN the beginning of the last century, when the Cherokee Indians still lived down in Georgia, one of them completed as extraordinary an invention as many which have given their originators deathless fame and ample fortune.

One day members of his tribe took a white man prisoner, and found in his pocket a scrap of paper with printed words upon it. The prisoner explained its meaning to the wondering red-men, who at once called it "the paper that speaks." There were some, however, who were sceptical and refused to believe the white man; while others received the message on the paper as the work of the Great Spirit. One only among them, by name Sequoyah, comprehended the situation.

"We forget things," he said, "because we have no way of making paper speak. We should have a way. I will find it."

The captive explained that letters

stood for sounds, groups of letters for words or ideas. And Sequoyah said:

"My nation, too, shall have what you call an alphabet."

He worked for twelve years, the laughing-stock of his tribe, using birch bark instead of paper; always hopeful, always believing, until at long last success came. He was a white-haired man of sixty when his task was done, but he had not lived in vain: he had placed himself in the rank of great inventors and given a priceless boon to his people.

There are those who declare that Sequoyah's alphabet is better than the one from which he gained his inspiration. It is so simple and so well adapted to the language for which it is written that young Indians easily master it in a few weeks. When it was a novelty they looked upon it as some wonderful new toy, and neglected all their sports and occupations while they went to work to learn how to write down words that would fix their thoughts, as flies are imprisoned in amber. Many of them took unaccustomed journeys for the express purpose of writing to their homes. Even old men nearing the grave seemed to grow young again in this strange and fascinating study.

Sequoyah's alphabet contained thirty-six letters, each one representing a sound and having the value of a syllable. The inventor, unlike many others, received honors and appreciation during his lifetime, being proclaimed Philosopher and Prophet by the Great Council, and receiving a medal which he wore to the day of his death.

One would have thought a single achievement of this sort enough for one

individual; but, not content, he devised a scheme whereby all Indian tongues might be consolidated into one. To gain the knowledge of other languages which he would require for his new undertaking, he set forth on a long journey, and from this journey he never returned. He was received everywhere with homage and honor; but the fatigue of the trip conquered him, and he died in New Mexico, working to the last.

He never became a Catholic, although the Bible was one of the first books that was given to his people by the help of his alphabet. He could never understand why those who believed in Christ should be at variance; and the dissensions between the various sects were no doubt responsible for his reluctance to forsake the faith of his nation. "But," says one, "God, who is always full of mercy, will make allowances for him: he never had the grace of knowing the Catholic faith. He believed in the Great Spirit and in the happy hunting-ground. God grant that he may have been admitted therein!"

More than half of the Cherokees are now speaking English; so it is likely that their language—one of the best used by Indians—will soon be entirely superseded by that of their conquerors. And when this takes place there will be no more use for the invention of the good Sequoyah.

DURING the course of the holy river Jordan it falls more than 1200 feet. It can not be called a navigable stream, even for small craft; and, as one has said, it "presents the unique spectacle of a river which has never been navigated flowing into a sea which contains not one living creature."

FROM the Spartans of Laconia, who were very brief and curt in their mandates and messages, we derive the word *laconic*.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XXI.—LAWYER HAYLON PUZZLED.

Lawyer Haylon shook his head. This, for him, meant a great deal. It meant that he was sorely puzzled. He was sitting alone in his private office, thinking, and thinking deeply. When he wanted to solve a peculiarly knotty problem he always shut himself in his private office. For a lawyer of such extended and lucrative practice the room was remarkably bare. The walls were merely plastered. There were no pictures nor ornaments about the apartment. He held a theory that pictures and almanacs and ornaments are distractions to a thinking man. He declared that for him the broad, unobstructed surface of a white wall was the best incentive to thought. He sat with his elbows on his desk, staring in front of him. Occasionally he ran his fingers through his grey-black hair, leaving it in a sadly tumbled condition.

It was the day after Nancy's funeral. He was puzzled over many things. He was not satisfied with the Dodsworth-Russell partnership. It was so out of the ordinary methods of business procedure that he determined to watch and investigate. What did the crippled child intend by mentioning the name of this firm when dying? Perhaps it was not the firm she meant, after all. It could not be the firm she intended; for she had mentioned the name of Dodsworth, and in connection with Harry Russell's name, before the patent roller business had been thought of.

The lawyer put on his hat and went over to the bank.

"Yes," said the principal clerk, "the firm of Dodsworth & Russell opened an account with us last summer. It is

gradually creeping up. They have nearly a thousand dollars to their credit now. It seems they have struck some lucky patent. Are you thinking of going into the business, Mr. Haylon?"

The lawyer then sauntered into the office of Dodsworth & Russell. Mr. Dodsworth was reading a paper.

"I would like to purchase one of your patent map rollers."

A sample was produced.

"Selling many?"

"A few."

"Business increasing?"

"Not just now. At present there is a lull. Expect it to pick up as the sun gets stronger. You see, the article we sell is a roller shade as well as a map roller."

Mr. Haylon paid a dollar and a half for his purchase. He took it under his arm and walked back to his office.

"Nothing in *that* business," he said to himself, "or in the method of conducting it, to warrant a rapidly increasing bank account. It's all very mysterious. I do hope my young friend Harry is not being led into trouble, or being made the dupe of some designing knave. What did the child mean by mentioning Baltimore? Ha! did she not mention something about a legatee! Certainly she did. How foolish to forget all about that until now! The fellow is a rogue. I believe I will send Northcliff to Baltimore to hunt around a bit."

This jumble of sentences must be explained by stating that Mr. Haylon was speaking his own thoughts aloud. Presently he rang a little silver hand-bell.

"Send Mr. Northcliff to me, please."

Lawyer Haylon, like Napoleon, had the peculiar talent of gathering around him, and holding, men of remarkable worth. Northcliff was one of these. He was one of the brainiest and most promising of the young lawyers of the city, and loyally devoted to his chief.

"Can you start for Baltimore this evening?"

"In two hours, if you wish."

"The nine o'clock express will do. That will give you seven hours. Can you conveniently be away for several weeks—say two months?"

"Easily."

"Thanks!"

The lawyer then told Mr. Northcliff what he required of him. He related in full Nancy's warning, explained Russell's partnership, with its disproportionate receipts to the business done; and gave a succinct account of his suspicions.

"I do not know if any good will come of your search. Hunt up this Dodsworth the girl mentioned. Use an information bureau if there is one in Baltimore. Find out what you can. I would go myself if I could get away. It is all very vague, isn't it? Something may turn up. I think something *will*,—and my instinct or intuition, or whatever you call it, is rarely wrong."

That evening there was a knock at the door of the Russell residence. Harry, in his shirt sleeves and collarless, with his finger between the pages of a book, answered the summons.

"Mr. Haylon! Good-evening, sir! Come in, please! Sit down by the fire. Let me call mother, and make myself presentable."

"All right, my boy: call the mother. In the meantime I'll warm my toes. My, but it's cold outside!"

Mrs. Russell soon came, all in a flutter at a visit from the prominent lawyer. Mr. Haylon in his happy way made her understand that he was not the bearer of any evil tidings.

"Now, Mrs. Russell," he said cheerily, "send that young scapegrace to bed or somewhere. I want to talk to you privately on family affairs."

"O sir!" exclaimed Harry, in dismay, "may I not stay?"

"You may not, my dear young friend,—this time. Trust me, Harry. I will tell you to-morrow all that is necessary for you to know."

"Go, Harry!" said Mrs. Russell.

Lawyer Haylon's admiration was divided between her calm, matronly dignity and the boy's loving, docile obedience.

"That's a fine boy," said Mr. Haylon after Harry had left the room.

"Thank God, he is a good son!"

"You may think it rather strange, madam, that I should request him to leave, but it is about him that I wish to talk to you."

"Yes?" she said anxiously, a mother's fears rising uppermost. "He has not been getting into any trouble?"—she unconsciously clasped her hands as one who is familiar with griefs.

Mr. Haylon laughed heartily.

"No danger of that, Mrs. Russell! Harry is all right—one of the finest young men I have ever known. Five feet ten, isn't he? Too good-looking, though. Does he spend much time before the looking-glass?" Then he continued, more seriously: "Excuse me if I appear to pry into your family affairs; that is often a lawyer's business. I am keenly interested in your son. I want some information which you can give. Have you any objection to giving it?"

"None in the least, Mr. Haylon. It is very kind of you to take such an interest in my boy."

"Pooh-pooh! He's a good lad. He interests me,—has interested me ever since he made me hold his bundle of papers for him. Will you please tell me whether Harry's father—he is rather unapproachable, isn't he?—has any relatives. Who are his next of kin?"

Mrs. Russell told the lawyer that her husband had a brother who was considered by those who knew him to be somewhat eccentric. He had many

peculiar notions, one of which was an utter antipathy to men who spent their time in working out mechanical contrivances and inventions. He claimed that machinery had ruined all kinds of handicraft, increased the nation's wants, and made the demand for labor scarce.

"You know, I suppose, sir, of my husband's mania in this direction?" she continued. "From his youth he has always had some great enterprise on foot, which was always accompanied by visions—as yet quite futile—of immense prospective wealth. It was probably this infatuation that turned his brother against him."

"Well, now, what was, or is, your brother-in-law's name, Mrs. Russell?"

"Alvin Dodsworth Russell is his name."

Lawyer Haylon started perceptibly.

"That was the name which little Nancy used—Harry has told you, of course, of her death—when she was dying. We thought she had learned the name of Harry's partner and was speaking about him and Harry. Was this Alvin Dodsworth wealthy? Did he have, or has he, any property?"

"I have not the remotest idea," replied Harry's mother. "It is a long time since we have heard from or about him."

"Was he married?"

"Yes; but his wife died years ago."

"Had he any children?"

"None."

"Where did he usually live?"

"He travelled considerably from one place to another. I know that after his wife died he went to California; two years later we heard of his being in Pennsylvania. Since then I heard some vague report that he had removed into Maryland."

"Have you any idea whether he is now living or dead?"

"None whatever; or where, if living, he may be. Most likely he is dead. He

never was a robust man, and he was eighteen years older than my husband. He must be near seventy now."

"Did Alvin Dodsworth Russell have any other brothers or any other blood relations beside your husband?"

"Of that I am sure,—none at all. The two were left orphans in childhood. My husband has no other relative."

Mr. Haylon had all the information he could procure for the present.

"Not that Harry's partnership has anything to do with his Uncle Alvin, but do you not think it a strange coincidence that this extraordinarily kind man—kind beyond the common run of business men,—do you not think it strange that this man should bear the same name as your brother-in-law?"

"When Harry told me of this young man's generous offer I was impressed by the coincidence. Dodsworth is not a very common name."

"What do you think of Harry's good luck?"

"I thank God that he has been so fortunate. The money has been of great assistance to the household. Although my husband has constant employment now, quite a little sum is swallowed up in purchasing this, that, and the other, for his endless experiments."

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Russell, I am puzzled over this partnership. The reputed profits seem to be out of all proportion to the actual sales."

"But you do not think there is dishonesty?" asked the lady, nervously.

"None,—none as far as your boy is concerned, certainly; none, as far as I can discover, on the part of Dodsworth. They constitute a legally incorporated firm. Everything appears to be all right. Yet, as I said, the profits are absurdly large for the capital invested."

"Do you think Harry should give it up?" asked Mrs. Russell, the anxious, careworn look returning to her eyes,—

eyes which in darker days vainly searched in odd pockets and dresses for stray coins to keep the wolf from the door.

"Oh, no, no!—not, at least, for the present. Take what the Lord provides. It is not wise to put on our pattens and walk three miles before breakfast to meet trouble. If we are to have it, it will come soon enough. No. The business is an honest one. It will be something for Harry to fall back upon after his graduation, until he settles on a profession; it will keep him out of mischief for a time. Has Harry ever spoken to you on the subject of his vocation?"

"No, he has not. There is nothing I should so dearly love as to see my son at the altar. But I do not believe he has the slightest thought of such a vocation, and I would rather die than be guilty of trying to force one into a state for which he has no calling or inclination."

"Very sensible, madam. Well," Mr. Haylon added, rising to go, "I will keep a sharp lookout. That poor newspaper girl one day overheard a strange conversation. I am going to investigate it. There is a mere possibility that something may result. Where is the boy? You may come out of your banishment now, Harry. Oh, yes, of course! Your eyes are now nothing but two interrogation points. Patience, boy! Come to see me on Thursday afternoon and I will tell you all that is good for you to know."

(To be continued.)

EACH of the four great piers, or pendentives, that support the cupola of St. Peter's, at Rome, takes up as much room, at the base, as a little chapel and convent; and yet they do not appear large, being proportionate to the rest of the building.

With Authors and Publishers.

—New issues of the Cloister Library, published by J. M. Dent & Co., London, will include St. Teresa's "Way of Perfection." There is a revival of interest in all that concerns the interior life, and a skilful translation of St. Teresa's great work is a desideratum. The translation lately republished by Mr. Thomas Baker leaves something to be desired.

—It need not be said that Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series contains some of the world's best literature, and it is presented in the fair form for which the publishers have become famous. The latest addition to this series is "Marcus Aurelius Antonius *To Himself*," done into English by Prof. Gerald H. Rendall, M. A., Litt. D. It is probable that these soliloquies of the great emperor never had a more careful or competent translator.

—Messrs. Sands & Co. announce for early publication: "A Simple Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians," by the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.; "The Land of the Amazons," by the Baron de Santa Anna Nery, translated by G. Humphrey; "Our Great Vassal Empire," by W. S. Lilly; "The Dangers of Spiritualism," by a Member of the Society of Psychical Research; "The Triumph of the Cross," by Savonarola, edited by the Very Rev. J. Procter, O. P.; and "The Convents of Great Britain," by F. M. Steele.

—The Fathers of La Salette, of Hartford, Conn., have brought out a seventh edition of Bishop Ullathorne's little work, "The Holy Mountain of La Salette"; and have enriched it with notes and illustrations. The book may be recommended to those who have never perused the story of the apparition in detail. That its author was a clear-headed, practical, sober-minded man like the late Bishop of Birmingham will probably lend more weight to the narrative than if it appeared as a translation of some anonymous French author.

—Sienkiewicz is undoubtedly at the head of the modern school of Polish novelists, however, Marya Rodziewicz, Joseph Kraszewski, and Madame Eliza Orzeszko are growing in popularity, at least with English readers. Of the 312 works, chiefly novels (though he has left some good poetry), produced by Kraszewski, only one has been translated into our language. "The Modern Argonauts" and "The Obscure Apostle" are the titles of two tales by Madame Orzeszko which are accessible to English readers. This

writer has been called the George Eliot of Poland. Of Marya Rodziewicz a reliable critic says: "In few modern authors do we find sane and healthy realism so happily wedded to a noble idealism." Three novels by this author have appeared in an English dress; the latest is "Devaytis," which deals with the peasant life of Lithuania.

—From the Henry Altemus Co. we have received an illustrated memorial edition of "Lead, Kindly Light." Its best feature is the frontispiece portrait of President McKinley. The other illustrations are old and ill-selected. The hymn is attributed to "John P. Newman." That is all that need be said of this tawdry little publication, which we hope no Catholic "circulation manager" will use as a premium.

—Under the title "America for Christ," Mr. W. F. Carne has compiled a most readable though brief account of the life and times of Christopher Columbus. The booklet is intended to assist in giving direction to a movement which promises to become a most important factor in American life. Mr. Carne would have our young men know Columbus with certainty, admire him with affection, reverence him as one blessed of God, and imitate him with true manliness.

—"A Life's Labyrinth," which appeared serially in this magazine, will be published in book form early next month. It will be a notable addition to Catholic fiction. The plot of this story is strong and novel, the interest is keen throughout, and the characters are drawn with great depth and vigor. Above all the tone is healthy. Nothing could be farther removed from the morbidity which characterizes so much of our modern fiction. There have been so many demands for "A Life's Labyrinth" that its welcome is assured. It can be cordially recommended to young and old readers, and is sure to be among the most popular gift books of the season.

—Of one of the new novels which we have no desire to advertise, the "Lounger" of the *Critic* says: "The first edition of — breaks the record — two hundred thousand. One hundred thousand more than the first edition of any other novel, and one hundred thousand more than the English edition of the same work. For this latter edition the London bookbinder used twenty-two miles of cloth. The books if laid on top of one another would make a column three and one half miles high." This recalls Macaulay's famous book

review in which an aspiring author was dismissed with a statement of the exact size of his book in inches and its exact weight in pounds. But the matter has a serious side, too. There is a cheap trick in the making of "popular" books, and almost any writer with a good deal of physical strength and a little skill with the pen can make one to order. But "to write a good book with the success of a bad one" is still an art as difficult as it was when etiquette required the artist to starve in his garret.

—Now that our college papers have begun to make their regular appearance, we venture to express the hope that henceforth a little more space may be devoted to literary topics. We feel sure there is no neglect of athletics in any of our educational institutions, but we should like to know what is being done in all of them to create an interest in Catholic literature. The *Georgetown College Journal* in a recent number made mention of some books for the blind prepared by the Rev. James Becker, S. J., and of a grammar of the Inuit language composed by Father Francis Barnum, S. J. Information of this sort would greatly enhance the interest and value of Catholic college journals.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.

Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, net.

Renaissance Types. *William Samuel Lilly.* \$3.50.

The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., net.

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., net.

The Catholic Girl in the World. *White Avis.* \$1, net.

A Saint of the Oratory. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60, net.

Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. \$1.75, net.

The Crisis. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

The Retreat Manual. *Madame Cecilia.* 60 cts., net.

First Confession. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 40 cts., net.

Meditations for Monthly Retreats. *Archbishop of Utrecht.* \$1, net.

Life Questions. *John Henry Francis.* 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

Forgive Us Our Trespasses. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 55 cts., net.

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.

The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., net.

Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.

Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.

The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. C. M. Houle, of the diocese of Manchester; the Rev. P. J. Kennedy, diocese of Hartford; the Rev. P. Kirley, diocese of Sacramento; the Rev. T. J. Dunphy, archdiocese of New York; and the Rev. Peter Zimmer, C. S. S. R.

Sister Dominina, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Mother Josephine, Order of St. Ursula; and Mother Mary Teresa, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. George Steiner, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Girard, Baraga, Mich.; Mr. James Warren, Mr. John O'Neill, and Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, Montreal, Canada; Miss Anna Sterk, L'Anse, Mich.; Mrs. Johanna Doyle, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Loftus, Chicago, Ill.; Gen. Joseph Macdonald, Ebensburg, Pa.; Mr. J. Daiger, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. M. G. Cunningham, Binghamton, N. Y.; Miss B. Duffin, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Fahy, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. S. W. Abbott, Menominee, Mich.; Mr. Patrick Haggerty, Trenton, N. J.; Miss A. T. Kronmeir, Marine City, Mich.; Mr. John Fitzsimmons, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Mary Mayor, Mrs. J. McDevitt, and Mrs. Anna Burns, Philadelphia, Pa.; also Mr. A. Eckert, Indianapolis, Ind.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL: LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

NO. 20.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Help of Christians.

BY MARION MUIR.

SAINT and heroine and queen
From the olden tales of wonder
Had their times of bliss between
War's cyclone of death and plunder:—
Dreams of Her who, loved unseen,
Broke the bars of earth asunder.

The Redeemer's Lily Maid
Rose, transcending thorn or brier,
Whose divine compassion bade
Woman's lowliness rise higher,
And whose tender touch allayed
Every sorrow that came nigh her.

The Other Life.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

I.

A UNIVERSAL law it is that we must all die. Are you glad that your body shall go down and dissolve in the grave? Heaven would be an unenviable place if our curious eyes and our unmortified ears and our unrestrained tongues and all our fleshly senses went straight thereto from this our earth.

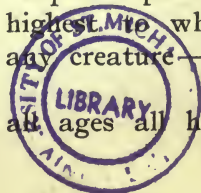
No: I am glad that those leprous limbs and senses of mine shall all go down to the clay; and there, by dissolution, be disinfected from the contagion of sin and "the law of my members," and delivered of that dreadful and all but fatal propensity to evil which at present makes life so doubtful a good

and death so blessed, but at the same time so tremendous, a punishment.

Earth is a huge charnel-house, and the graves are our separate rooms or congested wards. Operations are going on there. And it is like your earthly hospitals. Some on the day of judgment shall go out to death—to eternal death, alas! And some shall go out to life—with glorious and immortal bodies, to life everlasting. Then will heaven be heaven; then will it be a land of peace, a land of brotherly love, the joy of the Lord, where all shall be truly blessed. "Come, ye blessed of My Father!" No whispering tongues, no hungry ears, no curious eyes, no unruly members.

If I had no other, I think I could find in that a solid reason why Holy Mary, without any dissolution of the flesh, was taken up to heaven. And I think (but I will not say that I am right) it would argue the existence of some taint in her members or senses—in other words, that she was not fit at the hour of death to be translated among the blessed, and that much less had she been fit heretofore in her life,—if God made any delay in raising up her most excellent and immaculate body after death. And if she were unfit at her death, much more were she unfit earlier in life to enter among the blessed, to be raised to that supreme place of created dignity, the highest, to which even God could exalt any creature—the queendom of heaven.

All must die; in all ages all have



died. And there are four states in some one of which every member of the human race who died or will die has been or must be found at the hour of death: (1) as infants unbaptized, with original sin on the soul; (2) as adults, with mortal sin and a consequent debt of eternal punishment; (3) as baptized adults, and with venial sin, or with a debt of temporal punishment; (4) in the state of grace and with an absolute freedom from sin and punishment.

This is not the place for discussing the state of souls who depart from this life with original sin and no other sin—at least no mortal sin—on their souls. Unhappily, there is no ground and therefore no necessity for discussing the case of those who depart in mortal sin. “And if the tree fall to the north or to the south, in whatsoever way it shall fall, there it shall lie.” In Holy Scripture, “the north,” in such circumstances, is always suggestive of evil. In this context it unanimously means hell. There is no opportunity of meriting in the next life: it is a place merely of reward or punishment; so that if we are against God when we depart, we are against God for all eternity; if with Him, we are with Him for all eternity.

But in all ages of the world persons died in these four states, before Christ as well as after Christ; so before Christ they died in the state of grace, free from sin and punishment,—as, for instance, St. Joseph, departing, as is believed, in the arms of Jesus and Mary. And some died in venial sin, or with a debt of temporary punishment yet to be satisfied. Now, although purgatory be not on all fours with the Limbo of the Fathers, it will be not alone interesting but highly useful if, with the great saints of the Church for our guides, we follow Our Lord in His descent into hell.

Christ descended into hell. That is a

mystery of our faith, and we have the authority of the Apostles' Creed for believing it. There were four distinct and separate places in the other world at the time of and previous to Our Lord's descent, corresponding with the four states in which souls died. There was hell for those who died in the state of grievous sin; there was a special place for unbaptized infants, which neither in the Bible nor in the Fathers has got a special name.* There was a purgatory for those who had venial sin to remove or temporal punishment to endure. And there was last of all the Paradise of the Just, or, as it was called among the Jews, “Abraham's bosom,” for those who died the death of saints.

May I ask, what do you understand by “Abraham's bosom”? “And it came to pass that the beggar also died, and he was borne by angels into Abraham's bosom,” says our Lord Himself. We have been so accustomed to hear this quoted from our childhood that it may never have occurred to us to ask, What does the phrase, “Abraham's bosom,” definitely mean?

A child nestling in its mother's bosom we know; but when we think of all the souls of the just who died before the time of our Blessed Lord nestling in Abraham's bosom, there comes a feeling of incongruity over us. And yet the phrase is borrowed from that touching and all but angelic act of affection, universal in our human nature, the child nestling in the bosom of the parent.

It is from the phrase, “the bosom of Abraham,” that writers have, I suppose, borrowed the beautiful phrase, “the

* Persons must be on their guard in reading devotional works which discuss the state of unbaptized children in the next life. Some of the Fathers may be quoted, and can be quoted, as saying that they are in *inferno* (hell). *Inferno*, in the writings of the Fathers, but particularly of the very early Fathers, embraces all in the next life that is not heaven.

bosom of God," meaning the blessed, tender happiness of parent and child that is to be found amid the rapturous overflow of heavenly delights; and that is the very pearl, as it were, of paradise and the crown and perfection of its boundless joy. "Enter thou into the joy [not of heaven or of the angels or of the blessed but] of thy Lord."

Our Lord, in the sweet parable of the father casting himself on the neck of his prodigal son and pressing him to his bosom, had, I do believe, the purpose of insinuating to us the happiness of resting in the bosom of God. And this He brought out still more beautifully before our eyes in one adorable act of His own life. Our Lord knew well that Abraham's bosom was the sweetest thought, and the one fullest of hope, to the Jewish mind; that when crosses and trials came to them they were helped on to patience by the thought of the peaceful and unbroken rest awaiting them in Abraham's bosom. And Our Lord knew that for Christians the same help and the same hope in their crosses and trials would be afforded by the thought of the blessed and unending rest in the bosom of God. And what does He do?

"On the night before He suffered" He allows one of His disciples—oh, unprecedented favor!—to rest in His sacred bosom. The Beloved Disciple did not do that of his own prompting; he would not—we might say, he dared not—do it. It was the Divine Lord that prompted, inspired him to do it. And one reason for the good Lord's doing so was that you and I might have a real living picture before our eyes of the blessedness of those who are called and permitted to rest in the bosom of God.

And St. John typified those who were resting for thousands of years in Abraham's bosom, as well as those who in after days of Christianity should

rest in the bosom of God. And I have no doubt that at that moment St. John was so free from sin and the debt of sin that he might have rested in Abraham's bosom, or, were heaven then open, in the bosom of God; and this because of his love. "Many sins," said Our Lord of Mary Magdalen, "are forgiven her because she hath loved much." And the Catholic teaching with regard to acts of charity would lead to this. May the Beloved Disciple obtain for us that in heaven we rest in the bosom of God; and that whensoever we approach the Holy Table while here we may, by faith and love be prepared to rest in the bosom of Jesus our God!

Perhaps also Our Lord wished that we should have in mind the eternal rest of the bosom of God, when in His divine prayer He would have us call the unbeginning, unapproachable Creator of all things by the sweet name of Father: "Our Father, who art in heaven." You see that in the Jewish mind this connection already existed. Abraham was "their father": "We have Abraham for our father"; "our father Abraham." And Dives had been so accustomed to this beautiful title that even from hell itself he calls out, "O Father Abraham!" Their rest, then, in the next world was most devoutly connected with the peace, the embraces, and the love of their father Abraham. And "Lazarus was borne by angels into Abraham's bosom." So perhaps by the introduction into our first prayer of the same beautiful title "Father," only in a sense infinitely more dignified, our Blessed Lord wished that in our minds the enchanting thought should dwell that we were destined to rest everlastingly in the most sacred and the most ecstatic abode of rest—far more ecstatic and more entrancing than the wildest imagination of man ever dreamed of,—even in the bosom of God. And

everything points to it. God worked six days; but there is no *past tense* with God: it is all present. We may therefore read: God works six days,—i. e., during the life of all this world; and on the seventh He enters into His rest—the unbroken rest of all eternity. Even the Jewish seventh or sabbath year, when the whole nation rested, points to this blessed rest. But we must not linger. We turn to our guides.

St. Augustine defines "Abraham's bosom" as "a remote and secret place of rest; and is called after Abraham, not that he alone was there, but rather because, being made the father of many nations, he was raised to the first place, for all to imitate him in faith. In like manner, God calls Himself the God of Abraham, although He was the God of innumerable hosts of men."

Suarez says: "In what part of the earth Abraham's bosom was situated we do not know, for Scripture does not tell; but that it was not in hell St. Augustine tells us, because in the Holy Scripture 'hell' is always taken for an evil place, a region of torments and woes. But 'the bosom of Abraham' is interpreted a place of rest and consolation and of some blessedness. And this is confirmed by the contrast made between hell and the bosom of Abraham; for it is written: 'And it came to pass that the poor man died and he was borne by angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died and he was buried in hell.'"

Counting over the several places, says Suarez: "Some souls are condemned forever because of their own grievous fault, and their place is called hell. And some souls have to be cleansed somewhat; and those, though they have departed this life in justice and are entirely distinct from those 'buried in hell,' yet because of the necessity of their being cleansed by fire, are supposed to

be near that 'place of torments.' And others are punished because of original sin alone; and these, because their punishment is not by fire, are not placed near either of those already enumerated; but yet, because they departed not in justice, are not reckoned among the just."

Suarez goes on; and I call attention to two things, which I will translate literally. He is speaking of adults who have only original sin on their souls: "They are not just enough to be placed among the just, nor wicked enough to deserve the society of the damned. They do not hate God nor blaspheme, nor, as I suppose, live inordinately; although they are without faith, they live rightly according to natural reason."

That is one thing, and it gives me great gladness; for in the old classics and in the pages of history one meets beautiful characters, whom one would most earnestly hope not to see damned. For instance, I have always had great admiration for Virgil; now, when I find Dante taking him as his guide in his immortal epic, and speaking of him in such high terms of praise, I begin to hope—and feel happy in the hope—that the author of the pure and delightful *Æneid* may not be doomed to eternal punishment; and I am confirmed in my gladness when I find a theologian as learned and as holy as Suarez saying that it is allowable to believe it.

The second thing to which I desire to draw attention is this: Suarez says that children, or adults, dying with the guilt of original sin on their souls are not just enough to be placed among the just, neither are they wicked enough to be set among the damned,—“but for the moment let it suffice what the Council of Florence, in its letters of union, declared—namely, that the place of these souls is *in inferno* [hell].”

This bears out that to which I have

already drawn the reader's attention—that the hell of unbaptized souls is not the hell of the damned. "I will go down weeping to my son unto hell," says Jacob. Surely he does not mean that Joseph, his favorite son, is in the hell of the damned, knowing as he did of the innocence and purity of Joseph; nor that he himself would go there, whom God in a thousand places styles His servant,—“My servant Jacob,” “Israel My beloved,” “the God of Jacob.” And Job—the long-suffering Job, the great ancient king and most holy priest, that offered sacrifice daily lest his children should in any way offend God,—Job says: “Who will grant to me that in hell you protect me?” And again: “If I have patience, hell is my house.”*

Summing up, Suarez observes: “If the condition of places be regarded, since one requires fire [for cleansing or punishing] and the other does not [that is, the place of the unbaptized], purgatory, it appears, ought to be nearer to hell. But if the dignity of those placed therein be considered, inasmuch as in purgatory are just souls [who are destined to go to heaven], they ought to be in a place more remote from hell [than the souls of the unbaptized are].”

St. Chrysostom says: “Dives, being in hell, raised up his eyes that he might see Lazarus, who was in, as it were, a higher place.”

Tertullian: “Neither do we say that the souls of the just do in such manner descend into hell as if they were to be held in places of punishment. But that there are upper and lower parts of hell is to be believed; and that the just rest peacefully in the upper parts, while the unjust are tormented in the lower.” Again, on the saying of Job, “All that I am shall descend into profoundest hell,” Tertullian writes: “The

patriarch says so, although he was to descend only to this place of the holy souls; but yet in respect of heaven and earth he calls it most profound.”

Says Suarez: “It is more than vain to inquire whether this place is filled with air or earth, whether it is lightsome or dark. All these things are entirely unknown to us. All that we can affirm is that there was not there anything which could give pain to the holy souls, and that rather likely it was filled with air; as Zachary calls it ‘a lake in which there is no water.’”

St. Augustine declares there was no light. As Job says: “If I wait, hell is my home; and in darkness I have strewn my couch.” And Isaias: “That Thou wouldst say to them that are bound: Go forth; and to them that are in darkness, Be enlightened.”

St. Anselm and St. Bernard teach that (1) there is no corporal or natural light there; and (2) that there is no supernatural light, since it was not necessary for these souls, and by reason of their *status* was not due to them.

Christ descended into hell. Now, into which of these did He descend? Or did He to all? Did He, for instance, descend into the hell of the damned? St. Peter, in two places in his Epistles (iii, 18-20), tells us of the entry of Our Lord into hell: “Because Christ also died once for our sins—the just for the unjust,—that He might offer us to God; being put to death in the flesh, but enlivened in the spirit. In which [spirit] also coming, He preached to those that were in prison.”

So far the text, though open to various readings, and surrounded therefore by some difficulty, is comparatively easy; but it becomes terribly handicapped by the verse following in that same Epistle of St. Peter: “[Those spirits] that had been some time incredulous, when they waited for the patience of God in

* Job, xvii, 13.

the days of Noe, when the Ark was abuilding."

Were, then, some of those people saved in the time of Noe, when all flesh had eaten its way, and it repented God that He had made man? If not, what is the meaning of "He preached to them"? And in some books of instruction the gloss or explanation put upon the phrase is that "He announced to them in prison the joyful tidings of their redemption." Were they saved or were they lost? It is the belief of all times that they were lost. Did He, then, release souls from the hell of the damned?

This is one of the difficulties of Holy Scripture. To explain it, we have saints and theologians giving various readings of ancient manuscripts, and expressing many views. It would take us entirely out of our way if I were to attempt to give you those views; and, unless we were very learned and critical, we should not understand, and therefore would not benefit much in the end. But even from a simple text like this we can see that in the Scriptures, as St. Peter himself says, "there are certain things hard to be understood."* This your own reason would tell you; for the sacred writers wrote under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Human writers "are as dumb beasts [in the knowledge of divine and heavenly things], yet speak with man's voice."† And I believe it is even possible that, when the divine *afflatus* had passed away from them, those holy writers were not able wholly to interpret what they themselves had written. You may understand this by recalling what sometimes happens in dreams. While under the inspiration, as it were, of the dream, you see plainly a close although a subtle connection between two things; but when the dream is passed away and you awake,

you can not explain the connection to others, and only in a vague manner even to yourself.

St. Peter's second allusion occurs in his First Epistle (ii, 5, 6); and it also is surrounded with difficulties: "And they shall render an account to Him who is ready to judge the living and the dead. For this cause also was the Gospel preached to the dead: that they might be judged indeed according to men in the flesh, but may live according to God in the spirit."

In this knotty matter, then, we turn for light and guidance to the great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas. He tells us that Christ descended into hell in a twofold manner: 1st, by effect; 2d, by substantial presence. We shall understand *effect* if I ask a question: Is God everywhere? Yes. Is He in hell? Yes, by His power or *effect*,—that is to say, everything done there is carried out as the *effect* of His orders. Just as a ruler on earth reigns throughout all the dominions subject to him; and we say that he is in his empire or republic, although personally he can be but in one little spot of it at one time.

Christ, then, descended into the hell of the damned by *effect*,—i. e., by His power. For what purpose? The demons refused to adore Him as man; the lost refused to have faith or hope in Him. Both these had done so with full and deliberate act; for Almighty God does not condemn to hell without full and deliberate guilt, arising from a full and deliberate act on the part of the condemned. Furthermore, the devils excited the rage of the Jews against Him, the Holy One of Israel; and though the demons knew as well as, and better than, Pilate that He was innocent, they were not satisfied till He was put to death. Straight, therefore, from the Cross of Calvary, and at the very instant that they seemed to have reached the

* II Peter, iii, 16.

† Ibid, ii, 16.

complete fulfilment of their desires, "He descended into hell," and bade "every knee there to bend"; and it bowed down and adored, for the devils "believe and tremble." This is what St. Thomas means when he says: "He convicted the damned of their unbelief and malice."

There were in the second hell—which, according to Suarez, "because of its pain ought to be near the hell of the damned"—those souls who died in venial sin, or who had some temporal punishment to satisfy; and to those He promised future glory. "He gave to the souls, who were detained to be purified, a hope of future glory." And to those who were in Abraham's bosom He gave the light of eternal glory. "He diffused into the souls of the holy Fathers the light of eternal glory."

"By way of *substantial* presence," St. Thomas observes, "the Divine Lord descended only to the hell of the just. The effect of His descent by substantial presence to one part of hell was produced in all parts thereof; in like manner as the effects of His Passion, undergone in one part of this earth, are perceived to the ends thereof.... Although in the death of Christ body and soul were separated the one from the other, yet neither was separated from the person of the Eternal Word, the Son of God; and so during the three days Christ was entire in the sepulchre, because His whole person was there with His body united thereto; and in like manner Christ was entire in hell, because the whole person of Christ was there, in virtue of His soul being united thereto; while Christ was also entire everywhere by reason of His divine nature."

(Conclusion next week.)

ONCE an artist has chosen evil and not good, his clay model ceases to be art and becomes only a mass of mud.

—N. D. Hillis.

Links of Love.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

II.—PLUMING FOR FLIGHT.

A SQUARE mahogany table, arrayed with a breakfast set of blue china, a crystal vase of pink geraniums in the centre, and at its head and foot a woman and a girl,—the former in deep mourning, a crown of soft white hair surmounting a "wondrously beautiful," aristocratic face, the features exquisitely molded, delicate as frostwork, and yet breathing the indescribable soul-strength which suffering imparts to some rare characters; the latter in a simple white muslin gown, with frilled fichu loosely knotted about the round throat,—a very dream of youthful loveliness, gentleness. The dark-fringed lids were lowered, and, like her *vis à vis*, she was perusing, with evident interest, the "letter apiece" which Kathleen had just delivered to them. The last word read, she sighed.

"What is it, *chérie*?" Mrs. Manchester looked up instantly; her voice, a most sympathetic contralto, full of suppressed excitement. "Any sad news?"

"No," answered the girl. "Mary asks me again to come on the 1st of June and remain to be her bridesmaid. Of course I shall write her once more that I can not."

The taper fingers unconsciously played on the table a bar of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and she sighed again.

"Would you not like to go, Rosa?" The elder woman fixed her earnest eyes on the other's face.

"Oh, but I couldn't! A whole month of nights away from you, when I have never yet spent one! What are you thinking of?"

"Of your happiness, my dearest!" said Mrs. Manchester, slowly. "Love is born selfish; but love worthy the name is

susceptible to argument, and can be trained to make the greatest sacrifices. I have been some time secretly training mine for you, Rosa; perhaps this first little flight will be the test of my strength for the longer one. I meant to send you away for a whole year; we will see how the *whole month* goes first."

"Send me away from you,—I who was never to leave you! What do you, what *can* you mean, Sweetheart?"

And, springing up, Rosa twined her arms around her grandmother's waist.

For a moment the latter held the young hands tightly to her breast; then, still retaining them and also rising, "Come to our old place on the sofa," she said, "and we will have a long talk heart to heart."

Their "old place" on the sofa was the cushioned corner nearest the hearth, where a few crossed logs burned gaily; for May mornings still cherished winter memories. Perhaps that accounted for the shiver which passed over Mrs. Manchester, as, taking her seat, she drew the girl's fair head upon her shoulder and kissed her passionately.

"You are cold!" cried Rosa. "Let me get your shawl."

"No, no!" replied Sweetheart. "Put your arms around me—no shawl can warm me as they can,—and listen without one interposing word. Do you remember one rainy afternoon last winter,—you had been so many hours in the studio that I went up to gain at least a glimpse of you? There you stood before your work, addressing it as though it had been a person. 'Ah, my poor picture!' you were saying. 'Sister Cecilia may find words of praise for you in her gentle way, but I can never make you what I wish you to be. I shall leave you all half finished, as father did his. If I could only go abroad again, steep my soul in the light and color of those Old-World galleries, study

not the copies but the very masters, inspiration—whatever is needing to me would be given; but I can never go!' And you dashed away a tear.

"A moment later, discovering me, you became your dear, cheerful self in an instant for my benefit, for my happiness. But I, Rosa,—I had received a revelation. Chance had lifted to my ear, as though it were a shell, my darling's heart; I had heard its sea-song—the song that it sung to itself,—and I resolved to make good use of my acquired wisdom. From that day I began planning. 'The Old Burgomaster,' over the sideboard, did not go to have its tarnished frame regilded—forgive the deception,—I dared not tell you until all was settled. I sent it to be examined and its reputed authenticity as an original Rubens proved. Yesterday Veergrif, the art dealer, told me it is a treasure; its sale is assured: a purchaser found at the price they put upon it—fifteen hundred dollars,—and half of that sum he offers to advance at once if I wish. And now, to answer *all* my prayers, this letter from dear Mrs. Raymond, saying she is about to spend a year abroad with her niece, a girl your age, who has given her heart to the violin as you to the palette and brush. Could anything be imagined more delightful, dearest? By the end of August you will start on the longed-for pilgrimage to those old galleries. You shall take lessons from more difficult teachers than gentle Sister Cecilia, who gives praise when you want criticism; you are to drink with deep draughts the mountain air of art; and then you are to come down again into the valley, where I shall be waiting for you."

Mrs. Manchester had spoken with studied composure, to give her breaking voice time to steady itself; she paused abruptly, while Rosa clasped her closer.

"Dearest," she cried, with tear-wet cheeks,—“ah! it was so like you to plan

all this happiness for me, to snatch at my foolish words and make them of importance. But do you think—do you dare to think—that I would sail back over the sea and leave you waiting here alone? Let me tell you, Sweetheart, never, never, never!”

“But you must go, my beloved!” answered Mrs. Manchester. “For my happiness I ask it, as well as for yours: and you have but just confessed it would be happiness. I have no right to reach my arms across your path, barring your progress to higher things. The sphere is narrow here, I know it; your wing-tips brush the walls. I have been selfish, exacting, keeping you all to myself. Now, darling, you must go!”

The girl did not respond for several minutes, then she said:

“Dear, do *you* remember that rainy day I first came home to you,—when Kathleen sent me down the hall alone to meet the gift-sending, mysterious Sweetheart of my childhood’s dreams? You laid your soft cheek on mine, like this, and asked me to repeat again: ‘I love you,—love you, grandmamma; and I will never, never leave you while I live!’ I repeat those words now. The ‘Rubens millions’ can be put to better use at home than in maintaining me abroad as an ambitious art student, without sufficient genius to warrant the expense. There’s the front porch tumbling down; the upstairs balcony, where you love to sit, is depriving us of its use by the perilous shakiness of the pillars; the parlor carpets and curtains would surely be improved by changing into new ones. Oh, there are hosts of things we have been wishing we could do! And now we can: we’re rich, richer, richest! It’s glorious; but leave you here to enjoy yourself alone—no, no! not I, Sweetheart! I love you,—love you, love you; and I will never, never leave you while I live!”

Again they clasped each other in a long embrace.

“But, Rosa, the ‘leaving me’ that I meant was not like this one. Even in the first ecstasy of our meeting—and ah, child, how I had longed for you!—the deathly fear came to me of a day when I should see you turn away to follow in the footsteps of most maidens:

Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us.
Comes a youth with flaunting feather,
With his flute of reeds; a stranger
Wanders, piping, through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger.”

Mrs. Manchester’s beautiful voice was vibrant with emotion, and lent to the melodious quotation a new charm. Rosa’s eyes glowed while she listened.

“You meant I must never marry. Of course I would never do that,” she said,—“never even care for any one,”—with a little happy gush of laughter, which brought to the elder woman’s lips a sad and tremulous smile.

“Ah, darling!” she sighed, “we can not be sure of aught in this world, least of all of our hearts. Love brings us the greatest joys, but he also brings us the greatest sorrows that the soul can live through. I speak from bitter experience. It was to follow a stranger that your mother left me when she was just your age,—a mere child but grown in a day brave, strong enough to set at naught my prayers and her father’s lifelong alienation. How wildly I pleaded with him for a glimpse of her once more in this world,—to go to her, to send for her! As well have tried to bend a granite shaft. And your mother knew how it must be—knew the enmity existing between her father’s and her husband’s family,—a feud bitter as that of the Capuletti. Yet she left me; her Romeo’s love compensated her for all else. At least he was good, true and

noble; he never caused her to regret her choice. It was not the mistake so many make,—the cruel, black mistake that is only when too late discovered. Ah, darling, I did not mean to make you cry, lifting the veil of life and showing you the scars that it has left on me! But it is because I have suffered so that I tremble for you; a woman's fate is such a mysterious thing.

"I was a happy, care-free girl; life before me a gay-decked, whirling ball-room, in whose dances I was bidden to take part a favored guest. But when the time for choosing partners came, I put aside the great white love that had been mine for years,—a love sweet, warm, beautiful as summer; handed back the heart of a dear friend, my childhood's playmate, and married Mr. Manchester, an acquaintance of some months, who never learned to know me. The journey by his side was all through winter landscape—through ice, frost and snow" (she shivered). "Some hearts break easier than others; mine was the fragile kind. But" (she lifted her head) "since you came, dear child, my broken heart is mended. Hush! let me kiss away those tears. I did not mean to grieve you. Let us talk now of your journey. Yes, yes, you must go, at least for the month at Mary's. You know the old superstition, 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.' This will be the first time; two more school friends to follow to the altar, one year of study abroad, and then I shall feel that my darling has come home to me,—mine, mine, to have and to hold till 'death do us part.'"

III.—HOME TO THE NEST.

"Marry? Yes, when I meet my ideal, and so my wedding-day will never dawn." Erskine flecked the ashes from his cigar, and looked dreamily up at the June sky, where burned a single star.

"I think I've met her for you, Rodney my boy," tranquilly observed the young man seated opposite him on the piazza. "It's the Rose of whom Mary has so often told me. She has come on from Washington to spend a month and be her bridesmaid; just as you, my best friend, came to be my best man. Miss Rose Ellerson. To-morrow you'll see her at lunch, as I saw her last evening at tea, and I will not answer for the consequences."

"The world is as full of beautiful women as it is of flowers, and of as many varieties," answered Erskine. "I admire beauty cordially, but it's not all I'd be seeking in a life-mate."

"And it's not all you will find in Miss Ellerson," promptly affirmed his companion. "Tenderness and simplicity, complete soul-loveliness, are as plainly to be read in her fair face as they are in my Mary's. When you are presented, and she says, 'I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Erskine,' the words will have a very different sound in her voice. I understand she sings, plays, paints divinely—her father was an artist,—and she was born on the other side of the Atlantic; beside, she—"

"Please do not tell me any more," interrupted Erskine. "It's many hours yet to lunch time to-morrow, and they will seem longer to a hungry man. But, all jesting aside," and the young lieutenant's tone was full of pathos, "I have always harbored a mournful presentiment that when Love comes my way, if he ever does, he will be in sable robes and tears; I shall be lifted up to gain a glimpse of paradise through 'pearly gates ajar'; then they will close, leaving me in the dark, alone. For when I do love, Percy, it will be a love for life,—*un amour pour toujours*. This old sole-leather heart of mine was not made for holiday trips over calm lakes, but for cruising in deep waters;

whatever is locked away in it will be there till Death pries up the lid."

"Rodney, I'm amazed!" said Percy. "I knew you were as romantic as any knight of old; but as for nursing morbid fancies, I never gave you credit for it; nor do I now—only blame. Overboard with them at once! I want you to know the peace, the sublime happiness, that I now know. I want to see you married to some dear girl. Then, whenever I think of you, I shall feel that your *heart is in port*—if the rest of you, in a lieutenant's uniform, is pacing the deck, at midnight, out there on the desolate deep."

Erskine's dark, wistful eyes softened.

"Thank you, old fellow!" he said, tossing aside his cigar. "Uncle Richard's advice and yours are one. By the way, I had a letter from him yesterday. He's on his ranch in California, and wants me to come, if only for a hand-clasp, before my leave expires. I'm afraid I can't manage it; but I'd like to see his cheery face once more. One is always better for a talk with him. If there's a glint of sunlight anywhere, he's sure to find and point it out to you. And yet, for all his wealth, his life can not be called a happy one; no family, not a relative save those he makes,—a chosen few young solitaires, like myself, whom he 'ties to his left side with a hard knot of red ribbon, as he calls it.' His great, warm heart must have something to love."

"Such manufactured relatives as that are often better than the ready-made sort," said Percy, laughing. "I would not mind being tied to Uncle Richard myself. From all you say of him, he must be a wonder: no crustiness, no eccentricities; all kindness and goodness. If you never meet your ideal, or fail to connect with her, I only hope you'll make as jolly an old bachelor as he."

(To be continued.)

Truth.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THOU warrior maid, more strong than all earth's kings!

Embattled spirit of the ceaseless strife!

Thy voice leaps like the choral blood of life
Through the least veins of all created things;

Thy glance is barbed with kindness when it springs
To lance the heart of Error like a knife,

And all thy ways with blessedness are rife,
So much does sweetness blossom from thy stings.

All worth unfriended finds in thee a friend;

In thy soft grasp the lily's stalk is far
More potent in its fragile might to bend

The shield of Sin than iron spear or bar;
And thy least act of voice or hand can rend

The cloud of Wrong and make the Right a star.

A Thrilling Appeal, and Other Experiences of Father Anselm.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

FATHER ANSELM'S story affected his audience deeply, and he was beset with questions and cross-questions on the subject of the reality of such occurrences. Why, if such things are allowed to happen, do they not happen more frequently, Father? How many souls could be saved, how much evil prevented, by a spiritual apparition or a supernatural message!

The sweet-faced old missionary looked at us with a wistful smile.

"These are among the mysteries," he said. "But that they do occur, when God pleases, who can dare to doubt? It is equally certain that to some persons, and even to particular families, a power is given, like an extra sense, leading them into communication with the spiritual world. Why? you ask me; and I can only say, 'Again the mystery!' Some of us are in the thick of it, while the great mass of our neighbors are neither comforted nor terrified by any such intercourse."

Some of his audience gazed at the good Father with envy, some with compassion; while all seemed eager to know whether he himself was a sharer in that marvellous gift which had been bestowed on his uncle. Had he ever had *personal* experience of the actuality of the spiritual world?

"Certainly," he said simply,—"many, many times."

A thrill ran through his listeners,—a sensation of mingled curiosity, keen interest and fear.

"I will tell you one of my first experiences of this nature," he went on. "When I was a very young priest I was sent on the mission to assist an old reverend Father in his duties in a remote part of England. We had a small house, a small chapel, and a small congregation, as a matter of course. It was my part to say the early Mass every morning; and, being a sleepy-headed fellow, I depended on our excellent elderly housekeeper to waken me in time for this sacred duty.

"It was in the dark wintry weather when, waking unexpectedly in the night, all hours seem the same, unless one hears a clock strike or one lights a candle to look at a watch. I was not accustomed to any such freakish awakings, invariably taking my full measure of allotted slumber right on end. I went to bed one night as usual, thoroughly tired and heavy with sleep; and when I found myself starting up at the sound of a heavy knock on my door, I, of course, thought it was my usual morning summons to get up.

"I lay for a minute collecting my senses and listening for the retreating footsteps (no fairy ones) of our rather ponderously constructed housekeeper; and it struck me as strange that I had not heard them, though they were always exceedingly audible to the least sensitive tympanum. In fact, though

the knock had been unusually loud, it was followed by no sound whatever. There was that indescribable something in the air which gives assurance that the mysterious night voyage of our earth is still nearer to its beginning than to its end; also that there is a deathlike collapse of all animal vitality around us, while the waking consciousness is aware of a chill rustling of the silence, perhaps the rushing of Time's wave, which is felt and not seen or heard.

"I sat up and struck a light. It was just three o'clock, about four hours and a half from daylight. Yet I had distinctly heard the knock; and while I lay thinking, with my candle alight, I heard it again. I called, but there was no answer. I got up and opened the door,—no one was there.

"A strange conviction of the impossible, so far as natural things are concerned, seized me; but, shaking off suggestions of the uncanny, I turned my thoughts in the most matter-of-fact direction. It was hardly probable that burglars would knock on my door to announce their presence in the house, and yet for burglars I felt myself bound to search. I thought of the church, the sacristy, the sacred vessels, the little poor-box behind the door of the chapel. My own valuables were few; my good old superior, asleep on the other side of the passage, possessed scarcely anything pawnable beyond a rather antediluvian watch; and as for our elderly housekeeper, I could have sworn that the rings in her ears were made of gilded tin. To the chapel, then, I proceeded, armed with the poker, and looking into all the rooms—not a very lengthy task—on my way.

"Nothing was stirring. Not a mouse squeaked or scraped. Even the homely cat failed to meet me on the stair with a mew that might have seemed to acknowledge guilt and apologize for

disturbance. The church was solemnly still, as all churches are at three o'clock in the morning: no watcher before the tabernacle; the Lord solitary on His humble throne; while poor human nature, even the disciples who love Him, are weakly elsewhere and fast asleep. 'Could ye not watch with Me one hour?' I felt sad and ashamed to think that only a human sense of alarm had brought me down there to kneel for a time under the speck of red light aloft in the silver lamp, which was the only customary faithful night-watcher.

"But after a certain vigil, during which serious and sacred thoughts had driven out of my mind almost all remembrance of the cause of my being there, the sleepiness of youth—Peter's sleepiness, John's sleepiness—began to overpower me, and I rose from my knees and returned to my room. I was standing in the middle of the floor, about to spring into bed, when I was suddenly aware of a something in my neighborhood which caused me to say out loud:

"'Who is here? Who are you? Is there anything I can do for you?'

"Then there came an answer, clear and distinct,—a voice I knew, the tones of which chilled my heart.

"'I died an hour ago,' said the voice that I knew; nothing more.

"I wept. I need not say I was sleepy no longer. I dressed and remained in prayer till the slow daylight dawned and the hour for the early Mass arrived; then, before beginning the Holy Sacrifice, I made a brief announcement from the altar.

"'The Mass about to be said will be offered for the repose of the soul of one who died this morning.'

"The announcement produced a sensation, which the sense of propriety in our pious little congregation was with difficulty able to suppress. We were miles away from a post-office or a

telegraph station, and our one delivery of letters in the twenty-four hours reached us about the middle of the day. Therefore a death occurring that morning of which I had knowledge must be the death of a member of the congregation. This thought was at once forced into the minds of all who were about to assist at this Mass, which they were informed was to be a Requiem. The service was followed with intense reverence and earnestness, and when it was over the thing I expected to happen exactly took place. The congregation crowded round the outer door of the sacristy, anxious to know which member of their body had departed from amongst us in the small hours of that winter's morning. I quietly reassured them on this point, and steered through the difficulty of answering their further questions as best I could.

"There remained the great question for myself: What news would the postman bring me at noontide on the morrow? The news came. A dearly-loved friend had suddenly expired on the morning and at the hour indicated to me by the voice I had heard in my chamber."

Father Anselm ceased, and we were all silent. Finally we summoned courage to put a few questions to him:

"What did you think of the condition of that spirit, Father? Was it a happy or unhappy one?"

"He wanted the Mass, therefore he was happy. If he had been unhappy, he would not have come to me."

"But does it not imply that he was in purgatory?"

"In some degree of purgatory. But purgatory is a happy state," responded Father Anselm. "In some cases I do not doubt that it seems to the spirits there already heaven."

"That is a sweet doctrine, Father," said some one.

"It is very sweet," said the priest.

"Will you not tell us something more?" was the next appeal to him.

"Ah! I could tell much, but there are limits to such revelations. I relate only what is cause for rejoicing. And yet what I am going to tell now, though also a spiritual experience, is not of apparitions or actual communication with the other world, except by that spiritual telepathy which is indeed a frequent form of communication.

"I was in another part of the country, acting as temporary curate, some miles from a large central town through which many people passed on their way to more important places. Our new mission was small and struggling, and there was not always enough for a zealous priest to do. Often, not to be idle, I did a little gardening; and I read a great deal in a tiny brown parlor, where, as some one said, I could poke the fire, shut the door, and open the window, all without rising from my seat.

"One wet day I was particularly busy and interested in my studies. In the morning the rain had been light, and I had remained gardening, putting out tiny plants for the spring, till I was soaked with wet; and at last, feeling chilled, had come in and changed all my clothing and sat by the fire,—thankful that there was nothing at all likely to occur obliging me to stir out of doors till the morrow.

"Suddenly I felt a kind of cloud come between me and my book, and a strong desire arose in me to get up and go at once to the Catholic church in the town of R—. I put it out of my mind; it seemed such an unreasonable idea. There was nothing for me to do there on any afternoon; if I were to go, the church would probably be shut up before I arrived. I tried to go on with my reading, but it was of no use. I looked at the rain streaming down the

window-panes. I thought of the long walk, without the possibility of meeting with any kind of vehicle; and I had already felt the worse of a wetting that morning. All my reasoning and temporizing were in vain: I felt that I had to get up and proceed at once to that distant church, and I went.

"St. Mary of the Martyrs was a dark, dingy old chapel, frequented only by the poor employees, chiefly Irish, of the factories of the town. Having tramped the roads running with rain, and the flowing streets, I arrived after about two hours' travel at the door of the church. It was still open, though the gas-lamps in the streets outside were lit, and the interior was quite dark. Entering the church, I saw that it was empty. Still feeling sure that I had come for some purpose, at some call, if only to try my obedience, my faith, I walked up to the altar rails and knelt there, with the rain running down from my clothing and out of my boots. I had been so kneeling for only a few minutes when I heard a sound of some one stirring in a bench not far away, and a figure came forward in the twilight and stood beside me. It was a woman. I turned my head and looked at her.

"'Are you a priest?' she inquired, in a low, faltering voice.

"'Yes,' I answered. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Everything,' she said. I knew by her voice that she was in a state of suppressed excitement. 'I am a great sinner, but the good God has worked a miracle for me.'

"'Praise God!' I cried, rising from my knees at once. 'I know now why I have come here.'

"'I have brought you here,' she said,—'or rather God brought you here for me. I promised Him that if a priest came into the church within an hour, I

would believe in Him and go to confession. I had heard the sacristan tell a man that the only priest in the town had gone away for the day.'

"She went on to explain that many years before she had lost her faith and ceased to be a Catholic. Living among Protestants and unbelievers, she had felt no desire for any kind of religion, led a pleasant life, and never thought of the future. On that morning she had arrived in the town from a country-house ten miles off, with a party of friends, to attend a midday theatrical performance. When they arrived at the place of amusement some unaccountable repulsion to the idea of entering it seized on her; and, to the annoyance of her friends, she declared her intention of separating herself from the party and going at once to the hotel where they were to dine. After some remonstrance and persuasion, her friends allowed her to indulge her whim, and went into the theatre, while she remained without.

"At this moment she felt no desire to go anywhere in particular,—only an unreasonable and, to herself, incomprehensible aversion to entering that place of amusement. Instead of proceeding straight to the hotel, she thought she would explore the town a little. Seeing the church door open, she went in. She thought it a dark, disagreeable-looking place; but something stronger than her æsthetic tastes urged her to remain. Sitting down in one of the benches, memory began working within her, and recollections of her early days and their forgotten teachings came stealing up out of the long-shut-up chambers of her brain. After an hour spent sitting in that dark, damp, solitary corner, her hands covering her face, her mind a battle-ground between the spirit of grace and the sceptical spirit of the world, she could endure it no longer,—she dare not depart without making some effort

to correspond with the suggestions of God's presence now so suddenly and unexpectedly put before her. All at once she surprised herself by dropping on her knees and speaking aloud in the silence of the sacred place.

"‘If Thou wilt send me a priest here within an hour,’ she said, ‘I will believe in Thee.’

"No doubt it was an audacious address to the Almighty,—to Him who said, ‘An unbelieving generation asketh for a sign, and a sign shall not be given it.’ But who can tell the designs or limit the favors of a God whose mercies are known to be beyond all His other works? The cry was made in agony, and it was answered.

"She made her confession and went out of the church overwhelmed with gratitude and at peace with her Creator. She was a woman of talent and good sense, and the possessor of wealth; and during the remaining twenty years of her life she devoted herself to the service of God and of the poor, not only in the neighborhood of her home, but in every place where she found her ready help most needful. She was one of my most trusted friends until her death, and I believe she is now in heaven."

One more story Father Anselm was coaxed into telling us that evening before we allowed him to go away to his room and finish his Office.

"It is the sweetest little tale of all, and I have kept it to the last as a sort of *bonne bouche* for the young people. The incident occurred in Ireland, where I was engaged at the time with another Father of our Order in giving a mission.

"There was a family of poor laboring people living just outside the town in a quarter reserved for their class,—the merest slum; no gardens, no fields, no trees, nothing beautiful of nature near it. The little yard of this poor family

adjoined the yard of a dealer in manure, and a little child of three years old was in the habit of pushing her small way into the neighbor's yard to enlarge her playground, and also perhaps with an infant's brave idea of exploring a foreign country. It was in February of a very hard winter, *and the snow was on the ground.*

"One day the child—a sweet little Mary, just beginning to talk intelligibly—ran in to her mother about dusk. She had been out for a couple of hours at her play in and about the yards, no one with her,—the premises of the manure-dealer being at that time of the day deserted. The child ran home carrying in her hands a tall white lily on a long stem, of the kind known as Madonna lilies. The mother, in astonishment, asked her where she got it.

"The boofer lady in a blue cloak gave it to me!" cried the little one in triumph, holding up the flower and touching her mother's bent face with it.

"The mother went out and searched the yards, impossible places, far from the imagination of flowers. Inquiries were made: no one had seen a lady in a blue cloak, while the child kept repeating: 'Boofer, boofer lady—a white flower for 'ittle Mary!'

"The flower was placed in a jar of water, and the neighbors went in and out looking at it. There it was, fresh, pure, spotless, as if newly gathered out of a queen's garden. Heads were shaken and words were whispered.

"'Sure 'twas Herself an' nobody else!' they said to each other. The mother threw her apron over her face and wept.

"The next morning little Mary was taken ill with the croup, that snatcher of young children's lives. By night she was dead. The day after that she lay on her poor bed like a small waxen angel; and the Blessed Virgin's lily, still fresh and unfaded, was on her breast."

The Doctrine of Indulgences Again.

THE Catholic doctrine of Indulgences is admittedly one of the chief stumbling-blocks of the Protestant public; it is also one of the most difficult to set forth in adequate terms. We are therefore glad, when occasion offers, to reprint for the benefit of our readers, and of priests on whom devolves the instruction of neophytes, any fresh statement of the subject that possesses merit and is cast in popular form. In Mr. W. S. Lilly's newest volume, "Renaissance Types," there is an explanation of this doctrine that has the double merit of sprightliness and perspicacity; we will therefore quote the passage in full.

* *

I suppose the conception of an indulgence popular in this country is pretty much that set forth, with inimitable irony, by Swift in his "Tale of a Tub":

Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:

To all mayors, sheriffs, jailers, constables, balliffs, hangmen, etc.:—Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death, We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, etc.; for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. And if you fail hereof, God — you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble man's man,

EMPEROR PETER.

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

Assuredly, the conception, satirized with such strange and bitter humor, must appear so monstrous to any rational creature that controversy about it might well seem superfluous. The bare proposition that pardon of sin can be obtained by the payment of money may well take away the breath of any one who reflects what sin means, what its pardon means; who in any degree realizes the tremendous sanctions of the

moral law, the infinite evil of violating it, the essential attributes of that Being of beings whose very nature the moral law is. But the matter is not so simple as the Protestant tradition represents it. The Roman theory of indulgences—I use the adjective advisedly; for the theory, unknown to the Greek and other Oriental churches, is of Roman origin—rests upon a foundation which, in itself, is reasonable enough. It is based upon the august verity—the corner-stone alike of the religion of the Buddha and of the ethical philosophy of Kant—that a wrongdoer, by his wrongful deed, subjects himself to a penalty which is its natural and inevitable consequence; that the voluntary transgression of the moral law necessarily involves the punishment of the transgressor; that a debt is contracted by sin, which must be discharged.

And here theologians draw a distinction. The debt, they say, of every grievous sin is twofold. There is the eternal debt due to Divine Justice—a debt beyond the power of man to pay,—which must be satisfied before the debtor can be admitted to the fruition of the Beatific Vision. And there is the temporal debt, which must be satisfied here or in the place of penal purification hereafter. In the Sacrament of Penance, they proceed to teach, the eternal debt is remitted to the truly contrite through the merits of Him who “bare our sins in His own body on the tree.” But the temporal debt still remains, and must be satisfied either by suffering in purgatorial fires or by works of penance imposed by the confessor. It is on this doctrine of the temporal debt that the theory of indulgences has been reared.

“In the Primitive Church there was a godly discipline,” as the Anglican Communion Service witnesses, “that such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance, and

punished in this world.” As the centuries went on, secret confession to the priest took the place of open confession to the assembly of the faithful, and public penance fell into disuse. And as the old ecclesiastical discipline, by which periods of penance were graduated to various offences, disappeared, the doctrine of indulgences grew up. It was closely connected with another doctrine founded on the consolatory conception of the Church as one body—the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. The superabundant merits of the Divine Redeemer as the Head of the spiritual organism, of His Virgin Mother, and of all His saints, were regarded as constituting a treasure of which His earthly Vicar was the guardian and dispenser. And it was held that by means of papal indulgences these merits were communicated to the less perfect members, the little ones, of the Christian flock. More: it was taught—this was the latest development—that they might be made available, in all their fulness, for the relief of souls in purgatory.

The Crusades furnish the first instance of the application, upon a large scale, of this doctrine of indulgences. Pope Urban II. declared that whoever took the cross gained a plenary indulgence, which took the place of all penances. In time, the contribution of money toward a Crusade earned a like reward. Later, indulgences were similarly attached, by papal authority, to pilgrimages, to the building of churches, the foundation of religious houses, the construction of bridges, and other good works, the performance of which was held to be equivalent to the severe and prolonged mortifications of the old penitential system, and to satisfy the temporal debt contracted by sin. Of course penitence and sacramental confession were always specified in the formal “Instruction to Sub-Commissaries, Penitentiaries, and

Confessors," as conditions requisite for gaining the indulgence. It was further provided in this document that those of the faithful who, having no money, could give no alms, should earn their pardon by aiding the good work in respect of which it was granted, through prayer and fasting; "for the kingdom of heaven shall not stand more open to the rich than to the poor."

A Red-Letter Day at Lourdes.

A GLORIOUS day and a large gathering of eminent ecclesiastics—among them Cardinals Langenieux and Goossens and the Patriarch of Antioch—combined to render the consecration of the magnificent new basilica at Lourdes an occasion never to be forgotten by the multitude that witnessed it. The Holy Father himself had taken a special interest in the sacred function, and in his late Apostolic Letter on the Rosary had deputed Cardinal Langenieux to perform it in his name.

The new church is dedicated to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, and a very notable feature of the exercises was the simultaneous consecration of the altars in the fifteen side chapels that commemorate the mysteries of the Holy Rosary. The voluntary offerings of the clients of Our Lady of Lourdes the world over have provided for the furnishing of these chapels,—each of the great Christian nations providing for the suitable adornment of one of them. The chapel commemorating the Coronation of Our Lady as Queen of Heaven was furnished by the offerings of the priests of the United States. Very appropriately, the altar of this chapel was consecrated by Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn.

The ceremony took place on Rosary Sunday in the presence of thirty-six

prelates and a host of priests. The sermon—an eloquent discourse on the Holy Rosary—was delivered by Mgr. Rumeau, Bishop of Angers; and the throng that filled the vast building to the utmost, and overflowed into the road without, was one of the most distinguished, as well as most devout, ever seen at the great shrine. "It was Lourdes of the National Pilgrimage without the invalids," a valued French correspondent informs us. "Yet a feeling of sadness prevailed; for the deserted convents were closed and their joyous bells silent."

There were miracles, too, though not on the actual day of the ceremony. A girl of ten, born blind, was suddenly and completely restored to sight. And a short time before, a Monsieur Karlsbilk, aged twenty-eight, hailing from Lille, was cured of blindness of three years' duration; though Dr. Dujardin and other celebrities had vainly exhausted their skill on him.

Much more striking was the healing of Antoine Besco, of Saint Trophine (Côtes-du-Nord), who in November of 1899 was drafted into the 3d Hussars to serve the regular three years. A month after his enlistment he met with a fall which fractured the spinal column, and for months he lay in a military hospital, suffering intolerable pain. There was a serious lesion of what is popularly called the spinal marrow, and complete paralysis of the legs followed. After sixteen months Drs. Beltier and Neumann abandoned his case as hopeless, declaring that no human skill could save him; and the Reform Commission, evidently believing that he was fated to die soon, awarded Besco an annuity of seven hundred and fifty francs. Much against the wish of his relatives and friends, the young man had himself transported to Lourdes, and after his third bath in the piscina he emerged a new and a

well man. These cures have been duly investigated and confirmed by the Bureau of Proofs.

It was a red-letter day for Lourdes, and the spectators felt more sensibly than ever before the nearness of Heaven. And as one recalled the innumerable favors vouchsafed by Our Lady on that favored spot, and looked into the rapt, earnest faces of the men of France assembled from all the provinces, one could not but wonder what the legislators of France are thinking about when they attempt to banish religion from this highly favored and essentially Catholic people.

The Cathedral of Toledo.

IT is said that in Toledo, on the site where the cathedral now stands, a chapel was erected in honor of the Blessed Virgin during her lifetime by the converts made by St. Paul when he preached the Gospel in Spain. If this tradition be true, the magnificent structure of world-wide celebrity can claim to be in its origin among the earliest of Christian churches. In the middle of the choir, in front of a splendid brass lecturn, which represents an eagle trampling upon a dragon, stands a black wooden and very antique image of Our Lady.

It may be said that Toledo owes its ecclesiastical greatness to the favor of the Queen of Heaven; another chapel of the same famous cathedral is hallowed by having been the spot where she appeared to St. Ildefonso, who was Archbishop of Toledo in the early part of the seventh century. A Gothic shrine of open-work, richly gilded, rises over the sacred spot; the slab whereon Our Lady's feet rested is still shown, encased in red marble and protected by a high railing. The stone around is worn away by the kisses of devout pilgrims.

Notes and Remarks.

The society just established for the preservation of the Faith among Indian children ought to have millions of members. Its object is noble and its need is urgent as well as evident. The conditions of membership are: (1) an annual subscription of twenty-five cents; (2) prayers for the success of the society. The association is cordially approved and earnestly recommended by Cardinal Martinelli, pro-Apostolic Delegate; Cardinal Gibbons, and the Archbishops of New York and Philadelphia. Blank certificates of membership may be had of the Rev. W. H. Ketcham, director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Now that the mission schools are deprived of government appropriations, there is need of united effort on the part of American Catholics to preserve them. Our duty is plain, and there should be no shirking it. The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children would be an excellent reminder, if it could be well established.

..

We have often thought that an association having for its objects the conversion of America and the support of Indian and Negro missions might easily be made the most popular and fruitful of all our religious confraternities. The Holy Father would gladly approve such an organization and grant extraordinary indulgences and some special privilege to its members. The patron in heaven would naturally be the Blessed Virgin under the title of her Immaculate Conception. The conditions of membership should be as simple as possible, and the obligations such as persons of every condition would be able to fulfil,—a subscription that would not seem large to the poor or children, a short prayer

that might be said at Mass or as a part of one's daily devotions. A small cross blessed with the indulgence of a happy death would be an appropriate and much-prized badge of membership. If such an association is ever established, its directors should be the parish priests of the United States, under the headship of their respective Bishops.

Mr. Robert Pinkerton, of the famous detective agency, has suggested a novel plan for disposing of anarchy in this country. He says: "I would advocate the establishment of an anarchist colony—a place where every person who wants anarchy can have it," etc. Getting the anarchists out of the country is indeed one way; another and, we venture to suggest, a better way is by getting anarchy out of the anarchists. Christianity, founded on obedience to authority, is the antithesis of anarchy, founded on revolt against authority. Strengthen the hold of the Christian religion on the hearts of the people by religious teaching, by the religious family life and the religious national life, and you may leave anarchy to die of inanition.

An indignant parent in New York writes to the *Sun* a strong protest against the inordinate burden of text-books which his little daughter is forced to carry to and from her school every day. His point is well taken. The multiplying of text-books, on every known subject and several other ones, has grown into a real abuse, to which a drastic remedy should be applied without any undue loss of time. The physical weight which the child in question is made to carry is bad enough, but it is as nothing to the mental strain of endeavoring to digest and assimilate a daily collection of facts, dates, and principles that might well

appall the trained intellect of a mature thinker. Our children are habitually compelled to "cram"; and some day sensible parents will rise in their wrath and sweep aside the mere ornamental curriculum that savors of the college rather than the common everyday school. The old-time system in which the Three R's held foremost rank, and occupied most of the time, may have been less stylish, but it was certainly more effective than the prevailing method of dissipating the mental labor of the child on a number of educational fads and fancies.

As yet no steps have been taken to make up the deficiency of \$100,000 reported by the board of missions of the P. E. Church. It seems queer, to express it timidly, that a corporation so embarrassed should make haste to assume new obligations by proposing to establish a hierarchy in the Philippines. But the P. E. Church is spiritually as well as financially bankrupt,—indeed, whenever a religious body complains of non-support it is always because it is no longer a vital force. The Rev. Algernon Crapsey, whom we quoted on another subject last week, gives this explanation of the lack of interest in foreign missions among Episcopalians:

The missionary boards should open their eyes to the fact that men and women are ceasing to give to missionary funds. I have knowledge of persons who are giving many thousands of dollars every year to works of charity and religion who have almost, if not entirely, ceased to contribute to the treasury of missionary boards and societies. And they are doing this from conscientious motives. They do not believe that the cause of Christ or the prosperity of His kingdom will ever be furthered by present missionary methods.

The Protestant Episcopal Church contains less than 2 per cent of the population of the United States. It is engaged in the task of striving to give its doctrine, discipline, and worship to the people of this country. In common with all organized forms of Christianity, it has a great duty—which it does not fulfil—to the colored

people of the South, to say nothing of the multitudes who throng our great cities and live in the lonely, paganized rural districts. With these great works lying almost untouched, we are not, in my judgment, justified in undertaking the conversion not only of the countless millions of heathen in China, Japan and Africa, but also of the millions of Christians in the Philippine Islands, in Cuba and Porto Rico, and—why not?—in Europe.

Dr. Crapsey is right, and we are delighted to find one Episcopalian saying what everybody else has been thinking for years.

A thoughtful writer in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Geoffrey Langtoft, labors with much energy to show that not anarchy but socialism is the source of assassinations. This strikes us as a mere beating of the air, an argument on the respective merits of tweedledum and tweedledee. During the last thirty years, it is true, almost three times as many rulers and public men were murdered as during the preceding seventy years; and it is notorious that the doctrine of socialism has enjoyed a rank growth during the past three decades. Mr. Langtoft's facts are unimpeachable, but his inferences, as is apt to be the case with persons who undervalue the importance of religion in life, will not bear critical examination. Count Leo Tolstoi, who is a socialist, seems to understand the matter better. In an article published some months ago in the *North American Review*, he denounced Christianity as "the root of the evil" which afflicts modern society, because Christianity teaches men to respect rulers and laws and to endure poverty with patience. In other words, the Count declares that as the Christian religion loses its hold on men, the poor and the unfortunate will rise up to slay the ruler and overturn established order, in the hope of bettering his conditions.

Now, Tolstoi has been one of the most widely read authors of our generation. His books have been reviewed at great

length and with warm approval; his views have been canvassed in society, and the magazine editor who secured his copy esteemed himself happy. Unquestionably, Tolstoi's doctrines of marriage and property ownership are in large part responsible for modern divorce and socialism; but equally responsible are the editors and readers who gabbled his ideas and made them common. Mr. Langtoft must look further for the real explanation, which is that both anarchy and socialism are the fruits of irreligion. It is a simple matter: no Catholic can be a socialist.

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The following sentences from the *Fortnightly* touch another phase of the subject and may stand alone:

I conclude by asking what Christianity, as represented by our sects and churches, has to say to this condition of things. Have the leaders of these churches no guidance to offer to people and rulers on matters so vital and momentous? The Pope is said to be writing an Encyclical against Anarchism, which is to be published this month, and which will probably urge "the Christian Powers" to initiate some sort of joint action against this modern wickedness. So far, so good. The Pope stood alone in condemning the Plan of Campaign in Ireland,—a most extraordinary fact when one comes to think it over, particularly as the Roman Church was supposed to be a great gainer through this illegal conspiracy. Why did no other church condemn the Plan of Campaign? Will the Pope be left to stand alone again in denouncing this greater evil?

So trifling a thing as a straw may indicate the course of a current. But it is no small sign that has just been afforded of a happy change in public sentiment down in Cincinnati, which used to be a hotbed of A. P. Aism. One may be prepared for all sorts of surprises, still one's amazement grows to find the Municipal Reform League, whose highest officers are Protestant ministers, sending out 50,000 circulars in opposition to a Republican candidate for the Legislature, and to ensure the election of a Democrat who is known to be a practical Cath-

olic, prominently identified with Church organizations. The Reform League represents the Baptist Young People's Union, the Christian Endeavorers, and the Epworth League. Mr. John F. Ankenbauer is to be congratulated. The recommendation to vote for him was made without his knowledge, but his supporters stated that they had "looked him up" and felt safe in putting him forward. We have only to say that if all Catholics in politics were of Mr. Ankenbauer's stamp, and all non-Catholic politicians were like the gentlemen who worked so hard for his election, politics would quickly be purified. There would be good government everywhere, and an end of the boodling and "grafting" which disgraces so many of our cities and states.

It behooves "born" Catholics periodically to revive their appreciation of our holy Faith by noting the price which converts are every day called upon to pay for it. In this lesser sense it is certainly not a gift, but the pearl of great price. In delivering his farewell address to his flock recently, the Rev. Dr. Charleson, a Scotch Presbyterian, declared in touching words that though the wrenching of soul was great before he could bring himself to knock humbly at the gates of the Catholic Church, it was even harder to sunder all the tender ties that bound himself and his flock mutually. Incomparably easier, no doubt, was the case of another convert of last month, the Rev. F. T. Royds, of the Anglican body, who was deprived by an irate father of an inheritance amounting to over half a million of dollars; though afterward, considering his son's "misconduct to be the just judgment of God against myself" (to employ his own words), the angry man allowed his son an annuity of 1200 dollars. Publicly and privately,

such stories of persecution and heroic courage come to us with regularity so amazing that one wonders whether bigotry has really grown less, or only its verbal assertion. Catholics who entered the Church by the easier path owe the duty of prayer, sympathy and assistance to the courageous souls who come by the Way of the Cross, and whose great perpetual wonder is at the lightness with which so many persons value the Faith.

That good will result from the persecution of religious Orders in France can not be reasonably doubted. Bismarck was a benefactor. In driving the communities out of Germany he rendered a service to foreign missions. This was not his intention, of course; but such is the fact. The drastic measures of the French government will have the same result. We have nothing to say against those religious that have elected to remain in their own country and submit to humiliating requirements. They must know that greater sufferings and more violent persecution than they have yet endured are probably in store for them. Those who have been exiled will reflect that if their work had been more generally appreciated the conditions for its continuance might have been rendered less difficult; and they will recall the precept addressed to the Apostles of old: 'When you are persecuted in one place flee to another.' It seems to us that compliance with the divine instruction should have been a very simple matter. Religious must expect persecution betimes: it is part of their lot; and when they are driven into exile the disguised blessing to themselves may be greater than the seeming chastisement to the country from which they go out.

It is a significant fact that there has been no great, general outcry on the part of the French bishops and clergy

against the banishment of the religious. Possibly it was thought that the services of many of them might be dispensed with. In any case, the exiles have the consolation of knowing that the world is a big place, and that their assistance will be welcomed in many a foreign mission. There is the Upper Nile region, for instance, where the laborers are all too few for the harvest. It is said that in all heathendom there is no more promising field for the Catholic apostolate than the vast vicariate presided over by Bishop Hanlon. Those words of the Apocalypse, "The harvest of the earth is ripe," are not yet fulfilled.

The position of Job's comforter is not a pleasant one for any good American; still, a patriot has other duties than flinging up his cap and hurrahing for everybody. The saddest truth, as Bishop Spalding somewhere says, is better than the merriest lie; and one sad truth is that we are not succeeding in the new business of governing colonies. One reason for this is our lack of elasticity,—a narrow provincialism, which imposes on new and unprepared peoples the customs and institutions which have evolved naturally out of our own life. The imposing of our public school system and our American language on the reluctant Filipinos is an example of this sort of folly, and contrasts strikingly with England's broad policy toward India, for instance. Another reason is our want of trained and trusty administrators, and the seeming ignorance of the Departments regarding the misconduct of officials in distant places. From Samoa comes a revolting account—it was published in the *New York Evening Post*—of the scandalous doings of the American governor of the island of Tutuila, one of the Samoan group. It will take a long time and cost a great deal of money to investigate this matter

and to replace the present governor. Meantime, of course, the alleged outrages will continue. It is a peculiarly pathetic fate which leaves this gentle, kindly and moral Catholic people to the tender mercies of such a man even for a brief space.

Those who attempt to justify anybody no matter how high or holy he may be, or any institution no matter how venerable or reputable it is, at the expense of truth, have a lesson to learn from M. Jean Guiraud, the latest biographer of St. Dominic. It is a lesson that historians, biographers, and publicists generally can not know too well. The truth is mighty and must prevail in the end. Only an evil or unwise or cowardly man will ever resort to misrepresentation under any circumstances. Not that the truth is never to be concealed, but only that no truth is ever stifled. M. Guiraud says, after referring to the extravagance of praise and of criticism of which St. Dominic has been the object:

The historian should beware of exaggerations of this kind. Without denying the marvellous or the miraculous, it is his duty to weigh evidence, and, even though it should be necessary to set aside poetic and attractive legends, to accept that only which appears to him authentic. Nor will he look upon the subject of his history in the light of a client whom he is bound to justify in every particular, even at the cost of truth. The saints themselves may have been mistaken; and to however great a degree divine grace may have abounded in them, it was no infallible preservative from all error or from every fault. Had St. Dominic committed acts of cruelty we should feel no difficulty in acknowledging the fact; but, placing the saint in his own age and environment, and taking above all the character of his opponents into consideration, he appears to have been a defender, wise and temperate, not only of faith and morals, but also of civilization, threatened as it was by the subversive doctrines of the Albigenses.

If ever a band of offenders deserved stern treatment, it was the Albigenses. They were enemies of Church and State—
anarchists as well as heretics.



Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XXII.—NORTHCLIFF'S STORY.

AFTER a period of about two weeks the young lawyer, Mr. Northcliff, wrote to his principal. The letter was large and bulky, containing many sheets of foolscap closely written. It was evident the young man had not let the grass grow under his feet.

"I have collected a large mass of evidence in connection with the case," Northcliff wrote. "Your little crippled friend heard the name correctly. It is Alvin Dodsworth Russell. He is a brother of young Harry's father. The following is the history, so far as I have yet discovered. I admit that it is incomplete. I will send you further information as soon as I get it. With regard to the mysterious word which Nancy heard—the word 'legatee,'—I have as yet been unable to procure any light upon it whatever."

Divested of Mr. Northcliff's somewhat heavy and redundant style, and pruned of all the legal technical phrases, the story thus far learned of Harry's uncle is as follows:

Alvin Dodsworth Russell and George Le Mar, his brother and Harry's father, were the only children of the family. They lived their childhood in a town in the pine regions of Northern Michigan. Their father kept a grocery and general notion store, and did a good business with the various lumbering camps in the vicinity. The two boys were more of woodsmen and huntsmen than townsmen. With nothing but their guns, they

would be off in the forest for days together. They were excellent shots, and great rivals in hunting.

George Le Mar even in early youth gave evidence of an extraordinary inventive turn of mind. He would construct the most ingenious snares and nets for forest animals. Alvin's trend was never to allow a penny to remain idle. He claimed that it was useless if it did not produce another of its kind. At twenty-one he had several hundred dollars in the bank.

It is rare that the money-getting qualification jumps with the turn for investigation and invention. Nor was this the case with George. The more he indulged in the fascinating work of trying to manufacture this, that or the other, the more he became pressed for money to meet the expenses of the necessary cost of material. To whom could he turn for assistance? Brother Alvin Dodsworth grumbled but usually helped him out of his difficulty, while laughing over his chimerical views.

For several years, as best he could, George Le Mar had studied electricity. When he reached man's estate he was a fairly good practical electrician, although without any knowledge of electricity as a science. In the spring of his twenty-first year he went south from his pine forest home for the first time in his life. While in the state metropolis he became more than ever enamored of his special study; saw how several electrical machines could be improved, and in his infatuation recklessly purchased a large quantity of material with which to set to work as soon as he had returned home. It is true he was a little uneasy about the credit he had

secured, and about what his brother Alvin would say. He comforted himself with the thought that as his brother Alvin had paid all the bills before, so he would this time.

While he was absent he had learned from the papers that dangerous forest fires had started in the neighborhood of his birthplace. It so happened that on the very day on which he reached home the fires had swept the village where he lived. He arrived to see his father's house in ashes. To add to his misfortune, his father was so badly burned in endeavoring to save the place that he died within two days.

Alvin's savings—by this time about five hundred dollars—were safe in the bank, the only building in the village which had passed through the scourge with safety. But how could George ask him now to pay about eighty dollars for material which, as it proved, he had so foolishly purchased? And, to make matters worse, George Le Mar Russell had, with scarcely a thought, told the merchant to send the bill to Alvin. Two days after their father's death the invoice came by post.

There was a scene. It ended by a quarrel between the two brothers. They separated, and scarcely ever met again in after life. A desultory correspondence was kept up between them. This ceased when at the age of thirty-five George Le Mar invited his brother to attend his wedding. Alvin refused to be present, and wrote some bitter words about paying one's debts before contracting matrimony.

Alvin settled in no place permanently. In spite of his roving disposition, his faculty for making money never left him. At one time his brother heard he was doing well in San Francisco; then again he was in El Paso, Texas. Maryland and Mexico were also the scenes of his labors. Once, several years ago, George

Le Mar saw his brother in the city of Detroit. Then he learned that Alvin Dodsworth had taken to himself a wife—a fair-haired, beautiful woman, but of small intelligence. George, impecunious as ever, because always engaged in some unproductive scheme, again asked his brother for some monetary assistance. He was curtly refused. They parted with angry words. This was the last time the two brothers met face to face.

When Alvin Dodsworth Russell visited Detroit he was on his way to New York State, where he intended investing some of his money in salt-mines. From the newspaper accounts of the time, it appears that Alvin was very unpopular with the inhabitants of the little town where the salt was found. He was doubly unwelcome, because a firm of salt manufacturers was negotiating for the property when he appeared on the scene.

Alvin Dodsworth Russell did not fear scowling looks when money was to be made. His money triumphed over all obstacles put in his way. He secured the desired property, and after much difficulty engaged a sufficient number of hands to work the plant. He paid good wages. The investment paid from the start, yet do what he would he could not secure the good-will of the people of the place. He paid better wages than a larger firm a few miles away; he treated his men well; but all to no purpose.

In this emergency Alvin bethought himself of his brother George. Here was a fine opening for him. His own brother would look after his interests faithfully. If the plan was successful, he would make George manager and finally a partner. Should the craze for further wandering and for seeing new faces again become irresistible, he would give the whole business to George Le Mar. He wrote to his brother to

come. George Le Mar might have been dead and buried for all the recognition he gave his brother's invitation.

About a year later, when matters were decidedly more pacific between him and his employees, a terrible event happened to Alvin Dodsworth. It was a hot night in August. His wife, who had been for some time ailing, was dozing on the lounge in the sitting-room, her hand still on the child's cradle close by. The cradle contained their only child, a pretty baby, about two years old. It was the baby's winning ways that had been largely instrumental in bringing about a better feeling between master and men. This baby was extremely democratic. She would clutch, with equal impartiality, at the salty beard of the grimmest workman or the dress of the most slatternly housewife in the village. The baby lay asleep in the cradle beside her mother. The domestics had all retired. Mr. Russell moved aside the blind of the glass door and looked out into the night. It was pitch-dark, with no moon. The air was hot and stifling.

"Had you not better go to bed, Katherine?" he said to his wife. "You will rest better there."

Just as he said these words he heard a man's stealthy steps on the porch outside. He listened, dreading to alarm his wife. She heard them too. The room which they were occupying, as well as a corresponding one across the hall, had large glass doors opening out onto the veranda. Some persons were at the doors of the other room. They were experts at housebreaking; for before Alvin could realize what was happening two masked men, with clubs in their hands, walked into the lighted room where the mill-owner was standing. One of the intruders turned out the gas.

Alvin Dodsworth Russell was no coward. He would not yield to assault and robbery without a struggle. The

two men tried to seize and bind and gag him. The shock of the daring attempt at robbery was so great for the sick woman that she fainted. During the scuffle which followed the cradle was overturned. The baby was violently thrown out. One of the three—it is not known which—in the darkness broke one of the large panes of glass in the glass door. This attracted the attention of some men in the street, who came rushing across the lawn to see what was the matter. One of the burglars escaped; the other was secured, and served a term in the state penitentiary.

When the fight was over and the gas relit, the neighbors were horrified to see the cradle upside down. The baby must be smothered! Gently righting it, they were puzzled to find no little girl. The poor child had been thrown far under the lounge, on which lay her fainting mother. A physician was called and pronounced the little one's injuries quite serious. The wife recovered from her swoon, but the fright and shock had been too much for her. She gradually sank, and died within six weeks of the attempted burglary.

In this crisis of his family affairs Alvin Russell again wrote to his brother to come to his assistance, even offering a full partnership in the salt business. To the second letter there was no reply. Like the other, it had been treated with cold contempt. George Le Mar did not attend the funeral or send a word of condolence.

To add to Alvin Russell's troubles, the baby did not recover from its injury. He called in physician after physician to see what could be done for it. The child lay motionless for hours. The doctors said it was probably some spinal injury, which would affect it for life.

"Cure my child!—cure my poor child! Money is no object, only bring about a cure!" cried the frantic father.

The doctors could do nothing. They shrugged their shoulders helplessly. Mr. Russell was boisterous and cringing, arrogant and tearful, by turns; yet the physicians could do nothing. They were aware they could merely assist nature, not work miracles. They gave Alvin no hope that his child would ever walk alone. At this time there arose in the unreasonable father an intense hatred toward the profession of medicine and every member of it. How this dislike manifested itself will appear later.

Not long after these sad occurrences the old restless desire for travel, and for seeing new scenes and faces, again took possession of the owner of the salt works. He never lost the desire for moving about acquired in his roamings in the Northern Michigan woods in his youth and early manhood. So one day he suddenly sold his business to his big competitor in a neighboring town. The sum of three hundred dollars was placed in the village bank to the credit of the kind old woman who nursed and tended his child. That money was to last six months. More would be forthcoming when that was gone. The next day Alvin Dodsworth Russell was gone, no one knew whither. That was the last George Le Mar ever learned of his brother.

When the sum at the bank had been exhausted, the banker would advance no more. The poor woman could ill afford to keep the child, but it had entwined itself around her heartstrings. She would not give it up to the guardians of the poor. After struggling on for several months as best she might, one day she suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood of the salt works, as her master had done a year before.

This was the substance of Mr. Northcliff's first letter, which ended with a statement which startled Mr. Haylon very considerably.

"In my mind," wrote the gentleman, "it is not at all improbable that Nancy the Golden-Haired, to whom you have been so kind, is the identical baby, and therefore Harry Stanley Russell's cousin. Do not many of the circumstances correspond—the golden hair, the old woman, the crippled condition?"

"Shouldn't wonder in the least," said Mr. Haylon, as he laid down the letter before him,— "shouldn't wonder in the least. It is lucky I have the old woman safely housed in the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor."

XXIII.—THE WILL.

"In my first letter to you," wrote Northcliff a few days later, "mention was made of Alvin Dodsworth Russell's capacity to extract a profit from every undertaking he engaged in. The failure in the case of the salt works was perhaps owing to his domestic troubles. It is certain from after events that he was very much attached to little Nanette, his daughter. When he left her in charge of the old woman, he went to New York and from thence to Europe. Remaining in the old country longer than he had intended, and neglecting to send any more money to the banker for his child's keep, as soon as he landed he hastened to where his wife had died.

"To his consternation, he learned that both the woman and child had disappeared. He raved and stormed at the village banker. When his indignation had somewhat subsided, he remembered having heard the old woman once speak of Ellicott City, Maryland. Believing she had taken his child there, he at once started for Baltimore and began a personal search throughout the eastern part of Maryland.

"Mr. Russell lived some time in that State. It was there he is reported to have made his will. Although there is no such law firm as Cratcher, Gubbino

& Fincher, so far as I can learn, here in Baltimore, yet that firm, wherever it does exist—if it exists at all and is not merely a fictitious one arranged for the occasion to impose upon the old man,—this firm, I say, has drawn up Mr. Alvin Dodsworth Russell's will. You must not ask me how I obtained all this information. I will explain it when I get home. Suffice it to say the will affects a very near friend of yours, and the probating of it will probably involve a large amount of litigation. I believe this firm of Cratcher & Co. belongs to New York. I am sure it has more than a professional interest in the Russell estate. Quite by accident yesterday I met with an individual who said he in some way represented the firm; and he startled me by jumping at the conclusion that I owed the Russell estate some money. I did not think it worth while to try to undeceive him. From this person I learned that this firm has a tool of its own, who is engaged in sowing difficulties in advance, in order to be able to break the provisions of the will when it shall come up in the surrogate court.

"I can not learn whether the old man is dead, or dying now; nor can I as yet discover his whereabouts. The person I see occasionally evidently knows the provisions of the will. He has intimated that there will appear in due time another claimant than those who are named therein, who will most assuredly contest it. This person's name has been given to me as John Hearnsey. He claims to be a relation of Mr. Russell's deceased wife, and to come from Salton, where Russell owned the salt works. How, coming from Salton, in New York, he could be a relative of hers, when she was a native of San Luis Potosi, is very strange. Still it might be so.

"There is something uncanny about this Hearnsey. When the elder Russell

found his search for his child unsuccessful, he came to Baltimore and lived here in a hotel. For a long time this Hearnsey attended him in the capacity of a body servant. Sometime last spring or early summer this individual disappeared, saying he was going on a vacation. He left in his place a very capable and attentive young colored man. Hearnsey, it appears, has never been heard of since.

"As unexpectedly as the valet had disappeared so did Mr. Alvin Russell. The hotel men tell me he had suffered from a slight stroke of paralysis about last New Year's. The colored boy went with him; for he had said that, owing to the stroke, he was afraid to travel alone. In about three weeks he returned to his former haunts here, saying that Mr. Russell, in a fit of peevishness, had discharged him in New York city. Since that time no trace of Mr. Russell's whereabouts has been discovered."

Here the second letter breaks off abruptly, with a promise of another by the next mail, if possible. Northcliff, in a hurried postscript, says that his informant has sent for him, having important news to communicate.

The third letter was written near midnight on the same day as the second. The following are the more interesting parts of it:

"I have seen a copy of Alvin Russell's will. It is a strange mixture of eccentricity and vindictiveness; yet blood is thicker than water. The money is to remain in the family; but who, do you think, is to inherit it all? None other than your young friend, Harry Stanley Russell! Here are some of the principal provisions which I copied hurriedly. I do not vouch for the absolute accuracy of expression in every case, but you may rely on the accuracy of every fact stated. The will begins in the usual way, and then follow these clauses,—

the old gentleman, I think, must have composed them himself:

“Whereas I, being of sound mind and deeming it expedient that I should make my will while I know perfectly what I am doing, therefore make the following bequests:

“I.—Whereas my only brother, George Le Mar Russell, has always been of an inventive turn of mind, caring more for scientific inventions and deductions than for making money and providing comfortably for his family; and whereas he, from time to time, has, in a manner, extorted monies from me with which to further his purposes; and whereas if he were left any considerable sum of money he would probably squander it away on some foolish and visionary scheme; and whereas in my family and business difficulties at the Salton salt works he maintained a cruel and rigid silence when I earnestly required his help and assistance; and whereas when my poor, and now lost, Nanette required his and his wife's care, he still maintained the aforesaid cruel silence; and whereas the accurate account kept of monies advanced to him since he became of age amounts to three hundred and ninety-five dollars in all, therefore I give and bequeath to him—that is to my only brother, George Le Mar Russell,—the sum of four hundred dollars (\$400), upon condition that he repay back to my estate, or to the executors thereof, but without interest, the sums I have advanced to him; the balance of the bequest to be his to have and to hold forever.

“II.—Whereas I have never been able to convince myself that the old woman, Mrs. McSweeney, who had charge of my Nanette has proved unfaithful to her trust; and whereas my own negligence in not supplying her with sufficient funds while I went abroad, was most probably the cause of her going away

with the said Nanette from Salton; therefore I give and bequeath to Mrs. Bridget McSweeney the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1000), to be hers to have and to hold absolutely, without condition save only she shall have been faithful to my daughter Nanette.

“III.—Whereas it is, in my mind, utterly useless to give and bequeath to his father, my brother, George Le Mar Russell, any money whatever beyond what has already been arranged for in this will; therefore I give and bequeath to Henry Stanley Russell, son of George Le Mar Russell, and my nephew, and to my daughter, Nanette Dodsworth Russell, if she be living, the residue of my property of whatsoever nature it be, which amounts to the sum of about seventy-five thousand dollars, to be theirs to have and to hold forever, except for the following conditions:

“1. If my daughter Nanette be living, her share of the residue of my property shall be hers absolutely, without any conditions whatever.

“2. If she be dead, the whole shall go to my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, who becomes my sole heir and legatee.

“3. If any money has ever been advanced to him for educational purposes, the said Henry Stanley Russell shall repay the principal with seven per cent interest, from the time such promise was made to pay till the day upon which the debt is paid, which day shall be not later than three days after my will has been probated.

“4. That the said nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall never have invented anything, or have put anything of his own invention on the market to make profit therefrom.

“5. That the said young man shall not become a physician; and if he be one when this will is probated he shall lose all that has been bequeathed to him, and the money shall then go to my

deceased wife's nearest of kin; and if none can be found, the probate judge shall nominate some Catholic college and some Catholic charitable institution which shall have share and share alike.

"6. That the said Henry Stanley Russell shall bear all the expenses of educating his sister Grace and his brother Clarence.

"7. That my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall have never, under any pretext, given his father, or give his father, any money for furthering his purposes of inventing.

"This is my last will and testament, made by me while in sound mind and enjoying all my faculties, and without undue influence or pressure,' etc., etc.

"There remains now the task of finding out whether this eccentric old gentleman is still living or is dead," continued Mr. Northcliff's letter. "The case is certainly beset with difficulties. I have no doubt but that those interested will contest the will, especially this mysterious Hearnsey. But first we must find out whether Russell senior is living. If so, where? If dead, we must discover whether there has ever been any codicil to the will.

"One thing is certain in my mind. Cratcher & Co. will use every effort to have it set aside. My informant has already told me as much as that. Again, this Hearnsey will make a long and strong fight. He will be one of the chief witnesses regarding the testator's sanity. The danger to us is if Harry has flagrantly broken any of these conditions, none of which, I believe—although I submit to your superior judgment,—are of such a nature as to be against good morals or the common good, and are therefore sound in law.

"I return to-morrow.

"NATHAN J. NORTHCLIFF."

(To be continued.)

The Courage to Say "No."

President McKinley's bravery upon the battlefield has never been questioned; but we think that it is not generally known that he could, when occasion demanded, show even greater courage than it requires to face the mouth of a cannon. He could say "No!" at the risk of being thought disobliging or of having people laugh at him.

About the time the Spanish war ended, the President was the guest of the Southern Railroad Company during a ten days' trip. At Atlanta there was a splendid banquet in his honor and the wine flowed freely, but Mr. McKinley gently and firmly declined to drink any of the sparkling concoctions set before him. When pressed to do so by his hospitable entertainers, he refused in so kindly a manner that they could not take offence, although they could not understand his conduct. Before continuing his journey farther South, they made another attempt to persuade him to take some stimulant. He only laughed and said:

"You boys are so determined that I see I shall have to drink with you. So please order some Apollinaris and I will join you in a parting glass."

His manner was so cordial and sincere that they urged him no further; and it is said that his refusal made him more popular than ever with his kind Southern friends.

THE great monster bell of the world, known as "Ivan Veliki," or Big John, of Moscow, weighs 216 tons,—that is, 432,000 pounds. No belfry could be built strong enough for it. It is yet on exhibition in the Kremlin, where for years past it has been serving as a chapel, the people entering through the large crack made in its side in the process of casting.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Through the munificence of Mr. Willard Fiske, Cornell University now possesses, perhaps, the largest collection of Dante books in the world. It comprises nearly 7000 bound volumes, including 460 editions and 303 translations.

—Sister M. Baptista, known before her entrance into religion as Sarah Linton, died at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., last month. She was the author of Linton's historical charts and text-books, so highly valued by teachers; and in many ways she was a remarkable woman. May she rest in peace!

—Such a title as "Le Roman d'une Pussie Chat" prepares us for good things and light when the book is in English. The author in this case—so we learn from the publishers—is a layman of Broad Church proclivities, a member of the Ontario Bar and "a prominent Freemason." The book is one of a series of five volumes under the general heading of "Nonsense," and we are not the man to question the propriety of the title. As proof of the author's competency to produce such a series, we may note that he refers to "that eloquent and deservedly-popular authoress, Marie Corelli, a writer of prose-poetry almost without an equal." He thinks the gentle Marie is a Catholic. Dr. Frederick Rogers (the author) seems to have a real love for children, and his intentions are incomparably better than his literary style.

—There seems to be a tendency among certain able editors, the correctness of whose English is sometimes called in question, to disparage unduly the value of the grammar and the dictionary. One New York journalist, whose syntax, it must be said, is rarely faulty, periodically publishes a paragraph or two of good-humored ridicule in which grammarians and other "constables of English" are flouted with unbridled flippancy. It is easy, however, to underrate the standard works on the science of linguistics. Good use is, of course, the supreme law of language; but since that use must be reputable, national, and present, it is at least doubtful whether even so accomplished a gentleman as the Gotham editor is more competent to decide correctly a given case than the authors whose professed business it is to determine just what words, phrases, and constructions are sanctioned by good use. The able editors to the contrary notwithstanding, the standard lexicographers and grammarians are

the better guides to follow. It is easy for even a clever journalist to mistake New York use for *national* use, although in numerous instances the two are diametrically opposed.

—Recent publications of Marlier & Co. include a new translation of "The Perfect Woman," by Charles de Sainte-Foi; and "St. Anthony in Art," a collection of art critiques by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. This last named work contains many illustrations—reproductions of paintings by the Old Masters. The author's thorough study of her subject entitles her to be their interpreter.

—Thirty-four years ago Father Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory, published "The Victories of Rome," and two other editions of the little volume have since appeared. The author believes that it still has a part of its mission to fulfil; and as it has been out of print for eight years, he has republished the volume through Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., the Benzigers being the American agents. In substance, it is a rather desultory plea for the Temporal Power, with some interesting and edifying flash-lights on Papal history. Father Best writes well, therefore the book is easy reading.

—The Macmillans publish an edition of "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" that is new, cheap and handsome. Lovers of really good writing have always revelled in this little classic, which, scant as it is, makes any other account of Franklin's life unnecessary. The great philosopher was a genuinely religious man, in spite of his temporary lapse from Christianity in his youth; and his belief in Divine Providence, the immortality of the soul, and a future life of reward or punishment, is frequently affirmed in this volume. He has often been cited by agnostics as an unbeliever in Revelation; as a matter of fact, he was incomparably more orthodox than many Christian ministers of our day. There is a good introduction to this edition; but the notes strike us as too deliciously elementary, unless they are intended for school-children. In that case the introduction should be revised. Some of Franklin's letters and other writings fill out the volume, which is exceedingly well published, considering the price.

—"I can not understand how sensible people bring themselves to believe in purgatory," says one of the characters in a new novel. The explanation which the author puts on the lips

of another character called Patsey is worth quoting. He replies:

Take an ordinary everyday sort of a man like myself, for instance. I know I'm plenty good enough for New York, but I'm not that conceited as to think I'm just fit for heaven at a moment's notice. On the other hand, I don't know that I'm bad enough to take any real enjoyment out of the bottomless pit. Besides, it will be full of mugwumps anyhow, and that's no kind of society for the like of me. Now, a Baptist preacher would have no hesitation: he'd burn me up forever and ever. I don't think that would be quite fair. But the priest would say to me: "Come on, Pat, and we'll smelt out of you all those little discrepancies that are very useful in New York, but for which there's no call at all at all in Paradise; and when that's done you can take your robe and trot upstairs." It's just like a man going into a Turkish bath and coming out a clean citizen with a white sheet round him. There's a common-sense ring about the proposal which seems to appeal to a plain man like myself; but that's not to say I'm a Catholic at all, for I'm not—that is, as far as the returns are in at present.

The novel from which we have quoted is not a bad book, though we are not disposed to advertise it. There are few novels, even perhaps of the objectionable sort, that do not contain something informing about religion. The subject is not to be avoided, and the authors, as a rule, take great care not to commit errors that would expose them to ridicule.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.

Marcus Aurelius Antonius to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.

Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, net.

Renaissance Types. *William Samuel Lilly.* \$3.50.

The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., net.

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., net.

The Catholic Girl in the World. *White Avis.* \$1, net.

A Saint of the Oratory. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60, net.

Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. \$1.75, net.

The Crisis. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

The Retreat Manual. *Madame Cecilia.* 60 cts., net.

First Confession. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 40 cts., net.

Meditations for Monthly Retreats. *Archbishop of Utrecht.* \$1, net.

Life Questions. *John Henry Francis.* 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

Forgive Us Our Trespasses. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 55 cts., net.

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.

The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., net.

Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.

Progress in Education. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 6 cts.

The Practice of the Presence of God. *Brother Lawrence.* 10 cts.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon. *Rev. Bernard Feeney.* \$1.25.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. *Sibyl Creed.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. T. J. McGlynn, archdiocese of Philadelphia; the Rev. R. W. Coyle, archdiocese of Dubuque; and the Rev. W. B. Whalen, O. M. I.

Mr. Gorge Stein, of Meadville, Pa.; Mr. Richard Toomey, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Peter Patton, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Charles F. Burns, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Clark, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Francis Friedman, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Owen Hart, Mrs. Mary Hart, Mrs. John Leahy, Mrs. Mary Doheney, and Miss Mary Hart, Montreal, Canada; Mr. M. Ball and Miss Isabella Traver, Stuart, Iowa; Mr. E. St. Clair Martin, Mr. Thomas Reynolds, and Mr. William Weber, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Rooney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Michael Marrigan, New York city; Mr. William Witzel, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. George Zink, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. J. J. Tracy, Manistee, Mich.; Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. John Brophy, Leicester, Mass.; Mr. Charles Rice, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Ellen Ford, Co. Cork, Ireland; and Mrs. Frances Harris, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

NO. 21.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Ave Verum Corpus Natum.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

HAIL, true Body, born all glorious
 From the womb of Virgin fair,
 That upon the Cross victorious
 Died the souls of men to spare!
 Through whose side, by lance-head riven,
 Healing blood and water poured,
 Be to us our joy in heaven
 When through death to life restored.
 Though life vary, keep us wary,
 Gentle Jesus, Son of Mary!

Catholic Church-Music.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

ECCLESIASTICAL Precepts in Reference to Catholic Church-Music, for the Guidance of Choir-Masters and Organists," is a little translation from the German, lately published with episcopal approbation by the Catholic Truth Society of London.

The Bishop of Liverpool introduces it with: "I, for one, should be glad to see Mitterer's work well before the public. It is a good *résumé* of the Church's universal and local legislation on this important subject, and should prove useful to those Catholics who want to know the mind of the Church on the important question of church-music. The want of interest taken in the subject only shows the need there is for reform."

The universal legislation of the Church in relation to the local is shown in those words of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in 1879: "Singing in the vernacular at strictly liturgical functions is not to be tolerated and must be strictly forbidden. At extra liturgical services the usual custom may be followed." (p. 12.)

As to the matter and the manner of singing, the "Ceremoniale Episcoporum" is quoted: "No singing should accompany the organ that has not reference to the Office of the day, or which is of a profane or frivolous character." (pp. 16, 21.)

Such are the words of the Holy Roman Church. And, as one of her Popes said: "We are moved to banish... far from our churches all profanity, and especially musical compositions and symphonies containing anything indecorous" ("recalling anything profane, worldly, or theatrical," another Pope adds) "or opposed to the Church's ritual,—an abuse which offends the majesty of God, is a scandal to the faithful of Christ, a hindrance to their devotion and the uplifting of their hearts toward heavenly things." (p. 22.)

The Church, in a modern decree (1884), declares: "Only such figured music can be allowed in the churches as by its earnest and devout character becomes the house of God and the praise of the Lord, and which, being closely united to the sacred text, incites and increases the devotion of the faithful.... To render

any kind of music containing motifs and reminiscences from the theatre is strictly forbidden....To play anything on the organ which in the remotest manner savors of theatricals and dance-music, such as the polka or waltz, is strictly forbidden; and under the same prohibition come all other profane forms of music, such as national airs, popular and exotic songs." (p. 23.)

This book fairly adds: "It is clear that motets of a non-liturgical character are forbidden during the celebration of Holy Mass; and, moreover, that the Introit, Gradual, Offertory, and Communion, and the Vesper antiphons and hymns must be sung as prescribed in the Missal and Breviary; and no vocal music with other words may be substituted for these chants. However, it is generally assumed that, after the Offertory has been sung, a motet which is not at variance with the intention of the day, and consisting of words taken from the Office of the day or from Holy Scripture, may be introduced. But the Sacred Congregation...(1839) has declared that the introduction of a so-called aria, or song in the vulgar tongue, even after the Offertory has been sung as prescribed, is an abuse that must be abolished." (p. 15.) The conclusion is "that all music in the rhythm of a march or a dance, as well as all music of a morbid, sentimental character, must be rejected. Unfortunately, there are still persons who can not distinguish between a truly devotional and an ordinary sentimental expression." (p. 24.) And they do not so distinguish because they confound sentiment with devotion. Singing "sweetly pretty" airs, hymns or not, produces a pleasing sensation of feeling good, sensuous pietism, which no more means active devotion than drawing-room flatter-twaddle means unselfish deeds.

My mother Circe with the Sirens three...
Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium,...
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.

That is the uncatholic stuff. This is the Church's healthy tonic:

But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

It used to make one think of the distinction felt even by Comus when one was hearing for some months this year even the *Laudate Dominum* after Benediction replaced by some young women's silly tunes, set to words unintelligible, but probably in keeping.

It is surely a wise saying that "music intended for the church must differ entirely in character and style from the music that provides artistic recreation at home or in the concert room; far less ought its strains to recall reminiscences of the stage or, worse still, of the ballroom. Let church-music be pure, dignified, lofty yet simple, earnest, of manly piety, powerful and majestic; let it be of a character to lead to reverential recollection and hearty prayers."

One almost laughs, not with the joy of the sanctuary, to see what the Church directs, and to see what game is made of her directions. Think of the sort of singing in the vernacular, with no regard to the Office of the day,—with regard chiefly as to whether it is a suitable song for such or such a young lady's voice! Nothing profane, worldly or theatrical, says the Pope; and in the presence of bishops they sing their Braga's serenades, and their Weber and Donizetti and Wagner opera "prayers" and scenes and marches!

As to waltzes, the *Et Incarnatus* falls to many a pretty one. And others more lively wind up *Et in Spiritum Sanctum*; with a polka, and a noisy one, for *Dona nobis pacem*. And marches on the

organ!—out they drive us, wearied and disgusted with ourselves and our sad thoughts, and our efforts to turn profanations into acts of humiliation or reverence. What an exit from Calvary—a “popular” march!

People don’t mind, you say. Well, if they don’t, so much the worse, says the Bishop of Liverpool; for it only means that they have not thought or felt aright, and that music has been permitted which is a powerful dissolvent of every right feeling and of all thinking.

“National airs” the Holy Roman Church forbids. But of an American church in communion with the Holy See it is lately reported that, before the Gospel, rose the sweet strains of “Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.” Some of us have heard “The Harp that once through Tara’s Hall” after the Elevation, and “Yankee Doodle” at the Offertory. These are no inventions: they are sad facts in our churches, which, nevertheless, declare to the world that they will show it the beauty of the *filia Regis*. The worldling does not feel the more a true penitent when he hears “Home, Sweet Home!” or “The Lost Chord” at Benediction. The whole thing is so wretched and absurd that one has not the patience to say more.

Do some Catholics believe at all? the world might almost ask. Can they possibly believe such a doctrine as that of the Sacrament of the Altar, when they trifle with it as they would not in receiving any earthly personage requiring befitting state?

Let us hear the Church once more, in the words of her English Bishops, with which the book under consideration concludes:

“Justly, therefore, did Guy of Arezzo write: ‘He goes directly against the authority of the Church who sets aside altogether the chant of Blessed Gregory for other kinds. . . .’ It is not for us to

condemn the use of harmony or figured music, seeing that it has long been introduced into the Church and not condemned by her. Let it not be, however, that music should bring down the vigor of the Christian soul to effeminate softness; this kind of music even the pagans avoided. ‘Let the tune or melody,’ as saith St. Nicetius, ‘be subservient to holy religion; not that which bursts into theatrical display, but which shows forth in us true Christianity; not that which savors of the stage, but produces compunction in sinners.’ ‘Surely there is no one,’ says the Pontiff Benedict XIV., ‘who does not wish to see a certain distance kept between the sacred chant and the singing on the stage. . . .’

“Priests should remember that alluring Catholics and non-Catholics to the Divine Office by advertisements and by placards giving the names of the singers and musicians, as well as the kind of music and the pieces that are to be sung, is exceedingly opposed to the glory and reverence of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and seriously unbecoming the worship of the Omnipotent God. . . . Rectors of churches should not themselves publish in the papers, nor allow any one else to do so, accounts savoring of the theatre and criticisms as to the ability and style of the singers, just as is the practice in connection with the stage. . . .

“They who co-operate in the duty of singing are doing the work of clerics, and so should conduct themselves as clerics. And from this it is clear how opposed to the tradition and practice of the Church is the custom of placing the choir over the principal entrance of the church. . . . Let boys also, according to the decree of the First Council of Westminster, be taught music in the schools; so that the singing of women in the choir, especially of those hired for the

purpose, may be banished from our churches. And thus by degrees it will be brought about (as it is our especial desire) that the whole body of the faithful may be heard singing with voices and hearts in unison....

"Thomassin holds up to admiration the humility of the most holy Pontiff Gregory the Great in these words: 'Gregory himself, than whom none even of the Roman Pontiffs penetrated so deeply into the recesses of theological dogma or the contemplation of things eternal, came to the determination that it would not be degrading to the majesty of the highest and holiest dignity upon the earth and to the kingship of the priesthood, if he should set himself to teach boys ecclesiastical music.'"

Links of Love.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

III.—HOME TO THE NEST.

(Continued.)



UST one month from that evening's conversation Erskine ascended the Holworthy steps and laid his card "for Miss Ellerson" on Cicero's silver tray.

"Yes, sah," answered that individual, with the garrulousness of a favored servant to a favored and familiar guest. "Miss Rose is in, but de Lord knows how bleak and lonesome it's gwine to be when she's gone too. It don't make no difference how bright de sun shines out doors: when de young folks is flown away from a house, I tells you it's just a empty shell, sah,—just a empty shell."

"And Miss Ellerson leaves—"

"Early to-morrow mornin', sah," said Cicero. "She done sot de time for'd two days, and missus caint hol' her back wid bofe arms,"—bowing himself away, while mentally noting with

delight an expression on Erskine's face that confirmed those "'spicions" lately confided to his wife Judith: "Dat bes' friend of Marse Percy and dat bes' friend of Miss May, dey shorely gwine to enlis' for de nex' weddin' dat comes off,—see if dey don't!"

Left alone, Erskine began restlessly pacing, as though it had been a deck, the long, richly-furnished room, still adorned and fragrant with the floral decorations of yesterday's ceremony—roses everywhere, with a "marriage bell" of waxen white buds suspended above the forest of palms which filled the bay-window. And there, against the green background, she had stood, in the quaint gown of antique rose-strewn brocade, the broad picture-hat arching so bewitchingly above the sweet, flushed face. Hat? Yes; for it was the bridesmaid, Rose Ellerson, of whom Erskine was thinking.

The light fall of her entering step recalled him, her shyly extended hand lay warm in his.

"Oh, I am well,—quite well!" she responded to his anxious inquiry; for she was very pale. "But it seems so strange here without Mary. I have been wandering from room to room all day, like a lost spirit. Let us go out on the piazza, shall we not? It will be more pleasant than to sit among these dying flowers."

She was leading the way toward the southern end of the *salon*, whose French windows opened on a veranda, when a full-blown rose, detaching itself from one of the overhanging garlands, fell in her path.

"The dimple that her footprint left
A floweret grew to fill,"

quoted Erskine, springing to anticipate her bending for it. She took it from him and stroked the loosened white petals as tenderly as though they had been the ruffled feathers of a wounded bird.

"Poor rose!" she said. "See where the cruel wire bruised its stem. It seems a pity to cut short the life of anything so beautiful. There is an old-fashioned 'thousand-leaf' rosebush—I wish you could see it in its glory!—that grows against the porch-pillar at home. It reaches nearly to my window. Oh, I love it! It is indeed a third member of our little household,"—this with one of her radiant smiles. "I grew up in a garden, you know; flowers were my first friends. They seemed another race of people, with a language and customs of their own. My dear Irish nurse encouraged the childish fancy; she was the greatest story-teller, weaving me tales in which flowers served as characters. The lilies, she explained, were nuns; the daisies, children; and the roses, princesses."

"And what plant, shrub, or humble weed filled the rôle of Prince, may I ask?" said Erskine, seating the girl in a brightly-cushioned chair and drawing another beside her.

"There was never a *flower* Prince," she said gravely. "He was always in the guise of a strong young oak. And whenever he came into Kathleen's story he brought with him shadow and pain, just as it happens in life."

"I fear—nay, I hope—your 'story-teller' spoke only from the standpoint of some personal experience." Erskine leaned forward. "The coming into one's life of the 'Prince' or 'Princess' could bring only light and joy."

She colored beneath his eloquent gaze, and began unconsciously tearing her rose apart.

"Grandmamma says that joy is always outweighed by sorrow in this world. Her life has been a sad one, though,—full of disappointment and loneliness. But no blow has ever marred the perfection of her nature,—all sweetness, sunny, lovely, as this rare June

afternoon. No other girl ever had such a grandmother. She has missed me so; she has only me left now"—with a charming gesture of deprecation,—“and this is my first flight from the nest. It has been for me like a happy dream. By this time to-morrow I shall wake at home again!” And the girl sighed, almost unconsciously.

"Home! What a world that tiny word contains!" said Erskine, echoing her sigh. "Did you ever take note that Love and Home are each builded of four little letters? Many a time at midnight, looking out over the waters tossing in the fever and delirium of a storm, I have repeated them aloud, 'Love, Home,' and asked myself if in this life I should ever be vouchsafed either." His voice sank to a whisper. "It is you, Miss Ellerson," he went on, "who can answer me,—you alone who can make the home, give me the love I seek. Those brief days have taken the place of years in maturing our friendship."

He caught the hand she threw up with the gesture of a frightened child warding off a blow, and, prisoning it in both his own, rushed wildly on with the avowal of his devotion.

And her answer? Just as he had foretold—a glimpse of paradise through "gates ajar," then the key turned, closing them forever. Could he—oh, could he find comfort in the thought that his only rival was a sweetheart grandmother, 'to love and cherish whom till death' *his* sweetheart, his first and only love, had vowed to consecrate her beautiful life?

He had gone but a short distance from Holworthys' gate when something red and gleaming in the grass border of the sidewalk caught his glance—a cross of rubies. Of its beauty or value he heeded naught; superstitious, as are all sailors, it only seemed so strange to find lying at his feet the tiny symbol

of all suffering, divine and human, just as his bleeding heart had been nailed for life upon its cross of sorrow. He abstractedly dropped it in his pocket, and proceeded on his melancholy way.

Next morning, when Rose awoke from the troubled slumber which had come to her at dawn, she beheld a familiar figure crossing the floor on tiptoe.

"Kathleen, Kathleen!"

In another instant the old nurse knelt beside the bed and gathered her darling into her arms.

"The dear mistress sent me for you on the day you set; and it seemed a year long, this month, to both of us. But if you've been happy—" she paused and scanned the pale, *changed* face on the pillow. "Ah, darling, it's ill you've been, without writing!"

"No, no! I am well; and I have been happy, *very* happy; only"—hiding her head on Kathleen's breast, "I shall be glad to go home; to be taken back to my little blue and white room, to try to be just as I was before—to live for grandmamma!"

She began to cry, and Kathleen's lips quivered pitifully.

"*Mavournen*," she whispered, "it's a mournful day this,—a mournful day for all of us! Ah, Love has been tampering with the works of your dear child-heart of tinkling silver, straining the delicate springs, putting forward the hands, and in an hour changing it to woman's leaden one? Sure, and if he has, there's never another moment's peace your grandmother will know for sending you here. It's but a card-house that our happiness is, and it's a man's hand that builds or throws it down. Tell me, darling,—tell me, is it the 'lieutenant' of your letters?"

The girl's bowed head made motion of assent, while her sobs redoubled.

"Then," cried Kathleen, rocking to and fro,—“then it's unheard that have

been my poor mistress' prayers that God would keep you always a happy, care-free girl,—her own wee white lamb, sheltered and safe in the fold of her one love. The holy angels help her! You, too, her all in the wide world, must she be giving up to the stranger?"

"No" (Rose lifted her face, painful to look upon in its stern resolve),—"no! To stay with her always I sent him away. It was only yesterday. He took my hand in both of his, like this, and told me he had loved me from the moment of our meeting. I was his first and his only love. And even after I had answered 'No!' he said I still should be the star of his life-sky: he would think of me by night and day out there on the desolate sea. Then he touched my fingers to his lips and was gone forever! And now, Kathleen, you must help me to keep my secret—my first secret—from poor grandmamma. She need never know; it would but grieve her. I still can smile,—I *will* smile. He was brave and noble, generous and true. I can remember always that he loved me,—poor little me! Kathleen—ah, Kathleen! why do you cry too?"

"Because," sobbed Kathleen, clasping the girl in the embrace that comforted all childhood's griefs,—“because there's more tears in my heart than I can ever shed to see and hear you in this trouble. It isn't, dear, as if I didn't know the anguish of it. I was just your age when Michael asked me to be his wife and cross the waters with him; but mother had only me to lean on, and I stayed with her. And sure I tried to seem the same I was before my heart got torn in two: I laughed when I was choking, and kept my pain all hushed and hidden from her ear and eye. She never *seemed* to see; but just before she died, 'Katie,' she says, 'I mind me well the day you said good-bye to Michael to bide here alone with me. 'Twas a

May evening. My old limbs were lame and aching. I was sitting in the door watching the sun set; but when I saw you coming down the lane, it brought back the morning to my soul. Never doubt I grieved for you; but these last years of life you gave me, with your love, Katie, they've been the happiest that I've lived.' And sure those were gladdening words; for there's no *man's* love that burns with the steady white light of a mother's. There's always smoking and flickering, or maybe *agoing out altogether*.

"For though we were to belong to each other, if all the world rose between us for a wall, and I kept my promise faithful, it was married Michael was before I came over to this land,—married and none of my Michael left. Then it was I found a blessed mistress, comforter and friend in your grandmother; and from that day sure I've lived just for her and for you. And I'd not be making bold to shake out this old sorrow of mine that's been folded away these twenty long years, and hang it beside yours, darling, save to show how hard it will be to keep the fond eyes home from seeing,—such watchful and tender eyes, darling!"

She paused a moment to dry her own; but there came a fresh gush of tears when, with silent kiss, she was gently drawn still closer to that dear "child-heart of tinkling silver," so suddenly changed, by love's mysterious alchemy, to "woman's leaden one," throbbing with its new-acquired capacity for pain, and so for sympathy.

(To be continued.)

THE supreme and convincing witnesses to the great truth of the endless life are the good, the pure, and the self-sacrificing, whose aims and spirit are so harmonious with eternal life that they are inexplicable without it.—*Mabie*.

From the Place of Waiting.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

IN the green churchyard lonely I sleep,
Yet doth my spirit rest in the deep.

Here in God's twilight, here is my place,
Till I am meet to gaze on His Face.

Corn I have planted other hands reap,—
Only my mother for me doth weep.

She hath forgotten, who was my bride:
Wedded another, rests by his side.

Back from the market come I no more,
Hand of mine lifts not latch of the door.

Round my green bed the keening winds moan,
Hidden by moss the name on my stone.

No more the sheep-dog comes to my call,
Silence doth cover me like to a pall.

Yet am I meekly waiting His will,
Who hath commanded: 'Rest, and be still!'

Stain of the earth-life to me doth cleave;
Here in the deeps I hope, love and grieve.

For me there riseth Mary's sweet prayer:
"Son of mine, help my child waiting there!"

I am contented: sooner or late
I shall with gladness pass through the gate.

The Other Life.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II. — (Conclusion.)

WHAT qualities, of those that it possessed in this life, does a soul carry into the next? Writers distinguish between the qualities belonging to the sensitive and those belonging to the higher portion of the soul. Let us try to understand what they mean.

Now, I know that honey is sweet, but that knowledge comes to me from my senses, because I have tasted honey. The Sacred Scriptures say to me, on the other hand, "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet." I have in my mind that honey is sweet; and I know, on the inspired word of Scripture, that

the Lord is sweet. I know the one by the sensitive powers of my soul; I know the other by the higher—the reasoning—powers of my soul.

Some things, then, belong to the soul on account of its union with the body, and in that way man is partly a beast; and some things belong to the soul which are beyond the powers of the body, and in this way man is partly angelic. We wanted to know this, to enable us to form an idea of the joy that the descent of Christ brought to the holy souls; for Holy Mass brings some such relief, if not identically the same, to the poor souls now existing in purgatory.

St. Augustine says: "Man consists of two substances only—soul and body; the soul with its reason, the body with its senses. The sensitive powers, therefore, belong to the body; and so when the body is corrupted *the sensitive powers no longer remain in the soul*"

St. Thomas observes: "That which is common to soul and body can not remain in the soul when it is separated from the body. The separated soul, therefore, lacks the acts of the sensitive powers. Demons and separated souls are alike spiritual and incorporeal."

St. Cyril, St. Bonaventure, St. John Damascene and the greater number of the Fathers tell us that the soul of our Divine Lord did not descend into the hell of the damned,—that is, as St. Thomas says, not by His *substantial presence*, but that it did by *effect*. "I will penetrate," says Holy Scripture in the person of our Divine Lord,— "I will penetrate all the lowest parts of the earth; I will look upon all them that sleep."*

Some think that He entered in person into the purgatory of the Fathers,—if, as is believed, He released souls from it. There are some who think that on

that most sacred occasion He released all, both those who were in Abraham's bosom and those who were detained in purgatory. I confess that view has great attraction for me. God could do it. God will do a like thing at the second coming, when all who die immediately before judgment will suffer their purgatory in a short span of time; the greater intensity of the pains making up for the shorter lapse of time.

Now, think of our Blessed Lady on Good Friday evening worshipping the Precious Blood on Calvary, and also—knowing where the adorable soul of her Son had gone—praying for those poor souls whom He had visited. I can understand the Precious Blood scattered on Calvary and all through Jerusalem, and even the dead wounds in the sealed and guarded sepulchre, because of their inconceivable love for the adorable soul of Jesus, uttering a strong cry for the poor captives, and being heard for their reverence. I can see nothing contrary to faith or divine fitness in it; and I think if it did occur (which is hidden from us), it would have shown great honor and respect to Mary and great glory to the Passion of her Divine Son.

I am sorry that the great servant of Mary, the learned Suarez, does not adopt this view. It would give me real and sacred delight if he did. But it is a happiness to me to think that, for the sake of Mary's prayers, and for the sake of the adorable blood and wounds and the dead heart of the Redeemer, God did, perhaps, release from Limbo the souls of all who had "slept in the Lord,"—those who had died in venial sin as well as those who, like St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Elizabeth, holy David, Moses, the patriarchs, prophets and martyrs of the Old Law, had departed in the odor of sanctity.

Christ was three days in Limbo. This gives us, if we reflect upon it, a most

* Ecclus., xxiv, 45.

exalted idea of the Limbo of the Fathers. When a person dies his soul leaves the body and goes somewhere. When Christ died His sacred soul had to leave His body,—in everything He was made like unto us, sin excepted. And if His sacred soul, by miracle, did not leave His body, then there would be plausible grounds for later heresies; and our Divine Lord foreknew that, with all the safeguards He was taking, these would be only too plentiful.

His sacred soul, then, had to leave His body. Where was it to go? When He was going to come at the Incarnation into Holy Mary, fifteen or sixteen years of astounding miracles upon miracles were worked to prepare a place. And even after all that the Church says to Our Lord, in praise of His wondrous condescension and humility, "Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb."

What a beautiful receptacle, and how dignified and immaculate must have been that holy region, which the love and poetry of a poetic and chosen nation for thousands of years—by the tongues of patriarchs and prophets, and even by the adorable lips of the Messiah of their longings—had affectionately and reverently styled "Abraham's bosom," and which the soul of the Lord on the day of its triumph selected as its most fitting abode!

A hard rock for the body—a new sepulchre *hewed in stone*, wherein never yet had any man been laid; the beautiful rest of Abraham's bosom for the soul! Perhaps they typify the contrast between death from sin and the eternal life that is free from it; perhaps they typify the happiness before expulsion from Eden, and the sorrowful, enemy-surrounded life after it. The dead body in the garden tomb, with its many wounds; the dead souls of the first man and woman in the Garden of Delights where Death first came. Perhaps it was to typify to us

how gladsome is that life beyond the grave, where from the east and the west they shall come and, in the words of Scripture, sit down at the banquet with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

"It must be remembered," says Suarez, "that Christ descended into hell, not for the sake of others, not for effect, but *first and foremost for sake of Himself*. And so it had been ordained by God. For since the soul when separated from the body should exist somewhere, there was no place more suitable for it. That place had been appointed by God as the dwelling-place of the holy souls until the Redemption should be accomplished and Christ have arisen from the dead. Thus it was fitting that Christ's soul should there remain until He arose."

We should have here, did time permit, a very interesting question to discuss about those bodies that Holy Scripture says "arose from the dead and appeared to many,"—"And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints that had slept arose; and, coming out of the tomb after His resurrection, came into the holy city and appeared to many." Were those some of the saints in Limbo, and was it their own bodies that they assumed, and did these risen bodies ever die again?

What was the particular effect of the descent of the soul of Christ? It was only in the two regions of Abraham's bosom and purgatory that it had a joyful effect. In the hell of the damned it caused terror and no joy; whilst in the region of those souls laden merely with original sin it had neither terror nor joy.

There are beautiful things in this world, but the Christian believes that all their beauty is but the dimmest shadowing of the extraordinary and all but inconceivable beauty that was to be found in the Garden of Eden. Yet the beauty of the Garden of Eden was

but earthly and natural. As much as the beauty of Eden surpassed the collected beauty of this entire world, so much, and more, did the beauty of Adam's soul surpass the earthly beauty of Eden. In fact, it was not alone that it was a higher degree of beauty; but as the mind of man is superior to the beast, so was the beauty of Adam's soul of an absolutely different order from the beauty of Eden.

Let us pause just for a moment and think of it. The beauty and happiness of Eden have been the entrancing dream of many a mind, as well as of yours and mine. Our senses can understand it. Man's eye hath seen the like of that, and man's ear heard and man's heart hath conceived it. And therefore, with that sensitive part of our soul of which we have spoken, we can compass and apprehend it. And no fiction of poet and no delightful revelling of fairy tale has ever been able to surpass its spell. It is the highest that the human mind can conceive; and God made it beautiful for that very purpose—because it was to satisfy for all time the aspirations of the human mind.

Now, if the multiplication of Eden's beauty by one hundred or one thousand would bring us to the beauty of a simple soul arrayed in the heavenly garment of grace, we might multiply it; but it would not. We might as well multiply one hundred bowlders of rock to give us the pride and power of an eagle soaring on the giddy mountain height, "in presence of the royal sun." You need not compare it to Adam, but to the little child you have just seen leaving the baptismal font. Numbers fail you: numbers and multiplication are of no use. As well expect that all the created worlds of this universe would form a heaven.

But yet remember how blessed was the Paradise of Delights for Adam and

Eve; and that Garden of Delights was, nevertheless, so little when compared to the heavenly beauty of Adam's soul. You see, God in creating the world was rising up by gradation; and each new day's work surpassed by an almost infinite degree the work of the previous day. Now, man would not stand the connecting link between this world and the angelic if, as he had already the animal nature in his body, he had not the angelic in his soul. And so by reason and by grace, but especially by grace, God made him angelic.

But let us hasten on. Compare the soul of Adam and the soul of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary,—that soul beautiful with the reflection of God's eternal beauty. In one sense, figures may do here; but, as St. John says of another matter, I think if the whole world were filled with figures it would not suffice.

Where are we? We have lost our bearings. If such be the overwhelming beauty of a soul that is created and whose graces are finite, what must be the beauty of a divine soul, created indeed, but whose graces are infinite! Moses had to be put in a hole in the rock when he wished to see God; "for man could not see God and live." Peter and James and John saw a glimpse of the divine beauty on Mount Thabor; they tried in human words to say what it was like: "His face did shine as the sun and His garments became white as snow." And you know the Fathers tell us that the sun and the snow, being the two most striking things of creation, the Evangelists used them; not that they were the measure of what they wished to convey, but that there was no higher measure. And I think I learn more from one word that the Evangelist drops than even from the description. "Lord, it is good for us to be here," said Peter; "for," adds the

Evangelist St. Luke, "*he knew not what he said.*" Why? Because he was overwhelmed by the infinite beauty of what he saw.

Let us, then, bring all the happiness and beauty of Adam's paradise into Abraham's bosom. I am not sure even then that it would be any good; for that is only *sensitive* (or lower) beauty, and the soul has left behind it on earth all its *sensitive* (or lower, inasmuch as they were partly earthly) qualities. But it serves as a standard.

We multiply its beauty by one thousand to reach the beauty of Adam's soul. Eden one thousand times multiplied! We multiply that ten hundred million times ten hundred million, and by all earthly figures, to reach the beauty of Mary's immaculate soul; and even then it is certain we should not reach it. Pardon me for using figures, but it is the only way my own mind can try to compass it for itself.

Bring all this beauty into the Limbo of the Fathers. We stand amazed. Out of reverence I dare not proceed further. Divine figures, as you know, should come to the aid of earthly figures; infinite computations to complete the finite.

"This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise," said Our Lord to the Good Thief. Oh, who can tell the joy of the holy souls when, not for a moment but for three days, the Vision of God remained in Limbo, gladdening the souls of the just in Abraham's bosom!

Another World.

AWAY from the world of strife afar
Is the wonderful world of tone,
Where music echoes the golden sound
Of harps about God's throne.

And where the star-rays rift the blue
Stream floods of melody,
That echo finds in bird and brook,
In voice of wind and sea.

The Derelict:

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"MARGARET dear," said Captain Stenson, as he first looked into the eyes of the baby lying on its mother's knee—eyes so like her own that the resemblance made him smile,—
"Margaret, we shall make a naval officer of this boy, if we can. There is nothing finer in the world, when a man lives up to the best that is in him."

Margaret Stenson laughed merrily; then her expressive face grew serious.

"Well," she replied, "you make me feel glad and sorrowful almost at the same moment. I can not but laugh at your boyishness—thinking of the little one's future before he knows how to open and shut the tiny fists which you have already decided, it seems, are to fight the battles of his country. As for me, I have suffered quite enough anxiety on your account not to be willing—nay, desirous—that he should choose some other profession. Here is baby nearly three months old and you have never seen him till to-day. When he was born—in the stormiest season we have ever known—my heart was torn with anxiety for you. Unless he should feel himself drawn to the sea with a stress he can not withstand, I shall wish for him some other calling."

Captain Stenson frowned.

"'Tis our one subject of contention, sweetheart!" he said. "No, I shall not call it by so rude a name. 'Tis the only subject on which we can not agree. There is no life so free, so full, so independent as that of him who follows the sea. For generations back the Stensons have all been seamen. Shall my boy be an exception?"

His wife made no answer. She had a sweet and delicate face, with rapid

changes of color coming and going beneath the transparent skin; her soft brown eyes were meekness caught and imprisoned in their clear, steady depths. And she knew when to be silent. But as she marked the long curling lashes shading those eyes the very counterpart of hers, and caressed the baby fingers, noting how like they were to those of her student father, something between a sigh and a smile hovered about her lips. The sigh was evoked, perhaps, by the fear of a possible conflict in days to come; the smile, by the certainty that the boy's physique was not that of a seaman.

Captain Stenson's ship plied between Liverpool and San Francisco. It was a merchant vessel second to none on the high seas. He was much older than his wife, whom he had met first on his own vessel, where she had taken passage with her father, whose physicians had recommended him a long sea-voyage. He had died on shipboard, and the lovely young girl, to whom from the first the Captain had been attracted, soon became his wife.

And now, after four years, the baby had come, and the hearts of both were filled with joy and gratitude. He grew rapidly, but never became the sturdy boy his father would have liked to see. Unfortunately, as time passed, he seemed to thwart, in every particular, the designs his father had formed for him. It made him ill to go on the water; even the sound of the waves was most disagreeable to him. For mathematics and the exact sciences he had no taste: all his talents were artistic and ideal.

The Captain said little, but he had never given up his cherished scheme. What the boy needed, he thought, was release from his mother's coddling and influence. In spite of all evidence to the contrary, he believed that if the opportunity were given Ralph he could easily attain the object of his own

heart's desire. He surprised mother and son one day with the announcement that he had obtained an appointment for Ralph to the Naval Academy,—conditional, of course, on his passing a successful examination.

"But, father," said the boy, in dismay, "I can never pass it: you know I am so low in mathematics!"

"The more shame, then," was the reply. "But it will be a simple matter to be coached."

"Father, I do not want to go. I can not bear the sea!" said the boy.

"Silence!" cried the Captain. "You are no Stenson to speak thus. The love of the sea should be in your blood. All that you need is a course of hard discipline; and that you shall soon get when you are once at Annapolis."

The mother was silent, feeling sure that her boy would not pass; and that after the first disappointment, his father would be satisfied he had been in error, and would then allow him to pursue a less arduous career. But she was mistaken. The disappointment, which was inevitable, only steeled his heart when it came, and he announced that Ralph should now make ready to accompany him on his next voyage; for a seaman he must and should be. In vain the boy and his mother protested. They were bidden to hold their peace.

"Say no more!" thundered the irate Captain,— "say no more, or I shall deal with you as I would with a derelict at sea."

The boy flushed to the roots of his hair. For the first time in his life the Stenson blood asserted itself.

"What do you mean, father?" he cried indignantly. "That you will cast me loose because I can not obey your tyrannical will?"

"Just that," was the reply, given with cold, stern eyes and unrelenting voice,— "just that. You were born a derelict,

and that is what you should be called.”
 “A castaway!” murmured Ralph,—“a castaway! Very well.”

His mother was not present. He took his cap, which was lying on the table; and, with a glance, half of defiance, half of appeal, which his father never forgot, he left the house.

The years went slowly for Captain Stenson's wife. The one thing that kept her alive was the hope that her boy, who had disappeared in so mysterious a manner, would come back to her in time. She never believed that he had left her of his own free-will. Regret and reproach mingled in the Captain's thoughts of his lost son, who, he now acknowledged, was more of a Stenson than he had believed. Even thus had a brother, an uncle, and a great-uncle of his own left their father's house; and as they had never returned, he, being something of a fatalist, reasoned that Ralph would meet the same fate.

Ten years after the day which had been the darkest in his life he was returning home—on his last voyage. At sixty-five a man may well rest from a life of labor. Suddenly the sailor on the lookout cried:

“Ship ahoy! And there's something queer about her.”

“A derelict!” exclaimed the Captain, with the glass to his eye.

And so it proved. No time was lost in approaching the vessel, which, as they neared her, seemed to be drifting helplessly about. It was the old story of an abandoned ship with no one to tell the tale. At length they came to the cabin; and much to their surprise found a young man lying on the floor, fast asleep. At their approach he got on his feet, which were very unsteady. His eyes were wild, his hair and beard unkempt. With a loud cry more like that of an animal than a human being,

he sprang into the sea. The Captain, who had arrived in the second boat, had not yet stepped on board. It was the work of a moment to turn round and reach out for the man, who, the moment he touched water, appeared to realize what he had done, and instantly seized on the top of a chicken-coop which had fallen into the sea from the side of the vessel a moment before. But one backward glance showed him the Captain in pursuit; and, with the unreason of a man demented, he began to swim furiously in an opposite direction. However, this was a small matter to the experienced Captain Stenson, who speedily overhauled and got him safe in his own boat.

When all were on board again, the abandoned ship left behind, and the young man awake from his long sleep of exhaustion, the Captain prepared to interview his new passenger, who had been washed and shaved. The Captain now saw before him a handsome young man, though much worn and wasted by sickness.

“If you are able, I should like to hear your story and that of your ship,” he said kindly.

“My own story is not worth telling,” replied the young man after a pause.

“Our ship was abandoned because of the fever. They thought me dead, but I lived through it, after all. I had almost gone mad when you came—water-exhausted; I was dying, too, for the sight of a human face.”

“How long have you been at sea?”

“Ten years,” was the answer.

“You like the life?”

“I *hate* it!” said the young man, with strong emphasis.

“Why do you follow it, then?”

“It seems a fatality. My father was a sea-captain. He wished me to be a seaman also. I did not fancy the calling. Finally he insisted, said a word that

stung me, and, almost without knowing what I was doing, I left the house. I went down to the docks. In half an hour or so I would have returned home. I must have been knocked down; for the next thing I knew I was lying in the hold of a foreign vessel. Turks they were,—a dreadful crew. I was beaten, abused, and shipwrecked. For two years I was on a desert island, then taken aboard a Spanish vessel, which was again wrecked. Rescued by an English schooner bound for South Africa, I drifted about, till finally I took ship on the *Maria Catalina* bound for Buenos Ayres, whose fate you know, sir."

It was almost dark in the cabin. The Captain leaned forward. His voice was unusually low.

"Have you never wished to see your home again?" he asked.

A sob was his answer.

"Your mother,—is she living?"

"How should I know? Doubtless she is dead long since of grief. She was a most loving mother."

"And your father,—you bear him ill-will, perhaps?"

"God knows I do not. The Stenson nature is a stubborn one, but it is also forgiving."

"Ah, Stenson is your name! Strange that it should be mine also."

The Captain's voice was tremulous. The young man sat up in his bunk.

"Come nearer!" he murmured in a hoarse voice, putting forth a thin and trembling hand.

"Father!"

Oh, the agony, the affection, and the earnest supplication of that single word!

The Captain was on his knees, his arms about his boy.

"Ralph!" he cried, while hot tears fell upon the pale cheek he kissed. "Let this be your last voyage, as it is to be mine. Let us forgive and forget. We are going home—to mother!"

A Case of Revenge.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

"YOU hard-hearted brute! May the day come when I shall see you half dead with thirst, your tongue cleaving to the roof of your mouth,—that I may have the satisfaction of refusing you the draught of water for which you will long, and long in vain!"

This cruel wish came from the lips of a cavalry officer, whose countenance was aflame with rage. He addressed a big, ungainly private, who stood at a short distance off, with an ugly scowl on his rough features.

It was indeed a cruel wish, the cruelty of which those only can appreciate who know by experience the agony caused by thirst. The man who uttered it knew what thirst was; in fact, he was suffering from it at the time. The day before he had taken part in one of the first battles of the South African war, which proved so disastrous to the British arms, owing to the ignorance of the officers concerning the nature of the country and the tactics of the enemy.

Now, on the day after the battle, the officer in question was ordered to carry some important dispatches to the colonel in command of another division of the army, and this he had to do with the greatest possible speed. His own horse had been disabled on the previous day and walked quite lame, so that another had to be brought. It proved to be a restive, vicious beast. Many precious minutes were lost before it could be got to stand still for the officer to mount; and when at last the rider was in the saddle, it reared and plunged, so that he could hardly keep his seat, until presently it started off at a rattling pace.

"I might have got on fairly well,"

the officer said when narrating his story, "had it not been that the road was blocked with vehicles of all kinds—ordnance carriages, ambulances, carts conveying fugitives; my intractable steed shying at every unaccustomed object in the most provoking manner. When at long last I got clear of these obstacles I met a whole company of artillery, so that everything combined to impede my progress; although, the dispatches being urgent, I was bound to press onward with all expedition. The heat of the day, moreover, was intense; the scorching rays of an African sun beat down on me pitilessly. I was enveloped in a cloud of dust; my throat was dry, my lips were parched, my pocket-flask was empty.

"Presently, to my delight, when I had left the more frequented road behind, I descried at a short distance from the wayside a party of soldiers resting beside a spring, in the shade of a group of trees. A welcome sight indeed for a thirsty man; but on my attempting to leave the road and ride up to the spot to obtain a refreshing draught, my horse became so unmanageable that I was compelled to desist. The derisive laughter of the soldiers, who made merry over what they designated my clever feats of horsemanship, added to the irritation I felt at the obstinacy of the animal. However, I controlled my temper; and, unbuckling my flask, I called to the soldier who was nearest to me, saying: 'Comrade, be so good as to fill this flask for me!' The fellow did not stir; he only regarded me with a sullen, sinister expression, answering as he turned on his heel: 'Go and fill it yourself!'

"It was then that, beside myself with anger, I uttered that unchristian wish; and, putting spurs to my horse, galloped off at a desperate pace, heedless of the soldiers who shouted to me to

stop. A little farther on I came across a compassionate Kaffir, who, when I made my want known to him, gave me and my horse a draught of deliciously cool water. In my gratitude I bestowed a sovereign on the man; and, after a few minutes' rest, I went on my way, reflecting within myself that a savage possessed a kinder heart than a Christian and my own fellow-countryman. The features of the barbarian who had refused me the proverbial cup of cold water were deeply imprinted on my memory. 'I shall know that fellow again wherever I see him,' I said; and I swore that I would not rest until I found him and revenged myself on him for his brutal behavior. This was no idle threat. For eighteen months I kept my resolution in mind, but neither on the battlefield nor in the hospitals did I meet with my enemy. At last the looked-for opportunity for vengeance arrived.

"In the early part of the present year I was wounded, and conveyed to the hospital at Pietermaritzburg. My wound was not dangerous, but it was a long time healing, and I was told that for some weeks I should be unfit for active service. So I employed myself in assisting the nurses as well as I could in their work of tending the sick and wounded, whose sufferings, borne for the most part with exemplary patience and fortitude, always inspired me with deep sympathy. I stood beside many a bed and saw how bravely men faced death; how gladly those among the patients who were Catholics hailed the coming of a priest; how generously they made the sacrifice of their lives, and breathed their last with the holy names of Jesus and Mary on their lips.

"Before my dismissal from the hospital a detachment of our forces in the near neighborhood met with a reverse, being entrapped into an ambushade by

the treacherous Boers, and some five and twenty men were brought into the hospital. There had been an unavoidable delay in transporting them thither; it was heartrending to see the poor fellows when, after examination by the doctors, they were carried in, one by one, and laid on the beds. From each came the same piteous cry: 'Water! water!' I felt truly sorry for the sufferers, and, fetching a glass and a large pitcher of water, to which I added a lump of ice, I went from one bed to another, and gave to each patient who was in a state to receive it the draught for which he craved. How gratefully they looked at me, even when too faint to utter a word of thanks! Suddenly a tall figure started up at the end of the ward and called to me: 'Water!—for God's sake bring me some water!' I stood as if stunned. In all the ward I saw but the countenance of that one man—it was the soldier who had had the cruelty to refuse me a draught of water to assuage my thirst,—the man whom I had been seeking in the hope of avenging myself on him! He himself did not appear to recognize me. The next moment he threw himself back on the pillow and turned his face to the wall.

"A voice within me whispered: 'Now the long looked-for day of retribution is come at last. Give the others drink and not a drop to him. Let them all be refreshed and let him languish in misery.' Then another voice—doubtless that of my Good Angel—spoke to me. I seemed to hear it say: 'Not so: this is the happiest day of all your life; the day on which you may gain your most signal victory. An occasion is afforded you of forgiving as you hope to be forgiven.' My better self prevailed. Without a moment's hesitation, I took up the pitcher and repaired to the bedside of the suppliant. Putting my arm beneath his shoulders, I lifted him

up and held the glass to his fevered lips. He took a long draught and then gave a sigh of relief. Never shall I forget the look wherewith he rewarded me. He did not speak a single word, but I saw that he was touched. I felt happier than I had been for a long time.

"Going up to the doctor, I asked him to give the patient in the far end of the ward into my charge. 'All right,' he replied; 'I have no objection, but he will not want you long. We shall have to take his leg off, and there is not much chance of saving his life.'

"Day and night I nursed my patient with unremitting care, but for two or three days he did not speak to me. At length one evening, just as I was leaving him, he gently pulled my coat; and when I turned to see what he wanted, with an evident effort he said:

"'Colonel, do you remember once asking me for a drink of water?'

"'Yes, comrade,' I said: 'I remember it very well. But that old story is long past, and forgotten and forgiven. It is of no consequence whatever.'

"'Indeed, Colonel,' he rejoined, 'it is of great consequence to me. I do not know what possessed me that day. My lieutenant had called me an idler and that irritated me. I had had an attack of fever and was not myself at all. The moment you had gone I was heartily ashamed of my behavior; but it was too late to make reparation. Ever since I have been on the lookout for you, that I might beg your pardon. When I recognized you here, and you came and gave me that welcome glass of water, I thought of your parting words—for they still rang in my ears,—and I was afraid to speak to you. Will you—*can* you forgive me, Colonel?'

"For a few moments I was unable to reply. 'There!' my conscience said to me. 'During all this time you have been seeking this man with the design

of revenging yourself upon him, while he has been seeking you in order to ask your forgiveness! Which of you is the truer Christian?' I felt deeply humbled.

"'Comrade,' I said, 'you are a better man than I am. Let us say no more about that unfortunate incident.'

"The man's leg was amputated, and he rapidly declined. I grew very fond of him. He took very quietly the tidings that all hope of recovery must now be abandoned, and asked me to write to his sister at his dictation. He then gave me some little valuables among his belongings to be sent to her; afterward he asked to see the chaplain, and received the Last Sacraments. Before I left him, at the close of our conversation, he asked me if there was not some passage in Holy Scripture about a cup of cold water.

"'Pray do not say anything more about that!' I cried. 'You pain me.'

"'Ah!' he rejoined, in a low tone, 'you little know what an act of charity it was on your part to give me that drink of water.'

"He did not refer again to the subject; but on the following morning he spoke about religion, expressing his trust in the mercy of God and his hope of eternal salvation. Then he said: 'I feel as if I were at home, a little child again. My good mother always made me say a prayer when I went to bed; I shall say a prayer now, for I am tired and should like to go to sleep.' His eyes closed and I saw his lips move. Bending over him, I caught the words: 'Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death!' He drew a few deep breaths, and then without a struggle passed from time into eternity.

"The next day I followed him to his nameless grave and grieved for him as for a dear friend. God rest his soul! Never shall I forget the lesson he taught me."

Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

THE Fathers of the Church, or simply "the Fathers," is a term as to whose real signification the average lay Catholic has, perhaps, no accurate notion. He probably thinks that Father and Doctor, as met with in ecclesiastical writings, are synonymous; or at least that the distinction between the words is so fine-drawn as to render them, for all practical purposes, interchangeable. Such, however, is not the case. All the Fathers were not Doctors, nor were all the Doctors Fathers. SS. Clement of Rome and Polycarp of Smyrna, for instance, are universally ranked among the Fathers, yet their names do not figure in the Church's list of Doctors; while SS. Francis of Sales and Alphonsus Liguori, who do figure in that list, are never classed among the Fathers.

As a matter of fact, Father of the Church is not an official title at all. It was never granted by any pontifical decree, and finds no place in liturgical qualification. It is an honorary title dictated by the gratitude of the Christians of the early ages, and conferred by common accord upon those eminent successors of the Apostles whose preaching and whose writings transmitted to posterity the dogmas of our faith. It is consequently applied with propriety to those ecclesiastical authors of the first centuries whose works preserve the apostolical traditions of which they are authentic witnesses. The era of the Fathers closed when the principles of the faith were sufficiently fixed, developed, and protected against the innovations of heretics. The latest representative of their order is with practical unanimity held to be St. Bernard (1091-1153).

As regards the ecclesiastical doctorate, Catholic theology has more than once formulated the rule relating thereto,

and Pope Benedict XIV. summarizes its conclusions thus: "Three things are necessary to constitute a Doctor of the Church: eminent learning, remarkable sanctity, and the declaration of either the Sovereign Pontiff or a legitimately convoked council." The reason why this last-mentioned requisite is essential is manifest. The title of Doctor is an official one, and also a liturgical one, conferring upon whoever receives it a special cult in all the churches of the world. It is clear that the power to command all Christendom to render such honor is restricted to the Pope or to an œcumenical council over which he presides.

As for the eminent learning mentioned as the first requisite, the etymology of the word *doctor* implies it. To have shown in his works a superior knowledge of the things of God, to have exercised on the destinies of the Church brilliant and salutary action in repressing the audacity of heretics, in exposing the true sense of Holy Scripture, in developing the dogmas of faith, in teaching the faithful the moral law and showing them the way to Christian perfection,—this is the eminent learning which the Church demands of the Doctor.

Sanctity also is essential. It is quite conceivable that illustrious science in the things of God may coexist with a sinful life; intellectual pre-eminence does not exclude moral turpitude; but such turpitude does necessarily exclude a man from the honor of canonization, and every Doctor of the Church is a canonized saint. Holiness, indeed, counts for much even in the attainment of the learning that is congruous to him who bears this official title. The Seraphic Doctor tells us it was at the foot of the Cross, in the meditation of the eternal truths, that he acquired all his knowledge. In the Doctors, therefore, we honor, not

all science, but the science of saints.

The number of Doctors recognized and proclaimed by the Church is twenty-four. Four great Doctors of the Latin Church: SS. Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome, and Gregory the Great; four others of the Greek Church: SS. Athanasius, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, and John Chrysostom; then SS. Leo the Great, Isidore of Seville, Peter Chrysologus, Peter Damien, Anselm, Bernard, Bonaventure, Thomas Aquinas, Hilary of Poitiers, Alphonsus Liguori, Francis of Sales, Cyril of Alexandria, John Damascene, Athanasius of Alexandria, Basil the Great, and Bede.

So much for the Doctors. As for the Fathers, four conditions are essential: antiquity; importance of writings; holiness of life, and especially purity of faith; and finally the agreement of the faithful. The importance of a Father's writings does not imply that his works must be many or voluminous: a few letters sufficed in the case of St. Ignatius of Antioch, as in that of St. Polycarp of Smyrna. The necessity of sanctity explains why Tertullian and Origen and Lactantius, as well as several other very eminent ecclesiastical authors, are not numbered among the Fathers.

To return to the specific distinction between the two titles, it is sufficient to cite here Cardinal Franzelin, who says that the prerogative of Doctor as distinguished from Father of the Church does not imply antiquity,—that is, existence in the early ages of Christianity; but it suggests at once the idea of eminent learning without regard to the nearness or remoteness of the period in which the scholar lived.

THE missionary spirit is an admirable thing, but a man rarely does it full justice when it is displayed toward himself.—E. T. Fowler.

Notes and Remarks.

That Cornell professor who advocated the killing of idiots and cripples and weaklings of all sorts, probably did not stop to consider that if his theory operated at his own birth the world would undoubtedly have been spared his infamous speech. It is a detriment to society, says this learned man, that the unfit are allowed to propagate their kind. "Kill off the feeble-minded and those that are a burden to the rest of society, as you would kill off so many rattlesnakes, not because you hate them but because they are troublesome to have around you." But if the imbeciles are to be all killed off in infancy there will be an end to the supply of college professors of a certain sort, and to the kind of Catholic parents who send their children to irreligious schools. The Cornell professor is a belated pagan; for his theories were spun out in academic Greece hundreds of years before the coming of the Jewish Babe that consecrated infancy for evermore. A large part of the world is every day getting farther away from that Babe and closer to the old paganism; but we can not believe it has gone so far as to hear the professor's speech without sending up an indignant remonstrance.

The *Medical Press and Circular* concludes a remarkable editorial on the disastrous effects of materialism with these thoughtful remarks:

Poverty, misery, and discontent will as surely be met with in the most advanced democracy as in the most absolute monarchy. So will their consequences, physical and moral. The materialism and utilitarianism of the present age have aimed, and with a considerable amount of success, at stamping out all the higher emotions, as their features and results were visionary and unpractical. Superstition and even faith were to be extinguished, as enemies to reason and physical truth. The frequently unsatisfactory results of medicine and surgery drew off the

confidence of that advanced section of the community which must see and feel everything before believing. Passion of every kind must be eliminated; emotion must be absolutely controlled; faith must submit to physical tests. This programme has been worked with increasing demonstrativeness during the last half century; and the opening of the twentieth century has at least shown that, with the rapid growth of physical science and the daily inroads on the mysteries of nature, the human race as a whole is still unsatisfied, while its most advanced and most materialistic sections are probably the most miserable of all. The emotional longings for higher things than those of earth will not be exterminated; the hankering after the mysterious and the unattainable—in fact, the human characteristics which most truly distinguish man from brute—are still living in the human heart. Their volcanic explosions assume forms ridiculous, preposterous, insane, and even criminal. Medical men should recognize the position and contribute what they can to the education of the public. It is of greater interest and importance to them than to most sections of the community to keep continuously in touch with the advanced guard of thought. Unsatisfied longings and disappointed hopes have on one side created a cosmopolitan brotherhood of Anarchists; on the other side, a crusade of Christian Science healers.

Judging from correspondence that has been carried on of late in our English exchanges, the time has not yet come for wardens in Catholic parishes. Speaking for his own congregation, which is "fairly typical of the missions of England," the Rev. Andrew Dooley says: "To our people the priest is still the ambassador of Christ, and they give to him, as the widow gave to Elias, in a spirit of unquestioning faith. Little reck they of the particulars for which he asks their assistance, and less they care. They give it in the name of Him whom their priest, it may be most unworthily, represents; and they know that this is a good thing in itself apart from consequences. Add to this that they trust the priest absolutely, and you have the why and the wherefore of the otherwise unaccountable solvency of the Catholic Church in England. Substitute for the priest a lay committee—with its day-books and ledgers and fussy

commercialism,—and you take away at once that gladness of heart which distinguishes the contributions of our Catholic toilers; and when the gladness ceases the contributions will soon cease also."

Father Dooley concludes his very interesting letter with an extract from Cardinal Manning's "Eternal Priesthood," which may be quoted here, since it refers to the laity in general. Possibly there are some parishes in this country where the talkers might do a little more and doers might talk a little less.

As a rule, they who talk most do least; and they who are always asking why this or that is not done, are the last to do what is needed. Our people may be divided into talkers and doers: the doers are silent and the work is done; the talkers mostly find fault with the way of doing it, and the work itself when done. Complaining is their contribution to the work, and they give little else.

There is a highly diverting article on "The Next Conclave" in the *North American Review* for this month. Its writer is R. de Cesare, member of the Italian Parliament; and we suspect that the editor inserted it as a sample of the "Italian Humor" about which Mr. Howells writes in the same number of the magazine. The wise and virtuous Cesare is shocked by two things: the knavery of the leading Roman cardinals, and the sinful obstinacy of the Pope in refusing to love the royal family that has stolen the Pope's kingdom and is living in the Pope's house. The New Italy, he tells us, "has proclaimed liberty of belief and the freedom of the Press, after having abolished the theory of the inalienability of ecclesiastical property." There is a phrase for you!—Mark Twain never did better. It is equalled only by another delicious touch of Cesare's—"the prophecy of Mgr. Malachy, the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh." Yet "the freedom of the Press" is almost as funny a phrase, when one remembers the

regular sequestration of the Italian journals that tell the truth about the government. And "liberty of belief" would have made a nice sensational title for the Roman correspondence of the *Freeman's Journal* a week or two ago, in which we were told of a new decree issued by the infidel Minister of Worship in Catholic Italy. The correspondent writes:

This decree practically constitutes the civil government as religious master of ceremonies in Italy. It declares that henceforth no gatherings shall be held in churches, except for purposes directly connected with divine worship—and the civil government, of course, is to be the judge whether this condition is fulfilled. If, for instance, to-morrow the Pope issues an encyclical condemning socialism or divorce or any other of the politico-moral issues of the hour, and if the priest in the pulpit endeavors to promulgate the teaching of the Holy Father, the government will send its police and soldiery to prevent him and close the church. To such a pass has the Catholic Church in Italy now come!

We have no further comment to make on Signor de Cesare's article; but we wonder whether the editor of the *N. A. R.* is really bent on turning the publication into a rival of a certain barber-shop journal.

The zealous, self-sacrificing and long-continued exertions of the Rev. Henry Ganss in behalf of the Catholics attending the government school for Indians and Negroes at Carlisle, Pa., have been crowned with results far beyond his most sanguine expectations. Until less than a year ago the religious instruction of all the Catholic students devolved upon this devoted priest; but their increasing numbers rendered it necessary for him to seek assistance in this work, and the services of four Sisters were secured. They visited the school three times during the week and conducted classes in the parish church on Sunday. A convent has now been provided for them through the generosity of Mother Katherine Drexel,

who has also founded and endowed a handsome and commodious school, where they can carry on their work with more satisfaction to themselves and greater advantage to their pupils. Father Ganss, as well as the Sisters, has reason to rejoice.

We take this occasion to say, despite all that has been asserted to the contrary, that the superintendent of the Carlisle school has allowed the fullest scope of action to Father Ganss, and that the freest exercise of their religion is granted to Catholic inmates. We know it to be a fact that if services for them were not held at the school on Sundays it was only because arrangements could not be made by their chaplain. Anything to the advantage of any class of his charges is a gratification to Major Pratt, whose interest in his work is deep and abiding. It is a pleasure to make these statements; all the more because the Major has been the object of much misrepresentation. But we think he would be willing to admit that he has sometimes misrepresented himself in articles appearing in the government periodicals published at Carlisle.

The passing of Bishop Crane, O. S. A., of Sandhurst, Australia, calls for more than mere obituary mention. Hardly seven years had elapsed after his consecration when he was stricken with blindness, and for eighteen years he bore the affliction with saintly resignation. "His spirit of prayer," one who knew him well wrote shortly before the Bishop's death, "his knowledge of the Lives of the Saints, his wide range of information, his acquaintance with the facts of history, both ecclesiastical and secular, his clear and wonderful memory at the age of eighty-three, are simply marvellous. He still guides the destinies of the diocese [though he had long had a most worthy

coadjutor in Bishop Reville], and makes himself familiar with every detail of its management." He had witnessed in large part the wonderful growth of Catholicity in Sandhurst within the last half century,—a growth which is well described by an Australian writer in these words:

Then [fifty years ago] a small canvas tent for a church, now a gorgeous cathedral, which, when completed, will stand the noblest and most graceful temple erected to the worship of God in the Southern Hemisphere; then, a poor priest, arriving one day on Bendigo, footsore and travel-stained—poor in the goods of the world, rich in Heaven's gifts,—his home a tent, his church a tent also, preparing his daily meals with his own hands, and living a rough life like the miners around him. Now, at the opening of our new cathedral, a Prince of the Church, clad in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom; archbishops and bishops, too; numerous clergy,—all telling, not merely of the grand organization of the Church in this land to-day, but telling also of the rapid growth and success of Catholicity here and elsewhere since its establishment in Australia.

It is pathetic enough, this picture of the venerable blind Bishop, unable to look upon "the noblest and most graceful temple erected to the worship of God in the Southern Hemisphere,"—a temple which his own hands had builded. God give him rest and light in the Land of the Living!

Many persons who have seen Charles Kean as *Wolsey* must have shared the admiration of Clara Morris not only for Mr. Kean's acting but for the costume which he wore. Writing in "Life on the Stage," Clara Morris gives out this interesting bit of theatrical gossip:

Mr. Kean's *Wolsey* was an impressive piece of work; and to the eye he was as true a cardinal as ever shared in an œcumenical council in Catholic Rome, or hastened to private audience with the Pope; and his superb robes, his priestly splendor, had nothing about them that was imitation. Everything was real—the silks, the jewelled cross and ring; and as to the lace, I gasped for breath with sheer astonishment. Never had I seen, even in a picture, anything to suggest the exquisite beauty of that ancient web. Full thirty inches deep, the yellowing wonder

fell over the glowing cardinal-red beneath it. I can not remember how many thousands of dollars they had gladly given for it to the Sisters of the tottering old convent in the hills, where it had been created long ago; and though it seemed so fragily frail and useless a thing, yet had it proved strong enough to prop up the leaning walls of its old home, and spread a sound roof above the blessed altar there,—so strong sometimes is Beauty's weakness.

It is to be hoped that the pious custom of offering Holy Communion for the repose of the faithful departed has nowhere been abrogated in consequence of the erroneous interpretation of St. Thomas put forward some two years ago. What the Angelic Doctor teaches on the subject is merely that Communion received for one of the holy souls does not benefit that soul in the same way as if the deceased himself had received it. But neither St. Thomas nor any other authoritative theologian denies that the reception of the Blessed Eucharist is a sacramental act admitting the meritorious application, to the souls in purgatory, of the individual intention with which the act is performed. The custom is one to be sedulously encouraged and faithfully observed, especially during the present month, by the Catholic laity.

An archæological enterprise of great interest is being carried on by the White Fathers of Carthage; and the Lavigerie Museum of which they have charge is destined to be peculiarly rich in antiquarian treasures. Exploration of the ruins of the Carthage of old has resulted in the discovery of a number of Christian monuments, records of the bygone days when the African arena reproduced the tragic dramas of the Roman Coliseum. Superabundant evidence is found of the cult of demons and idols to which the Carthaginian pagans were addicted,—a cult which gives especial significance to St. Augustine's definition of a Christian: "an adorer of the Father and the Son

and the Holy Ghost; a detester of demons and of idols." The explorations are still going on, and additional memorials of primitive Christianity on the Dark Continent are daily coming to light. A pilgrimage to the ruins of Carthage will in time be one of the attractions for the Christian tourist.

At the Winchester Missionary Conference the project of establishing a Seminary for the Home and Foreign Missions exclusively was proposed and met with much favor. It is said that such an institution is needed for the cultivation of missionary vocations; for, although we have many seminaries, the bishops of the poorer dioceses have found that they can not secure "the kind of apostolic missionaries which the impoverished and necessitous condition of their dioceses demands." Moreover, zealous, disinterested priests are sorely wanted in the Philippines. The suggestion is undoubtedly a good one, if it can be carried out.

The bicentenary of Bourdaloue's death is to be celebrated in 1904. The life and character of the celebrated court-preacher is being made the subject of additional researches by *confrères* of the Society of Jesus. Father Chérot, who has just published the "Iconography of Bourdaloue," cites Abbé Legendre as an eye-witness to the fact that Bourdaloue gesticulated a little too much; and declares that he did not preach with his eyes closed, as the literary legend has long asserted.

"It is surely no small thing," remarks the London *Athenæum* in a review of "Francis and Dominic" in the "World Epochmakers" series, "that Francis should be one of the commonest Christian names among Protestants and Catholics alike."

Notable New Books.

Roads to Rome. With an Introduction by Cardinal Vaughan. Compiled and Edited by the Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Longmans, Green & Co.

Of the sixty-five persons, men and women, who in this goodly volume give an account of their conversion to the Church, mostly all were members of the Establishment; however, other sects are also represented, as well as agnostics, indifferentists, etc. The list includes lawyers, parsons, scientists, physicians, nobles, and common folk. All of them may be included under the general classification of educated people. There is, of course, a sameness in their narratives, some of which, it must be confessed, are a little weak and wordy. The general excellence and interest, however, are remarkable. As might be expected, Newman was the chief factor in many of these conversions; though certain of them were effected by the aid of unbiassed non-Catholic authors, and a few through the writings of avowed enemies of the Church. In some cases the convert had been under Catholic influence, in others the "road to Rome" was trod quite alone. "I had never spoken to a Catholic, still less to a priest," writes one. "I thought the matter out for myself, anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being," declares another. Some of these grateful souls had never heard anything against the Church, but most of them knew little in its favor. Not a few had been taught from childhood to regard the Pope as Antichrist.

If we except the Bishop of Clifton's answer to the question, Why I became a Catholic, we may say that we have found the replies of lay-folk of greatest interest. There is a simplicity and directness about them which must appeal to every reader. The Bishop says, "It was history that more than anything else brought me into the Church"; and he adds: "Evils, scandals, abuse of power, and all these sort of things, did not affect me in the least, but rather showed that the institution that could survive all these abuses must be divine." Lord Brampton, formerly Judge of the Queen's Bench, who is perhaps the most widely known contributor to these records, dismisses the question in a few lines: he declares that his conversion was the result of his deliberate conviction that the truth—which was all he sought—lay within the Catholic Church. Sir Henry Bellingham states that the personal example and

simple faith of the Irish poor were the first things that impressed him.

The account given by J. Duffus-Harris, Esq., is especially interesting. We fully agree with him that "if the ordinary man of the world who has been happy enough to arrive at a definite and settled religious faith were to relate the processes by which that goal was reached, more good would result to doubters and inquirers than is likely to be effected by volumes of professional theology." Although carefully educated in the principles of the Church of Scotland, Mr. Harris had given up all practice of religion for twenty years and become an agnostic. During this long period of doubt and darkness he was attracted by Emerson; "but he seemed to me to have no definite hold upon any fundamental religious principle, and so he wearied me at length, and I ceased to read his works." Leibnitz and Macaulay and the Abbé Picard ("Christianity or Agnosticism"), on the contrary, were helpful; and—

I was constantly meeting with scientific men of mark from celebrated American universities, such as Harvard and Pennsylvania, who were without any definite religious convictions; but who seemed to take it for granted that if our spiritual knowledge justified acceptance of any definite creed and church, no other church but that of Rome was worth considering. One of the most prominent Biblical critics of Harvard, Professor Toy, has lately given a course of lectures at that university, in which he has demonstrated that every Catholic doctrine to which Protestants most strenuously object, such as that of Purgatory and Indulgences, is an inevitable consequence of the teaching of the Gospels, provided ordinary methods of reasoning be employed.

Beginning with the time when the possibility of Catholicism being applicable to himself came home to him, Mr. Harris tells how obstacle after obstacle disappeared until he found himself convinced intellectually that to refuse to become a Catholic was to refuse to obey the conclusions of his own reasoning and to quarrel with his destiny. The first time he "went to Mass it was as an interested spectator only"; "but I thoroughly realized the truth of Thackeray's passage in which he says that he is always conscious of a kind of vague dread in Catholic churches—of a sort of holy and at the same time uncanny feeling." At the age of forty-two, after many wanderings, Mr. Harris finally found rest in Rome, of which he says, concluding his narration:

The Church has widened my sympathies, it has cast down many prejudices, it has provided me with a spiritual support such as outsiders can have no possible idea of. My intellect is satisfied; and if there be trials and discouraging moments in life, the Church has innumerable

remedies to cure them: they all proceed from and return to the one point—the Manger of Bethlehem.

Another lay-convert, Mr. Hartwell De La Garde Grissell, Esq., makes this important observation in reference to one's attitude toward those outside the Church:

I have always felt that argument and controversy more often provokes than does good. We should endeavor, it seems to me, to show our separated brethren that we Catholics love truth for the truth's sake, and that we sympathize with the struggles of those who are groping their way toward the light. I feel persuaded that merely controversial victories and smart sayings in many cases repel rather than attract. Men are convinced not so much by reasoning as by a clear conception of positive truth. As Cardinal Newman so justly remarks, false ideas may be refuted by argument, but only by true ideas can we hope to expel them.

Yet another layman, whose road to Rome was a long and wearisome one, says, referring to the happy day of his reception into the One Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church:

That is many years ago. Since then I have had no more doubts on religious questions; though I am a doubter of doubters in matters outside religious truth, such as politics, law, history, etc.

We have tried to give the reader some idea of the edification which "Roads to Rome" will afford to Catholics, and of the encouragement to be derived from it by outsiders, so many of whom, as Cardinal Vaughan remarks in his Introduction, "are half, and more than half, convinced of the claim of the old Church on their submission." One thing will impress the least serious reader—that the Catholic Church is to every one that enters it "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

God and the Soul. By John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. The Grafton Press.

We never see the stars
Till we see naught but them—so with truth.

Somehow, this thought from *Festus* came to us as we were led from sonnet to sonnet in this attractive volume. The Bishop sees truth because he sees nothing else; and truth is the motive and inspiration of each of the sonnets, as well as the connecting link which binds them into one poem.

Four books of sonnets, each book preceded by several lyrics, styled preludes, make up the work; and with scarcely an exception the archetypal form of sonnet is followed. With Bishop Spalding the sonnet is "an intellectual wave keenly felt, emotionally," and expressed with a certain dignity and sweep of harmony rather than verbal melody. Always philosophical and individual, there is distinction in his expression, whether in prose or verse; and no one can find in his

sonnets evidences of effeminacy or decadence,—both hall-marks, according to the critics, of the poetry of to-day.

Bishop Spalding's poems on Nature in her varied moods show a love for the blue sky and the restful green of open fields. His lines on the beauty of Spring are not lyrically eloquent as are Tennyson's in "The Throstle"; nor have they the quick, uplifting power—the sense of wings—of Browning's "Spring's at the Year." They are rather informed with the quiet love for God's world that comes from communing with glad morning skies and still deeps of dark. The "blessed time of eager-heartedness," of which he sings, has given way to days of the eager soul. The comparison with Browning is, perhaps, suggested by two titles of the poems—"God's in His World" and "Earth's Crammed with God."

One chord is struck in these sonnets which is noticeable because of its iteration. In the poem titled "Idle Fancy" we read:

We are forgotten ere we die; why dream
When we are dead men still will ponder o'er
Our joys and pains?

And again:

Then like the fading smoke we are forgot.

In still another sonnet we read:

But other loves will make them soon forget
My cold, pale face upturned upon its bier;
The world will solace them with its good cheer,
While my green grave with dews alone is wet.

In his "Death of the Loved" and in "Unseen but Felt as Near," Bishop Spalding proves that love follows the loved one beyond the grave.

Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. Edited by the Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, D. D., D. C. L. Benziger Brothers.

This "manual for priests, teachers, and parents" scarcely needs to be recommended to any one who is familiar with Spirago's larger work, "The Catechism Explained," edited by Father R. F. Clarke, S. J. This later volume is, perhaps, of still greater importance than its predecessor; since, after all, the major desideratum in the matter of inculcating religious instruction is not so much what to teach as how to teach it. Modern pedagogics is a science to which, so far as it concerns purely secular instruction, considerable attention has of recent years been devoted by eminent specialists of all religions and of none; but pedagogy, as specifically applied to the Catholic catechist, is as yet in a state that is crude rather than highly developed.

The present work is an essay, and an excellent one, at bringing the teaching of the Catechism to

a scientific basis. Its author, the Rev. Francis Spirago, as professor of religion in an Austrian normal school, is exceptionally well fitted to give a lucid exposition of the principles involved; and his editor, Mgr. Messmer, has added to this English edition very much material that notably enhances the value of the original. While it is possible that many a priest, teacher or parent will dissent from some of the views and opinions of both author and editor, it is entirely safe to say that no catechist can study the work without learning much that will heighten his efficiency as an instructor of Catholic youth in the most important of all branches of knowledge.

We heartily commend this book to the general Catholic public, whom it can not fail to benefit, both indirectly and directly. The editor's preface, the appendix containing titles for a catechist's library, and the table of contents and index, are features for which the reader will be grateful.

The Quest of Coronado. By the Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald. John Murphy Co.

The report of a lying Turk that a wealthy land—the kingdom of Quivera and the Seven Cities of Cibola—lay to the north of Mexico and would prove easy conquest for the Spanish pioneers, and the unsuccessful and somewhat disastrous quest of Coronado for the coveted land, are the subject-matter of this volume. The author styles it a romance, but it is that only in so far as the plain history of Coronado's march is romantic. Father Fitzgerald has followed the traditional accounts of the voyage in their main lines, but has very properly garnished the recital with details furnished by imagination and by extensive reading—though we could wish that the old astrologer had been omitted. A Spanish sword and a Moorish spur found in Nebraska not long ago are attributed to Coronado and help to create *vraisemblance*. Father Fitzgerald writes well and has succeeded in producing a very readable volume, which is published in a style that does credit to the house of John Murphy.

Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

About half-way through this latest of the historical romances, the Marquis du Plessy prefaces his relation of a true story with the remark: "It would sound like a lie if anything were incredible in these fabulous times." The comment may very well serve as a characterization of the whole book. It really looks as if Byron's oft-quoted dictum, "Truth is always strange,—stranger than fiction," would need modification.

Fiction is making heroic efforts nowadays to falsify that statement, and "Lazarre" is a strong argument for replacing Byron's "always" by *sometimes*. "Lazarre" is a very readable romance, notwithstanding; and will serve to while away innocuously a few leisure hours. The hero, whose adolescence is spent in America as the putative son of an Indian, is no other than the genuine Dauphin of France, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. His religious liberalism is scarcely the legitimate outcome of either his Bourbon blood or his training by the Catholic missionary; but he is a strenuous young man, who will probably satisfy fully the innumerable lovers of romance,—the more incredible the better.

Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day. Little, Brown & Co.

The predecessor and companion of this little book was so well received that the compiler, Mary Wilder Tileston, has been encouraged to make a second venture, and has given us a very carefully arranged series of selections from the authors of all times and countries. Each day in the year has, as indicated by the title, quotations calculated to lend strength and give joy to the pilgrim soul. It is evident that this is the work of an "advanced" Anglican, and the extracts from the writings of Dr. Pusey are largely in the majority; but the best Catholic authors—notably Fénelon—are well represented. The Feasts of the Purification and Annunciation have appropriate selections, as have those of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Teresa; but there seems to be an intention to conceal all reference to the Christian year from the casual reader. The book is, however, compiled with pious skill, and will doubtless be a help to those who would not be likely to obtain these quotations from their original sources.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Harper Brothers.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, when she found herself growing so rapidly that she hastened to say good-bye to her feet; and "Curiouser and curiouser!" we echo as we find ourselves growing young again under the spell of Lewis Carroll and Peter Newell. This is truly a delightful issue of a delightful book; and we believe with Mr. Martin, who writes the introduction, that Mr. Newell was destined from the beginning to illustrate the little lady's adventures. Furthermore, we are glad that the hinted-at discrepancies of age, which caused the delay in bringing Alice and Mr. Newell together, were overcome in our day.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Some Legendary Geese.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



SEVERAL of my young relatives, the Barrys and the Hogans, had the great privilege during the summer just passed of spending some weeks in the country. As a consequence, when I resumed my visits to the Main Street house on their return to the city, I found that, instead of being called upon to entertain the young folk with stories, I was expected to be an interested listener to a number of their own adventures in the farmyard, the fields, and woods. Each niece and nephew had selected some particular animal as a favorite; and each, too, seemed to have conceived a particular dislike for some one or other of the beasts of the field or the birds of the air.

Clare "just doted" on a limpid-eyed moolley cow of her acquaintance, but "couldn't bear the sight of" a dirty, grunting old pig; Charlie had conceived a particular affection for a handsome three-year-old colt, but didn't "take much stock" in the sheep or fowls; Bride was enamored of the pouter pigeons, but disliked the frisking heifers; while little Frankie "dust 'oved all the fings 'cept dem nasty deese wot chase 'oo an' hiss fiteful."

Well, on the occasion of my third or fourth visit, when I had answered in the affirmative such questions as, "Say, uncle, did I tell you how scared Bride was to go through a field where an old ox was pasturing, because she knew bulls always chase and gore people?"

and, "O uncle, did we tell you all about the hornet's nest that Rose said was an unexploded bombshell?"—the youthful tongues became less insistent; and at length I was installed in my old-time office of story-teller.

"I must say, uncle," remarked Bride, "that I share Frankie's dislike for geese. They do make such a fuss when you want to pass them, and stick out their long necks with such angry hissing that it's no wonder people call them silly."

"Yes," said Clare; "but don't you remember Blessed Cottolengo's geese? They weren't silly by any means."

"That flock was an exception," said Bride. "And I doubt whether geese figure in any other saint's adventures. Do they, Uncle Austin?"

"Oh, yes, dearie; and they figure in profane history too. You remember how the Roman geese awoke the sentinels of the city just in time to repel the assault of the barbarians?"

"I thought it was understood," said Charlie, "that in that story geese was used figuratively for a crowd of girls who were sitting up talking about the new gowns they were going to get for the next festival."

"Indeed!" retorted Bride. "'Twas a pity the sentinels were not sitting up, too, instead of snoring like a lot of lazy boys who would lie abed all the morning if they had a chance."

"Now, children, enough of that! Whether the story of the geese who saved Rome be true or false, literal or figurative, there are in the lives of the saints a number of well-accredited tales in which the goose plays a conspicuous rôle. In all the old pictures of St. Rigobert, for instance, you will find this

barnyard fowl represented. St. Rigobert was Archbishop of Rheims, France, in the beginning of the eighth century. The King, Charles Martel, thought the prelate too independent, and after a short time dispossessed him of his see. The Archbishop retired to a small village, which he never left except to visit the neighboring monasteries.

"On the occasion of one of these visits the religious whom he had gone to see resolved to keep him for dinner; especially as a charitable farmer, who had seen the saint going to the monastery, brought to the kitchen a nice fat goose to be killed for the distinguished guest's meal. The Archbishop, however, positively declined the invitation, as was his custom; so the monks insisted on his taking at least the goose with him. Accordingly the prelate's servant boy took charge of the goose, and they set out on their return. Along the way the boy neglected to hold the fowl securely, and the first thing he knew it escaped, and what with flying and running was soon out of sight. The little fellow, who was counting on getting his share of the coming good dinner, was in despair; but the saint only smiled at the mishap. He was consoling his young companion for the loss when all at once the goose reappeared, and, settling down behind the Archbishop, quietly followed him to his lodging.

"The boy concluded, of course, that the dinner was all secure; but, as you may imagine, St. Rigobert didn't intend that the poor creature should be handed over to the cook. On the contrary, he made a pet of it; and thenceforth the two were inseparable. No dog ever followed his master more faithfully than did the goose the Archbishop; and it is related that when his pet finally succumbed to old age, the saintly prelate grieved for a long time.

"Besides St. Rigobert, there was St. Wereburg, an English princess and abbess of the seventh century, who is associated with geese in legendary lore. A flock of wild geese were ravaging the crops in the fields near her abbey one day, and the saint called them all to her side and then forbade them to do any further damage to the grain. Her orders were obeyed, too. Then, there is the goose of St. Martin. We are told that when the future Bishop of Tours was in hiding so that he might escape the honors of the episcopacy, a goose by its cackling pointed out the saint's retreat. Perhaps this is the reason why in a good many Catholic countries goose is the regular thing for dinner on St. Martin's Day, just as in this country we have turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

"Finally, there is another English princess and abbess, St. Milburge, who is noted for having in the eighth century repeated the work of St. Wereburg in the seventh. In sowing time flocks of wild geese settled by hundreds upon the fields and proceeded to eat the seeds which the abbey laborers had just scattered. The laborers told the pious superioress that it was useless to do any more sowing, as the seed would have no chance to sprout. St. Milburge spent a little time in prayer; then she went out to the fields and roundly scolded the offending geese. She forbade them to come near her fields again either that season or in the following years; nor were her orders ever disobeyed.

"So you see, children, that the goose, though a very commonplace fowl, has had a history not altogether devoid of interest—ah! there goes Frankie off to sleep; so I had better conclude. Good-night, all!"

THERE is no grace in a favor that sticks to the fingers.—*Seneca*.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XXIV.—MRS. MCSWEENEY'S STORY.

Lawyer Haylon was not very much surprised at the contents of Northcliff's last letter. He had too much experience in the drawing up of wills and contracts to be surprised at anything. His first care now was to prove, if possible, the identity of old Mrs. McSweeney. If it could be shown that she was the woman engaged by Alvin Dodsworth Russell to care for his child, the legal aspect of the case would be very much simplified. Then there would be scarcely any possibility of the dead Nancy being any other than the lost child of Alvin Russell. That an old woman should have relinquished the original child and taken up another was, in the lawyer's mind, the height of improbability.

The crippled girl of the golden curls was called Nancy. The heiress of Mr. Russell's wealth was named Nanette. Both these are terms of endearment for Anne. Nancy's lameness could perhaps be accounted for by an accident to her spine when the cradle was overturned. Nanette's mother was said to have been a fair beauty with wonderful auburn hair. Nancy's locks would make good corroborating evidence of her identity.

Mr. Haylon drove out to the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor in the suburbs. The old woman, accompanied by one of the nuns, came to the parlor to see him.

"It's the good lawyer man! Faith, sir, it's me that is glad to see you! I never thought to end me days in such peace and comfort, but it's thanks to yourself that I do be doin' it."

And the old creature wiped a tear of gratitude from the corner of her eye with her white apron. She looked

remarkably changed for the better. She was dressed in black. On her head was a neat matronly cap, ornamented with tasty rosettes of lace and velvet, which set off her homely, honest face as in a picture frame.

Lawyer Haylon noted her improved appearance. He smiled and said:

"Hoity-toity, Mrs. McSweeney, you are getting young again! Some young rascal of seventy will be setting his cap for you yet if you don't have a care."

The Sister laughed musically. The novelty of the idea amused her not a little; while Mrs. McSweeney pounded her knees with her open palms in her amusement. Suddenly a look of anxiety came into the old woman's eyes. Were they, perhaps, going to take her away from her haven of rest?

"I called, Mrs. McSweeney, to learn from you, if I can, something about the parents of Nannie."

The old woman's manner stiffened perceptibly. The careworn look returned to her face. The lawyer at once read the state of her feelings.

"Now, I do not want you to tell me anything unless it pleases you," he said; "but it is very important for the sake of others that I should know who this girl was. Can you tell me?"

"I can that,—bad cess to him! It's the cruel, hard-hearted man he was. If I tell you all, you won't be after takin' me out of here?"

"Certainly not, unless you wish to go when you have heard my story."

"Och! did you hear that now, Sister dear?—unless I'd be wishin' to go! It's foolish I'd be if I wished to lave you, wouldn't it, Sister?"

"That's right," rejoined Mr. Haylon. "Tell me who was the father of Nancy and how you came to have possession of the child."

"God forgive me, but in me misery all these years I threatened never to

brate his name again as long as I live. But you have been kind to me; and as Nancy's now in heaven—may her bed be aisy!—it can do no harm.”

“No harm, but a great deal of good,” said Mr. Haylon.

“Well, then, I know he was the owner of the salt works of them parts,—leastways he was till he up and sold them one day. And his name was Alvin. I disremember his middle name—it was one of them funny English names. Howsomever, it was Alvin Russell, and that's a fact as God is in heaven above.”

“Ah!” said Mr. James Haylon, with a sigh of relief. “Now, please tell me how you got hold of the child and why you have hept her all these twelve or fourteen years.”

The woman looked frightened. The question did sound a little formidable.

“I'll not keep anything back from you, Mr. Haylon. You have been a good friend to us in our distress. But still if you are goin' to take the law against us—well, Nannie is gone and you can't hurt her now. As for me, it matters little what becomes of me.”

He hastened to assure her that he had no intention of causing her the slightest trouble. All he wished was to establish beyond a doubt the fact of the girl's parentage. He hinted at a great good accruing to herself if she was full and explicit in her story.

Thus encouraged, she began to relate her history, which was substantially as follows:

She was a widow living at the Salton works, without child or relative of her own. She had been engaged by Mr. Russell at the big house to look after his only girl, who was then only two years old. The little thing had been injured in some way in the spine,—she did not know how. It never walked like other children. The widow's heart

and her warm motherly affection went out to the afflicted child. She nursed it and cared for it and loved it as if it were her own.

When Mr. Russell suddenly sold his property and went away from Salton, she was delighted to have the child left in her care. Where he went she had not the remotest idea. When the money which had been left for their support was exhausted, she redoubled her efforts to find the whereabouts of the father; but her efforts met with no success. Poverty began to stare her in the face; for in order to take care of the child she had given up the position of caretaker of some flats. She could not regain her former position. She worked her fingers to the bone in sewing and knitting for the poor people of the place to keep the child and herself from starving. The poor, out of their poverty, helped her for a time. Now it was a dish of potatoes, another time a pitcher of milk “for the baby,” or a loaf from their small baking. But even the charity of the poor has its limit.

At length, angry and heartsore, she determined to go herself and seek for the heartless father. She travelled from town to town and from city to city in her fruitless quest—always with the burden of a helpless child in her arms,—begging at farm-houses and at bakers' shops for the support of her darling. She spent five or six years in the nomadic life, without success.

The child grew more beautiful every day. Mrs. McSweeney, who had known her mother by sight, declared that she resembled her very much, especially in her golden hair and light blue eyes. She would never allow Nancy to cut her hair, hoping that some day it might be a means of identification. From being constantly out in the open air in all changes of temperature, the girl's voice, in time, became strangely

affected. At first a little hoarseness manifested itself. This lingered on and became deeper and deeper, until at last the vocal chords were so permanently injured that the poor child possessed a phenomenally hoarse, croaking voice, in violent contrast to her angelic face.

"At long last," continued the old woman, "findin' myself gettin' too old for further travellin' on foot, and the rheumatiz a creepin' into me bones, I stayed here. Nancy had learned to walk on the crutches. She began to sell papers. You know the rest of the story, sir; for it must have been our Blessed Lord Himself who brought you to us with all your good deeds."

Mr. Haylon, contrary to his usual custom, actually blushed at this genuine compliment.

"T'sh! there! there! I am very much obliged to you for the story. It clears up many things. Did you ever run across or hear anything of Mr. Russell?"

"Divil a bit—the Lord forgive me for swearin'! I never set eyes on the man. Perhaps it's well for him I didn't," she added with grim humor.

"Do you believe he is dead?"

"God knows. But the likes of him don't die so aisy."

"Now, my good woman, perhaps you are just a little bit too hard on him in your judgment."

"Hard on him,—hard on him, is it? Didn't he forsake his child, and his only child at that?"

"But it might have been an accident. I have reason to know that soon after you left Salton he returned there. He was heartbroken at the departure of you and the child. He has been searching for both of you all these years."

"Good Lord of mercy! Why didn't he find us, then?"

"That is the unfortunate part of it. He could never get a trace of you. Your resentment is, perhaps, just, with your

present knowledge; but you will think quite differently when I tell you that he has left you in his will the sum of one thousand dollars for all your trouble and your faithfulness."

"One—thou—"

The information was too much for the old woman. The sentence stuck in her throat. She half rose from her chair, then suddenly fell back. Her face was very white. After a few moments she found her speech.

"Ah, Mr. Haylon! you will be havin' your joke with poor folk."

"No joke this time, Mrs. McSweeney, I assure you. I heartily congratulate you. Now perhaps you want to leave this convent?" he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"No—never!"

The manner of the response left him no room for doubt.

"That is fortunate, at least for the present," he remarked; "for we are by no means sure that Mr. Russell is dead. It is sometimes quite embarrassing to wait for dead men's shoes."

"Well, perhaps I have misjudged him all along. But the case did look black against him, that's sure. May God forgive us all! You say, sir, you know how the will has been made out. What did he do with the rest of his money? A thousand dollars is but a flea-bite to all *he's* got."

"Nancy was to have half of it if she were living. As it is, it goes to her cousin, Master Harry Russell, who was present at her death"

"Glory be to God for all His goodness! Could anything be more beautiful! May the Lord forgive me for thinkin' hard of the old man!"

(To be continued.)

ABBÉ HAWY, who invented the art of printing with raised letters, is called "the Apostle to the Blind."

With Authors and Publishers.

—We notice that a list of new books by Messrs. George Bell & Sons includes a revised and cheaper edition of "Coventry Patmore," by Basil Champneys.

—The "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen," by R. Barry O'Brien, just published in England, contains an appreciation of Lord Russell as an advocate by Lord James of Hereford, and an estimate of his judicial career by Mr. Justice Jelf. A portrait and facsimile letters enhance the interest of the work.

—Benziger Brothers' yearly reminder of time's flight, the *Catholic Annual*, is very interesting for 1902; and, as usual, is a compendium of useful information of the almanac order, to which are added reading-matter and illustrations for the entertainment of young and old. The *Annual* has come to have a staff; for every year the same writers lend their energies to the success of the publication. The "storiettes" are the best reading furnished; and when Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's name attracted us to his contribution, we could not but think—there is writing and writing.

—Among the most important of recent publications by the English Catholic Truth Society is "Church History and the Critical Spirit," an address delivered by the Rev. Father Grisar, S. J., at the Scientific Congress at Munich, September, 1900. We have already referred to this notable address, and now rejoice to see it in pamphlet form—such portions of it as were meant for general reading. Those who hold that truth can never hurt, must rather always help, religion; and weak brethren whose faith has sometimes been tried by the large number of errors which have gradually during many centuries slipped into the history and the outer life of the Church, will read Father Grisar's words with satisfaction and profit.

—News comes of the death of the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe, author of several valuable religious books of an expository and controversial character. He served as chaplain of the British forces during the Crimean War; and the exhaustive priestly labors, the exposure and tense nervous strain following the battles of Inkerman and the Redan laid him low with fever. It was during the delirium of this illness that he wandered from the hospital into the Russian lines, where he was most kindly treated, and after being nursed back to health was returned to the British camp. His best

known book, of which there have been many editions, is "The Threshold of the Catholic Church." Shortly before his lamented death this venerable priest had read the proofs of a new work, "The Treasure of the Church," soon to be issued by Burns & Oates.

—The *Cornhill* for October must be a delight to lovers of Eugene Field; for it reprints from an obscure source a bit of Field humor that should find place in all collections of writings by that sunny philosopher of life. "Florence Bardsley's Story" is the title, and it is irresistible. We wonder if it inspired "An interview with Nobody," by Mr. Gelett Burgess, which appears in the *Bookman* for November.

—It is much, very much, to say of "Cranbrook Papers" that the last number of the volume just completed is equal to its predecessors in every respect. A complete index, with illuminated title-page, accompanies it. The society which issues this unique periodical set itself a high standard, and it has been excellently maintained. Indeed, it is hard to see how the work could be rendered more attractive. The literary contents are of varied interest and unusual merit, while the outward form is such as to delight a book lover. The ornamentations are copied from rare books, missals, etc., of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and are reproduced with admirable skill. The manager of the Cranbrook Press is to be congratulated on the completion of the first volume of his work. "It is sweet to write the end of a book," says one of the scribes of the Middle Ages. We hope Mr. Booth may have this pleasure for many years to come.

—Mr. Charles F. Lummis is as quick to discover merit in a man as he is generous in acknowledging it. In the current issue of his magazine, the *Land of Sunshine*, he pays this cordial tribute to the memory of a priest-historian whose death has been almost unnoticed by the Catholic public: "It was a serious blow to Western research when that fine and gentle spirit, Rev. Edmond J. P. Schmitt, Catholic priest and true historical student, was taken from the slender ranks of them that love the truth enough to seek it. Father Schmitt was only 36, but already one of the most important workers in the field of Southwestern history. His activities were principally in Texas; and the State University, which thus far leads all Western institutions in the vitality and scope of its local his-

torical research, has lost a most efficient ally." We notice, by the way, that, beginning with the January number, Mr. Lummis' magazine will bear the less attractive title of *Out West*. Fortunately, its editor will not change, and its motto will continue to be, as heretofore, "To love what is true, to hate shams, to fear nothing without, and to think a little."

—"The first work on Botany ever written in English" appeared in 1551, and the author was Dr. William Turnour, physician to Edward VI. Fearful and wonderful is the information contained in this ancient work of science. Adiantum, we are told by Dr. Turnour, "given in meate unto quales and cokkes maketh them feyght more earnestly than they dyd before." Also, "it maketh thycke heyre, and holdeth on the heyre that wold fall off." The seed of parsley "helpeth men that have weyke braynes to beare dryncke better," and "garlyke is not only good meat but good medicine. It swageth and with hys smel he driveth away serpentes and scorpiones." But perhaps the most curious feature of the book is the variety of antidotes for poison, with quaint directions how to use them when "bydden to dynner of enemies or suspected frends."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. *Bishop Messmer.* \$1.50, *net.*

Roads to Rome. *Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."* \$2.50

God and the Soul. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.25.

The Quest of Coronado. *Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald.* \$1, *net.*

The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.

Marcus Aurelius Antonius to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.

Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., *net.*

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., *net.*

Renaissance Types. *William Samuel Lilly.* \$3.50.

The Catholic Girl in the World. *White Avis.* \$1, *net.*

A Saint of the Oratory. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60, *net.*

Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. \$1.75, *net.*

The Crisis. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

The Retreat Manual. *Madame Cecilia.* 60 cts., *net.*

First Confession. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 40 cts., *net.*

Meditations for Monthly Retreats. *Archbishop of Utrecht.* \$1, *net.*

Life Questions. *John Henry Francis.* 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

Forgive Us Our Trespases. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 55 cts., *net.*

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.

The Irish College in Paris. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* \$1.25.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. 70 cts., *net.*

Canadian Essays. *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands. — Heb., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Engelbert Hoeynck, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; the Very Rev. Michael O'Brien, V. G., diocese of Portland; and the Rev. Francis Wimsey, archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Mother Julia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Madame Julia Mooney, R. S. H.; and Sister Angela, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Henry Miller, of Racine, Wis.; Mrs. Louis Berg, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Frances Martin, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mr. Robert Sillery, New York city; Mrs. Anna Clowry, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Julia Devine, Anaconda, Mont.; Mrs. — Knowles, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mr. James Cantwell, Mr. J. S. Flynn, Mr. John Byrnes, and Mrs. Bridget Devine, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Joseph Fuehrer and Mr. Henry Rabanus, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Callaghan and Mrs. Daniel Shea, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Remy Clementz, Massillon, Pa.; Mr. James Tighe, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Bott, New Albany, Ind.; Mrs. John Reilly, Blackstone, Mass.; Mr. Charles Getz, Salem, Ohio; Mr. Martin Murphy, Cambridge, Mass.; and Mr. Joseph Longpre, Central City, Dakota.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

NO. 22.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Dead of Long Ago.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

MAY they rest in peace! How their numbers grow,
The souls we should all remember,—
Those summoned away in the long ago,
And these since last November!
Dear Lord, have mercy upon them all!
Sweet Mother, support our pleading!
For no happier lot can our friends befall
Than the grace of thine interceding.

May they rest in peace! During long, long years
Though that prayer for some has arisen,
Still captive they groan, shedding futile tears
Within their appalling prison.
And our love, perchance, has grown cold with time:
We come to their aid no longer;
Yet each year of exile in that sad clime
Makes their craving for Home the stronger.

May they rest in peace! Since we can not know
God's measure of expiation,
Our whole life long lasts the debt we owe
To our friends in their sad probation.
So whether they died in years long gone by
Or only the other day,
"Dear Lord, have mercy!" is still our cry;
"May they rest in peace!" we pray.

WHO can estimate the holiness and perfection of her who was chosen to be the Mother of Christ? If to him that hath more is given, and holiness and divine favor go together (and this we are expressly told), what must have been the transcendent purity of her whom the Creator Spirit condescended to overshadow with His miraculous presence!—*Newman*.

An Historic Church in Virginia.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.



ALTHOUGH congregations and parishes of the changeless Church, like the leaves and buds of that eternal tree Ygdrasyl, suffer change and drop; yet to some extent, at least, they partake of the stable character of the eternal Church. Catholic congregations pass easily over difficulties which hinder or destroy similar assemblies of sectaries placed in the same circumstances. At Alexandria, on the edge of "broad Potomac's hem of pine," in Virginia, the cross is lifted high in air over a tabernacle that was at first hidden amidst persecution, yet lived to see its persecutor disestablished and despoiled, and still remains, having been passed unharmed by a multitude of changes in governments and politics, in war and peace.

In Peyton's "Adventures of my Grandfather," quoted in the Woodstock Letters of the Society of Jesus, the elder Peyton writes in 1772 from Stony Hill, Stafford County, Virginia: "Gaston came with me and remained a week; then left for Alexandria, where he has many friends. He is a Roman Catholic in faith, and my sister told me yesterday he must be going to Alexandria, where there is a church, to make confession." This is the first hint of the sacraments of the Church at the small city midway between

the Capitol of the United States and the grave of Washington. It is of the church of that city and its historic surroundings and incidents that I propose to write.

The public exercise of the Catholic religion by its priests was before 1775 forbidden by Virginia statutes; but Maryland was too near to allow souls to be lost by statute, and many hidden ministrations of the Gospel were afforded to the few faithful in the neighborhood of Mt. Vernon. The original missionaries who attended the needs of the little Virginia congregation were devoted Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The light of faith never dies out when they can pour oil in the lamp, and "Papists recusants" were few but faithful in that neighborhood. When the Revolution came, every male Catholic in Fairfax and Prince William Counties—tradition says there were nine of them—followed Colonel John Fitzgerald to the War of Independence, leaving behind no professors of the faith except women and children. I have been able to disinter the names of four only: Colonel John Fitzgerald, Captain Clement Sewell, Patrick Hagan, and John Byrne, of whom Custis said that when on the decks of the prison-ship he crawled out from his noisome couch to see the day, he cried, "Hurrah for America!" and was thrust back into his fetid hole.

When Independence had been won, Colonel Fitzgerald was elected Mayor of Alexandria; and on the signal occasion of St. Patrick's Day, which was also the election day for delegates to the convention which adopted that constitution for Virginia, a dinner party was given by Colonel Fitzgerald. General George Washington, of whom he had been an aid-de-camp, was the chief of his guests. At that dinner party an offer was made by Mr. R. T. Hooe to give a square of ground to Colonel Fitzgerald's

co-religionists if they would build a church there. Thus was the first step toward the establishment of the Catholic church in Alexandria taken in the presence of the Father of his Country. The *Catholic World* of January, 1890, has thus described the founding of the Alexandria church:

St. Patrick's Day, 1788, was a red-letter day not only in the church calendar, but in the hospitable home of Colonel Fitzgerald; for on that day he entertained General George Washington at a dinner party. An election took place the same day which brought most of the leading gentlemen of the neighborhood to town; and at Colonel Fitzgerald's board they met several Catholics from Maryland. General Washington's diary of the time says: "March 17, 1788:—Went up to the election of delegates to the convention of this State for the purpose of considering the new form of government which has been recommended to the United States, when Dr. Stuart and Colonel Simms were chosen without opposition; dined at Colonel Fitzgerald's; returned in the evening." It was at this time that the suggestion of the erection of a Catholic church in Alexandria was first made; and Colonel Hooe, a large landowner and an intimate friend of Fitzgerald, offered to donate land as the site of a church and graveyard. Within a few years the lot was deeded, and the church built about 1793 upon Washington and Church Streets, the latter designation being adopted by the municipality in honor of the new church. Of this church Miss Fanny Fitzgerald, daughter of Washington's aid, was organist. The old church is long demolished; but there is One "who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright or a carpenter," and the graveyard remains.

The original missionaries who attended the needs of the little Virginia congregations had been Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and the work was continued, after the suppression of the Order, by the secularized Fathers who attended the faithful in Virginia, and who ministered to them after the re-establishment of the Society in 1814. Before the death of General Washington, a small brick church had been erected on the southern suburbs of the town; but the town never extended around it, so that the only parishioners who remained there are in graves, awaiting the general resurrection at the last day. After a decade

or more, Father Neale purchased a frame Methodist church with a little brick parsonage in the midst of the inhabited portion of the town; and soon afterward he built, with legacies and donations, an addition to the parsonage, upon which arose a cupola which lifted the cross on high and provided room for a bell, which first sounded the Angelus in the Mt. Vernon neighborhood. The church had neither steeple nor bell, both being on the roof of the pastor's house. The writer well remembers seeing on the private ledger of his uncle, a Wesleyan, the entry: "Priest Neale dr. to one church, \$800."

The Rev. Roger Baxster, S. J., an English Jesuit, was the next missionary; and he engaged in a controversy with the Rev. Dr. Wilmer, an Episcopal clergyman, who was afterward made Bishop of Alabama. The controversy was published in book form.

With Father Baxster came an assistant, the Rev. Joseph Fairclough, also an Englishman, who did not belong to the Society of Jesus, and officiated as a secular priest. Active and zealous, he replaced the second-hand frame chapel with a fine brick edifice, and, by the purchase of some neighboring lots, gave the building a front upon Royal Street. In digging the basement of this church, bones and a military chest which had belonged to the army of General Braddock were disinterred. Father Fairclough's church yet remains; and buttressed by chapels, lengthened and ornamented by a white stone front and lofty tower, makes the Catholic church of Alexandria the finest building in the city. Three other halls and school-houses have also been built; and lately the good Sisters of the Holy Cross secured the most superb building in town for their establishment.

Soon after the new church was erected, the Father Provincial of the Society of

Jesus, who had been unable to furnish a pastor for Alexandria, found himself in a position to send the Rev. John Smith, an Irish Jesuit, to the Alexandria church. Father Fairclough, yielding to the request of most of the trustees, declined to give place to Father Smith; and Archbishop Whitfield, of Baltimore, thereupon withdrew the faculties of Father Fairclough. An unfortunate controversy, a suit at law and other lamentable incidents occurred; but the sacraments were not hindered. The Mass and Vespers still continued at the church. There was no schism. Father Fairclough, amid the regrets of his late parishioners, left to continue his sacerdotal work in England. Father Smith soon became the beloved pastor of a growing congregation.

In 1846-47 another change of civil condition passed over the Church. The Congress of the United States, by an act of retrocession, transferred "the soil and sovereignty" of Alexandria to the commonwealth of Virginia; and soon afterward the ecclesiastical relations of the church were changed, and the congregation passed from the archdiocese of Baltimore to the diocese of Richmond. Another change was not far off. As the Society of Jesus possessed no collegiate institution in the diocese of Richmond, it became irregular under its rules to supply a parish in that diocese. And the Fathers of the Society, much to the regret of the Alexandria Catholics, were withdrawn. Their place was supplied by priests of the diocese of Richmond. During the mission of the Jesuits the church had several times been improved and extended. Two commodious halls for white school-rooms and meetings had been built, as well as a school-house for colored people and a comfortable parsonage. The Virginia priests soon after their advent still further enlarged the church,

built a front of white stone, and added to the school-houses.

So the Catholics of the little neighborhood had for pastors first the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who became afterward secularized Jesuits, and after 1814 professed Fathers of the Society again; then, for a while, a secular priest; and then again the Fathers of the Society of Jesus for very many years; and at last priests of the diocese of Richmond, who now serve the faithful there.

In civil government there have been even more changes. Persecuted and hidden, under the rule of King George, they came to liberty with the freedom of Virginia, and then thrived under the old Confederation and under the Constitution of the United States. But as soon as the Constitution was established they were ceded from the State of Virginia to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States in the District of Columbia; and then in 1846 retroceded by the Congress of the United States to the State of Virginia. Since then they have remained under the jurisdiction of the old commonwealth. In all these years the sacraments had worked their untold good; Mass had been offered and Vespers sung; and so the weeks went by.

The crucial time came, however, after the secession of Virginia from the Federal Union. The advent of war brought naturally into the church scores of gray uniforms; for of the six volunteer companies raised in Alexandria, three were composed almost exclusively of Catholics. The coal trade having been entirely broken up, multitudes of Irish laborers were thrown out of employment; and, accepting the opinion of the community as the measure of their duty, they volunteered in the service of the States of Virginia, which had then made an alliance with the Confederate States of America, and were not long afterward

under the banner of the starry cross. The assistant pastor, the Rev. Father Bixio, went with them.

Still Mass and Vespers went on without fail; and many of the voices of the choir, soon to be stilled on the battlefield, came from the soldiers who wore the gray. After several months the town was occupied by United States troops, and the star-spangled banner again waved in triumph over its public edifices. The Catholic boys in blue filled the church, and strange voices came from blue-coated choirs that chanted the hymns of the Church and assisted at Mass and Vespers. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the congregation. Catholics kneeling side by side, each prayed that God might grant the victory to the right and soon bring home the loved ones that had left sorrow at many a hearthstone.

In the town all the sects had divided. The Episcopalians, the Masonic, the Presbyterian, the Methodist and the Baptist sects each had churches. The Southern Methodist church was soon seized by the military, as was one of the Episcopal churches. The two others remained open. One, the venerable Christ Church in which Washington had worshiped and which had been built by public taxation in colonial times, became again a sort of State church under military control, at which a chaplain officiated. This left one Episcopal church, which was attended by most of the old citizens who were loyal to the State of Virginia. The minister in charge there was a Canadian, the Rev. K. J. Stewart. The liturgy of the Episcopal Church of the United States contained a prayer for the President, but after the secession of Virginia it had been omitted from the service in all the churches of the State.

On a Sunday in February, 1862, the morning service was in progress at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The colonel of

a United States cavalry regiment, with several troopers, occupied one of the front pews. The service proceeded with the usual solemnity until it reached the point at which the prayer for the President of the United States had been usually recited. The minister skipped it and went on with the prayers. Immediately the colonel rose and cried out in stentorian tones: "Observe the liturgy: pray for the President!" No notice having been taken of the interruption, he again cried out: "Observe the liturgy: pray for the President!" Still no attention being paid to his command, he repeated for the third time: "Pray for the President! pray for the President!" And then, striding across the chancel, followed by his stalwart troopers, he seized the kneeling minister, almost lifted him from his knees, and bore him down the aisle, amid the cries of women and the threats of men, out of the door into the street, and then, with a soldier on each side of him, to the office of the provost-marshal.

The sensational procession had scarcely reached the office of the provost-marshal before a telegraphic message came from Washington to the officer in command of the town to release Mr. Stewart "as a British subject." St. Paul's Church was, however, immediately occupied by the soldiers. No further services took place there during the war, but it was kept as a barrack and hospital; and now Congress will pay a good rent for it,—far more than would have been needed to erect a proper building with suitable accommodations.

During the next week the attention of the colonel was called by some of those civilians who always delight in stirring up strife to the fact that in the Catholic church no prayer was said for the President, and he was urged to treat the priest as he had treated the parson.

Some of the prayer-books contained a prayer composed by Archbishop Carroll soon after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, in which one of the petitions was:

"We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted and judgment decreed, assist with Thy holy spirit of counsel and fortitude the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides; by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality."

This prayer, of course, constituted no portion of the liturgy of the Church. It had been used when Alexandria was part of the District of Columbia and under the special jurisdiction of the President of the United States; but after the people there had been, by act of Congress in 1846, transferred to the State of Virginia "as well of soil as of jurisdiction," the prayer ceased to be used. It was said to be entirely inapplicable, as the President of the United States, who was not even a justice of the peace in Virginia, had no more right to 'restrain vice and immorality' in Alexandria, Virginia, than he had in Alexandria, Egypt. Be that as it may, the prayer had been obsolete for sixteen years.

The colonel, however, called upon Father Kroes, pastor of the church, showed him the prayer in the prayer-book, and told him he must say it before Mass the next Sunday or the troopers would seize the church in the name of the United States. It was in vain represented to the military man that the prayer made no portion of the liturgy, and that to recite it under duress of military force would be to

allow some power outside of the Church to dictate the Church policy; but that if he wished to secure the recitation of the prayer, the proper way would be to go to Richmond and obtain an order from the Bishop for that purpose. Richmond was rather difficult to reach even with five hundred thousand men in 1862, and the suggestion gave no comfort to the officer.

"Will you say the prayer?" said he.

"Come into the church," said Father Kroes; and when they had entered, and the pastor had made a short prayer before the altar, while the officer clanked his sword uneasily on the floor, he turned and said:

"Colonel, when you take the church, there is no need of tearing up the pews: you can floor them over."

"Are you going to say the prayer?—that's the question!" said the official.

"You will allow us, of course, to board up this sanctuary. It is small and would be of no use to you."

"Are you going to say the prayer?"

"If," continued Father Kroes, "you fill the church with a large body of men, it will need more ventilation."

"Are you going to pray for the President?"

"You could hang the sash so as to turn, and that would admit air more freely than now."

"Never mind the windows! Are you going to pray for the President?"

Miss Virginia Clarkson, the sacristan, who recited to the writer this and subsequent portions of the conversation, told him that the officer left Father Kroes with no more information as to whether or not he would say the prayer for the President than when the conversation was begun. The colonel departed, declaring he would seize the church if the prayer was not said the next Sunday. The town was agog when the bells rang on the next Sabbath,

to see the Catholic church taken by the military as the Episcopal church had been taken on the previous Sunday.

Almost as soon as the church was open every pew was filled; and just as Mass was about to begin the steady tread of soldiers and the low command of officers in the vestibule was heard. The soldiery came up both aisles—Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys were marching toward the altar. They filed in front of the pews, and from right to left close to the altar rail; and then a clap of hand, no sharper than that of a master of ceremonies at a religious function, was heard, and instantly the soldiers dropped on their knees.

"*Introibo ad altare Dei*," said the priest. Mass began, and all distinction of military and civilians, of Secession or Union, ceased. Every eye looked toward the tabernacle, and the soldiers of the Irish regiment were as devout worshipers as any in the sacred edifice. The church and the vestibule had been filled, so that any intruding force would have been obliged to pass over the heads of kneeling men to reach the altar. There was no intrusion. Intrusion had been made impossible.

The next week arrangements were made for the keeping open of a portion of the city churches. Besides Christ Church, which the military occupied, one Catholic church, one Presbyterian church, and one Methodist church were allowed to be kept open. The Southern Methodist, the Southern Presbyterian, the Baptist and the Friends church with two Episcopal churches, were taken in charge by the military and used as hospitals and for other military purposes. The Evangelicals of all denominations who did not care to attend the Union churches rented American Hall, and religious services took place there every Sunday.

The meetings of Protestants assembled

from their various churches at American Hall were not long continued. Not agreeing in politics with the military authorities, they were like the Poles at church under Russian dominion—"all suspect." A few months only elapsed before an order came closing the hall, and afterward the meetings of those Protestants who did not desire to attend the Union churches took place only in private houses, or sometimes in the meeting-room of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is a suggestive fact that American Hall had, four years before, been the headquarters of the Know-Nothings of Alexandria; and some, at least, of those who had met in secret to endeavor to deprive their Catholic fellow-citizens of equal rights before the law, became themselves the victims of the persecution by other Know-Nothings, who shut up their conventicles. The lesson was severe, but it was well taught; and all through the years which have since passed the Know-Nothings—or, as they are now styled, the A. P. A.'s—have never been able to maintain a footing among the reputable people of the city.

There was among the Protestants quite as much separation in religion as in politics. A hard, fast line was distinctly drawn. Even the Quakers, who had borne testimony for peace and against slavery, found a cause for separation on a matter which involved politics. An adherent of the Friends' church had been one of the guides of the Union Army at Bull Run. Other Friends insisted that this was a clear violation of the peace principles of the church, and that the guide should be disowned. The matter never came up for final action; for the Quaker church was taken by the military, and the Friends' society of Alexandria, which had existed for over seventy years, was dissolved and has never been renewed.

The Freemason religion, notwithstanding its oaths of fidelity to Masonic unity, was likewise divided. Their official record says:

"The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia invaded the territory of the Grand Lodge of Virginia by authorizing the working of a lodge in Alexandria, under the designation of Union Lodge U. D., which occupied the hall and rooms of this (Alexandria-Washington) lodge, and used such of its property as had not been removed, and for a period of nearly three years retained possession of the same. This invasion of Masonic jurisdiction in Virginia was severely condemned."

All the social organizations separated upon the lines of the State or the Union. The Catholic Church alone preserved its unity, without bickering or disorder; and amid the constant movements of military forces and all the pomp, circumstance and horrors of war, the Mass and Vespers at the church seemed, indeed, to be the only remnants of peace amid the wilderness of strife.

Sad, eventful years! Then at last Appomattox! Lee's men came home on parole before Grant's men were mustered out. Mass and Vespers and the sacraments continued in the old church. The blue and the gray knelt together in the pews and sang in unison in the choir: "*Nos qui vivimus benedicimus Domino. Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.*"

ONE ought to balance the good with the bad, and also the length of time a man has lived, to form a true estimate of his character. Polybius, the Greek historian, has an observation to the same effect. "There is no reason," says he, "why we should not sometimes blame and sometimes commend the same person; for as none are always right, neither is it probable that they should be always wrong."

Links of Love.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

IV.—STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

WHEN, as "best man" at his best friend's wedding, Lieutenant Erskine came to Richmond, his presence in the city was bespoken as the honored guest of one of its most hospitable mansions. To this half of the invitation he returned firm, if gentle, declination.

"There's a poor little lady on Grand Street about whom I have been told," said he. "The widow of a Confederate officer and gentleman, she is trying painfully to exist by renting rooms, and no one to rent them. I wrote from Norfolk and engaged the 'first floor front'; now I must occupy it. I consider myself your guest, Percy, all the same, and promise you my constant society; but for June I am Mrs. Loyal's lodger."

Kind acts often receive their reward in this world; so when the grateful little widow, the first morning in July, discovered her handsome young officer lying on the bed, a half-packed valise on the floor, and his limp hands burning with fever, she straightway gave him a mother's care, shaking her gray head decidedly at the doctor's suggestion to send him to the hospital.

"Never!" she protested. "My son was an invalid, and I know something about nursing. Mr. Erskine is the truest gentleman I've met since I was left to fight the world alone, and the first person that my poor room suited. He shall stay in it with all the home-comforts I can give him. I'll send for a Sister of the Bon Secours, and together we'll nurse him through."

After many days, with restored reason and normal temperature, Erskine looked

wonderingly around him. A nun was seated near, gently fanning him,—a tiny creature, with great spiritual eyes, glowing starlike through the dusk of the darkened room. Presently he asked, in a faint voice:

"Where am I? Who are you?"

The nun replied in the sweetest voice and most delicious broken English:

"Ah! it is glad, glad, you are better at the last, is it not? You are in friend hands; and I—I am only the nurse, Sister Rose."

"Rose!"

He echoed the name with an uplifting of the aching head which drew forth a moan. She laid him back upon the pillows, while in her eyes there shone that sympathy which replaces words.

"Thank you, Sister!" he faltered. "I am still very sick, in body and soul,—*n'est-ce pas?*"

She grasped at his '*n'est-ce pas?*'

"Ah, you speak the French! How it is sweet to hear it! *Moi*, I am from France. But you must once again return to sleep. When you more better, more strong, then we talk."

Later, relieved of constant attendance upon her patient, now convalescent, Sister Rose had proposed putting his belongings in order. Her graceful figure was followed by his wistful, reverent eyes as she glided hither and thither on her self-appointed mission. Suddenly he heard something lightly fall to the floor, then a low cry of delight and surprise.

"*Se peut-il*, can it be? Yes, it is the same. I would know it anywhere,—it is the very same!"

"What have you discovered, Sister? May I not see it too?" called Erskine.

She came toward him, with one of his coats over her arm and in her hand a tiny cross of rubies

"This," she said, holding it up. "It fell from a pocket; and, O Monsieur,

it carry me back over the sea to my child-days! How is it come to be yours, Monsieur?"

"Mine it is not," answered Erskine, and painful recollections sent the blood rushing to his cheek. "I found it by the roadside one June afternoon, and should have advertised for the owner; but somehow I had quite forgotten it since that day—"

"Then it is hers, hers, as I thought, as I knew!" interrupted Sister Rose. "The dear one! Now maybe I once again see her pure flower-face in its *feuillage* of gold curls. She remember not me,—no, no; but I never forget. I choose her sweet name for mine when I become her sister in Our Lord. She give me love and sympathy when in this world I all alone. Her good nurse Kathleen bring her here to America,—my little Rose Ellerson!"

With uncontrollable impulse, Erskine took the cross from her and pressed it to his lips.

Tears were flowing from the upturned eyes of his companion. No words could have spoken her wonder and emotion. For some moments there was silence; then he reached for and caught a fold of her serge gown.

"Sister!" he faltered, "you are the first religious I have ever known. I thank God for this illness, which vouchsafes me acquaintance with one of those angels He leaves on earth to help men rise 'on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things.' I must speak! There is something in your voice, your face, your presence, that has brought to my heart peace from the first. Now 'between us there' rises this new bond: we both have known and loved her—Rose. You loved her as a child, there in that old chateau of Touraine which she described to me; but it was only yesterday I loved her,—to-day, to-morrow, for all eternity. I

sought to tell her in poor words how dear she was, but—she chose to place a bar between us. It was a final answer and farewell, she said. So I ask you, Sister, to send her this cross, with a letter. Say that it had lain forgotten, because the finder had passed very close to death,—one of those poor waifs of humanity whom you, following your sacred calling, nursed back to health; and who, being an acquaintance of Mrs. Holworthy, had learned her address. But, Sister, promise never to let her know or dream 'twas I. Send it to-day; she may have valued it, missed it, grieved for it."

Again he kissed the trinket and held it toward her.

"I grieve for you," she said, her soft voice full of pity. "But your life is not hopeless, if you think some day, in heaven or here, to meet her once again, with no more bar between."

Sister Rose uttered the last five words with emphasis; to her simple mind it could only have been a difference of religion that parted these precious souls. And, after an instant's thought, she added, solemnly:

"Ah, that you have our faith to comfort you,—the faith that fill with stars the darkest night, and make the heaviest cross our dear Lord sends seem light to carry as a branch of palm!"

V.—EX VOYAGE.

The last of August, in charge of her grandmother's school-friend, Mrs. Raymond, Rose Ellerson sailed for Europe, despite all her brave protestations of perfect happiness at home; exiled for a year of study, recuperation, change of scene, search for oblivion—whatever those who best knew and loved her chose to call it.

Not long after her departure, to the bereft household came a letter and tiny pasteboard box, quaintly inscribed with

the words, "Will one please at the once acknowledge?"

And when, to comply with such request, Mrs. Manchester lifted the lid, she found—a cross of rubies.

"Good St. Anthony be praised!" exclaimed Kathleen. "It's glad the dear child will be to hear this news, after mournin' so for its loss on one of her last walks in Richmond. Often and often she spoke to me, sayin' how you prized it too."

"Yes, it has most precious associations for me," replied Mrs. Manchester. "I sent it to my Rose because I loved it. But there is no name or address of the finder here; that must be in the letter."

And when she had unfolded the closely written sheet, and possessed herself of the first few lines, she cried:

"O Kathleen, how marvellous are the coincidences—the meetings and the partings—of this life! You remember Ernestine, the young girl of whom Rose so constantly spoke when she first came home to me? This letter is from her. The cross had been found by some one she was nursing; for she is a nun now—Sister Rose Marie, of the Convent of the Bon Secours in Baltimore."

"Sure, I knew it, I knew it!" replied Kathleen. "The promise of such a day was early in her eyes. It was often Rose would be tellin' me what she said, and it's bright all her thoughts were with the wisdom and faith of the saints. There be some on whose foreheads the water of baptism never dries; whose hearts are just lilies, growin' for God's altar from the plantin' to the pluckin'. Sometimes I feared she'd be bendin' our Rose to a Sister's vocation too, seein' how it would take her from you."

"Ah, Kathleen!"—Mrs. Manchester's eyes glowed—"I could far easier have given my treasure up to God (how safe His keeping!) than speak my blessing on her marriage. But that cup shall

not be suffered to pass from me; if her happiness demands, I will drink it to the bitter dregs."

As Kathleen, her apron to her cheek, left the room, her mistress, rising, went toward the bureau.

"My poor, dear little jewel!" she murmured, as she opened a drawer to find the restored trinket's resting-place therein. "How many cold, long, weary years it is since he clasped you round my neck that Easter morning, saying, 'May this gemmed symbol be the only cross that ever comes into your life, sweetheart!' He was the first to call me thus—'sweetheart,'—and Rose the only other. O child, child!"—she looked toward the girl's portrait,—“can I live through these months without you, dear? It is so lonely! I have but you to love me, and but you to love!”

Weather in Washington that year was remarkable for whimsical changefulness. In June there had been winter-cool days; and in autumn, summer-warm ones. The park trees were still leaf-clothed and green, and in every garden flowers were tempted to bloom on the very hem of King Frost's ermine mantle. The rosebush, which, supported by one of the porch pillars, had been trained to reach the second-story window of Mrs. Manchester's old-fashioned house, was more wary; on its uppermost branch only one bud had made bold to mature to the perfection of that glory of our grandmother's gardens, the "thousand-leaf rose," in its deep pink loveliness and far-reaching fragrance. And it was, while seeking to pluck that rose—but *attendons!*

The day had been sultry. Seated by the window of her room, Kathleen saw a gentleman pass and repass the house,—a tall, lithe figure, proudly borne, despite a slight unsureness of his loitering step. At length he paused, gently swung back

the gate and came up the box-bordered path; stood an instant; then, stepping on a rustic bench, throwing all his weight against a corner column of the rose-embowered porch, he reached up, up, to pluck the disk of bloom showing so fair in the caressing moonlight. Next instant came the crash, and Kathleen's cry as wildly she looked down upon the mound of ruins:

"Help,—O help, help! Our porch has fallen down, and the dear Lieutenant is underneath it all!"

Alas, poor Rodney! Truly the spinning Sisters were busy with his fate. Still feeble from his illness, but eager to return to duty, next day he would have done so; but first he must walk by a certain house in Washington,—to his romantic fancy, the dearest place on earth. Holding from his "Ladye" nor glove nor tress of hair to carry, like faithful knight of old, when he went forth to battle, this knight of ours (than his no heart more faithful) must needs turn highwayman, poor robber of one rose,—the summer's last to grow on that rare bush she loved and tended.

He clasped its mutilated fragments to his faint-pulsing breast, when—the huge joist removed which pinned him, bruised and bleeding, to the ground—they bore him in and left him to the care of Rose's people—her "sweetheart grandmother," and her tender nurse, "Kathleen the story-teller."

Happily for him, he was then, and long remained, unconscious; but when the waking came it was Kathleen's tact, her delicacy of feeling, which smoothed his thorny road.

"Sure, sir," she said, stroking his bandaged brow, "lie still now! Be calm; you must not try to raise a hand. You can not stand: your left ankle is wrenched and your poor knee is broken. You can not walk for weeks, but sure it's safe you are in a friend's

house; for friend to all in sorrow is my sweet mistress. We're all alone here now; dear Miss Rose is gone to spend a year abroad,—yes, turn your head that side there; I'll shade the light. The pain of broken bones must be hard to bear; or indeed anything else that's broken. I'm thinkin' maybe you're the young Lieutenant Erskine that Miss Rose met in Richmond. And sure that is your name! Now, how strange! And to think your accident should be our fault—through lettin' our old porch go so long without a new one. Years it has been fallin', but we put it off, until it took such a sinful time to fall—upon a *guest*, just as he was, maybe, going to ring and cheer my mistress with a kindly call! There she is coming now,—coming back to see you!"

And then above him bent the gentle "sweetheart grandmother," queenly and beautiful with all the matchless charm of Southern ladyhood, speaking words of sympathy. Unable to answer as he wished, Erskine simply raised her hand and pressed it to his lips.

A bone-breaking accident following fast on a long, serious illness,—Erskine's nautical acquaintances declared he was "shipping some heavy seas" of bad luck. But that friend called in loving parlance "Uncle Richard" manifested most agitation in learning by telegram of his adopted nephew's condition and whereabouts. Next day, satchel in hand, leaving the splendid ranch—where, to the surprise of all who knew him as the greatest rolling-stone in the world, he had passed the last five years without a journey,—he started for Washington.

Kathleen's glance dwelt approvingly on the Lieutenant's first visitor as she admitted him. He was just the kind of looking friend she would wish him to have,—“tall as the door,” and broad-shouldered, all muscle, uncushioned with

fleshiness, as is too often the case with men of his build and age; for the wavy hair was white; so, too, the flowing mustache; while the intellectual and beautifully chiselled face bore many finger-prints of time or sorrow. Yet its dominant expression was benignant cheerfulness and rare benevolence.

Yes, Kathleen approved of him from the first. And when, several hours later, she found him standing in the hall, gently knocking on the wall to summon some one, her bosom thrilled with strange delight in hearing him say,—his voice husky, his cheek pale with ill-controlled excitement:

"If Mrs. Manchester is in, tell her an old, perhaps forgotten, friend—no, give her my card, and I will wait just here."

The grandfather clock in the hall corner was striking two when Mrs. Manchester came down to meet her guest, waiting there at the foot of the stairs,—darkness had long since fallen when they said "Good-night" and "*Au revoir*." But for them the sun was only just rising, flooding the earth with crimson, purple, gold. Just where it was broken, the silken thread of Love was knotted; for through all these years both had treasured the frayed ends. The sweet, Fate-interrupted song was resumed with blended voices. What matter if both heads were ashen white? Their hearts were still "boy and girl," glowing, throbbing with all youth's promises; all love, joy, hope, as, parting at the door that chill September night, he called her "Sweetheart," and she called him "Dick."

"BERLIN, November 1, 1898.

"Such a cold, gray day! An east wind that moans in the chimney like a lost spirit, bringing me cruel thoughts of storm and shipwreck. No letter from grandmamma for a whole ten days! Her last was not just like herself,—the 'self' that I knew. She seemed as happy

as though I were home. Sweetheart, I wonder if I could ever grow jealous of you, belonging *all* to you as I do now? I am very wretched. How much more Hortense has accomplished in these weeks than I have done! In her slender, graceful hands the violin becomes a sentient being, with an immortal soul,—the soul of music. All the morning she has kept my heart in tears playing Svensden's 'Romance,'—a very dream of tenderness. Now she has gone with Mrs. Raymond to walk in the Park, and left me to my picture—a ship tossing on a desolate sea; a subject that I love, on which I work and work for hours, but never rise from satisfied. Like my poor dear father, I shall leave nothing completed. After all grandmamma has sacrificed to send and keep me here, I have done nothing. No, I must give up art; make my life of use to others; better be a little Sister of Charity, like Ernestine. How sweet her letter was! And how strange that she should find me through my little cross of rubies! There is the church-bell now! Evening service for the dead. I will go, only a moment's walk.

"Oh, how I wish I could grow backward to those happy days when, from my old roof-garden in Touraine, I first heard the wind-borne summons; when all life seemed but a summer day, for flowers to bloom in, set to the lilting melody of Kathleen's song:

"Ah, the blessed round world,
That God made, dear, for you,
With its floor all of green,
And its roof all of blue!"

Rose never made another entry in her diary, finding a better confidant.

Mrs. Raymond and her niece walking in the Park, Rose at church, there was only the maid left to receive visitors when they arrived,—“a grand, beautiful lady,” in a long travelling cloak of gray; and two gentlemen,—one young,

dark, slender; the other close beside the lady, and, as near as one could judge, not long her husband, for the words they exchanged were those of lovers. "The grandmother of Mademoiselle Ellerson." Bowing, the maid heard the beautiful lady thus describe herself. The tender lips quivered as they asked:

"Can we go up and wait?"

"Certainly, Madame," answered the maid, leading the way. "The lady and gentlemen can all come up. Mademoiselle never locks her door: there is no need for it. Ah, see! Now make yourselves comfortable and at home. The dear young lady, what a glad return for her,—to find friends, relatives, just arrived from America!" Then, with her nation's flattering grace, she added as, curtsying, she withdrew: "If Madame had not said 'grandmother' so plain, I should have thought I had not heard aright."

So Mrs. Fendall's wedding-trip had ended, as she wished, in Rose's room. Snatching up a shawl that lay across a chair, she kissed it again and again, murmuring, "Darling, darling, what joy, what joy is this! Only a few moments more of waiting for either of us!"

Then she flew to Erskine, where he stood before that unfinished picture.

"Go for her now," she said. "The church is not a square away. Go in and find her, kneel at her side, and say, 'All the bars between us now are down.'"

As obeying, he reached the first turn of the stairs, her voice came floating to him from the upper landing, and the crowned height of her great happiness,—a thrilling voice, than which none was ever sweeter or more silver-clear; the last words dying to a whisper, a mere flush of sound:

"Rodney, do not tell her everything—only the rest, dear, of your own story; leave me to tell her *all* of mine."

(The End.)

Sowing and Reaping.

NO hidden seed of thought, no flower of action
With taint of evil lurking at the root,
But thrives beneath the rays of mocking sunshine,
And bears remorse and sorrow as its fruit.

We may not hope, if evil we have planted,
Bright harvest days of peace and joy to know;
It is the law unchanging in life's garden
That weary hands shall reap whate'er they sow.

The Siege of Berlin.*

I WAS walking one day in the Champs-Élysées with Dr. V—, studying in the bullet-dented walls and the shell-defaced pavement the history of Paris besieged, when, just before reaching the Arc de l'Étoile, my companion stopped and, pointing to one of the large houses so pompously grouped around the Arc de Triomphe, said:

"Do you see those four closed windows over that balcony? In the first part of August—that terrible August of '70, so full of storm and disaster,—I was called there by a case of apoplexy. My patient was Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire; an old man imbued with glory and patriotism, who at the beginning of the war took lodgings in the Champs-Élysées in apartments opening on a balcony. Can you guess why? To witness the triumphal entry of our troops into Paris. Poor old man! The news of Wissemburg reached him as he was leaving the table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the foot of that bulletin of defeat he fell down senseless.

"I found the old soldier stretched out on the carpet, his face scarlet and inert, as if he had received a hammer-blow on the head. He must have been large when standing; lying, he seemed colossal. With his beautiful features,

* From the French of Alphonse Daudet, by H. Twitchell.

his fine teeth and his carefully arranged white hair, his eighty years seemed no more than sixty. Near him knelt his granddaughter, bathed in tears. She resembled him. Seeing them side by side, one was reminded of two beautiful Greek medallions stamped with the same die,—only one was antique, with contours a trifle dulled; while the other was resplendent, clear in outline, with all the freshness of the first impression.

"The girl's grief touched me. Daughter and granddaughter of a soldier, her father being a staff-officer of MacMahon, the picture of the old man lying before her may have called to her mind another even more terrible to her. I consoled her as best I could, but in my heart I had little hope. It was a violent case of apoplexy; and at eighty, one seldom recovers from such an attack.

"For three days the sick man lay in a stupor. Then the news of Reischaffen reached Paris. You remember in what a strange fashion. Until evening we believed it to be a great victory with twenty thousand Prussians killed and the Prince Royal a prisoner. I do not know by what miracle, by what magnetic influence, an echo of our national joy reached the poor mute through his paralyzed being; however, on approaching his bedside that evening I found him transformed. His eyes were almost bright, his speech was less inarticulate. He had strength to smile at me and stammer out twice:

"*'Vic-to-ry!'*

"*'Yes, Colonel, a glorious victory.'* And as I proceeded to give him the details of MacMahon's success I saw his features relax and his face brighten up.

"When I went out I found the young girl standing beside the door waiting for me, with a pale face. She was much agitated, and I said reassuringly:

"*'He is saved!'*

"The poor child could scarcely answer

me. The true story of Reischaffen had just been posted up: MacMahon fleeing, the entire army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation. She was filled with fear for her father. I trembled, thinking of the old man. Surely he could not resist this shock. What were we to do? Leave him to his joy, to the illusions which alone could restore him to life? In that case, it would be necessary to deceive him.

"*'Well, I will deceive him, then!'* said the heroic girl, quickly drying her tears, as with a smiling face she entered her grandfather's room.

"It was a difficult task she had taken upon herself. The first days were easy enough. The old man's mind was not strong and he could be deceived like a child. But with returning strength his ideas became clearer. He had to follow the movements of the armies, and know the announcements of the military bulletins. It was truly pitiful to see this lovely child bending day and night over the map of Germany, tracing out a victorious campaign: Bazaine in Berlin, Froissard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She consulted me concerning all this, and I aided her as best I could; but it was the old man himself who helped the most. He had won victories in Germany so many times under the First Empire that he knew all the routes in advance. 'Now, this is the way they will go; this is what they will do.' And his predictions were always realized,—a fact which caused him no little pride.

"But no matter how fast we took cities and won battles, we never went fast enough for him. He was insatiable. Every day, on my arrival, I was informed of a new military exploit.

"*'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,'* said the girl one day, greeting me with a pitiful smile, and I heard through the door a joyous voice crying:

"We are on the march! We are on the march! In eight days we shall enter Berlin in triumph."

"At this very moment the Prussians were only eight days' march from Paris. At first, we thought it advisable to remove the Colonel to the country; but in that case he would find out the truth at once, so we decided to remain where we were."

"On the first day of the siege I called at their rooms. I remember it well—profoundly moved, my heart full at the thought of the closed gates of Paris, the warfare outside its walls, and our suburbs changed to frontiers. I found the old man proud and jubilant."

"Well," said he, "the siege has begun!,"
"I looked at him stupefied."

"Why, Colonel, do you know—"

"His granddaughter turned to me and said quickly:

"Oh, yes, Doctor! That is the great news. The siege of Berlin has begun."

"As she spoke she plied her needle with a quiet air. How could he have suspected anything? He could not hear the cannon of the forts. He could not see unfortunate Paris crushed and overwhelmed. All he could see from his bed was the top of the Arc de Triomphel and his immediate surroundings served to keep up his illusion. Everywhere in the room could be seen portraits of marshals, engravings of battles, pictures of the baby-king of Rome; large pier-tables loaded with imperial relics—medals, bronzes, a rock from St. Helena under a glass globe; miniatures of ladies in yellow ball-dresses, and all that scanty ugliness which was the elegance of 1806. Brave Colonel! It was this atmosphere of victories and conquest, more than anything we could possibly have told him, that made him believe so easily in the siege of Berlin."

"From this time on our military operations were much simplified. Taking

Berlin was only a matter of patience. From time to time, when the old man grew too restless, we read him a letter from his son,—an imaginary one, you may be sure, for nothing entered Paris now; and, after Sedan, MacMahon's aids were all in a German fortress. Imagine the grief of this poor child, knowing nothing of her father, except that he was a prisoner, deprived of everything, sick perhaps, compelled to write joyous letters,—short as those of a soldier in the field, advancing in a conquered country, were sure to be."

"Sometimes her strength failed her: then we went weeks without news. The old man was disturbed by this and could not sleep. Then a letter from Germany would come, and she would read it gaily to him, while she with difficulty restrained her tears. The Colonel would listen attentively, smile with an understanding air, approve or criticise, and explain all the obscure passages to us."

"He especially showed the grandeur of his soul in the replies he sent his son. 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he would dictate. 'Be generous to those poor people. Do not make the invasion of their country too hard to bear.' Then followed remarks regarding propriety, the courtesy due to women, a complete code of laws defining that military honor which conquerors should show. With these he mingled remarks concerning politics in general, and the conditions of peace to impose upon the conquered. He dictated all with a firm voice, and one felt the candor of his words and his noble patriotism so strongly that it was impossible to listen to him without being deeply moved."

"During all this dreary time the siege progressed, but, alas! not toward Berlin. It was the period of the extreme cold, of the epidemic and the famine. But,

thanks to our exertions and to the indefatigable tenderness which surrounded him, the sick man's serenity was not disturbed for a moment. To the end I saw that he had white bread and fresh meat. There was enough for him only, however; and you can not imagine anything more touching than those breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently selfish—the old man on his bed, fresh and smiling, his napkin tucked under his chin, and beside him his grandchild, pale from privations, guiding his hands, urging him to partake of those delicacies, forbidden to her. Then, animated by his repast, in the delightful warmth of his chamber, the wintry wind whistling outside, the snow beating against his windows, the old cuirassier would recall his campaigns in the North, and describe to us for the hundredth time that dreadful retreat from Russia, when they had nothing to eat but frozen bread and horseflesh.

“Do you understand, little one? We ate horseflesh.”

“I knew how well she understood. For two months she had eaten no other kind of meat. From day to day, as convalescence approached, our task became more difficult. That torpor of sense and limb that had been of such service to us began to dissipate. Several times already the terrible cannonading at the Maillot gate had caused him to spring up with listening ear like a stag-hound. We had to invent the story of a last victory at Berlin by Bazaine, and the consequent firing of salvos of artillery at the Invalides. Another time, when his bed had been drawn to the window, he plainly saw the National Guards massing themselves on the Avenue de la Grande-Armée.

“What troops are those?” he asked; and we heard him murmur: ‘Poorly uniformed!—poorly uniformed!’ He said nothing more, but we understood that

henceforth we must take even greater precautions. Unfortunately, we did not take great enough ones.

“On my arrival one evening the girl met me with a troubled countenance. ‘To-morrow they will enter Paris,’ she said. Was the door of the old man’s room ajar? Now, on thinking of it, I remember that his face wore a strange expression that evening. It is probable that he overheard us. We were speaking of the Prussians; *he* was thinking of the French,—of that triumphal entry he had so long waited for: MacMahon coming down the avenue amid garlands and flourish of trumpets, his son beside the Marshal, and he himself on the balcony in full uniform as at Lützen, saluting the riddled flags, and the eagles black with powder.

“Poor Jouve! No doubt he thought we would not permit him to witness this review of our troops, fearing the excitement; so he kept his own counsel. But the next day, as the Prussian battalions cautiously advanced along the avenue leading from the Maillot gate to the Tuileries, the window up there was softly opened, and the Colonel stepped out on the balcony, wearing his helmet and full uniform as a cuirassier of Milhaud. I still marvel at the force of will and the rallying of strength which enabled him to rise and equip himself without aid. But there he was, standing behind the railing, astonished at seeing the streets so deserted, so quiet, the drawn curtains of the houses. Paris seemed as if plague-stricken; flags everywhere, to be sure; but such strange flags—all white grounds with red crosses!—and no one to welcome our soldiers.

“For a moment he believed himself deceived. But no! There in the distance, beyond the Arc de Triomphe, was a confusion, and a long, black line was seen advancing with the morning.

Then gradually appeared the gleam of helmets; drums began beating, until, under the Arc de l'Étoile, to the rhythmic accompaniment of tramping feet and clanging sabres, there burst forth the Schubert Triumphal March.

"Then the silence of the streets was broken by the hoarse cry: 'To arms!—to arms! The Prussians!' And the four Ulans of the vanguard, glancing up at the balcony, might have seen a gigantic old man stagger, throw up his arms and fall heavily. This time Colonel Jouve was indeed dead."

Solitude as a Solace.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A WHITE-HAIRED philosopher of my acquaintance is wont to discourse concerning what he terms the beneficent ministry of solitude. Half of the ills of life he attributes to the herding together of people who might, if circumstances permitted a wise withdrawing from others' society, have happiness of heart, strength of soul and health of mind and body.

There are other contagions than those simply physical: other microbes than the tiny creatures the magnifying-glass discovers. Sloth and unbelief and despair and discontent sometimes can be conquered only by the isolation of the patient. And here a well-meant tyranny steps in, and he who is disinclined to add his constant presence to social functions, or to hobnob with his neighbors from Philistia concerning things about which he knows little and cares less, is dubbed eccentric, if not ungracious and unkind. If, for his soul's health, or that he may pursue a certain study, or to avoid temptation, or from simple weariness of heart, one longs for a salutary season of solitude, the little barking foxes of the world spoil his

vines, and the friends who can not understand drag him from his dear and lonely haven under the stars into the glare of the electric light.

The average well-to-do household with its inflexible routine has the same calamitous environment, and its members often yield to its rules to their own undoing when their nerves are clamoring for an hour's seclusion. "Convention beats us down," and rules that will not bend are often worse than no rules at all.

If the victim possess great gifts, the case is even more serious; for with genius there is always the necessity for isolation. "One must stand on his own tripod if he would retain his electricity." It is the solitary man who reads the heart of Nature, and gives to others her secrets; it is he who thinks and dreams and broods alone, who builds the matchless romances and preaches the sermons which warn and comfort and inspire. The blessed saints have ever loved the contemplative hours far from the din of the city's streets. It is to the desert and the cell that God's chastening moments bring peace and strength. The loftiest mountain tops have been witness to the most complete expiations, and it is in the untrodden forest that men have learned the glory of renouncing all that harms and hinders.

Have courage to insist upon your due meed of solitude. Dare to lock your door; to build your hedge high, if so it please you. If, happily, your lot is cast where wood and field and sea are near, be glad; but if you must wander amid the Babel sounds and tread asphalt instead of spongy turf, and talk with money-changers instead of bluebirds, make for yourself, at any cost, a still retreat, into which no one shall have the right to bring the noise of the street and the distractions of the race-track men have named society.

The Ministry of Kindness.

NO other moral virtue, perhaps, copies so closely the very complexion and the hue of divine charity as does habitual benevolence,—genial everyday kindness. Even in its purely natural state, it is the veritable efflorescence, the gracious outflowing, of a heart which recognizes the full scope and import of that oft-abused phrase, “the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man”; for, as the etymology of the word denotes, “a *kind* person is one who acknowledges his kinship with other men and acts upon it, confessing that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love.” Supernaturalized, as in the life of a practical Catholic it so easily may be, kindness becomes fraternal charity, the great virtue of which St. Paul does not hesitate to say, “He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law” (Rom., xiii, 8). We practically echo this sentiment of the great Apostle in our ordinary conversation wherein “kindness” and “goodness” are constantly used as synonymous terms. So Wordsworth, when he speaks of

That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

While all mankind are willing to acknowledge the beauty and the worth of this virtue, comparatively few, perhaps, estimate with even approximate accuracy its real value in the spiritual life. Yet, if the imitation of Christ be the sure road to sanctity, it is clear that kindness must characterize all who strive to follow His footsteps. “Have you ever noticed,” asks Drummond, “how much of Christ's life was spent in doing *kind* things—in merely doing *kind* things?” “A genial man,” says Father Faber, “is both an apostle and an evangelist; an apostle because he

brings men to Christ, an evangelist because he portrays Christ to men.” “Happiness,” says this same gentle writer, whose own life was a model of enlightened piety and Christian kindness,—“happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.”

Like all the other best things in life, kindness is within easy reach of everyone. None so poor, so ignorant, so beset with cares, so buffeted by misfortune, but he may in his own little world exercise the gracious ministry of speaking kindly words and doing kindly deeds. Yet, alas! how multiplied are the opportunities of exercising such ministry that each of us neglects! The genial smile that would gladden a sorrowing heart, the sympathetic word that would lighten an acquaintance's woe, the trifling service that would ease the burden of the widow or the orphan,—how often we withhold them and go our selfish way, neglectful and indifferent! We are given sometimes to boasting of what beneficent projects we would carry out, what charitable deeds we would perform, if only the wealth of the multi-millionaire were ours; yet in our daily life we are as niggardly of the kindnesses that are really at our disposal as the veriest miser of his idolized dollars. Better far to dispense with cheerful benignity such little favors as we may than to plan the pompous benefactions of a supposititious future condition.

Nor should we forget that the choicest fruits of kindness are not its outward manifestations, not mere words and deeds. These may wear the semblance of the virtue, and yet be prompted by other than kindly motives.

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind.

As far as the recipients are concerned, the practical deed is, of course, the main thing; with respect to the merit of the doer, the underlying motive will determine its degree. Hence it behooves us to cultivate charitable thoughts and judgments of our neighbor. "Kind interpretations are imitations of the merciful benignity of the Creator finding excuses for His creatures.... The practice of kind thoughts is our main help to that complete government of our tongue which we all so much covet, and without which the Apostle says that all our religion is vain." In exercising charity we benefit ourselves; we heal our own wounds in binding up those of our neighbor. Only by putting into constant practice the divine rule, to love our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God, shall we so dispose our hearts that kindness of thought and word and work will be our spontaneous attitude toward our fellowmen, and only then may we claim to have become in any degree worthy of the promises of Christ.

The Worth of Fame.

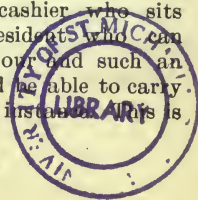
One thing is certain in regard to fame: for most of us it will be very brief in itself; for all of us it will be transient in our enjoyment of it. When death has dropped the curtain we shall hear no more applause. And though we fondly dream that it will continue after we have left the stage, we do not realize how quickly it will die away in silence, while the audience turns to look at the new actor and the next scene. Our position in society will be filled as soon as it is vacated, and our name remembered only for a moment—except, please God, by a few who have learned to love us, not because of fame, but because we have helped them and done them some good.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Notes and Remarks.

While the news of the death of a nonagenarian is seldom so unexpected as to prove at all startling, the final passing of Leo XIII. is likely, when it shall occur, to form an exception to the rule. For ten years past readers of the newspapers have become so accustomed to periodical reports of the Pope's speedy dissolution—reports invariably followed by statements that the venerable Pontiff is holding audiences and doing his usual work,—that even the definite tidings of his death will need reiterated confirmation before being credited by the general public. True, Leo XIII. has outlived all his eminent contemporaries who, twenty years ago, shared with him the attention and admiration of the world; but until his destined work is accomplished, Divine Providence will assuredly lengthen his lease of life, the special information of correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding.

That exquisite artist, Mr. John La Farge, has of late shown an agreeable tendency to desert the more plastic arts for literature, and his old admirers have been well pleased with the result. But he has seldom written anything more satisfying in its way than his leisurely reflections on "Art and Artists," in the *International Monthly*. Here, for instance, is a passage which will at least help to correct a common misconception:

We understand usually so little the necessities of minds that desire austerity as a mode of life which separates them from wrong. Even mechanically some habit of work is necessary to take the man away from the outside pressure which is at least unnecessary and may be harmful. The artist or the monk is no more extraordinary in his self-protection against the world, as a matter of common-sense, than the bank cashier who sits within railings, or a bank president who can only be seen between such an hour and such an hour. Neither of these last would be able to carry out his work in a street-car, for instance. His is



what vitiates the sincerity of the observations of a Lombroso when, for example, he points out as a proof of insanity that St. Francis left his family, that is to say his father—his father's business,—to become a missionary. It was a bad thing, perhaps, for that special firm which might have flourished (or might have gone down) if St. Francis had continued in business. But we, that is to say, mankind, would certainly prefer the influence of St. Francis in his time, and in all others, to the perpetuation of his father's business for a short number of perhaps unsuccessful years. St. Francis, of course, comes as near insanity as any of the prophets of old, and it is probably nothing but his extraordinary common-sense and miraculous tact, apart from the grace of God, that saved him. But why is he queerer for Lombroso than such and such a doctor who, having a family, exposes himself to the contacts of disease or dies a martyr at his post for the benefit of others?

Of all sectarians the Baptists, it is well known, are most hostile to the Church. Anti-Catholic literature finds greatest favor among them; and Baptists are its chief producers, at least in this country. Nevertheless it was a gentleman of this persuasion that at the Constitutional Convention of Virginia pleaded most earnestly for municipal aid to the Little Sisters of the Poor. He eulogized their charity, and mentioned incidentally that among their charges in Richmond was a Baptist preacher. When all other doors were closed to him this homeless and friendless old man found peace and comfort and rest with the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Conspicuous at the funeral of the lamented Father Michael O'Brien, of Bangor, Me., was a large delegation of Indians headed by their chief, Governor Attien. Father O'Brien was with good reason revered as the special friend and benefactor of these dusky Catholics; indeed his researches into Indian history and philology earned for him an honorable rank among specialists in these much-neglected studies. Of other learning, too, he had such good store,

that the late Bishop Healy selected him as his theologian at the last Plenary Council. The large attendance of prominent ecclesiastics at his funeral, the tokens of genuine grief among his flock, and the fact that business was practically suspended in Bangor on the day of the obsequies, are mute but eloquent testimony to his blameless and beneficent priestly life. After the death of Bishop Healy, Father O'Brien administered the diocese, and one of the first acts of Bishop O'Connell was to appoint him Vicar-General. *R. I. P.*

To illustrate his argument that King Edward's profession of the Protestant faith at the time of his accession is no guarantee of the Protestant succession, Lord Roseberry recently departed so far from Parliamentary precedent as to make a direct allusion to Lord Brampton, a legal luminary, who entered the Church a few years ago. "Is it supposed that men join the Catholic Church only in early life?" asked Lord Roseberry. "There is—I hope I may be pardoned the allusion—one of the brightest intellects of this House, a law lord, who gave in his adhesion to the Church of Rome long after he had passed the span of life." This suggests to a contemporary the case of the late Sir Bouchier Wrey, who entered the Church at the age of eighty. This circumstance, however, did not save him from the reproach of an even more venerable relative, who attributed his conversion to "the impetuosity of youth"

The elevation to the episcopate of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Conaty, rector of the Catholic University of Washington, doubtless presages his appointment to some new or vacant diocese. We hope so, because we should be sorry to see the episcopal order conferred *in honorem*. This would be lessening its importance

in the eyes of the public. It is understood that priests are ordained to exercise the priesthood, and that bishops are consecrated for no other purpose than to exercise the offices of the episcopate. In our country especially everything ecclesiastical ought to mean something and be all that it seems. A cheapening of the episcopal dignity would be most deplorable. We shall not be praised or thanked for saying this; however, we write with deliberation, remembering certain things and apprehending certain other things. Dr. Conaty is worthy of his promotion. His career as a priest has not only been blameless, but zealous, energetic and devoted; and of his work at the Catholic University it must be said that he has consecrated all his powers to the duties of an extremely difficult position. Through innumerable cross-currents he has sailed a safe and straight course, realizing the highest expectations of those who knew him best. We wish him many fruitful years in a new field of labor.

It is a long time since we have read a more interesting missionary note than this from the *London Weekly Register* (Nov. 8):

The Trappists at Marianhill, fifteen miles from Durban, have an estate of 12,000 acres; this was purchased eighteen years ago. The place was then practically a wilderness, but the monks set to making bricks and quarrying stone for buildings, erecting a monastery, boarding schools for their Kaffir boys, workshops, stores, school-rooms, offices, kitchens, mills, telegraph and telephone offices, hospital and consulting rooms, bath-rooms, museum, art and science rooms for chemistry, hydraulics, and astronomy; besides a college, class-room, and library for their subjects—probationists of the Order; also houses for all sorts of machinery and farming implements, stables and byres for cattle, and barns, piggeries, fowl-houses, and poultry yards. The estate is now a smiling garden, with large congregations of educated and useful members of society. Some thousands of young Kaffir men and women have been taught trades, housed, fed and clothed,—for which the monks or nuns have never received one penny from the Natal government, and little

or nothing from the white population of Natal. The Trappists have spent about £2,500,000 in property, buildings, and land. Besides this, about £17,000 a year is spent in Durban for stores, clothing, food, and other requisites of the mission. Many of the blacks at Marianhill speak German, English, and Zulu Kaffir, and books are printed in these languages at the printing shops for their use. Three newspapers—one in English, one in German, and one in Zulu Kaffir—are brought out at the monastery. These papers are turned out by Kaffirs, type-setting and all, under the direction of the monks.

Religious life, like history, constantly repeats itself: the work of the Trappists in Africa recalls irresistibly the work of the Benedictines over the whole of Europe in an earlier day. In Catholic missionary methods the cultivation of the soil goes hand in hand with the cultivation of the soul; the sectarian missionaries in China and elsewhere have frequently declared that because they can not command such an institution as the monastic life, they are, despite their unlimited funds, hopelessly handicapped.

From another source we learn that there are 250 priests and brothers of the Trappist community in South Africa. "They are distributed among 25 principal stations and a number of smaller ones, and administer spiritual and material assistance to as many as 2500 people daily. In cases of any infringement of the Precepts of the Church, the converts readily do that penance which was customary in the early ages of the Faith."

The Rev. Dr. Nevins, who represents the Protestant Episcopal Church—what little there is of it—in Rome, is credited with the assertion that in the Latin countries of Europe which admit of no divorce, four out of every five families are blackened by adultery; that people and priests have come to look upon it only as a venial sin. This is one of those gratuitous assertions which may be gratuitously denied.

However, we suggest that it be translated into Italian and made known to the heads of families. No doubt some one with proper spirit will take upon himself to convince Dr. Nevins of the falsity of his assertion; and if this is done in a way to make him remember the correction as long as he lives, there will be little sympathy for him. Granting the statement were true, it would be no excuse for the divorce canons of the P. E. Church, or for the number of its divorced members in good standing.

..

Had the statement been confined to the "converts" made by sectarian emissaries in Latin countries, we should have let it pass unchallenged. The moral status of those who abandon the Church to take up with some sect is well known,—so very well known that Protestant clergymen have often declared that the Catholic Church is well rid of all who go out from it. Now, as to the number of these perverts in Latin countries and the prospects of Protestant missions, let us quote the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Crapsey, who is also a clergyman of the P. E. Church:

My assertion that the seed of the Reformation is sterile in countries long under the dominion of the Latin race is based upon study and observation. In three centuries the reformed doctrine has made no impression on these races. It is possible to make parasites of some of them, infidels of many; but a true Protestant is as rare among them as a true Mohammedan among Christians. The Latin races are eminently religious. Before and since the Reformation they have furnished to the world such saints as St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales. They are attached to their religion as no other people are. However much we may differ from them in opinion, we can not but admire their devotion and their zeal.

My belief in the utter failure of our missions in Mexico and South America is based upon the reports of those missions to be found in the church almanacs.... Perhaps you never heard of the sad fiasco of our Mexican mission. We had to disavow the actions of the bishop whom we consecrated for that country. We now maintain the form of a church there without the substance. We report 6 clergymen at work, 124 children

in our school, and no communicants (though there may be some not reported). In Brazil we have a bishop and a staff of clergy, and report 400 communicants. Among all the millions of the Latin race in Central and South America we report 650 communicants, who have about as much influence upon the religious life of those countries as a similar number of Buddhists would have in North America.

A few years ago a friend of ours met a wealthy Protestant gentleman who had just returned from a trip round the world. Hitherto he had been a generous contributor to the foreign missions of his sect; but he declared with emphasis that never again should a cent of his money go to such a purpose. "Of all the shams under the sun," he said, "Protestant missions in Catholic countries are the greatest." Indeed no new saying.

Perhaps this is what the reverend editor of *Grace Church Bells* would call a "brick-bat," whereas the only weapon we ever use is a lead-pencil, and our compositors have often told us it is a dull one at that.

The late Mother Julia, superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame (Namur) in the United States, will long be held in affectionate remembrance not only by the religious of her community, but by many thousands of young women who came, directly or indirectly, under her strengthening and ennobling influence. She was one of those valiant women who, having made their own lives sublime, consecrate their great powers to the uplifting of the race. While agitators were content to shriek about the rights of Women, Mother Julia dwelt incessantly on the duties and the powers of Woman; and it is the simple truth to say that few in this generation have done more for the cultivation and perfection of her sex in the United States than she did. A noble pair were Mother Julia and her predecessor, Mother Louise, "professing godliness with good works." May they rest in peace!

Notable New Books.

The Feast of Thalarchus. A Dramatic Poem. By Condé Benoist Pallen. Small, Maynard & Co.

Thalarchus, a citizen of Antioch, in the first half of the fifth century, has run the round of power, wealth, and pleasure, only to find at length
Life staled and shattered like a rotted gourd.

Recklessly prodigal, he vows that

Antioch shall boast a feast to make
The gorgeous riot of Nero's groaning board
A peasant's fare in meanness.

The guests arrive; the banquet runs its course; the revellers discuss the refinements of Epicurean philosophy; the hetaera, Thais, exerts her blandishments; Bacchanalians enter—

O ravishment!

Behold Silenus and his glittering crew!
Evoe! Fauns and Nymphs, Dryads and Naiads.

And the sensual riot is at its height when Thalarchus hears

The rumble of vast voices gathering far,
Like distant thunder in the womb of wrath.

Heedless of the immediate scene, he beholds another and a stranger one.

See! The cloud now swirls
And parts; and, topping o'er the misty rheum,
A lofty pillar rears its stony crest.
And on it, lo! the figure of a man,
In suppliant attitude, all bent and bowed
As one crushed utterly.

It is Simeon the Stylite; and from this point onward, the revellers sink into the background. Simeon, "a protest and rebuke to lustful Antioch," and troops of demons,

a thousand hideous shapes, gibing
And threatening

the holy penitent, take up the action and carry it on till well-nigh the poem's close. Thalarchus notes the unavailing rage of hell's wild spirits launched against the Stylite, hears the latter's ceaseless flow of praise and petition, and cries aloud:

Pray, pray,

O Simeon; for my heart is dust, my soul
Ashes, and all my years but bitterness!

The demons, furious at the prospective loss of Thalarchus, renew their attacks upon the Stylite but are foiled, and prayer prevails. The giver of the prodigal feast has learned

The deep philosophy of poverty,
The wealth of having naught, the precious gain
Of self-surrender, riches infinite,
Out of the nothingness of this base earth
Transmuted in th' alembic of God's love!

As a whole, the poem is a good piece of work; well conceived, and executed with notable skill.

Some of the lines are more than ordinarily forcible, as where we are told that

unpurged lust feeling
The secret sting of others' holiness . . .
With pitchy tongue envenomed in foul hates,
Spits out the bawdry mockeries of its filth
Upon the lilies of love's sanctities.

In fact, the general excellence of the work is apt to make the critical reader unduly intolerant of the occasional blemishes that mar its beauty. One is inclined, for instance, to become impatient at finding in professedly blank verse such suggestions of rhyme as these, in a speech of Antiphon:

No, friends, be wise:

Treasure the hour because it flies; hold fast
The blossom because it dies; for therein lies
The essence of our joy.

The printer, we presume, is responsible for the syntax in the following:

Pray thou for me, who from the depths below
Cries out in agonies of shame and calls . . .

These, however, are but trifling faults; and they can not invalidate the author's claim to the discerning reader's genuine praise and gratitude. In a difficult field of artistic endeavor, he has achieved noteworthy success.

The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers.

Gilbert Parker's reputation as a teller of brisk and racy Canadian tales will not be lessened by this good, strong story. It is a record of an Enoch Arden who does not come back—a brilliant, cynical, quixotic lawyer, who, though a dissipated man, is disgraced in the eyes of the community through no fault of his own, and who nobly expiates his youthful excesses by a life of self-effacement and altruism in the humble rôle of tailor in a Canadian village. The people of the village are intensely Catholic, and the lawyer at times suffers a mild persecution on account of his apparent agnosticism. The life of the Canadian peasantry is beautifully portrayed, though Gilbert Parker can not touch this theme so sympathetically as Miss Sadlier, for instance; if for no other reason than that he is a Protestant who in his youth studied for the ministry. To this fact, too, no doubt, we must attribute a few false notes, such as his making Mrs. Flynn say (p. 119) that Rosalie was as good as a "praste" (Mr. Parker's Irish dialect is surprisingly bad) at a deathbed; and Rosalie's threat to commit suicide (p. 254) is wholly out of character. Moreover, "*Absolvo te*" is not the formula of absolution. On the other hand, there are many pleasant and true touches like the cynical lawyer's impression of Father

Hallon: "I've known Father Hallon for twenty-five years, and no man ever worked so hard; ever saw more trouble, ever shared other people's bad luck more than he; ever took the bit in his teeth, when it was a matter of duty, stronger than he; and yet there's peace; he has it; a peace that passes all understanding—mine, anyhow." And the *curé* is a model shepherd; even that sour ascetic, the Abbé Rossignol, is drawn with insight and kindness. From the view-point of the Catholic critic this book is not perfectly satisfactory; but we must single it out as among the most enjoyable and praiseworthy of the recent novels written by Protestants around a Catholic theme. Some of the illustrations are exceptionally good.

The Life and Times of St. Benedict. By the Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner. Burns & Oates.

All who love and admire the great patriarch of the West, even those to whom the unparalleled biography by St. Gregory the Great is familiar will welcome this new life of St. Benedict. It is true that it contains nothing about him that was not already known to us, but it tells also of his contemporaries, of the history of his time and of those events which, either directly or indirectly, influenced him. It need not be said that St. Benedict has been universally recognized as a great power in the Church, a prominent character in history, the founder of monastic life in the West, and one of the most illustrious of God's saints. The present work was originally written in German, and it is excellently translated. The lamented author was prior of the Benedictine Abbey of Scheyern, Bavaria. An admirable essay on the religious life forms an appropriate introduction to this volume, which deserves a place in every library. The six appendices are of much value and interest.

Heroines of Fiction. By W. D. Howells. 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers.

This delightfully interesting book, though dealing only with feminine types in English fiction, is actually a running history of the novel from the days of Miss Burney's "Evalina" to Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw." In spite of his declaration that the heroines of literature "have constantly grown more interesting as they have grown more modern," Mr. Howells finds in Jane Austen's creations "lovely humor, delicate satire, good sense, kindness, truth to nature and form." What more later novels offer it would be hard to decide. The Dean of Criticism speaks of novels that are part of literary history and novels

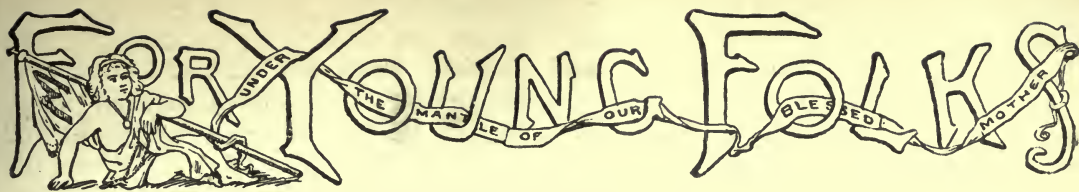
that are part of literature; and while pretending to analyze the heroines of fiction belonging to each of the classes named, he incidentally establishes principles of character-portrayal and novel structure, that stand the test of application to particular cases. The novels discussed are the best of fiction lineage, from Miss Burney, Jane Austen, and Maria Edgeworth, down through the "solemnly empty, imposingly unimportant" author of "The Last Days of Pompeii," to Mrs. Humphry Ward, "who is not to be mentioned in the same breath but in the next breath to George Eliot." American literature is represented by Hawthorne, J. W. De Forest, G. W. Cable, and T. B. Aldrich. The heroines of American fiction, Mr. Howells says, are "wilding offshoots of a sylvan sweetness and grace," a study of whom, scattered as they are in thousands of short stories, would result in an exposition of that interesting branch of the novel, just as a study of English heroines has given us Mr. Howells' work on the novel itself.

Blessed Sebastian Newdigate. By Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. Art & Book Co.

We have learned to expect good things from the pen of Dom Camm, and the present biography of Blessed Sebastian Newdigate, first a favorite courtier of Henry VIII., afterward a monk of the London Charterhouse, and finally a martyr, is no disappointment. The story is so romantic, so edifying, and so graphically told that one can not help wishing that the author's material had been more abundant. However, Dom Camm has made the most of it, and given us five appendices over which every reader will linger. The book is a handsome one; and the illustrations, of which there are a large number, greatly enhance its attractiveness. We hope this delightful addition to English hagiology will be remembered as an appropriate gift-book.

Doris, A Story of Lourdes. By M. M. Art & Book Company.

There is a something about this simple heart-story over which the light of faith and of love for Mary Immaculate throws an indefinable radiance that makes it appeal to one with strange insistence. The pathos to be found in everyday life, a thread of human love touchingly beautiful, glimpses of cold worldliness,—these are some of the elements which make up this charming story. The quality of sadness is, perhaps, too marked; but "such is life," and one should be satisfied with a *dénouement* which promises the happiness of the two most prominent characters.



Boyhood's Boon.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

MOST boys possess a quality that's worth a ton of gold,
 An attribute which, if they're wise, throughout
 their life they'll hold,—
 'Tis their tendency to make the best of everything
 that comes,
 To relish Fortune's peanuts if they can not get her
 plums.

No boy of normal liveliness sits down to growl or
 whine
 Because the rain prevents the game he'd play if it
 were fine;
 He straightway seeks another sport just suited to
 the wet,
 And is safe full soon to tell you that, "This here's
 the best fun yet."

He rarely has the blues for long, or thinks it hard
 to be
 Less wealthy than some boys at school, all better
 dressed than he;
 He clearly thinks it not worth while to grumble at
 his lot,
 And for the airs of youthful snobs he doesn't care
 a jot.

His cheery, bright contentment is a precious boon,
 in truth;
 And well for him if it survives the sunny days of
 youth;
 Without it, boy or man will feel the goad of
 Fortune's taunts,
 And find the thing he has not's just the very thing
 he wants.

THE Church celebrates the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in nine different languages—viz., in Latin, Greek, Syriac, Chaldaic, Slavonic, Wallachian, Coptic, Armenian, and Ethiopic. Syriac is the language that was spoken by our Saviour and His Blessed Mother, as well as by the majority of the Apostles.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XXV.—FRIENDS BECOME MYSTERIOUS.

HARRY STANLEY RUSSELL, in whose good fortune so many of his friends were interested, was entirely unconscious that events were transpiring which would influence his future career. He had teased his mother to tell him the object of Lawyer Haylon's visit to the house when he was so unceremoniously ejected from the room. She, like a wise woman, kept her own counsel. Had she been minded to do so, she had little to tell. She was too sensible a woman to build castles of straw, or hopes of clouds. The lawyer had given only a vague hint that something might happen; and it was not her nature to imitate a certain old lady who began to grieve for fear the good time she was having would not last.

Harry, since his reconciliation with Claude Grantley, was the happiest boy at college. He was his old self again. His merry laugh sounded everywhere. His presence, at home and at school, was like a sunbeam.

It was Mr. Haylon's plan to keep the whole question of the legacy a secret from Harry and his family until he had ascertained the truth about Mr. Alvin Russell's death, and the case had been prepared for the contest which he foresaw was inevitable. However, this plan of secrecy was very nearly frustrated. It happened in this wise:

Since old Mrs. McSweeney had been installed at the home of the Little

Sisters of the Poor, Harry Russell had interested his mother and Grace in her welfare. About a week after the pensioner's interview with Mr. Haylon, Harry was sent by his mother with a basket of delicacies for the old woman. Of course she was delighted and grew quite talkative.

"Tell your mother, dear, that Bridget McSweeney is greatly obliged to her for all her kindness, and I hope you will be successful. When I get me thousand dollars I mane to make you a present meself. Ah! an' by the same token, it's lots of Masses I'll have said for me poor Nannie's soul."

Harry laughingly thanked the kind creature, and thought she was amusing herself by playing "fine lady."

"An' when you come to your fortune, I hope you'll enjoy it too."

Harry Russell's thoughts were on his partnership with Dodsworth. Thinking she referred to that, he again thanked her, and remarked:

"When my ship comes home I shall take a trip to Europe."

"But that won't take all your money. It's oceans and oceans! What will you do with it all at all? Something good,—I'm sure of that."

"Well, when I make my pile, Mrs. McSweeney, I am going to take you home to live with mother and Grace. You shall have a carriage ride every day and be dressed in silk and satin."

"Will you now? It's meself, then, that's wishin' you may soon come into your fortune. How much is it now?"

His fortune *now* was about three hundred and fifty dollars. He told her so.

"Sure that's not a pinch of salt to the whole of it. You'll get it soon. I'll ask the Sisters to help me to pray that the good Lord may speed the day for you that you may come soon into your own."

Harry thanked her for her good

wishes. His mind was still running on the partnership. He remarked to her that it was not a bad start for one not yet out of school.

"Tush, man dear! What'll the likes of you be wantin' with schoolin' when you will have as much money as you can count, an' all that money can buy!"

And so they parted, happily for the lawyer's plans, no wiser than they met.

"Harry," said Claude Grantley that same afternoon, "I have an idea which I would like to put to you."

"Put away! Glad to have an idea. They are always more or less scarce with me."

"It is about something with which, perhaps, you may think, if you do not say, I should not interfere."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This. You know your father is no second-rate electrician," began Claude.

Harry started slightly. His father's propensities had always been somewhat of a sore point with him.

"Perhaps I should not go on," said Claude. "But I speak on the strength of former confidences."

"Go on, Claude! What you say I am sure will be kind."

"Thanks! Well, your father the other night honored me with an invitation to visit his laboratory. Incidentally he was regretting the lack of means to purchase many things necessary for his work. He may yet, you know, strike on something which will make you all wealthy. How much money have you made on your patent?"

"About three fifty, clear."

"What I propose, without offence, is that, at the outlay say of fifty or perhaps seventy-five dollars, you make him happy by a present of all the material he may require."

"Coming from you, the idea seems a good one, Claude. I will think it over."

"Do. It would be a kind thing to do."

By a singular coincidence, Dodsworth broached the same subject that day. When Harry entered the office there was unusual animation in Dodsworth.

"Good luck, Harry boy! An order for five hundred rollers from Chicago. It will swell your bank account, you young Cræsus, by nearly a hundred. By the way, I tell you what I would do with that if I were you. I know your father wants several machines to carry on his experiments—you look surprised! I have become acquainted with him over at the electrical works. If I were you I would purchase them for him with this money. It will make him decidedly happy."

The young man made up his mind to follow the advice of his two friends. He purchased, under the guidance of a fellow-working electrician of his father, numerous instruments, electrical tools, and a quantity of material—copper wire, zinc plates, and so forth. He secured a promise of their delivery at home before six o'clock.

Like the generous, whole-souled boy he was, he did not wish to enjoy the glow and pleasure of a good deed alone.

"Momsey dear," as he came a laughing hurricane into the house, giving his mother a sounding smack and a hug, and sadly disarranging her white muslin mob-cap, "what do you think I have just done?"

He told his mother of his purchases.

"Now, momsey, I am not going to give them to him myself. Of course he will know that it comes from the roller-shade business. But I am going to give them all to you. Then you can do what you like with them. Won't he be surprised! See, momsey,—see!" And once more he kissed his gentle mother on the forehead.

"God bless my thoughtful boy!"

The next day Harry called at the office of his friend Haylon.

"Hello, newspaper fighter!"

"Hello, sir!"

"How's business?"

"Oh, booming, sir. An order for five hundred from Chicago yesterday."

"Humph! I don't bel—" Mr. Haylon checked himself. "You must be getting rich, Harry."

"Doing fairly well, sir. Dodsworth says it's a hundred more to my credit at the bank. But it won't be, for I spent it all last night."

"Extravagant youngster! On what?"

"On electrical appliances and supplies for my father."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir."

"The very worst thing you could have done."

Harry flushed hotly.

"I do not see it, sir. He is my—"

"I do not mean that, my dear boy. It's all right, so far as your father is concerned; but for other reasons—reasons which—oh, bother!—I can not explain at present."

The lawyer stopped short, fearing that he had said too much. He was thinking of the provisions of the will. The boy looked uneasy, fearful that he had offended his friend.

But it would have taken more than a boy's defence of his own father to offend such a man as Haylon. He was one of those who, if they once "take up" a person, that one is a friend for life unless guilty of some dishonorable or dishonest action. In that case the lawyer would drop him incontinently, and no amount of persuasion of friends would induce him to have anything more to do with the offender.

"Harry!" said Mr. Haylon, "I am going to ask you to do something important."

"Yes, sir. What is it?"

"I want you to give up at once your partnership with John Dodsworth."

"Mr. Haylon!"

"Sounds a strange request, eh?"

"Indeed it is. What reason can you have for wishing such a thing?"

"Reasons ample and good enough, but which I can not give you yet. I am your friend and adviser. Is your trust in my friendship strong enough to induce you to comply with my request?"

"This is so sudden, and—excuse me!—I know you will grant, so strange a request that I must take time to think it over, sir."

"Very well. For the present, we will compromise. Do this. Draw out of the bank, with Dodsworth's knowledge, your share of the profits of the business."

"First National shaky, sir?" said Harry in a quizzical way.

"No, of course not."

"Then what is the use? My private account is separate from the business account, Mr. Haylon."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can let the money stay where it is, but do not consent to put any more money in or draw any money from the bank on the strength of the business or firm account."

Harry Russell was certainly very much puzzled. He always had full confidence in his elderly friend. The propositions made to him were startling, yet he felt sure the lawyer must have good reasons for making them, notwithstanding they appeared so detrimental to his interests. It was several days before he could arrive at a decision how to act.

XXVI.—A SURPRISE.

"Who is there? What do you want?"

"A sick call, Father. Come quick! A man is dying at the hotel on the next corner!"

"Who are you?"

"A bell-boy, Father."

"I'll be there in a minute."

Father Donovan, the busy pastor of a down-town parish, closed the window and began to dress hurriedly. It was about three o'clock in the morning. The parish the priest attended was territorially small, but contained a congested population which presented the two extremes. The utmost squalor and misery were found down near the railroad tracks and the slimy river. The acme of luxuriousness was represented by several grand modern hotels.

"This way, Father, please!" said the bell-boy, as he reverently touched his hat. He knew what the priest was carrying. They entered the elevator and were borne swiftly upward. Uttering ejaculatory prayers as he went along the carpeted corridor, the priest was at length shown into a room in the quietest part of the immense building.

Upon entering, the priest deposited the pyx on a temporary altar prepared for that purpose by the nurse. He found three persons in the room. On the bed lay a man of about sixty-five or seventy, although he looked even older; beside him stood a trained nurse in her sober grey dress, white apron with its regimental-looking straps over her shoulders, and a white mob-cap. She was smoothing the pillow when the priest entered. Close by sat a really handsome copper-colored mulatto boy of about eighteen. He was crying bitterly but softly.

"Is he conscious?"

"Yes, Father,—quite conscious. See, he is saying his beads now."

"You and the boy leave the room for a while. I will signal when you may re-enter. Soothe the poor lad," said the priest, with a kindly look toward the boy. A light came into the eyes of the sick man as he saw a priest at his bedside. The confession was soon made, and the attendants re-entered.

Extreme Unction was given and also the Sacred Viaticum.

When the now happy man had made a short thanksgiving, just as the priest was preparing to depart, he said:

"Father, will you wait a few minutes longer? I have something important to say."

The priest made a motion for the nurse and the body-servant to retire again. The sick man saw it.

"It is not necessary," he said. "What I am now about to say is by no means sacramental confession, although, thank God, it is the effect of that. I have made my will, Father; you will find it in the pocket of that valise. Will you please take charge of it and have it probated? It is a last request I make. Please do this out of charity. All your expenses will be allowed by the court from my estate."

The priest hesitated. He did not, in following his sacred calling, care to become involved in such secular affairs. To the suggestion that he send for a legal man, the patient answered:

"There is no time, Father. It is very late. I shall not last till morning."

Father Donovan nodded his assent, promising to put the case into the hands of a responsible lawyer.

"I do not wish to change any provisions of my will," said the dying man; "but in it there are many harsh expressions. All of these I wish to recall. Let the lawyer make every effort to find my lost Nanette. For more than ten years I have been searching for her. When I am gone, tell the lawyer to give Sam there two hundred dollars and see him safely back in his home in Virginia, if he wishes to go. He is a good boy. Let the nurse be well paid."

The priest promised that all these wishes should be complied with.

"Ask the lawyer," said Alvin Dods-worth Russell—for it was he—"to make

every effort to find my brother George Le Mar. I think he lives in this State somewhere. Let the will be probated as soon as the heirs are discovered. I am alone in the world, so I must thrust this burden upon you, Father."

The priest promised again, and the sinking man breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Father Donovan opened the valise and rapidly read the provisions of the will. He did not know any of the persons named.

"You wish all these conditions with regard to your nephew to stand as they are?" he asked.

"Yes: I wish nothing to be changed except the unkind expressions about my brother; for if we do not forgive how can we expect to be forgiven?"

With kindly words and his blessing, the priest then left. For a long time the exhausted patient lay in a comatose condition, giving signs of consciousness by now and then whispering a short prayer.

Just as the first streaks of the May dawn came creeping through the blinds Mr. Russell called for paper and ink. He rallied his remaining strength and wrote ten or fifteen lines. He then sent Sam to bring the night-clerk of the hotel, whom he compelled, with the nurse and the boy, to sign as witnesses the paper he had written.

"Put this in the valise, Sam," he said faintly, when the signing was done. The pen dropped from his hand. In a few minutes all was over. Alvin Dods-worth Russell had ceased to be.

Father Donovan came again after his Mass. He took charge of the valise. He made the boy come home with him for a few days. The sharp-witted Father had a notion that this body-servant of the deceased would be a valuable witness in the surrogate court, and so he proved to be. The nurse was told that the court would soon be asked to award

her her fees for professional service. She accordingly left her address with the priest, telling him not to urge or press any claims for her.

There is an old saying to the effect that Providence shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may. By a happy coincidence, Father Donovan was well acquainted with Mr. James Haylon. Into his hands he delivered the valise that morning.

Was there ever a more surprised man! Months, perhaps years, of expensive searching was thus avoided. Could anything be more fortunate for young Harry Russell! Had not the lawyer ample proofs, too, that the testator's Nanette was no other than the lame news-girl Nancy, and that Mrs. McSweeney was the one with whom she had been left in charge? Harry Stanley Russell was, therefore, with the exception of a few minor bequests, the sole legatee.

"Lucky young fellow!" soliloquized Lawyer Haylon. "I wonder how he will turn out? I believe he has a level head and a good heart. The Rockland College people have imbued him with the highest principles. Rather than see him grow up a worthless, aimless, dandified society butterfly, I would sooner—yes, destroy this will, here and now."

(To be continued.)

Victims of Etiquette.

Spain is one of the countries where old customs linger to an extent almost beyond belief, and where the court is noted for the severity of its etiquette. There is, for instance, an ancient law which has never been repealed, making it a grave offence for any subject to touch the person of the sovereign. As might be expected, there have been grave results from a rigid following of this extraordinary and (to us) ridiculous rule.

A long time ago a Spanish queen was

riding, attended by a groom, when her horse threw her, and she was dragged some distance with her foot in the stirrup. Her escort did not dare to interfere, and she would have been dashed to pieces upon the pavement if it had not been for the heroic interference of a strange young man, who, risking his life, stopped the horse and rescued its rider from her perilous position. However, in so doing he had touched the queen's foot, and the bystanders set about arresting him. But he was more nimble than they; and, well knowing the penalty he had incurred, he made off with all speed and did not stop until he was safe beyond the frontier.

Philip III. really died a victim to the same etiquette. Upon one occasion, as he sat before the fireplace, the blaze waxed fierce until the monarch was in danger of roasting; but the servant whose duty it was to move the royal chair to a greater distance from the fire was not in attendance, and no one else dared to take so great a liberty; so the poor King got so warm that when at last he was rescued from his plight the reaction gave him such a cold that he died.

The present young King of Spain had a similar danger when a little fellow; but, happily, the result was not so serious. One of his aunts made him a present of a swing; but when he used it for the first time the motion frightened him and made him dizzy, and he began to cry and would have fallen if it had not been for the promptness of a lackey, who lifted him quickly and put him upon the ground. The servant had, however, committed a serious breach of discipline, and the queen-mother was obliged to dismiss him from her service. After performing that duty, she at once showed her real feelings on the subject by appointing him to another and far better position in her household.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A Catholic Englishwoman, Miss J. M. Stone, has written a "History of Mary I., Queen of England," which is declared to be "the most ambitious and definite historical contribution since Lingard by a Catholic writer."

—The death, in her eighty-fifth year, is announced of Mrs. Anne Delapierre Keon, widow of the gifted Miles Gerald Keon, author of "Dion and the Sybils." She had been a great traveller, and after her husband's death, during the Zulu War, was a nurse in Africa. Of late years she resided chiefly in London, where she had many friends. Mrs. Keon was an earnest and devoted Catholic. *R. I. P.*

—Whether we agree with him or not, we always enjoy what W. H. Mallock writes. In the *Fortnightly* he has been publishing some papers on "Religion and Science at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century" which deserve and in due time will receive a reply. Our American readers will be interested to know that Mr. Mallock selects the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L., as one of the three spokesmen for Catholicism. The titles of Father Driscoll's books, for which we have already expressed admiration, are: "The Human Soul" and "God," the first and second volumes of "Christian Philosophy."

—M. Sabatier's devotion to Franciscan literature continues unabated. His edition of "Actus Sancti Francisci et Sociorum Ejus," of which the "Fioretti" is a fourteenth-century paraphrase, has just left the press, and his critical edition of the "Fioretti" is already announced. Mr. Murray, the English publisher, announces still another Franciscan book, "The Lady Poverty: a Thirteenth-Century Allegory." This work was written in July, 1227, ten months after the death of St. Francis, and one year before Thomas of Celano's famous "Life" appeared. It is therefore the first book ever written about the Saint of Assisi.

—No. 1 of the "Church-Music Series" of pamphlets, published by Brown & Nolan and the Catholic Truth Society, consists of the Gregorian Mass for solemn feasts, the *Pange Lingua*, and the Litany of the Saints for Forty Hours' Adoration. Its object is twofold—to put within the reach of choirs of the most limited resources, whether as regards means or musical skill, easy but effective music suitable for High Mass; and to familiarize our people with the Gregorian chant, alas! so little known or appreciated by them. An impor-

tant feature of this brochure is the list (on the inside of the cover) of books of instruction on the ancient song of the Church.

—While Mr. W. S. Lilly's "Renaissance Types" is still occupying the reviewers, another important work from his pen is announced. Its title is "Our Great Vassal Empire," and it deals with the physical characteristics, races, languages, literature, religions, past history and present condition of India, England's great vassal in the Orient.

—Persons in search of additional aids to piety will welcome the following new books: "A Casket of Jewels," a collection of the writings and sayings of the patron saints of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy; to which are added a method of assisting at Holy Mass and some favorite devotions. (James Duffy & Co.) "Treasure of the Cloister," containing a great variety of prayers and devout exercises. (M. & S. Eaton.) And "St. Patrick's Prayer Book" in Irish and English, edited by the Rev. John Nolan, O. D. C. (J. Duffy & Sons.)

—With few exceptions, the works of contemporary Polish writers are little known or loved outside of their own country. It is true that "Quo Vadis?" took the whole world by storm, no work in recent literature having achieved a more remarkable success. But Poland can boast of many other great authors besides Sienkiewicz, Perhaps the greatest of them all was Adam Mickiewicz, poet, prose writer, and patriot, a most interesting notice of whom, from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Kent, appears in the current number of the *Dublin Review*. "Pan Tadeusz," which has been called "the pearl of Slavonic literature," entitles Mickiewicz to rank with Goethe, Victor Hugo, and Tennyson. This noble epic contains a striking proof of the author's Catholic piety:

In his early childhood, Adam Mickiewicz had once been sick unto death; and when all hope seemed to be gone, his mother, with characteristic Polish devotion, confided him to the protection of our Blessed Lady. His speedy restoration to health was regarded as little less than a miracle; and to the end of his life the poet cherished a grateful remembrance of the favor vouchsafed him. In many a shrine of Mary there are votive tablets set up in record of similar benefits; and sometimes the exuberance of piety and thankfulness finds expression in the lavish art or the costly materials of the offering. And no doubt this Polish mother must have wished to erect some such noble monument of her child's recovery. If so, her wish has been abundantly gratified. For the poet has set up his votive tablet not in a village shrine, but in the sight of the whole world; and he has written the record on something more rare and

more lasting than gold or marble. The piety of the son has inscribed the simple story of the mother's prayer and Mary's answer in the forefront of the great epic, which will last as long as the Polish nation lives and the Polish tongue is spoken. After speaking of his loved Lithuanian home, the poet turns to the Holy Virgin and implores her to watch over the land and its people, "as once in my childhood thou didst restore me to health by a miracle, when I was offered to thy protection by my weeping mother; then I opened my eyes from death, and forthwith I was able to go on foot to thy holy threshold to give thanks to God for the life restored to me—even so shalt thou by a miracle bring us back to the bosom of our country!" As a further instance of the poet's piety, we may mention that his minor lyrics include an ode on the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. And, apart from these direct indications of his belief, it is clear from the whole tenor of his life that Adam Mickiewicz was a man of deep religious feeling; and a strong strain of spiritual emotion runs through his poetry and his patriotism.

Mickiewicz's passionate love of liberty led him into some difficulties in the perilous cross-currents of politics and religion; and he was for some time deluded by the visionary views of Towianski. We have heard it said that the poet drifted out of the Church toward the end of his life, but Father Kent assures us that Mickiewicz died, as he had lived, in the faith of his childhood.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, net.

Blessed Sebastian Newdigate. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.10, net.

Doris, A Story of Lourdes. *M. M.* 75 cts., net.

Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. *Bishop Messmer.* \$1.50, net.

Roads to Rome. *Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."* \$2.50

God and the Soul. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.25.

The Quest of Coronado. *Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald.* \$1, net

The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.

Marcus Aurelius Antonius to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.

Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.

The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., net.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, net.

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., net.

Renaissance Types. *William Samuel Lilly.* \$3.50.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.

A Saint of the Oratory. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60, net.

Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. \$1.75, net.

The Crisis. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.

The Retreat Manual. *Madame Cecilia.* 60 cts., net.

First Confession. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 40 cts., net.

Meditations for Monthly Retreats. *Archbishop of Utrecht.* \$1, net.

Life Questions. *John Henry Francis.* 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

Forgive Us Our Trespases. *Mother Mary Loyola.* 55 cts., net.

Political Economy. *Charles S. Devas, M. A.* \$2.

Manual of the Constitution of the United States. *Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John Rigney, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; the Rev. James McKechnie, diocese of Springfield; the Rev. M. P. O'Brien, diocese of Peoria; the Rev. James Doyle, C. SS. R.; and the Rev. James Joyce, S. M.

Sister Mary de Sales, of the Sisters of Charity of Providence; and Mother M. Germaine, Sisters of the I. H. M.

Mr. Frederick Chatard, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Catherine Hoynes, La Crosse, Wis.; Mr. W. F. Jordan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Mary Martin, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. William Farrell, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Catherine Raleigh, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Hannah Donovan, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Alice Kearns, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Stephen Reynolds, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Richard Mackey, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Albert Weis, St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss Mary Flynn, Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. Ursula Vandran, Albany, Oregon; Mr. Joseph Goepfert, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary McCune, Wintsboro, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Holmes, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Mary McGinley, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mr. S. G. Berry, Deerfield, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

NO. 23

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Alma Redemptoris.

BY H. N. O.

BRIGHT portal of the opening sky,
Whose womb the world's Redeemer bore,
Sweet Star to light the wanderer's eye,
O guide us to the promised shore!

Mother of God, and daughter thou,
Since He who saw creation's morn
(Though Nature start with darkening brow)
Of thy chaste virgin womb was born.

Think on the angel-strain, blest Maid,
That once on midnight's stillness rung,
And succor those who plead for aid
That same sweet *Ave* Gabriel sung!

Our Lady's Winter Feasts.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE most important feast which falls within the time of Advent is that of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady. This festival harmonizes completely with a liturgical season during which the whole Church is expecting a Redeemer, who is to be given to us by Mary.

The solemnity of the 8th of December is intended to honor that singular privilege of the Blessed Virgin by which she was preserved from the stain of original sin. This belief dates from the times of the Apostles. In its earliest expression, Mary is the second Eve,

destined by God to undo the work of the first Eve. The parallel is drawn out in the writings of St. Justin Martyr, St. Irenæus and Tertullian. St. Ephrem (A. D. 379) is even more explicit on this point than the earlier Fathers. In one of his hymns he thus speaks of Jesus and Mary: "Truly it is Thou and Thy Mother only who are fair altogether. For in Thee there is no stain, and in Thy Mother no spot." In all these teachings of ancient ecclesiastical writers there is implied the truth that God bestowed upon Mary a grace analogous to that given to Eve, who was made from the first without sin.* By no means, therefore, can it be admitted that belief in the Immaculate Conception arose in the Middle Ages; for the fact of the existence of a tradition to the contrary in the writings of the early Fathers is surely proof sufficient of its apostolicity.

The 8th of December of the year 1854 will ever be memorable in the history of the Church; for on that day Pope Pius IX., by his infallible authority, defined what is *de fide* regarding the Immaculate Conception, and therefore that it forms part of the revelation of God to man.

It is uncertain when the Feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin (to give it its ancient title) first began to be observed among the Greeks; some

* See art. "Immaculate Conception," Cath. Dict. by Addis & Arnold.

writers would date it back to the sixth century.* Leaving out of consideration the legend which connects the institution of the feast with the preservation from shipwreck of Abbot Helsin, it would seem that the festival, so far as the Latin Church is concerned, first originated about the beginning of the eleventh century. According to the most recent research connected with this subject, the honor of its first celebration belongs to the English Benedictine monks of Winchester, disciples of the Saxon St. Ethelwold. In a manuscript calendar still extant, said to have been written in the monastery of Newminster at Winchester between the years 1034 and 1057, there is inscribed in the original hand at the 8th of December: "*Conceptio sancte Dei genitricis Mariæ.*" Another calendar of the Cathedral Priory at Winchester, belonging to about the year 1030, has the same entry.

From these ancient documents it is certain that the Feast of the Conception of the Mother of God was firmly established with the Benedictines in the south of England before the time of the Conquest. Special forms of episcopal benedictions for the festival in service-books belonging to Winchester and Canterbury, dating from before the Conquest, show that the feast was not only a matter of individual devotion within the cloister, but that it was recognized by authority and observed with much solemnity.†

St. Anselm doubtless became familiarized with the solemnity at Canterbury, and may possibly have influenced its adoption by the Church of Lyons. It will be remembered that it was to a canon of this church St. Bernard wrote

in a tone of disapprobation, as Rome up to that time had not authorized the keeping of the new feast.*

Although the English monasteries had taken up the feast with such enthusiasm, after a few years its celebration waned somewhat, and its revival is mainly due to the influence of the Younger Anselm (nephew of the saint). At last a formal sanction for its yearly celebration was obtained from a council of English bishops in the year 1129.† The feast spread rapidly everywhere, but more particularly in Normandy, where, on account of its popularity, it became known as the feast of the Normans.‡

Its final adoption by Rome did not take place until the fifteenth century, when Pope Sixtus IV. decreed its observance in the City of St. Peter. Since that time Pontiffs have striven to enrich it with many privileges. Pope Clement VIII. made the feast to rank in the calendar as a greater double; an octave was added by the authority of Clement IX. Later on its importance was increased by Clement XI., who made it a holyday of obligation.§ Consequent on the definition of the dogma by Pope Pius IX., a new Office was drawn up, and the feast was entitled that of the "Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Pope Leo XIII. crowned this glorious feast by raising it to the highest rank and by sanctioning the keeping of its vigil. This latter privilege is almost unique in the history of more recent festivals.

The Mass of the day opens with an expression of exultation on the part of Mary that God has granted her victory over sin and Satan: "I will rejoice with exceeding joy in the Lord, and

* "Liturgical Year," 8 Dec.

† "Geschichte des Breviers," Dom Bäumer, O. S. B. The whole question is learnedly discussed by Mr. Edmund Bishop in the *Downside Review* for 1886. The Benedictine *Messenger des Fidèles* for 1884 also discusses the subject.

* This action of St. Bernard is explained in the *Messenger des Fidèles*, 1884, p. 416.

† *Downside Review*, 1886.

‡ *Messenger des Fidèles*, 1884. § Cath. Diet.

my soul shall exult in my God. For He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; and with the robe of justice He hath covered me, as a bride adorned with her jewels." In the Collect, besides the petition for purity, there is expressed, in concise formula, the dogmatic teaching regarding Our Lady's privilege. The Gradual sings the Virgin's praise by applying to her the words with which the valiant Judith was greeted when she had slain an enemy of God. The verse, "Thou art all fair, O Mary! and the original stain is not in thee," blended with the jubilant Alleluia, prepares the faithful to hear the words of the holy Gospel, in which Our Lady is saluted by the Angel as "full of grace." The *Ave Maria*, an appropriate sequel to the Gospel, is chanted during the offering of the bread and wine and the censuring of the altar. The whole of this beautiful Mass concludes with the petition in the Post-Communion that the sacred mysteries of the Lord's Body and Blood may repair within us the wounds of that sin from which, by exceptional providence, Mary was kept free.

Under the title of "Oblates of Mary Immaculate," there exists in the Church a society of priests, founded at Marseilles in the year 1815. They have been, and are, of great service to the Church in many countries. Moreover, there is a Portuguese order of nuns under the same invocation, founded in 1489. The rule followed by this sisterhood is the Cistercian.*

The Blue Scapular of the Immaculate Conception is said to have been revealed by Our Lord and His Mother to the Venerable Ursula Benincasa, foundress of the Theatine nuns at Naples, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. This devotion has the approbation of

the Holy See and is enriched with indulgences.*

In concluding this notice on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, it may be noted that the invocation, "Queen conceived without the stain of original sin," was added to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin after the promulgation of the dogma in 1854.†

OUR LADY OF LORETO.

Still in full harmony with the sacred season of Advent is the Feast of the Translation of the Holy House of Loreto, kept in many dioceses as well as religious orders on December 10. The Roman Martyrology thus announces the feast: "At Loreto, in Picenum, the translation of the Holy House of Mary the Mother of God, in which the Word was made Flesh." This insertion in the Martyrology was made by a decree of the Congregation of Rites in 1669.‡

The history of the Holy House is well known. Its miraculous translation into Illyria was followed by a second translation to Loreto in December of the year 1294. The Holy House is now enclosed within a beautiful basilica, and is one of the most renowned sanctuaries in Christendom. The famous image of Our Lady of Loreto, blackened by the smoke of lamps continually burning, is still preserved within this venerable edifice. Countless miracles have been worked in the Holy House as a reward of the faith and devotion of pilgrims.

The well-known Litany of the Blessed Virgin derives its name of "Loreto" from the fact that it is sung in the Santa Casa on all Sundays and feasts of Mary. Thence pilgrims have carried it into every Christian land.§ The feast

* Beringer, "Les Indulgences," i, 407.

† "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," p. 163.

‡ Bened. XIV., De Festis.

§ Cath. Dict., v. art. "Loreto"; also "Virgin Mother," by Petitalot.

* "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," Rohner, p. 238.

is provided with a proper Mass, the Introit of which is the same as that appointed for the anniversary of the dedication of a church. The passage chosen for the Gospel recounts the mystery of the Incarnation, which took place within the sacred walls of the Holy House.

The Office of the Breviary is remarkable for its beauty, blending as it does the praises of Our Lady with those of the Holy House. As the Office is not universally known, the following portion may be translated as giving some idea of the whole.

Antiphon: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, wherein He dwelt with them; and they shall be His people, and God Himself with them shall be their God."—Versicle: "We will go into His tabernacle."—Response: "We will adore in the place where His feet have stood."—Collect: "O God, who didst mercifully consecrate the House of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the mystery of the Word made Flesh, and hast now miraculously placed that House in the midst of Thy Church; grant that, being separated from the abodes of sinners, we may be made worthy to dwell in Thy holy house. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."*

THE EXPECTATION OF OUR LADY.

The long series of our Blessed Lady's feasts, arranged so admirably throughout the several months of the year, terminates appropriately with the Expectation, on the 18th of December,—appropriately, because her high dignity of Mother of God is the one dominant note in the Office of the day; and, as all the faithful know, on this prerogative alone is built up the whole Catholic veneration of the ever-blessed Virgin. Although the Feast of the Expectation

is almost universally celebrated, it has no place as yet in the general calendar of the Church. Its origin may be traced to Catholic Spain, and the date of its institution is about the middle of the seventh century.

The Fathers of the tenth Council of Toledo, animated with a desire to preserve ancient ecclesiastical discipline, considered the celebration of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin on the 25th of March out of harmony with the season of Lent; they therefore decreed that on the eighth day before the Nativity of Christ a solemn commemoration of the Annunciation should be made. In course of time, however, this deviation from the general usage was rectified, and Spain returned to the more Catholic custom of keeping the Incarnation on the 25th of March.* But so deep had grown the veneration of the faithful for the 18th of December, that, in Spain at least, a solemn commemoration of the Annunciation was still kept up, though under a changed title—namely, that of the Expectation of Our Lady's Delivery. It is this feast which is so well known and so widely celebrated to-day.

The Mass is almost identical with the *Rorate* of our Blessed Lady in Advent. The Divine Office, while honoring in a particular manner the mystery of the Annunciation, harmonizes with it the most beautiful selections from the Advent liturgy. Thus by a quasi-octave of preparation, not unlike that preceding the day of the Crucifixion and the great Feast of the Annunciation,† the liturgy disposes the souls of the devout servants of Mary for worthily celebrating the birthday of the Saviour of the World.

* "Liturgical Year," Dec. 18; and Bened. XIV., *De Festis*.

† Good Friday has the preparatory Feast of the Seven Dolors, and Lady Day the Feast of St. Gabriel.

* Brev. Rom. Suppl. pro aliquo loco.

One Touch of Nature.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.



REALLY do not know how to take her," observed Mrs. Denton, leaning her head on her hand. "I feel discouraged."

"*You* discouraged!" said her husband, lifting his eyes from the evening paper. "How is that, especially since this is your day for visiting the poor?"

"How do you know?" inquired his wife, with a pensive smile. "Because I am looking weary, perhaps?"

"No: usually on such occasions one can read their joy in your eyes. But you always have a perplexed, thoughtful look, at the same time."

"Often I feel perplexed," she rejoined. "Certainly I do after a visit to Mrs. Papinard."

"Oh, let those people alone,—those Papinards!" said Mr. Denton. "They are a vexation, they are so proud."

"But they—she rather, for it is she—can not help it, Edward. She was born proud—or I should say independent. When her husband had work, and she could help him out by her embroidery, and even buy little luxuries in addition to saving a trifle, who was so cheerful, so amiable, as Jane Papinard?"

"That may be true; but she is not the first who has met with adversity. That is what shows the stuff people are made of."

"We have never known it," said his wife, solemnly.

"No, thank God, we have not!" he replied. "And that should perhaps make us more patient with others," he went on, in a thoughtful tone.

"Yes," she assented. "And at first she was so brave, so hopeful, so prayerful even. She would say, 'Everyone must have trials: why not we as well as

others?' But when Martin did not recover from his accident, and their savings dwindled, and she was obliged to earn with her needle every cent of their support; when at last they and the two children no longer had enough to eat, she began to grow despondent, and then bitter."

"But you can not help that, Cynthia."

"I wonder if I could not, somehow? That is what perplexes me. Perhaps if I knew just how to touch, just how to reach her. One thing I am resolved not to do."

"And what is that, pray?"

"Not to desert her, no matter how she may treat me."

"Why should she treat you otherwise than politely and gratefully?"

Mrs. Denton shook her head.

"The others say they will go there no more, she is so disagreeable, even rude."

Mr. Denton laughed.

"Poor creature! If anybody can manage her it will be you, Cynthia. You have methods of your own."

He returned to his paper and his wife was silent.

What Mrs. Denton had said was in every respect true. Jane Papinard had changed suddenly. There was a time in the history of their misfortunes when she sang like a bird from room to room, so that the sick man sometimes said to himself: "One could almost fancy that she is happy over our adversities." Part of this cheerfulness had been real, part assumed. But all at once one morning she awoke to feel the east wind blowing against the loose windows, to shiver in the cold atmosphere which the modicum of fire in the stove was not sufficient to warm; to be conscious of the understrata of socialism, bitterness and despair,—the inheritance of an atheistic father.

That day the parish priest came, and when he went away left a gold piece

on the table. It was the first charity she had ever received, and the thought intensified her bitterness of soul. Her husband was very grateful; and when, next day, a richly-dressed lady came, asking many questions, he did not resent it. Not so his wife. If it had not been for her husband and children, whom she loved better than her own life, she would have declined all alms. Others came in turn,—some doling out her pittance in a mechanical way, which Jane liked best of all; though the sick man thought this manner of bestowing charity made them seem more like beggars. Others asked for a history of their misfortune, which Jane delivered with reluctance, so that they thought her both ungracious and ungrateful. Two or three made a practice of saying a decade of the Rosary; this she thought an ostentation of piety, as well as an intimation that family prayer was lacking in that little household. One said to her:

"How neat you keep your children! I am surprised. And your rooms—they are exquisitely clean."

This one had not a great deal of tact, though her garments were fashionable and her voice kindly enough. And Jane had replied very haughtily, the astonished visitor thought:

"Why should I not endeavor to keep my house and children clean, Madam? Poverty and dirt do not necessarily go hand in hand."

Said another, after a sharp glance around the room, finally fixing her eye upon the mantel:

"Ah, I see you have jelly there! Was it given you, or have you been allowed an order for it?"

"Neither, Madam," was the answer. "I made it myself."

"Indeed, you made it yourself! Quite a luxury, it seems to me."

"The children like it with their bread."

"You do not allow them butter at

the same time, I hope?" continued the questioner, apprehensively.

"I give them what I consider good for them. Butter is very wholesome," she added with such unmistakable sarcasm that the visitor, once fairly out of the house, resolved to come no more.

Affairs were at this stage when Mrs. Denton took up the case of the Papinards. She had been at their rooms perhaps half a dozen times, her heart full of pity, but unable to pierce the haughty reserve of the poor woman who was by this time almost entirely dependent upon charity. In spite of herself, Jane was attracted to her latest visitor; but steeled her heart against the encroaching softness, dreading from day to day some manifestations such as she had received from her predecessors. Thus far the new visitor asked no questions, made no suggestions, but came and went in her charitable way, as friend might deal with friend.

One day, after she had gone, Jane said to her husband:

"It is a little strange that she has not yet asked us to join her in the litanies."

"Yes, it is," answered the sick man, humoring her.

"Or suggested that the children had better wear black aprons, as being easier to wash."

Her husband smiled.

"Or measured a pinch of tea between her fingers to show me how to be economical with it. Fancy a *pinch* of tea for a family of four!"

"They have a good many families to provide for, Jane," said Mr. Papinard. "Still this lady is different. You can see that for yourself."

"She seems different. But she will tire of coming, or do something to make us wish she *would* tire of it, before long. They all do."

"I like the way she draws the children near her. They are so glad to see her."

"Yes, but some of them do that for effect. It seems part of their business. I *hate* those cast-iron societies. Now, if she did not come as a member of one of them—"

"Jane, Jane, you go too far! They do a great deal of good. They dispense much charity. Only there are all kinds of people in them as in the rest of the world. Some are nicer than others. But of those who belong to them, all with a charitable intention and purpose, each must take her turn, and each distribute gifts in her own way."

"You are a saint, Martin!" Jane said abruptly, giving his pillow a gentle smoothing. "But I agree with you that this one *is* different."

It was Christmas Eve, and Jane Papinard sat sewing briskly in the little kitchen, putting the last stitches in a child's embroidered garment. For this, if she finished it that night, she would receive one dollar and a half,—enough to support the family in luxury, as they now called sufficient bread and butter and tea, for a few days. From time to time Jane would wipe away a tear.

Her husband and children were asleep in the next room. Last year they had had a small Christmas-tree. This year they would be very lucky if there were enough to eat. Jane sewed fiercely.

"I don't care," she said. "Extravagant or not, I *must* buy something to put in those little stockings! How confidently they hung them in the chimney to-night, and how piteously George begged me to let him sit up and see Santa Claus coming down the chimney! And if I do not finish this within an hour the poor things will have to stand all day at the window to-morrow watching the robins on the ledge, with only a few crumbs to share with their little brothers the birds."

Click, click, click! went the needle in

and out of the crimson merino, the mother's lips set hard and her eyes wet with the intensity of her thoughts. At length she threw down the garment, lifted it again, shook off some stray threads, and, neatly folding it, prepared to wrap it in paper. Suddenly she threw her hands above her head, glancing at a crucifix over the stone mantel.

"My God, my God!" she exclaimed. "Once I believed in Providence. Help me this night to believe again!"

It was the first prayer she had uttered for many days. Tears gushed from her eyes; her heart grew lighter and her whole being seemed relieved. Then came a step on the stairs, followed by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Jane, at the same time opening the door. To her surprise, Mrs. Denton stood on the threshold, smiling—a kind, womanly, sisterly smile. She was holding a huge basket in both hands.

"I have brought a few little Christmas gifts," she said, as Jane took it from her and placed it on the table. To none of "the others" would the poor woman have vouchsafed this courtesy.

Presently the door opened again, and a boy appeared, carrying a still larger basket, which he also deposited on the table and hurried away.

"In this you will find a turkey and some groceries," continued Mrs. Denton. "Now I am going to open *my* basket, for I want to put the things in the children's stockings myself. The dear little things! I see they have hung them up."

In a moment she was putting a doll and a set of toy furniture in little Mary's, a wagon and a box of soldiers in George's, with oranges, nuts and candies in both.

And now the boy entered, bearing a sack of coal, which he placed down as gently as he could behind the stove.

Her kindly ministrations done, Mrs. Denton resumed her gloves and pulled down her veil, saying, with a sweet smile:

"I must hurry; for I have yet my own little ones' stockings to fill. And I wish you all a very happy Christmas!"

Her hand was on the door-knob when she heard a stifled cry, and the next moment found herself clasped in the arms of the weeping mother. Sobs smothered for many a day burst from her heart; tears long dry flowed down her pale and emaciated cheeks. It was woman to woman, mother to mother, soul to soul.

"My children,—my dear, dear little children!" were the only words her trembling lips could speak.

Some six months later Mr. Denton and his wife were sitting together in the library one evening. Jane Papinard had just gone away after a day spent in the sewing-room, where she was now frequently to be seen making garments for the children.

"How strange!" said the master of the house. "For six months or more you almost supported those people, and she never showed the least recognition of your kindness or charity; and then just because you took a few trumpery toys to her children on Christmas Eve she can not do enough for you."

"Yes," answered his wife; "but I can understand it. While I was merely helping them to exist, she believed that it was purely from a sense of duty on my part, lest they should die of hunger; but it was only when I went to them in the guise of Santa Claus, as one woman, as one mother to another, that she knew I really loved them."

WE can not remain angry with another when we pray for him. Offence departs when prayer comes.—*Hugh Black.*

O ye Children!

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

O YE children,—ye happy, happy children!
How like unto the angels as ye talk with them
in dreams,—

Wandering, hand in hand, together through the
fairyland of slumber,

On the edge of grassy meadows, near the banks
of purling streams!

Oft mine eyes have pictured heaven in a baby's
when it smiled—

Oh, to be beloved of angels!—oh, to be a little child!

O ye children,—ye foolish, foolish children!
Why long for wings to fly with Time, so cruel and
so fleet?

For the gay, bright hours of childhood all too swiftly
fade behind you,

Fast dissolving into ashes with the rhythm of your
feet.

For the downward path is lonely, and the untrodden
ways are wild—

Oh, to be the friend of angels!—oh, to be a little child.

O ye children,—ye happy, happy children!
There are days of sorrow brooding, there are mid-
nights dark with pain.

Tarry, then, amid the sunlight, with your fond and
gentle guardians;

Far below the clouds are darkling with the coming
of the rain.

Linger, linger on the hilltops, innocent and undefiled—
Oh, to wander with the angels!—oh, to be a little
child!

Reminiscences of an Invalid.

BY S. F. A.

I.

SITTING here in my room by the open window—which I shall soon have to close against the wintry blasts, already heralding their approach by many a well-known sign,—my thoughts go back in pleasant reminiscence to my boyhood's days and my happy boyhood's home. It was very different from the single, commonplace room I now occupy; though it may be that the richer part of mankind might have found my dear old home commonplace

enough also. I hear some one asking me:

"Well, Uncle Frank, what kind of an outlook have you?"

Now, that question embarrasses me somewhat, because I really have no outlook at all.

"No outlook!" my young questioner exclaims. "Are you, then, confined in a tower so high that you can see nothing but the sky; or perhaps so low, in a dungeon, that your eyes are not able to pierce the darkness?"

I confess I am not so badly situated as that; but to one for so many years of his life accustomed to the broad, free expanse of field and meadow, the outlook is poor indeed. I shall try to make you understand what I mean.

My room overlooks a narrow yard. Opposite my window is a high wall which separates it from my neighbor's garden. I wish many times a day that it were *not* so high. Only a single tree lifts its topmost branch above the level of the wall. I can not see into the garden, but I know that it is a pear-tree, which is covered in spring with beautiful white blossoms, and in autumn bends beneath a load of luscious brown and red streaked fruit. That is all of Nature I have before me—the tip of a tree, a few leaves, perhaps in due season a couple of delicate blossoms, and last fall one richly-colored pear. But on this account it is so much more the object of my admiration. Every tiny branch and leaf is dear to me. I observe every change in it; and just because I have so small a part of it, everything belonging to it seems like a friend. The sparrows perch upon its topmost bough; and occasionally, in the springtime, I have seen a dainty humming-bird fluttering above it, fresh from the delicious sweets of the blossoms below.

By leaning back against the window jamb, and craning my neck to an angle of sixty degrees, I can see the chimneys

of the neighboring house. The weather-cock interests me very much. It is a galloping knight in a white mantle,—not stiff and unruly like some I have seen, but eager to run hither and thither whichever way the wind blows. He is a jolly sight to see when he turns merrily, now to the right, now to the left; while the little horse seems always to be prancing bravely forward.

Wheeling my chair in a semicircle to the *other* jamb of the window, and craning my neck in an opposite angle to the one assumed before, I can see the top of a church tower. I sigh often to think there is no cross surmounting it, and vainly wish there were; it would be such a consolation to me in my lonely room, which I can never leave, no matter how often I hear the distant bells summoning pious souls to Mass and Vespers. But I must return again to the church steeple, which, in lieu of a more sacred sign, is surmounted by a rooster, standing there like a watchman on a tower.

Beneath my window I can see no farther than the cemented courtyard. There is a pump, the music of which I hear quite frequently; and before and after it the clatter of feet coming and going. Sometimes I wish I could see a hen and chickens pattering about the yard; but there is nothing living there only a white cat, which occasionally darts across the flags in search of a mouse, and has even sometimes passed my window on the eaves; but when I have called to it, seeking to make friends, it has politely but firmly declined to make my acquaintance.

I am not entirely without friends, however. A tidy Irishwoman in the room above me, for a very small sum, makes my bed and cleans up generally, so that I am quite comfortable in my enforced isolation; a ruddy-cheeked German frau next door fetches my meals

and does my washing; and a friendly Chinaman, who lodges on the other side, now and then comes in for a little chat. I consider him a superior specimen of his race. He is a merchant, keeping a curio shop at the corner, and speaking very good English. He brings me the news of the town, and is really somewhat of a politician. He has humor, too, as the following story which he told me not long since will attest. He laughed while he was relating it, even more than I did.

"They say that one can never tell when a Chinaman is sincere," began Lung-Lo, with a broad grin on his good-humored face. "It is told of a man of Canton that once, having invited several of his neighbors to the funeral of his brother, he begged them to stay and dine with him. That is customary on such occasions; it is also customary to decline the invitation. He went from one to another, receiving the usual answer. Finally he paused before one of his cousins and begged him, if he would not dine, at least to take a glass of wine with him.

"A glass of wine?" replied the cousin, casting a parting glance after the rest of the company, who had bowed themselves out and gone their way,— 'a glass of wine? Well, I can see no reason why I should not. I am not very busy and it will not take much time.'

"The master of the house clapped his hands, calling loudly on the servants to warm some wine and fry some eggs for the visitor. In the interval, while this order was being carried out, pipes were brought, and the friends began to smoke and chat. After some delay the cousin, who had a business engagement elsewhere, inquired whether the wine would not soon be ready.

"Wine!" exclaimed the other, in well-simulated astonishment,— 'wine! Have we any wine in the house at all? Do

you not know that I *never* drink wine because my health is so bad?'

"In that case you should have allowed me to go long since," said the other. 'Wherefore did you press me so?'

"At this the master of the house arose and placed himself angrily in front of his guest.

"In truth," he replied, 'I might have known you for the son of your father, who was not a Cantonese. I do you the favor to offer you a glass of wine, and you are not polite enough to decline it! Where did you learn such manners? Among the Mongols, no doubt,—among the Mongols, your father's kindred.'

"And what did his cousin do in his indignation?" I asked. "Did he knock the offender down?"

Lung-Lo raised his eyebrows.

"In his own house?" he remarked, deprecatingly. "No: a Chinaman would not do so. On the contrary, he begged pardon for his incivility and departed in shame. The Chinese are like that, sir,—they are very like that."

And then, his quarter of an hour having expired, Lung-Lo, with a deep bow, made his adieu and also departed.

II.

At home—my boyhood's home—we had a very pleasant garden. Not laid out in set walks or parterres, nor after any particular fashion; but delightful, nevertheless. It seems to me that there never were such tulips, hyacinths, lilies, jonquils, pinks and roses as grew in my father's garden. There were many other kinds of beautiful flowers as well; and behind a tall, broad lattice-work, covered with honeysuckle, vegetables of all sorts were planted and flourished in their season. And such fruit I am sure you never saw. Great yellow-cheeked pears and velvety peaches, blue, red and golden plums, early apples and late, ruddy-cheeked and russet.

There was an arbor, too, also covered

with honeysuckle; in the middle a rustic table, just high enough for the children to reach comfortably. Here we were accustomed to sit with our father and mother on summer afternoons. About four o'clock the servant would bring coffee, as is the custom in my country; and there was always cake, and fruit in season. Cherries, red and white—I think we liked them best of all; and luscious strawberries that we lifted daintily, one by one, from their leafy bed in the great china dish, dipping them into the bowl of powdered sugar before placing them between our eager lips.

When I was seven or eight years old my dearest ambition was to live, when I should grow to be a man, in a country where the winds should never blow to blight and scatter the leaves from the trees or wither the beautiful flowers; where snow and frost should never cover the gardens with their icy pall; where the sun should shine and the flowers bloom day in and day out without pause or cessation. And now I am an old man, dwelling in a land like that I dreamed of in those bygone days: where winter is a word unknown, and the fragrance of blossoms never absent from the balmy air. But, alas! one little pot of mignonette upon my narrow windowsill is the only flower I have beheld for many a day.

But I have an active mind and a not uncheerful one, and memory is always kindly busy. I live in the past: it is not hard to summon sweet recollection to my lonely thoughts. I remember we had a gardener once—a stupid fellow we thought,—only a boy who came to fill the place of one who was ill for a short time; at least he had a very stupid appearance: a shock-head, with a couple of long wisps of hair hanging over his forehead; immense ears, standing out prominently; and large, stubby hands, which, however, were well able to handle

spade and hoe. Still, he was not nearly so stupid as he looked, and could often outwit his betters, when chance offered, with tilt of words or sly trick.

Now and then some remembrance of one or other of these comes floating through mists of memory to my mind. Here is a little story he told me one day. It proves his quickness of repartee, which was the more wonderful from his dull face and invariably slow manner.

"Once," he drawled, "when I lived with my grandmother at Dophen, a man appeared in our village who went from door to door telling fortunes. Also in the evenings persons were wont to go to him to hear what he had to reveal to them about the future.

"And did you go, Fritz?" inquired my little sister at this juncture.

"You warrant I did," Fritz answered. "I wanted to have my fun with him."

"But that is a sin to tell fortunes or to hear them told, or to seek to know the future by omens, dreams, or such like fooleries."

"You have learned your catechism right well, my little Miss Lizzie," said Fritz, dryly. "But wait till I tell you what happened. You must know that the man did not reveal all those great secrets unless he was paid for it, and well paid. A crown he asked, and many a foolish boy and girl dropped their hard-earned money into his palm. Think of throwing away a week's wages on a swindler like that! It was his custom to ask first for the money; but when I came, maybe my stupid face and open mouth made him delay to bid me pay my crown till he had told me a great tale; thinking, perhaps, to charge me double.

"'You are an orphan,' he said; 'and you are also a herd.'

"'The first you might know by my ragged clothes,' I replied; 'and the second by the smell of them.'

"So he went on, saying many foolish things and some sensible things, which any child could have told. At length he stared for a moment steadily into my eyes and he said:

"'You will find a pot of gold—'

"I roared laughing. 'At the end of the rainbow!' I cried.

"'I know not what you mean,' he said, not a little vexed at my mirth. 'But this I do know: you are a fool; and so pay me my money and go.'

"'Money! What money?' quoth I. 'There was naught said about money.'

"'What!' he answered. 'And am I not to have anything for my trouble?'

"'Nothing from me,' said I. 'If you know everything—what has happened, what is happening, and what is to happen,—then you must know also that I have not a cent of money with me. Wait a while, and when all that you have told me has come to pass—when I have found the pot of gold,—then I shall pay you.'"

"And then what did he say?" asked one of the children.

"He made for me with his stick, but I ran away; and the boys, who were listening at the door, began to hoot and jeer at him. The next morning he left the village."

III.

This morning the little German woman who does my simple cooking brought me a couple of large golden plums on a pretty blue china saucer. And those two luscious globules of imprisoned sunshine have made me thoughtful all day long.

Close to the backdoor of my father's house, when I was a boy, stood a fine plum-tree. My mother's youngest brother had received the tree as a present from his teacher for having recited the catechism from beginning to end without a single mistake. He planted and tended it with the greatest

care. For many years it bore, and perhaps still bears, the finest quality of fruit. The plums were of a yellowish red color, about as large as an ordinary-sized hen's egg. My father often used to say:

"I have travelled a great deal, in Europe as well as in North and South America, and such delicious plums as these I have never found in all my journeyings."

Ah, how I loved that plum-tree in my childhood's days! I remember a great branch which swayed to and fro in front of the sitting-room window, throwing its pleasant shade of green leaves and graceful boughs on the well-polished floor. In autumn the ripe plums, striking against the window-panes, would make a peculiar, startling sound, after which they would drop on the ground. Many a time I have leaned upon the window-seat and stretched forth my hand to draw in one of the fine ripe fellows, which the next instant would be melting in my mouth. I could even pick them from the top branches when I sat in my bedroom; and sometimes I found a stray one lying on the floor. The trunk of the tree was unusually large for one of the kind. Often and often I have climbed to the thickest branches, midway between the first and second floors; and there, with a book, have passed many pleasant hours.

My mother, busy at her baking in the kitchen—for in our country no house-keeper is above doing her own baking,—would chat with me as she stood near the kneading-board, in front of the open window. And often she would come out to my tree and reach me up a doughnut or "turnover" or some other delicious confection.

One day, perhaps from having eaten too many sweets the evening before—it had been my birthday,—I mounted my tree, carrying with me a piece of

sod which had been cut from the field.

"What are you doing there, child?" asked my mother at the window.

"I am taking this bit of sod to make myself a cushion in the fork of the plum-tree," I replied, in a complaining voice. "I have such a toothache! I want to be as comfortable as I can."

She did not reply; and presently the sod fell apart in my hands, and down went the pieces onto the ground below. Then my mother came to the door.

"Come down, Fridolin, my poor little fellow!" she said, in her kind, gentle way. "Come down, and I will draw the settee close to the fire for you. I have already brought three or four cushions from my room for you to lie on, and I will tell you a story which may cause you to forget your pain."

You may be sure I obeyed with alacrity. Once comfortably established on the broad wooden settee, I said:

"Now, mother, I am ready!"

And she told me the following story:

"A little German prince was once making a journey with his father and brother. His tooth began to ache violently as they proceeded on their way. The carriage was stopped at the first village, and a surgeon called, who advised him to have it taken out. The little prince shrunk back; but his father took him by the hand and encouraged him, so that the tooth was out almost before he knew it. The king gave him a bright new florin for his bravery. The next day the party rested at one of the castles of the king. The little prince was playing in the park when a poor old man came along bewailing his sorrows. The boy offered him the bright new florin, which you may be sure he took; and when he had spread the tale of the child's generosity abroad, his companions in misfortune came, one after the other, to relate their woes to the prince, till all his money

was gone and he was obliged to refuse several who had been a little late in reaching his playground.

"Finally a woman, with two very small, hungry-looking children, made her appearance. Bidding her await his return, the boy ran to find his elder brother and begged him for a florin.

"But why do you want a florin?" asked the other, in surprise. 'You have one already.'

"I have given that away," said the boy,—'I have given away *all* my money. There are so many poor people living hereabouts, and they have been telling me their sad stories all the morning, till all my money is gone.'

"They are a lot of impostors!" said the elder brother, angrily. 'I shall order them to be driven away.'

"No, do not!" interposed the king, who had been listening unobserved in a shaded arbor, from which he now issued, book in hand.

"But, father, they should not be allowed to prey upon the credulity of a simple child like that," remonstrated the elder prince.

"Better that, my son, than that little Fridolin should, through parsimony or lack of sympathy, refuse an alms to a worthy object," rejoined the wise and humane monarch. Then, turning to the boy, he asked: 'Where is the tooth you had pulled yesterday?'

"Here, father, in my pocket," replied the boy. 'The doctor gave it to me as a memento of my first toothache.'

"I thought I saw you put it in your pocket," said the king. 'Well, give it to me, my child. I will buy it from you, and give you another bright silver florin for it, with which you can alleviate the sorrows of your poor friends, who are, no doubt, tired of waiting for you at the other end of the garden.'

"O father, thank you!" exclaimed the boy, quickly pulling the treasured tooth,

wrapped in a bit of paper, from his pocket. 'I would be willing to have another tooth pulled to-morrow if you would give me another florin for it.'

"The king smiled.

"'Nay, my son,' he said, 'that would be drawing too fine a point. No more tooth-pulling unless for a toothache.'

"So saying, the monarch placed the money in the hand of the boy, who sped away over the grass; and presently the king saw a woman, with a child at either hand, walking briskly toward the gate of the park.

"I do not know the name of the little prince nor where he lived, but we may be quite certain that if he ever came to the throne he made a good and charitable king."

That was all I heard—if there was more. With my swollen cheek turned from the light, lying restfully on its soft cushion, I could feel my mother covering me gently—and that was all till I awoke a couple of hours later, refreshed and recovered.

A Sainly Fortune-Teller.

SANCTITY and fortune-telling are terms rarely found in juxtaposition. The typical fortune-teller of the past was apt to be the reverse of saintly; and, sooth to say, holiness is not the chief characteristic of those who in our own day profess to reveal to credulous clients the secrets of the future. Whatever may be thought, however, of the genuineness of the second-sight attributed to some individuals of Celtic origin, such as Sir Walter Scott's Highlanders, and whatever explanation may be given of the nature of clairvoyance as practised nowadays, there is nothing repugnant to reason or faith in the idea that God may reveal the future to His special friends and most eminent servants.

As a matter of proven fact, God did

so reveal future events to one of the most singular and attractive personages of the nineteenth century—John Baptist Vianney, the renowned and venerable Curé of Ars. Pilgrimages to the scene of this wondrous parish priest's labors were of very common occurrence during his lifetime, and they did not cease when he finally passed to his reward. The present incumbent of the parish of Ars established, about a year and a half ago, a little monthly organ of these pilgrimages. It is called *Annales d'Ars*, and is in several respects one of the most interesting of our foreign exchanges. Perhaps the most attractive of its departments is "Les Faits d'Intuition" (Instances of Intuition) in the life of the saintly Curé. We quote at random from some recent numbers.

In March, 1856, M. Vianney one day saw approaching him Abbé Babey, Superior of St. John's College of Angely. He had never before seen his visitor or known him in any way; but he, nevertheless, greeted the Abbé, in a tone of cordial familiarity, with the question: "Have you come to talk to me about young X, who is sick?"

He named the student, seriously ill with typhoid fever, in whose behalf the superior had made the pilgrimage, and concerning whom he had spoken to nobody in or near Ars.

"Write to the boy's parents for me," continued the Curé, "and tell them that he will not die of this illness."

The event verified the prediction.

..

Madam Sermèt-Décroze, of Arbigneux, had three daughters. She wished to consecrate one of them to God, and thought she recognized in the second one, Josephite, all the dispositions that announce a religious vocation. The eldest daughter, Anthelmette, appeared, on the contrary, to be destined for a

life in the world. She liked to dress elegantly,—or at least her mother thought so; and already the latter was looking about her for a suitable husband to whom the girl might be confided. As she was not, however, above doubting the fallibility of her own judgment, she concluded to follow the example of so many others and consult the Curé of Ars. She saw him, exposed her projects for the settlement of her daughters, and fully expected that he would give her plans his approval. To her great surprise, he replied that it was useless to think of such an arrangement: that Josephine would never become a religious; but that there would be a religious in the family, and sooner, too, than the mother imagined.

Good Madam Sermèt-Décroze did not understand to whom M. Vianney was referring. On her return to Arbigneux, she told her own pastor of her visit to Ars, her astonishment at the holy Curé's words, and her great curiosity as to which of her family was to be a Sister. She was not left long in suspense. While passing through Lyons on her way home from Ars she had bought a dress for Anthelnette, thinking that the latter would be delighted with a handsome new gown. As soon as the girl saw the gift, however, she exclaimed: "Mother, that dress is useless to me: I wish to consecrate myself to God in the religious life." Shortly thereafter she joined the Marist Sisters at Belley, in which community she lived till her death. As for Josephine, she also verified the Curé's prediction. She married at the age of seventeen.

..

Of a different character is the incident concerning Madam Mercier, a peasant of Bâgé-la-Ville. This excellent woman made it a practice to spend three days at Ars every year. On one occasion, after hearing her confession, M. Vianney asked:

"How long do you purpose remaining at Ars?"

"To-day and to-morrow," answered Madam Mercier.

"No, no! Return at once," said the Curé. "There is a serpent in your house."

The frightened woman hastened home, for she had no idea of doubting the truth of the statement. On arriving, she was somewhat disconcerted at finding everything in good order,—apparently as she had left it. In her absence her husband had emptied and refilled one of the bedticks; but, as he had made up the bed before her return, she noticed nothing out of the way. On turning down the bedclothes that night, however, she was horrified to see a very large snake emerge from the tick and glide hastily out of the house.

..

One of the most extraordinary of all the instances cited occurred in February, 1850. As a result of typhoid and brain fever, Claudine Venet, a young woman of Virégueux, had become totally blind and deaf. Hoping to obtain her cure through the mediation of M. Vianney, she made a pilgrimage to Ars. The Curé had never seen her, did not know her, had received no communication relative to her case. Nevertheless, on her being led to the church for the first time, as she stood by the main door for an instant, M. Vianney came along, took Claudine by the hand, and, without saying a word, led her into the little sacristy, where he made her kneel down to begin her confession. Scarcely had she received his preliminary blessing when she both saw and heard with perfect distinctness.

One can easily imagine the intensity of the girl's emotion. Her twofold infirmity, the consequence of her terrible illness, seemed nothing but a dream. The illness itself, was it not also a dream? In any case, now she saw and heard,

and her joy was indescribable. Her holy confessor, however, soon checked its extravagance.

"You will remain deaf," he informed her, "for twelve years; and will recover your hearing on January 18, 1862." And, seeing that this singular prediction disconcerted and saddened her whom the Heavenly Father had just favored so signally, he added: "It is the will of God."

Claudine made her confession. She heard M. Vianney's instruction with perfect clearness, received absolution, and then left the sacristy by herself to kneel for some time in the church. As she arose from the side of the Curé, however, she realized that her ears had again closed to earthly sounds. In point of fact, although she enjoyed the use of her eyes, she heard nothing more during the full period of twelve years. Calm and perfectly resigned, she awaited the date foretold as that of her permanent cure. And, with strictest precision, on January 18, 1862, she recovered her hearing, to lose it no more during life.

..

This intuitive knowledge of Venerable Vianney not infrequently occasioned considerable discomfiture to those who sought his ministry. It was a drastic lesson that he taught a young woman at the Communion rail one morning in 1845. Miss Etiennette Poignard, of Marcy, who was very pious and a frequent communicant, knew the saintly Curé and had often gone to confession to him. Very early one morning Miss Poignard received an invitation to take a seat in a carriage that was going to Ars. Although the opportunity was quite unexpected, she availed herself of it, and, hastily putting on her outdoor wraps, took her place. On arriving at Ars, she proceeded at once to the church where M. Vianney was saying Mass, and

when the time for Communion came knelt with others of the congregation at the railing. The Curé gave Communion to the others; but on reaching Miss Poignard, he took the Sacred Host, raised it above the ciborium, began to recite the formula, *Corpus Domini nostri*—then, without finishing it, stood perfectly motionless.

The anguish of the young woman was naturally acute. Stupefied, not knowing what to think, she set herself to reciting from her inmost heart the acts of faith, hope, and charity. When she had finished them, the Curé resumed the formula and gave her Communion.

Miss Poignard's trouble, however, persisted. Why had he stopped? What reason had he for acting so strangely, for assuming so stern an aspect? After Mass she managed to see him for a moment and questioned him about the matter, receiving for reply:

"When one has omitted one's morning prayer and been distracted all along the way to church, one is not too well disposed to receive Holy Communion."

Miss Poignard understood at once. In the hurry of her departure from home she had neglected her usual morning devotions, and the talking and laughing in the carriage had scarcely compensated for the neglect. She was all the more confused as it was clear, she having had no conversation with the Curé beforehand, that he could know of her fault only by supernatural means.

Instances equally extraordinary might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and some of the more striking among them we may give to our readers in a future number. In none of the foregoing narratives have we thought it worth while to reproduce the detailed proofs of the authenticity of the facts related: it would be merely occupying space to very little purpose. The great majority

of those who read these columns will be satisfied with the general statement that the *Annales d'Ars* gives in every instance incontrovertible testimony to the truth and reality of the prodigy recounted; the incredulous minority, if there be one, would probably scoff at any testimony other than the evidence of their own senses. And we entertain a constitutional dislike to the futile task of endeavoring to convince the typical "doubting Thomas."

The Saint of Oxford.

BY E. BECK.

THE visitor to the city that stands between the streams Isis and Cherwell will find much to engage attention; for Oxford has many and beautiful public buildings, and its botanic gardens and observatory deserve notice. Its straight and well-paved streets are always full of busy life. Officials, tutors, pale-faced reading men, athletic youths in caps and "blazers," Americans on tour, colonials visiting the mother-country, are all to be met therein. But it is by the University itself—in its courts and quadrangles, on which the lichened venerable walls, their stones knitted together by long strands of ivy, look down,—that tourists longest linger. Out of the high mullioned windows what eager eyes have looked! What eager feet have passed and paced beneath the shade of those ancient elms! The mind goes backward from Cardinal Newman's time to the days when the patron saint of Oxford wandered through the swampy meadows surrounding her convent home.

St. Frideswide was the daughter of a chieftain of the county and his pious wife Sefrid, and with their consent she withdrew from the world at an early age and founded her monastery for nuns

at Oxford. That monastery, centuries later, was changed into a college by Cardinal Wolsey, and is now Christ Church; and the church of the holy abbess, rebuilt under a Plantagenet king, is the cathedral of the city.

Tales of the beauty and goodness of the saintly nun had come to the ears of a powerful and lawless prince in the neighborhood named Alfgar, and he offered her his hand in marriage. The offer was declined, with the disdain, and anger perhaps, that it merited; and the prince, blinded by passion, resolved to carry off the abbess from her cloister. Frideswide heard of his intention, and, taking two of the sisterhood with her, escaped from the convent by the river on which the Oxford boatmen train. It is said the boat containing the three nuns was rowed down stream to Abingdon by an angel. At any rate, Frideswide took refuge in a forest there, and abode for a time in a wretched hut covered with wattles.

Alfgar, however, succeeded in tracing her; but at the very moment when his crowd of Saxon thralls were about to seize the saint he was struck by God with sudden blindness. He abandoned his pursuit of the nun in deep fright and contrition; and Frideswide, satisfied on the point, prayed to God to relieve him of his affliction, and his sight was miraculously restored. The abbess returned to her convent in peace, and there died, many years later, surrounded by a sorrowing sisterhood.

Many miracles were performed by her, and crowds of pilgrims sought relief from their maladies at her tomb, down to the eve of the so-called Reformation. Her death occurred somewhere about the year 735; and the bones of the virgin still repose in the church that bears her name, though that church is now a Protestant place of worship.

Among the many miracles performed

by St. Frideswide was the healing of a leper as she journeyed back to her peaceful convent from Abingdon. The unfortunate man sat by the roadway, and was a piteous and loathsome sight. "Touch me, O holy virgin," he cried, "in the name of the Almighty God!" And Frideswide did so. At once his disease disappeared, and he went north and south telling of the wonder.

In the ages when England was true to Rome many great and good men trod the tow-path by the river, and learned and disputed within the grey old colleges. The Grey Friars of St. Francis and St. Dominic's black-robed brothers soon found the way to Oxford. St. Edmund gave a name to a lane near Abingdon. Duns Scotus went from Oxford to Paris to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. Sir Thomas More cast a spell over Colet and Erasmus while the three dwelt there together; and all of them, we may be certain, often visited the church of her who is through evil changes and after centuries of time still the Saint of Oxford.

A Recent Marvel.

ON the evening of October 20 two Sisters of Mercy, of the Diocese of Pittsburg, left the Smoky City on their way to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Canada. One of them, Sister Aldegonda, was an invalid, as her pale face testified. She moved painfully on crutches, and only one foot touched the ground; the other had not done so for fifteen years. She had become crippled through an accident. At the time of its occurrence she was among the Sister-nurses of the Mercy Hospital in Pittsburg. Entering the darkened room of one of her patients, she stumbled and fell, striking her foot against the pointed rocker of a reclining chair. The

pain was as sharp as a knife-thrust for a few moments; but, having passed away, Sister Aldegonda continued her duties. It was not long, however, before the wounded member began to show that it was seriously affected. It became so acutely painful and sore that an operation was decided upon. The afflicted Sister prepared herself for this ordeal as well as possible; but when the operation was about to be performed her vitality became so low that the last sacraments were administered. She revived, but was obliged to remain in her room, always suffering; the doctors having concluded that an operation would be attended with danger to life.

After a year or two she was able to move on crutches and pleaded to be allowed to "do something," as the enforced rest was galling to her fervent spirit. Accordingly she was given the office of bookkeeper in the Home for Working Girls, Webster Avenue, Pittsburg. This duty she has faithfully performed for thirteen years, never being able to take a step without her crutches, and suffering more or less all the time. Finally the small bones of the ankle began to decompose; the foot suppurated; splinters came out through the terrible sore, and the foot curved under, almost into a ball. Surgeons declared the foot must come off: that nothing else was to be done in the case. But Sister Aldegonda suffered on patiently, always cheerfully. No one could realize from her face and manner the extent of her pain; and she became so accustomed to her crutches and handled them so easily that the dreaded amputation was indefinitely postponed.

During the past summer the wonders wrought at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré were spoken of by some returning pilgrims. Sister Aldegonda experienced new hope at these recitals, and expressed her firm faith in the

intercession of the blessed mother of Our Lady at her favored shrine. A pilgrimage was planned, the wearisome journey being no obstacle. Full of hope and faith, the poor sufferer set out.

On the day of her departure the Sister was suffering intensely. Her foot was festering again, a sign that more of the bone was loose and about to be discharged. But her faith and patience were greater than her sufferings. The long journey was at last accomplished: the Sisters were on the sacred ground of the shrine, drinking in the beauties of the holy place, and viewing with wonder and awe the heaps of crutches, canes, and other evidences of suffering relieved. They began a novena, made daily pilgrimages to the holy places, and were blessed each day with the relics of St. Anne.

"Have courage!" said the Father who gave the blessing. "Do you see this vacant place? Well, here you shall hang up your crutches."

On the sixth day of the novena the Sisters heard three Masses, and a stronger faith took possession of them as the relic was applied to the suffering foot. As Sister Aldegonda knelt at the shrine she said, timidly:

"I think I can hang up one of my crutches."

"Hang up *both*, then!" answered the priest.

Without an instant's hesitation, the Sister placed both crutches at the foot of the altar, and *stood erect without them!* The people who witnessed the extraordinary recovery cried and wept; and the priest began the recitation of the Rosary, leading the way round the church, the two Sisters following,—both *walking* and answering the prayers. Sister Aldegonda wept as well as prayed, realizing better than it was possible for others the extraordinary favor that had been granted to her. From that

moment, to quote her own declaration, she has had "neither pain nor ache."

Congratulations poured in from all sides, and a telegram was sent to Pittsburg—"Sister Aldegonda has hung up her crutches!" Universal joy spread through the house of the Sisters of Mercy in the diocese. The novena to St. Anne which was in progress was not yet finished, but it was concluded with fervent thanksgivings. At its close the two Sisters returned to Pittsburg. Sister Aldegonda arrived in safety, full of joy and gratitude. The news of their arrival spread like wildfire. Everyone was eager to hear the particulars of the cure. Sister Aldegonda *walked* easily and joyfully among her Sisters, and was kept busy showing how well she could move about.

At first the astonished inmates of the Home for Working Girls could scarcely believe their eyes; they followed the good Sister, whom all loved dearly, wherever she went, weeping, rejoicing and wondering. Many visitors have thronged the convent, and they can only marvel and praise God. The crutches, the inseparable companions of Sister Aldegonda for thirteen years, are laid aside forever,—suspended at the altar of the shrine at Beaupré, another proof of the powerful intercession of "good St. Anne."

It is needless to say the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburg are filled with gratitude to God and St. Anne for this extraordinary favor. On Saturday, November 16, a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in the convent chapel, in the presence of deputations of Sisters from all the houses of the diocese.

Praise and glory be given to God, who, through the intercession of the sweet mother of His own Blessed Mother, has been pleased to work this wonder!

MERCEDES.

A Duty of Parents.

THE righteous and unmeasured indignation with which so-called yellow journalism has lately been denounced throughout this country makes the occasion an appropriate one for reminding parents that one of their most important duties in this age of cheap literature is the supervision of their children's reading. The facility accorded to the average child of perusing newspapers, magazines, and books of any and every kind is a deplorable evil; and the neglect of Catholic parents on this point is often grievously reprehensible.

Not even the popular magazines, profusely illustrated as they are with pictures of all grades, from copies of artistic masterpieces to suggestive representations of nudity, can always be safely left in the hands of the young boy or girl. And what shall be said of the fathers and mothers who do not object to their sons' and daughters' devouring with avidity the prurient sensationalism of the daily yellow journal's reports of divorces, murders, suicides, "slumming," and the like news? They are deliberately conniving at the devil's work of corrupting the minds and morals of their offspring; and they can not shirk the tremendous responsibility thus incurred.

The blindness of many parents touching this matter is a never-ending source of amazement to earnest and conscientious people. There are innumerable fathers who would resent almost to the shedding of blood the seduction of their children, yet who can not be aroused to indignation and vigilance by warnings against the veiled obscenity and the evil suggestiveness of the printed word. There are mothers who would give a decade of their lives rather than expose their children to corrupt society for one hour, yet who exercise no supervision whatever over the books that are read

and the newspapers that are scanned in the family circle,—forgetting, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, that the mind is "terribly retentive of evil images and suggestions"; and that vile reading "stains the very fibre of the brain," and renders pure thinking and chaste living almost impossible.

But many persons will ask: Is not this warning exaggerated? Few persons, and these hopeless degenerates, care for evil books; why so solemn a warning about the danger to Christian youth? To assume this viewpoint is a symptom that degeneration has already set in and that conscience is seared or deadened.

The bulk of popular literature nowadays is thoroughly saturated with a contempt for dogmatic teaching and a tolerance of loose morals that would have caused our fathers to gasp and stare. And the danger is all the greater because more insidious and insinuating and indirect, and because veiled under an appearance of decency and reverence.

Until youths and maidens are of full age and beyond the control of their parents, the latter are in conscience bound to strict vigilance over their children's general conduct,—their incomings and outgoings, their choice of companions, their habitual sports and pastimes, and (not less than over any of these) over their reading. Occasionally, only, there becomes public a crime that is recognized as the direct result of reading bad books or papers; but how innumerable are the sins of thought and desire, of word and deed, unknown to the world but deadly in the sight of God, that are not less directly the outcome of indiscriminate reading!

Better a thousand times that a child should never open any book but a textbook than that he should be allowed by criminally negligent parents to roam at his will through the poisonous swamps of the cheap literature of the day.

Notes and Remarks.

The alarming increase of suicides in this country prompts one of our exchanges to state that self-murder bids fair to become America's national sin. The high pressure at which the typical American habitually keeps his nervous system may, perhaps, explain a number of these crimes, and even justify the usual verdict of the coroner's jury, "Killed himself while temporarily insane"; but it can not be doubted that the main reason for the prevalence of suicide is the growing indifference to religion. Deprived of a firm belief in a future life to which his earthly sojourn is merely a prologue, the unfortunate victim of financial disaster, his neighbor's villainy, or his own folly, has no effective deterrent to prevent his seeking everlasting freedom from the woes that overwhelm him. It need not be said that this decadence of the religious spirit is the strictly logical outcome of a Godless education. Banish religion from the schools, and you effectively exclude it from the society of the future.

It is a relief to turn from the interminable articles which our French exchanges are devoting to the Congregations in France to the more cheering accounts of French religious in the foreign missions. The Daughters of Charity recently celebrated in Jerusalem the fifteenth anniversary of their arrival from Paris in response to the invitation of Mgr. Poyet. The decade and a half of their sojourn in Palestine has been exceptionally fruitful. Besides their principal house in Jerusalem, they have at present three other establishments at Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Caiffa. The ministrations of the Sisters to the lepers and the sick poor generally speedily endeared them to all classes of the

population; and within a few weeks of their taking up their residence in Jerusalem they became known as "the great doctors" and "the white birds who nurse everybody for nothing." On the Oriental peoples, as on all other that populate the earth, the influence of these gentle ministrants of Catholic charity will be as potent as it is beneficent. May their number increase!

The question of State appropriations to Catholic charities was probably never discussed more thoroughly than at the recent Constitutional Convention in Virginia. After remarking that people in this country are generally ready to go mad at the mere mention of Church and State, one outspoken member thus appealed to his colleagues in behalf of charitable institutions under Catholic auspices:

I do not believe there is any sensible man in the State of Virginia who can claim that appropriations to these hospitals, to these noble charities conducted by devoted women who in time of pestilence, in time when brave men shrink from their duties, go into houses where there are dangerous and infectious diseases, nurse poor people who are suffering and dying there,—I say I do not believe there is a sensible man in the State of Virginia who believes that any harm has ever come out of it, or that any false religious doctrine has ever been propagated by it.

The extent of bigotry at this late date in Virginia is almost incredible; but it is the bigotry of ignorance, not of malice. How hard it dies, though! Discussions like those held at the convention in Richmond are fatal to it, however; for they let in the light.

"Even the foreign newspapers are interested in me. I must really be one of the best-known men in Italy." Thus, a noted Italian brigand whose recent capture was made the subject of a lengthy message by cable. His declaration furnishes the clew to not a little of the criminality that disgraces the

civilization of other countries than Italy. Inordinate vanity degenerates into a veritable moral disease; and, failing to secure legitimate fame, the victim seeks notoriety as an available substitute. The knowledge that the glaring headlines, the copious illustrations, and the long columns of detailed description which characterize the modern newspaper, are devoted more readily even to the successful criminal than to the honorable hero, confirms him in his determination to get his name in print, to have himself talked about, to make a noise in the world. The severest punishment that could be inflicted on miscreants of this class would be to suppress their names entirely; and the reading world would probably be satisfied if most of them were written about under no more specific designation than John Doe.

If the Irish peasant figures more frequently than others in degrading caricature and in paragraphs that are foolish-funny, it is no less true that he receives more genuine, beautiful and hearty tributes than any other. Witness these appreciative words of an English Protestant who has spent some time in Donegal:

These kindly-hearted and hospitable countrymen of ours receive the visitor to their mountains and bogland with affectionate courtesy. But they are something more than merely kind. We can believe that they are both brave and generous, and we can not imagine them turning their backs either on enemy or friend. They bear poverty and hardship with courage and patience. The women are magnificently virtuous and pure; the men are sober, and inured by habit to a simple and hardy life. As a people, they have many splendid qualities and but few blessings. But they are almost entirely members of the Catholic Church. Their religion has furnished them with their ideals; and their natures, in the absence of all other elevating and refining influences, have been endowed by it with ennobling emotion and sentiment. Love of their faith has made them self-sacrificing and devoted, broadened and enriched their lives. Their imaginations, too, have been quickened by the knowledge that the son of

a poor peasant might in the service of his Church rise to a position of power; might perchance be born in a hovel and yet die a prince. The Catholic Church, then, has largely helped to make this people what it is—a people to be wholly loved and admired. We, who are Protestants, may continue strenuously to resist what seems to us to be the errors of Catholicity; but can we not, while holding our own opinions and beliefs, also strive to grasp firmly and to spread by every means in our power the great principles of toleration and mutual appreciation; and, remembering the kindness which Protestants invariably receive in Catholic portions of Ireland at the hands of Catholics, can we not offer cordial sympathy and respect to those who are their coreligionists and our fellow-citizens?

Commenting on the probably speedy termination of the beatification, by the Congregation of Rites, of Bishop Neumann, *Les Missions Catholiques*, whose ecclesiastical news is notably exact, says: "Thanks to the enlightened zeal of Cardinal Martinelli, other American causes will soon be introduced; among others, those of Mgr. Baraga, first Bishop of Marquette; Father Seelos, Redemptorist pastor of the Church of St. Mary of the Assumption, New Orleans; Mother Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity; and Madame Duchesne, Religious of the Sacred Heart." America has urgent need of special patrons among the host of the Church triumphant, and our readers will doubtless pray that the fullest honors of canonization may soon be paid to all these candidates.

It has been asserted by persons supposed to be well informed that of late years the Church has been losing ground in England. One can not, of course, question the statements of intelligent English Catholics regarding the condition of the Church in their own country, but allowance ought to be made for pessimism. And there are pessimists among our brethren over-seas, and some of them write for the press. A short time ago Cardinal Vaughan directed

his priests to send him a return of the converts in the archdiocese during the past year. He found that the number had increased by 300, the figures being 1500 last year, as compared with 1200 the year before. There is no reason for thinking that other dioceses in England would show a different result. So much for the gains. As for losses, everyone knows they are more apparent than real. A change in social conditions, which may happen in a thousand and one ways, immediately effects restoration. We lately heard of a neglected congregation of Italians in the far West which was said to number "40 or 50 families—a hopeless lot." A devoted priest of their own nationality was found for them, and it turns out that there are now 400 families, all eager to practise their religion. At last accounts they were erecting a handsome church and a spacious school, toward which these "fallen-away Catholics" generously contribute.

We always read the *Missionary* with more than common gusto; there is a breeziness in the sayings and doings of these "fishers of men" that we like. Here, for instance, is an account of how two priests engaged in non-Catholic mission work descended on a mountain-town in North Carolina, not the least bit disturbed evidently by the greeting of the first native they met, "We don't allow no Catholics in this part of the country":

We wrote out notices of the mission and tacked them up at various places. We then borrowed a bell and went ourselves through the village ringing the bell and informing all that we met. The result was that we were widely and thoroughly advertised, as the reader may well imagine. It is wonderful how few Catholics there are in the mountains of North Carolina. For instance, in all Mitchell County—in which Cranberry is located—there is not, perhaps, one single Catholic. They are a people, too, who ought to respond readily to Catholic teaching. They are thoroughly independent, and so honest that lying and stealing

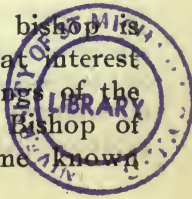
are little known. One Superior Court judge informed me that in one mountain county, in which he had held court for twelve years, he had never had a case of larceny. The truth amongst such a people ought to make quick progress. Our little mission was a great success for that part of the country. When we left we had some half dozen persons under instruction,

The late Clement Studebaker, of South Bend, Indiana, was a man of lofty character and genuinely Christian life. As president of one of the largest manufactories of the world, he was called upon to devote much of his time to business interests,—much, but not all. He was a regular attendant at the church services of his own denomination, and an earnest follower after Christ, so far as he had light to see his duty. Toleration and good-will to men of other creeds were bred in him; for he once said, speaking of his early home in Ohio:

Our home was always a centre of hospitality, and no one needing food or shelter was ever turned from the door. There were only two living-rooms besides the attic; but, notwithstanding the large number of our family, I recall on one occasion father and mother giving entertainment to a party of nuns on their way to some Western convent. Those were days when entertaining friends or strangers meant sacrifice of personal comfort and sometimes a serious diminishing of meagre stores.

In civic, social, business and religious relations, Mr. Studebaker impressed all who met him as a profoundly conscientious man. Despite his wealth, he lived in noble simplicity; and his fair dealing with employees, his kindness to the poor, his zeal for pure morals, his reverent religious character, his irreproachable private life, and his broad Christian spirit, were blessings to the community in which he lived.

The death of an English bishop is not always an event of great interest to Americans; but the writings of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brownlow, late Bishop of Clifton, have made his name known.



and esteemed by many thousands of Catholics wherever our language is spoken. He was the last but one of the convert bishops, as a London contemporary notes; having been received into the Church by Cardinal Newman in 1863, after he had spent ten years in the Anglican ministry. He went to Rome for his theological studies, and, according to the *Weekly Register*, "was a favorite of Pio Nono; and, so the story goes, the intermediary when [the Anglican] Father Ignatius and his attendant nun turned up in their habits whilst the city was under Papal rule. This was in defiance of all decorum and regulations; and Dr. Brownlow was deputed to give a hint to this effect, and was finally permitted to introduce the good Anglican into the presence of the Pope, who pinched his ear and remarked: 'The habit does not make the monk.'" We refer elsewhere to the valuable literary work of Bishop Brownlow, but we must be permitted to make grateful acknowledgment here of his services in rendering the researches of De Rossi accessible to English readers. As bishop and as scholar, he merited all the encomiums that are being lavished on him. *R. I. P.*

His Excellency Wu Ting Fang, our Chinese ambassador, is fond of eulogizing Confucius and lauding the education which prevails in his native empire, so that he will probably dissent from the view which the Tonkin missionary, Father Sajot, takes of both subjects. "To what does it amount, then, after all," writes Father Sajot, "this Chinese education of which the study of Confucius is the basis and which has won for that philosopher quasi-divine honors? I hesitate to speak out on this subject, so opposed is my opinion to that of the admirers of the 'great man.' I confess, moreover, that I have not made a pro-

found study of all his works; but those which I have studied may, it seems to me, be all resumed in this: 'Little children, be very good, so as not to grieve your papas. Citizens, observe the laws faithfully, and be filled with respect and veneration for the emperor.' Excellent counsels, doubtless; but if all the virtues have their root in the human soul, they require, in order to resist the passions, a more serious and effective sanction than the fear of the policeman or the mandarin." Confucianism is a philosophy rather than a religion; and without religion there is no genuine morality or true education, either.

There is something of the pathetic in the persistency with which a number of the Ritualists, who prefer to be known as Anglican Catholics, cling to the fallacious hope that some time or other, in some way or other, Rome, as one of them puts it, "will fold us to her bosom and say: 'Come to us and be with us, although you do not exactly believe as we do!'" That hope is, of course, destined never to be realized until the Ritualists as a body adopt the course that is from time to time pursued by individuals of their ranks—accept Catholic truth in its integrity, and the Pope as Christ's supreme Vicar on earth. Another illusion of our Anglican friends is that "the Roman Catholic Church is coming to recognize us as we should be more and more every day,"—"as we should be" presumably meaning as genuine Catholics. The *New York Sun* somewhat rudely lends a hand in dispelling this illusion by frankly stating: "In fact, the only recognition, as indicated by the Pope's decision against the validity of the Anglican Orders, seems to be absolute denial of their right to the title of Catholicity or to the name of Church at all."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Mr. Frost, Artist.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THERE is a famous artist, though none can rightly tell
 What school of art he studied in, nor where he deigns to dwell;
 But in the peasants' cabins rude and where kings live in state
 His pictures have for ages long won admiration great.
 Oh, flowers and ferns and forest-trees beneath his fingers grow
 When boughs are bare and flowers sleep in frozen earth and snow!
 And many a dainty filigree as fine as filmy lace,
 On lattice pane or windows wide his busy fingers trace.
 A bastion strong, a quaint device, alike can he portray
 Betwixt the setting of the sun and dawning of the day.
 And when his pictures are displayed, no charge for them makes he;
 For Mr. Jack Frost is the name the artist bears, you see.

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XXVII.—IN COURT.



IT is quite impossible for the truthful writer to conjure up for the reader a picture of a dark, dingy court-room, with grimy windows, gas burning all day; stuffy, dank-smelling furniture; and the droning, perfunctory officials of the old-style, Old-World court-room. It is impossible, if truth rather than a gruesome, fanciful picture be aimed at, because such old-time institutions no longer exist in our American cities. Thanks to a regard

for light, comfort and sanitation, our architects everywhere have planned open, airy court-rooms, where witnesses as well as jurymen, lawyers and judges as well as the interested public, can attend with some degree of comfort.

About three weeks after the events related in the preceding chapter an interesting group sat inside the bar of the surrogate court-room. It consisted of the Russell family—George Le Mar, his wife, Harry, Grace, and Clarence,—all in deep mourning. Near them sat, disconsolately, the faithful mulatto boy Sam, valet of the lately deceased; Mrs. Bridget McSweeney, Claude Grantley, and Dick of the Brass Buttons. Why the latter was there was not exactly apparent; but he begged Mr. Haylon so earnestly to let him be present in memory of his dead friend, the Chamber of Commerce fruit-stand girl, that the lawyer was unable to refuse.

At one of the attorney's tables were Mr. Haylon and his assistant, Mr. Northcliff. They seemed very busy over the case, constantly talking to each other in subdued tones. Near them, underneath the table, was the testator's valise, containing important papers.

On the opposite side of the enclosure—or within the bar—at another table was Jason Cratcher, the man who, the reader will remember, had given the agent Dodsworth a letter of instruction. With him, in consultation, was the lawyer whom Nancy in such excitement had pointed out from the Chamber of Commerce entrance as being the one whom she had inadvertently overheard. Cratcher was a stout man, with a blotchy, purplish face, overhanging eyelids, and eyes which never looked

you straight in the face. His hands shook visibly.

When the court was called to order, Cratcher arose and stated his case, saying that he entered a demurrer on behalf of next of kin, and promising to produce evidence that the provisions of the will had been openly and notoriously violated by the chief beneficiary. "The will shall also be contested, your honor," added Cratcher, "on the plea of unsoundness of mind on the part of the testator."

Haylon and Northcliff were undoubtedly anxious. They had known the provisions of the will some weeks. They saw that a clever opposing lawyer could make out a really strong case against them on the provisions of the will. What a pity the old gentleman did not leave the boy his money minus those vexing conditions!

"The first argument I shall produce, your honor," continued Cratcher, "is that section four of the condition of inheritance has been radically and persistently violated by the principal legatee. With permission of the court, I will read the section. It is as follows:

"That the said nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall never have invented anything, or have put anything of his own invention on the market to make profit therefrom."

"The second ground on which I base the claim of the next of kin is that clause number five is against common law because against the common good of the community. The section alluded to provides that Henry Russell shall never become a physician; and of course the spirit of the clause is that he shall never become one, whether he practise or not. This, we claim, is not only against the citizen's personal freedom and against the common good, but it is so eccentric and absurd as to prove the testator could not have been of

sound mind when he made the will.

"The third plea, your honor, on which we claim to have the will set aside is that provision number seven has been openly violated. The provision, your honor, is as follows:

"That my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall never, under any pretext, have given his father, or give his father, any money for furthering his purposes of inventing."

"This condition has been openly violated. We will examine into this clause first. With the permission of the court, I will call the first witness."

He handed a slip of paper to the clerk of the court.

"John Hearnsey!" the clerk called aloud.

Mr. Haylon, Mr. Northcliff, and the Russells,—all turned to see who the formidable Hearnsey was. Imagine the utter surprise of Harry and the undisguised chagrin of the lawyer when they discovered that the witness who promptly stepped into the witness-box was no other than John Dodsworth, Harry's partner in the patent roller!

Harry Russell started to his feet. His mother pulled him back in time to prevent a scene. The boy could not sit still. Finally he wriggled himself free from his mother and went over to the lawyer's table.

"Did you ever!" was all he was able to say to his friend.

"Looks bad, Harry. But did you withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Yes: yesterday."

"All right. So far, so good. Look out, boy! That rascal will leave you a lot of firm's debts to pay, or I am very much mistaken. Hush! now they are beginning."

Dodsworth's—rather Hearnsey's—face wore a sneer of cynical triumph. He and Cratcher had evidently prepared their questions and answers beforehand.

"Are you a claimant in this case?"

"I am."

"Can you show that Henry Russell has broken provision number four of his uncle's will?"

"Certainly."

"Please explain to the court."

Hearnsley gave the history of the partnership as the reader has already heard it.

"So you inform the court that this young man has made considerable money on an invention of his own?"

"Yes."

"How much do you suppose?"

"Well, we have banked seven hundred dollars profits: he takes half."

"Can you prove to the court that the defendant has invented anything?"

"Certainly I can. He invented an improvement on the blind roller which we were selling. He and I patented the improvement."

"Did the improved patent increase your sales?"

"Considerably."

"How many of these articles have you sold?"

It appeared an innocent question, but Hearnsley gave signs of distress, which Cratcher did not see. He was looking at his list of questions.

"Tell the court how many of these articles you have sold."

Why Hearnsley—alias Dodsworth—should blush and squirm and cough at so simple a question the audience did not well understand. But this is to the credit of Hearnsley: he did not wish to commit perjury. If he gave any reasonably proportionate number, such as would warrant the stated profits, he would commit that crime. He could not say less without committing himself. He was, therefore, in a dilemma.

Haylon grasped the situation at once. He could not interrupt the giving of the evidence, but he used an artifice.

He said, *sotto voce*, as if talking to Harry, who was sitting near him, but loud enough to be heard all over the court-room:

"Sales, perhaps a few dozen; profits, seven hundred. Your three fifty was a present, Harry. Anybody can see he is merely a tool of others to entrap you. The thing is clear on the face of it. It's a conspiracy."

"Your honor," instantly appealed Cratcher, who had heard every word, "I notify the court that I protest against such intimidation of my witness. I call your honor's attention to the fact that the opposing counsel is brow-beating my witness to the prejudice of our case."

A mild reproof not to interrupt the proceedings came from the judge, who knew the honorable character of Haylon. The latter was satisfied. He had called the attention of the judge to the fact of the existence of a conspiracy to involve the beneficiary of the will. Thereafter the getting of willing testimony from the witness was not so easy. The judge had sometimes to order him to answer; yet when Hearnsley's testimony was all in, the impression left on the mind of the judge was decidedly unfavorable to Mr. Haylon's client.

"Tell the court, Mr. Hearnsley," said Cratcher, "if you please, whether, in your opinion, the defendant has broken any other provision of the will."

"Condition number seven has been violated."

"What is condition number seven?"

"That my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall never, under any pretext, have given his father, or give his father, any money for furthering his purposes of inventing."

"He knows his lesson well," again came Haylon's clear tones, *sotto voce*.

"Your honor—" once more spluttered the examining counsel.

"That's all right, Mr. Cratcher. Please proceed," said the judge.

"Do you know whether Henry Russell has contravened this clause of the will?"

"I believe he has," was Hearnsey's answer. "Less than a month ago he purchased nearly a hundred dollars' worth of electrical supplies, which he gave to his father."

"Indeed! Are you sure of that?" from Cratcher.

"Quite sure of it. I assisted him in the purchase."

"One more conspiracy!" came the irresistible *sotto voce*.

The clerk rapped on his desk with his gavel. Haylon smiled.

"Were they given to his father?"

"Of course, Mr. Cratcher. What were they purchased for?" said the witness.

"He's fooled there, judge!" exclaimed Harry Russell aloud. In his excitement he had forgotten all about legal procedure. He wanted facts, and facts only. "He's fooled there, judge. I never gave them to father. I made a present of the whole to mother. And, besides, these things are not money. That is the only thing forbidden in the will."

The audience, whose sympathy was entirely with the boy, laughed aloud. They attempted a cheer, but that was promptly suppressed by the clerk of the court.

"Good for you, Harry!" exclaimed Lawyer Haylon, heartily. "The point is extremely well taken."

Cratcher dropped this section of the will at once. The question of Harry's becoming a physician was, of course, not discussed.

Cratcher rested his case for the present, but promised to return to the insanity plea later.

It was beautiful to see how the clever lawyer for the defence did riddle this witness' testimony, and how he made him contradict himself again and again.

It was almost pitiful to see how the rascal squirmed. The lawyer made him fully admit the conspiracy to inveigle Harry; made him confess that he did it with malicious knowledge aforehand; made him admit that Cratcher had supplied the money for the purpose; made him admit that he was to receive a large bonus if the will was broken; finally, made him admit that he himself—Hearnsey, alias Dodsworth, alias half a dozen other names—was the next kin claimant, professing to be the nearest surviving relative of the wife of Alvin Dodsworth Russell.

The play of wit and repartee between Mr. Haylon and Jason Cratcher, who undoubtedly was a sharp rogue, was sparkling. Mr. Haylon bent all the powers of his splendid intellect to down the opposing counsel. At times it appeared the will would be sustained. Once, when Harry's lawyer was pushing Cratcher very hard, that gentleman appealed to the court for protection.

"I appeal to the court, your honor, against such unjust proceedings. As a gentleman, I demand—"

"Oh! oh!" laughed Haylon. "Ha! ha! *Quod est demonstrandum.*"

Cratcher spluttered. He understood. The judge enjoyed the allusion and smiled almost audibly. Harry understood too, and broke out into a loud guffaw.

"Young man, if you do not keep better order I shall commit you for contempt of court."

Harry was not very much frightened. He saw signs of amusement lingering at the corners of the judge's mouth.

Of course we do not pretend to give anything like a full report of all that took place at the trial, or even mention all the witnesses. Toward the end the judge began to look very serious. Haylon was getting nervous. He was afraid it was going against him.

It was late in the afternoon when both sides rested their case. The judge was a kind man with a heart full of sympathy. During the proceedings he had closely watched the extreme nervousness of Harry's mother. He thought she would be better able to hear the verdict, whichever way it went, after a night's rest.

"One reason," said the judge, "why the will should not stand seems to have been punctured by the keen young claimant himself. It is evident he gave his father no money, and it is also admitted that his mother was the recipient of the electrical supplies. Therefore on a technicality I throw out that clause. The question of the boy's having invented anything, or of having made money by an invention of his own, while the provision is peculiar and may be considered eccentric, yet in my mind holds in fact and in law. A testator can place whatever conditions he chooses in disposing of his own property, providing the conditions are not against sound morals or the common good. So far as I see at present, this clause is not against one or the other; but I will take the matter under consideration until to-morrow. Both parties having rested their case, have not questioned the soundness of mind of the testator; so I take it for granted, although the appellant notified us at the opening of the case that he would advance this plea,—I take it for granted that they are satisfied as to the testator's mental condition when he made his will. However, I wish to be a little more certain myself on this point. The counsel for the defence will please have the Reverend Father who attended the deceased in his last moments in court at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

The court then rose.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Little Snow Baby.

For many years people have been wondering about the great white frozen country to the north of us. They have been curious to know if there is an open sea about what the geography calls the North Pole; and each explorer has tried to go a little farther than any one before him. Many men who have set out bravely have never come back, and there are countless graves up where the icebergs have their home.

Women do not often accompany these expeditions; but there is one who sometimes goes as far north as it is safe, and lives with the natives in order to be near her husband, while he presses on in pursuit of what has cost so many lives and so much treasure.

The people who inhabit that strange frozen land are called Eskimos. They are small and dark; and their garments are not made of cloth like ours, but are constructed out of the skins of animals and have the fur left on.

The lady who sometimes lived with these funny little folk is named Mrs. Peary; and on one of her sojourns, several years ago, a little child was born to her. The room in which this baby first opened her blue eyes was unlike any you can imagine. In the first place, it was in a very funny house, built right in the snow, and covered with tarred paper to keep out the cold; and its porch, which went all around it, was made of boxes of provisions. Inside there were warm blankets and a bed of reindeer skins. So you see things might have been worse. When baby's mother looked out of the window she saw only a great ice river and icebergs that looked like Santa Claus' castle.

The Eskimos were friendly and interested; and when they heard that there was a baby, and a white one too, at the little house of the Southern strangers

they flocked to see it, some of them coming more than a hundred miles. They came in sledges, drawn by dogs that looked like wolves; the Eskimos themselves were so hidden in furs that they might have been taken for some strange animals. They could not believe that the white baby was alive, but thought she was made out of snow; and only by putting their little brown hands on her did they find that she was just like Eskimo babies.

They named her Ah-Poo-Mik-A-Nin-Ny, which means "snow baby," and brought her playthings of their own, and little fur garments to make her comfortable. When she was six weeks old she took her first ride, tucked inside a bag of reindeer skin that reached to her neck; and over baby, bag and all, was wrapped the American flag.

About that time the long Arctic night began, and for four months the snow baby did not see the sun; but she laughed and crowed, and reached out her hands for the lamp that tried to take the sun's place, and smiled at the bashful little natives who went to see her. Then one morning something very wonderful happened. The sun rose! The snow baby was lying on her bed when she saw a new plaything on the deer-skin that covered her, and reached out her little fat hand for it. It was a sunbeam! Every day after that she was dressed in her fur suit, made with trousers like a boy's, and was taken out for a bath in the sunshine.

Little Marie—so she was baptized—is quite a lassie now. She has just been with her mother to pay a visit to the poor lonely father away up where the polar bears live and the winter night lasts for months; and I think you will agree with me that Lieutenant Peary would not be to blame if he gave up hunting for the cold North Pole and went home to his "snow baby."

A King who was Kingly.

There was once a king of Germany who was very fond of flowers; and the Empress of Russia, knowing this, presented him with a rare bulb which had but one blossom during the season. The king, greatly pleased, gave it to his gardener, who placed it in the royal garden. In due time a green stalk appeared above the ground, and a beautiful bud followed, which developed into a flower so lovely that on the three days of the week when the public was admitted to the garden the Russian blossom was constantly surrounded by a throng of admirers.

One day a young countryman, fancying the flower and unaware of its history, plucked it and put it in the buttonhole of his coat. The horrified gardener arrested the simple fellow, and begged his royal master to close his gardens to the public.

"By no means," answered the king. "Shall I deny this beauty to my people because one man has abused my kindness?" And when the gardener would have told him the offender's name, he said: "No, do not tell me his name; for I have so good a memory that I should not forget it, and I might, perhaps, be tempted to refuse him a favor sometime."

THE first Sunday of Advent is always the nearest Sunday to St. Andrew's Feast (November 30), whether before or after it. In case this feast should fall on a Sunday, it is transferred to some other day, and that Sunday is the first of Advent. The old rule for finding Advent Sunday was thus expressed:

Saint Andrew the King

Three weeks and three days before Christmas comes in;

Three days after or three days before,
Advent Sunday knocks at the door.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Students of Theology and Church History will be glad to learn that the first volume of a series containing the "Diaries, Acts, Letters and Tracts" of the Council of Trent has already been published by B. Herder.

—Mgr. Reynaud, the author of "Another China," an interesting work published several years ago, has recently produced *La France au Tehé-Kiang* ("France in Indo-China"). This new study is particularly valuable as treating in a great measure of San-moun, or San-men, the district in which, about two years ago, Italy suddenly manifested such interest.

—In his biography of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Argyll quotes the following from the "Journal" kept by her Majesty—the reference is to her consort, Prince Albert, who was in his last illness, and the date is four days before his death: "Going through the door, when he was wheeled into an adjoining room, he turned to look at the beautiful picture of the Madonna which he gave me three years ago, and asked to stop and look at it, ever loving what is beautiful."

—We find this literary note in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*: "In 1841, when Newman was still at Oxford, he conceived the design of giving to the world a series of 'Lives of the English Saints.' Two years later, in a letter to Mr. J. W. Bowden, he speaks about it as a series to be edited in numbers, to be entitled 'Saints of the British Isles.' Newman was then an Anglican, and the work came out before he was received into the Church in October, 1845. These Lives are now being republished by the J. B. Lippincott Co."

—We have always believed that the dreary business of showing up Christian Science had better be left to the humorists. Mrs. Eddy herself professes to have worked out her theories through "heavenly metaphysics," and certainly neither she nor her disciples appear to be amenable to the prosaic metaphysics of men. Under special circumstances, however, it may be advisable to treat the new cult with seriousness, as Father Lambert has recently done, and as "Mul" has admirably done in the Brooklyn *Eagle* pamphlet. Another effort in the same direction is a pamphlet by Father Van der Donckt, a zealous Western priest, who compares Mrs. Eddy with Ingersoll and finds many points of resemblance. This pamphlet, "Mrs. Eddy and Bob Ingersoll," may be of use

to a certain sort of people; and at any rate it will be helpful to those who wish to get some notion of Mrs. Eddy's teaching without the painful labor of reading her book. Published by the author at Pocatello, Idaho.

—Besides collaborating with Provost Northcote on the great archaeological work, "Roma Sotterranea," the late Bishop Brownlow was the author of "Slavery and Serfdom in Europe," "A History of the Church of God," and numerous papers and essays in the leading English reviews and magazines.

—We heartily commend Father Lasance's new book, entitled "Mass Devotions," lately published in convenient form by Benziger Brothers. The Holy Sacrifice is discussed from a dogmatic, moral, ascetic, historical and liturgical point of view; and, besides instructing the reader, it can not but awaken a reverence for and appreciation of the great act which we call the Mass. In addition to readings that should serve as points of meditations, there are some devotions for various occasions, including the last three days of Holy Week.

—A third edition of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man," has lately come from the Macmillan press; and the appreciation is just what Mr. Mabie's readers have come to expect from him: it has the charm of literature combined with the analysis of the critic and the wide research of the scholar. This aftermath of Shaksperian literature should be in the library of every lover of England's great poet. This third issue is identical in text with the first, which was printed a year or more ago; but we miss the photogravures which added so much to the original edition.

—A batch of new publications from the English Catholic Truth Society includes short biographies of St. Charles Borromeo (by M. S. B. Malins), "Alfred the Great" (by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott), and Bishop Talbot, "The Last of the Confessors" (by the Rev. Edwin H. Burton). They are all interesting and well written.—"Religion a Divine Institution," a tiny pamphlet by the Rev. Stephen E. Jarvis, shows that the Catholic Church alone claims, and alone amongst all the different religions of Christianity exercises, divine authority.—"A First Confession Book for the Little Ones" and "A Simple Confession Book," by Mother M. Loyola. The second of these booklets is for the use of older

children, and contains a form of examination of conscience, together with various motives for contrition. The highest praise we can give these little books is to say that they are worthy of those for whom they have been prepared.—“A Hundred Readings Intended Chiefly for the Sick,” with a preface by the Bishop of Southwark, will be a boon to invalids who find meditation beyond their strength and yet long for some means to enable them to draw nearer to God. These pages are full of light and consolation.—“A Letter to a Christian Lady on the Liberty of the Children of God,” translated from the French of the Abbé Hemmer, by G. T., contains solid instruction and wise counsel for those who confound and, in some sort, identify religion with institutions and customs that have not always existed, and may some day cease to exist without in any way changing or even touching the essential basis of Christianity.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, net.

Blessed Sebastian Newdigate. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.10, net.

Doris, A Story of Lourdes. *M. M.* 75 cts., net.

Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. *Bishop Messmer.* \$1.50, net.

Roads to Rome. *Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."* \$2.50.

God and the Soul. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.25.

The Quest of Coronado. *Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald.* \$1, net.

The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.

Marcus Aurelius Antonius to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.

Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.

The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., net.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, net.

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., net.

Renaissance Types. *William Samuel Lilly.* \$3.50.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Amandus Van den Driesche, of the diocese of Detroit.

Mr. Joseph C. Fischer, of New York; Mr. Adam Schulte, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Louis Lanz, Stamford, Conn.; Mr. Martin Lyons, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Mason and Miss B. F. Milan, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. James Nugent and Mr. James Nolan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. G. F. Hackman and Mrs. Margaret King, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Ann Devine, Fall River, Mass.; Miss M. A. Ferry, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John Stahl, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Feeney, Portland, Me.; Mrs. Anna Connolly, Elmira, N. Y.; and Mrs. John Preston, Wayne, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—*MT. LUKE, I., 48.*

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

NO. 24.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

In Expectance.

THERE'S a paling of the purple
Far along the edge of sight,
And a rift is slowly breaking
In the gloom of Advent's night.
There's a star-ray all atremble
Just beyond the dusky brim;
One more throb of hushed expectation—
It will round the arching rim.
Oh, how long an hour of waiting,
After waiting weary years,
Is the one before fulfilment
Moves the heart to happy tears!
Hasten, Star of Bethlehem,—hasten!
Herald glad Redemption's morn;
Flash in words of light the message:
Christ, the King of kings, is born!

The Expectation of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

CONCEIVE if possible," says St. Francis of Sales, "the dispositions of the ever-blessed Virgin after she had conceived the Son of God, the only object of her love. We may imagine this privileged Mother entering into herself and placing herself near her Divine Infant, that she might be occupied with Him alone. Jesus Christ rendered the divine virtue of His presence sensible to His Holy Mother while yet enclosed in her chaste womb; and immediately all the powers of her soul were recollected within her, as bees are attracted into a hive by

the sweetness of the honey it contains. The more she considered the Divine Immensity thus debased and, as it were, annihilated the more this wonderful sight elevated her sentiments and increased her admiration at the astonishing love and condescension of her Maker. Her soul bounded with joy in that body which had become the temple of the Incarnate Deity, as St. John Baptist afterward leaped in his mother's womb at the approach of his Creator. The Blessed Virgin, possessing within herself her only treasure, the source of all her bliss and the sole object of her love, was far from allowing her thoughts and affections to wander on exterior objects. We can not doubt, either, of her having enjoyed ineffable delights; but we are not, perhaps, aware that we can in some measure imitate the Blessed Virgin and enjoy a similar happiness."

"Behold, the Lord shall come in power," cries out the Church, "and He shall illumine the eyes of His servants."—"Distil your dews, O ye heavens, from above; and ye clouds, rain ye the Just One!"—"Behold the name of the Lord [hastening] from afar; His brightness shall fill the whole earth."

These are the three antiphons the Church intones at Matins on the night when she celebrates the feast of Blessed Mary's Expectation of the Divine Birth.

Church: From Sion the charm of His beauty.—Children: The Lord Himself shall plainly come.

Then, reading from the Prophet Isaias, the Church cries out in accents of joy and gratitude:

"And the Lord spoke again to Achaz, saying: Ask thee a sign of the Lord thy God, either unto the depth of hell or unto the height above. And Achaz said: I will not ask, and I will not tempt the Lord. And He said: Hear ye, therefore, O House of David! Is it a small thing for you to be grievous to men, that you are grievous to my God also? Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel. He shall eat butter and honey, that He may know to refuse the evil and to choose the good."

Church: The sceptre from Judah departs not, nor a leader from his race, till the Messias cometh.—Children: The expected of nations is He.—Church: More beautiful than wine are His eyes; His teeth whiter than milk.

Now once again the Church takes up the singularly inspired and singularly mortified prophet,—he of the white hair, the venerable form, the royal blood, and the martyr's stains:

"And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root. And the Spirit of the Lord shall come upon him: the Spirit of wisdom and of understanding, of counsel and of fortitude, of knowledge and of godliness. And he shall be filled with the Spirit of the fear of the Lord. He shall not judge according to the sight of the eyes nor reprove according to the hearing of the ears. But he shall judge the poor with justice and shall reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall strike the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips he shall slay the wicked. And justice shall be the girdle of his loins and faith the cincture of his reins."

Church: A star shall in Jacob arise, a man shall in Israel appear, and leaders shall flee from before him.—Children: The earth shall be his for a kingdom.—Church: From Jacob cometh the ruler. He spares not the ruined city.

From the venerable Isaias the Church reads a third time,—and this passage is touching and beautiful:

"The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad; the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom and shall rejoice with joy and praise. The glory of Libanus is given to it; the beauty of Carmel and Saron. They shall see the glory of the Lord and the beauty of our God. Strengthen ye the feeble hands and confirm the weak knees. Say to the faint-hearted: Take courage and fear not; behold your God will bring the revenge of recompense: God Himself will come and save you. Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free; for waters are broken out in the desert and streams in the wilderness. And that which was dry land shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."

Church: The Lord descends as dew from heaven. His days shall see justice.—Children: And peace in abundance.—Church: Kings shall adore and nations serve Him.

Let us reverently listen to the sacred antiphons which the Church intones at the second nocturn:

I. From Sion shall the law come forth, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.—II. Behold now our God! We have expected Him and He shall save us.—III. The Lord cometh; go forth, meet Him and say: Great is the beginning of His reign, and it shall have no end,—God, the Mighty, the Prince of Peace, the Ruler.

Church: From Jesse's root a rod shall grow.—Children: And a flower shall spring from his root.

For the first, second and third lessons the Church calls upon St. Ildefonsus; and her children listen in reverence while he speaks wonderfully of the Holy Mother of God.*

1st Lesson: My Lady and my Queen, ruling me, Mother of the Lord, the handmaid of thy Son, Mother of the Maker of the world: thee I beg, thee I entreat, thee I beseech, that I may have the Spirit of thy Lord and the Spirit of thy Son, as also the Spirit of thy Redeemer; that I may have true and worthy sentiments regarding thee, that true and worthy ones I speak, and true and worthy (whatever they be) I love. For thou hast been selected by God, raised up by God, near to God, clinging to God, conjoined to God; visited by His angel, addressed by His angel, blessed by His angel, beatified by His angel; confused in speech and astonished in reflection, stupefied in salutation and amazed in the declaration of his words.

Church: Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a Son, saith the Lord.—Children: Admirable shall He be called, God also, and the Strong.—Church: On David's throne shall He sit and in his kingdom forever.

2d Lesson: Thou hearest that thou hast found grace with God; and thou art bidden not to fear. And thus thou, too, art strengthened in confidence, informed of the miraculous means and lifted up to a newness of glory previously unheard of. Thou art told by an angel of a Child to be born, and after conception thou still remainest a virgin. Virginity is indeed proposed to us; and [therefore] thou art told by the angel that the Child born of thee shall be the holy Son of God; and the power of this Infant King is wonderfully suggested.

How shall it be, thou askest; thou inquirest about the origin and thou questionest about the way; thou seekest to know the manner, art all intent on the order. Hear an unheard-of miracle; think of an extraordinary work,—an act never before done; behold a secret up to this unknown: *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High overshadow thee!*

Church: Distil your dews, ye skies above; and ye clouds, rain down the Just One.—Children: Oh, that the earth would open and bring the Saviour forth!—Church: Send earth's Ruler, Lord, the Lamb, from desert ways to Sion's hill.

3d Lesson: And all the Three Divine Persons shall do this work in thee; the Person of the Son alone, about to be born of thy body, shall assume flesh of thee. And therefore what is conceived of thee, what is born of thee, what shall proceed from thee, what shall spring from thee, shall be called Holy, the Son of God. For this One shall be great; this the God of miracles; this the King of ages; this the Maker of all things. Behold, blessed art thou among women; inviolate among mothers; a Mistress among handmaidens; a Queen among sisters. And, behold, from henceforward all generations shall call thee blessed! All the heavenly hosts look on thee as blessed; prophets foretell thee blessed; nations proclaim thee blessed. Blessed art thou to our faith, blessed to our souls, blessed to our love; blessed shalt thou ever be to my poor praises and discourses.

Church: The Lord will teach us His commands, and we shall tread His holy ways.—Children: For from Sion the law shall come, and God's word out of Jerusalem.—Church: We will ascend the hill of the Lord, and come to the house of Jacob's God.

Antiphons of the third nocturn.

* Book on the Virginity of Holy Mary.

I. The Lord will send down blessing and the earth shall bring forth its fruit.—II. And He will come, God and Man, of the race of David, and shall sit on His throne.—III. Proclaim aloud to the nations and say: Behold God our Saviour cometh!

Church: The Lord comes from His holy place.—Children: He comes to save His people.

The Church takes the Book of the Gospels and reads from the first chapter of St. Luke: "At that time the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the Virgin's name was Mary. And the angel, being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. Who, having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said to her: Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus...."

For the first, second and third lessons of this nocturn the Church calls upon Venerable Bede.

1st Lesson: To the Virgin Mary Gabriel is sent, who is named the "Strength of God." And rightly did he come to announce Him who, though in humble guise, deigned to appear to wage war against the princes of the air. And of Him it is said by the Psalmist: "The Lord strong and powerful; the Lord powerful in battle." And again: "The Lord of virtues, He Himself is the King of glory." By the strength, therefore, of the Lord was He to be announced who, Lord of virtues and powerful in battle, came to carry on war against the princes of the air. "And the angel, entering, said unto her: Hail, full of

grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." Well might she be called full of grace, since she obtained that grace, vouchsafed to no other, that she should conceive and bring forth the very Author of grace.

Church: Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; the Most High shall overshadow thee.—Children: And the Child that shall be born of thee shall be called Holy and the Son of God.—Church: And she said: How can this be done, for I know not man?

2d Lesson: "Thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and thou shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus." Jesus is interpreted Saviour, or salvation. The sacrament (mystery) of whose name the angel, addressing Joseph, explains as follows: "For He shall save His people from their sins." He does not say, "the people of Israel," but "His people,"—those called from uncircumcision and from circumcision unto the unity of the faith; and these being called from many sides, there should be but one Shepherd and one sheepfold. "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give Him the throne of David His father." This same is, therefore, the Son of the Most High who is conceived in the Virgin's womb and is born of her. The same, a Man in time created of a Virgin, who is God, before all time born of the Father. But if the same is Man who is God, let Nestorius desist saying that it was Man only that was born of the Virgin.

Church: O Mary, Virgin, receive the word that God's angel brings to thee: Thou shalt conceive, and shalt bring forth Him who is God and Man alike.—Children: Blessed among women shalt thou be called.—Church: Thou shalt bring forth and virgin yet thou shalt remain; with child and yet, a mother still inviolate.

3d Lesson: "Therefore the holy One that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." For the greater honor of our holiness, Jesus, about to be born in a most singular manner, is said, by pre-eminence, to be holy. We, my brethren, although made holy, were not born holy. By the very condition of our corrupt nature are we stained on every side; so that, with the Prophet, may we justly cry out in tears: "Behold, in iniquities was I conceived, and in sins did my mother conceive me!" But He alone was truly holy who, that He might eradicate that evil condition of our nature, would not be conceived of carnal commixture. 'And the holy One shall be called the Son of God.' What do you say to this, O Nestorian, who, denying that the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, dost impugn this truth? 'Behold, God shall come upon thee, and the Son of God shall be born of thee.' What, then? Is the Son of God not God? Or she who brought forth God, how is she not *Theotokos*—that is, the Mother of God?

Prayer: O God, who, by the message of an angel, didst will that Thy Word should take flesh in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, grant to us, Thy suppliants, that, believing her to be truly the Mother of God, we may, before Thee, be helped by her intercession. Through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord.

It is Mary's prerogative to be the Morning Star which heralds in the Sun. She does not shine for herself or from herself, but she is the reflection of her and our Redeemer, and she glorifies Him. When she appears in the darkness, we know that He is close at hand. He is Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End. Behold He comes quickly, and His reward is with Him, to render to every one according to his works.—*Newman*.

The Circus Procession.

I.

THE circus was in town, and the streets were full of men, women and children, all eager to view the marvellous procession which was to herald the splendid afternoon and evening performances advertised on every bill-board and vacant fence within and without the corporation limits. Down near the "Yards," as the railroad shops were called in local parlance, every humble dwelling had been emptied of its inhabitants; for the denizens of Mill Street were loath to miss any feature of the grand parade, from the unloading of the train to its final halt at the circus grounds on the Commons, where an advance-guard had pitched its huge tents the previous day.

Only in two very small and very poor cottages, whose backdoors overlooked the bewildering lines of tracks diverging eastward and westward from the depôt, two old women were quietly engaged in their usual avocations. One of them was almost blind; therefore the grand procession could have afforded her but little pleasure. As she came to the door to throw some crumbs to a couple of scrawny hens that were never far away from any possible pickings, she caught sight of her nearest neighbor, also standing on her own threshold.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Ducey!" she called over the fence. "There's great goin's on the day."

"There is," responded Mrs. Ducey, coming into the yard. "I wonder ye're not in it, Mrs. Lane?"

"Sure and why would I be," said the other, "and me with scarcely the sight to see me way down the road to Mass, the only place I goes, as ye very well know, Mrs. Ducey?"

There was a note of sorrowful reproach in the voice of her neighbor, which the

woman she addressed was not slow to recognize.

"I forgot, Mrs. Lane *asthore*, beggin' your pardon!" she hastened to reply. "I forgot yer poor sight altogether. True enough for ye: what would ye be wantin' out in that crowd, and ye only jostlin' around from one to 'other, without bein' able to see a tack of what's goin' on?"

Mrs. Lane was mollified. She came closer to the little fence which separated one yard from the other.

"But what's keepin' yerself in the house?" she inquired. "Ye stop at home *too* much altogether."

Mrs. Ducey was a newcomer in the neighborhood, and her reserve and isolation had more than once been the topic of conversation between several of her more sociable neighbors, of whom, despite her fast-increasing blindness, Mrs. Lane was one.

Unobserved by her, Mrs. Ducey wiped away a tear as she answered:

"Whether or no—and it may be so, for my bit of washin' keeps me busy—wherever I'd go, 'twould be as far from a circus and all that belongs to it as I could fare, Mrs. Lane."

"And why is that, Mrs. Ducey? Won't ye come in and we'll have a hot cup of tea together? Ye seem in low spirits this mornin'."

"I am that," was the reply. "'Tis the circus makes me so. I'll be glad to go in, and I'll take with me a couple of fresh eggs I have in the cupboard."

Mrs. Lane was not without that usual attribute of her sex, curiosity; and to-day her neighbor felt in a responsive mood. When they were seated at the little table, with their steaming cups of tea, fresh eggs, and toast, which the visitor had insisted on preparing with her own hands, Mrs. Lane remarked:

"Ye were sayin' ye didn't like the circus, Mrs. Ducey. Sometimes there's

great accidents, I've heard: tents blown down with the wind, and seats breakin' for not bein' properly braced, and often the wild animals burstin' the bars of their cages and runnin' through the thick of the crowd. I never went to one and I never wanted to; though I like to hear the music of the bands and they marchin'. Maybe ye were injured once in some way in it, Mrs. Ducey?"

The visitor shook her head.

"I was never inside of one," she replied. "I always abominated them. But I had a little boy once, and he was crazy for them, and for all kinds of cavorting with horses. My husband was a jockey in the old country, and the boy came by it right enough."

"Ah, now! And was he killed, Mrs. Ducey—the little fellow, I mean?" asked Mrs. Lane, leaning forward, her eyes and voice full of sympathy.

"No, no, God forbid!—not to my knowledge, ma'am. But he run away from me with a circus when he was twelve, and I've never heard tale or tidings of him from that day to this."

"The rascal!" exclaimed her neighbor. "Ye're greatly to be pitied, ma'am. 'Tis well for them that never had chick nor child, when all's told."

"I never blamed him," replied Mrs. Ducey. "He couldn't help it. He was like his father before him."

"And is it long since it happened, Mrs. Ducey?"

"About fourteen years ago. Do ye wonder now, Mrs. Lane, that the very name of the circus takes the heart out of me entirely?"

"No, indeed I don't,—I don't!"

The desolate mother, so long bereft, relapsed into silence; and her neighbor, with that delicacy not at all rare among her people, forbore to question her further. When the repast was finished Mrs. Ducey rose.

"I've a few clothes to take home," she

said. "I must be goin'. And thank ye kindly for yer friendliness, Mrs. Lane."

"Don't mention it, and come in now and then. We two lone women ought to be neighborly."

"You're right, Mrs. Lane. We will be in the future," answered her visitor, as she crossed the yard to her own door.

II.

"What possessed me to come out this day at all?" murmured the little white-haired old woman to herself, as she glided hither and thither through the jostling crowds that filled the streets. "What possessed me, when I could have waited till to-morrow as well?"

Go where she would, try to avoid them as she might, the multitudes confused her, the prancing of horses and blare of trumpets saddened her, as she stumbled along, vainly trying to leave them behind. Suddenly she found herself wedged between a solid mass of humanity on the curbstone, placed against her will in a position hundreds would have been glad to attain.

Down the broad avenue swept "The Congress of Nations," led by a handsome young Continental on horseback, and followed by a host of gaily bedighted and turbaned Turks. Nearer they came and yet nearer, their brilliant trappings sparkling and glinting in the sun. A doughty crusader in coat of tinselled mail dashed along the line, and, lifting his spear, cried: "Halt!" The young captain drew rein, his fierce-visaged Turks fell back; the procession stood still. The old washerwoman looked up into his smooth-shaven, pink-cheeked face, youthful and clear-cut,—hard and stern. The basket fell from her hands.

"Danny!" she shrieked,—*"O Danny!"*

The rider started, paled, then looked down at her with a parting of his beautifully-chiselled lips that was more a sneer than a smile. But the next moment the procession began to move

on; the crowd opened, gathering the old woman in its merciless arms. All absorbed in the glory of the pageant, no one had observed the incident.

Madly she fought her way through the dense throng, still clutching the basket which she had regained; still mindful, in the midst of her excitement, that its contents were yet to be delivered to their owner. Her shawl was twisted, her bonnet fallen back on her head; her white hair straggled over her forehead.

"It was Danny!" she muttered,—*"it was my Danny, and he didn't know his own mother!"*

She was right: it was Danny, but he had fully recognized her,—poor soul!—and had wilfully ignored her. Her mother's heart did not even suspect the truth,—all her purpose now was to forestall the procession and bring herself once more within sight of her son. Strong men elbowed her, nervous women remonstrated with her; but she was as one deaf and blind.

At last she emerged from the crowd, and stood once more on the curb, a cloud of dust in the near distance betraying the approach of the triumphal pageant which now meant so much to the desperate woman. As the captain turned the corner two boys behind her accidentally pushed her headforemost into the street. The spirited horse stumbled, reared, and stumbled again, trampling the prostrate figure at every step. It was all the work of a moment; but when they drew her from under his hoofs there was little semblance of humanity in the mangled form that had fallen, with hands outstretched, in the dusty roadway.

"A tender-hearted lad that, poor fellow!" said some one to his neighbor, as the brilliantly-caparisoned captain was lifted from his horse and carried, fainting, to the rear of the demoralized cavalcade.

Out of the Depths.

BY "VIATOR."

I.

MY soul is dark: Hope's flickering ray
Scarce tells me of that brighter day
That was awhile and yet may be.
I mind me of the presage fair,
The noble wish to do and dare,
The upward glance Thy will to see.

II.

My heart, obedient to Thy call,
Would make Thy bidding all in all,
Would lose all else Thy love to find;
What once had pleased no more should bend
My weak desires from their true end,
Nor earth-born joys my fancy bind.

III.

From hindrance free, my feet should run
To reach the goal (I deemed it won),
And high resolve should smooth my way.
The crown I sought, the strife forgot,
My manhood's weakness heeded not,
Nor recked the heavy price to pay.

IV.

My foolish soul! How soon dismayed
When powers of hell their onslaught made,
And joyed to know their triumph sure!
Self-trusting still, I would not pray;
My sword and armor cast away,
How might I hope to stand secure?

V.

And now, all smitten, wounded sore,
I fain would cease and fight no more,
But that Thy voice dost urge me still.
O Lord, my heavy burden share,
And teach me how my part to bear,
The good to hold and spurn the ill!

VI.

Now humbled at Thy feet I lie
And from the depths Thy Mercy cry,
My pride forgive, my weakness aid.
Stretch out to me Thy gracious hand,
And let me in Thy footmarks stand,
Thy foes and mine beneath me laid.

VII.

No longer will I fight alone:
Thy power shall help me to atone
For drear defeat and coward shame.
Be Thy strong arm henceforth my stay
Till, steadfast in the awful fray,
I prove the triumph of Thy Name.

An Historic Landmark Gone.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE Ursuline chapel at Quebec has been recently razed to the ground. Extensive and urgently required repairs made this course of action a necessity. But the necessity will be deplored by all who had loved the tranquil seclusion of this little place of worship, around which cluster so many and such varying memories. It was an integral part of that monastery of the Ursulines which has been since the very foundation of New France a centre of historic interest. It will not be out of place on the occasion of this demolition to recall some of those scenes or incidents connected with that famous house of learning, nor to bring upon the canvas of our modern life certain characters portrayed in its earlier chronicles.

The future monastery of the Ursulines and its site were indicated to Mother Mary of the Incarnation in a vision somewhere about 1633, when she received the first supernatural indication that she was to be a pioneer in the New World and the educator of a primeval race. She saw herself in company with a secular lady, whom she knew later as the Duchesse de la Peltre, her future colaborer in the establishment of the Ursulines of Quebec.

"We went up," she writes, "my companion and I, through a passage resembling a wide portal. The place was delightful; it had no covering over it but the sky; the pavement was of white marble or alabaster, and was beautifully veined with red. The silence was great and added to the beauty. The place was a square, in form of a monastery, the buildings fine and regular. Without, however, pausing to consider this structure, my heart was

irresistibly attracted toward the little church which was shown me by the guardian of that country,"—evidently, from her description, St. Joseph.

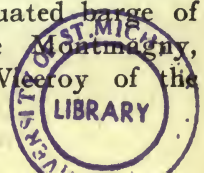
Mother Mary beheld there an immense region full of mountains and plains, mist-covered, in the midst of which was a small building wherein were Jesus and Mary. The darkness which rested upon this poor country seemed, as she declared, to be impenetrable; but it was made known to her that she, with her band of apostolic helpers, was to labor in dispelling this darkness. In prayer before the Most Blessed Sacrament, she distinctly heard these words: "This is Canada which I have shown you; you must go there to build a house for Jesus and Mary." She had only heard of Canada previously when, as a child, she had been jestingly threatened with being sent off there as a punishment. Thither, however, she went in the course of years, to become, in the fulness of time, "the Teresa of New France."

Hers was a very grand and serene figure. She was full of a marvellous courage, an unflagging energy, a cheerful common-sense, a high spirituality, rare personal beauty, and a wit which was revealed in the delicate charm of her writings. She faced dangers which might have appalled the stoutest; she endured hardships under which the strongest might have succumbed; with unaltered tranquillity, she overcame all natural repugnances, put aside cherished ideals, abandoned sublime projects, taking up instead the undesired task. The part that she and her companions, with those other heroines of that epoch, have had in the foundation and development of the colonies of British North America has not had, and will never have, its due recognition. She was aided in the work—it was, in fact, made possible—by the devotedness of Madeleine de Chauvigny, Duchesse de la Peltrie, that

high-born woman of numberless gifts, of a noble impetuosity and a heroic charity, who, providentially introduced to Mother Mary of the Incarnation, became her associate in the arduous work of evangelizing and civilizing that particular corner of the New World.

A picture remains of the first monastery which these two women founded. It is a very ancient one, and, to the writer at least, it possesses a certain quaint charm. It portrays Mother Mary surrounded by a group of Indian children, and Madame de la Peltrie, receiving the homage of a chief. Mother Mary is seated under the traditional oak, still shown to the inquiring tourist; her companion stands in a very dignified and noble pose; while up the shaded path are riding two cavaliers in the costume of the day. One represents the Sieur d'Ailleboust, Viceroy of New France; the other, Monsieur Plessis Bouchart, Governor of Three Rivers. Looking at this curious canvas, the beholder is conscious of a strange sense of reality. The things portrayed have actually occurred, the figures represented once lived and labored where now the passing visitor stands to gaze.

And then arises from the past a host of images, and one seems to see, to know and to recall. There are the early foundresses with their first coworkers—the fascinating, *spirituelle* Mother St. Joseph and Mother St. Cecile of the Cross, described as untiringly alert and energetic. There was the long voyage which they took in company with the religious of the Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec, setting out from France and sailing over, to them, unknown seas, with the weather so tempestuous that Father Vimont, the Jesuit, gives absolution, and a vow is made and a novena promised. Then there is the antiquated barge of the Governor, Sieur de Montmagny, Knight of Malta and Viceroy of the



King of France, sent to meet them; and the sound of cannon, fifes and drums greets their arrival at Quebec, that ancient city on its frowning crag; and a *Te Deum* is sung by Father Le Jeune, the missionary; and a supper is served at the Chateau of St. Louis. Their first night is passed on fir branches, in the new quarters presented to the religious by the Sieur Juchereau des Chatelets.

After that began the long and arduous years of work, of painful privations, and finally the monastery was built, with the chapel, wherein was baptized many an Indian neophyte; where the voice of many an eloquent and far-famed preacher was to be heard; whence the sound of agonizing supplication was to arise, or the melody of peaceful, cloistral psalmody; where the feasts of the Church were to be celebrated with indescribable solemnity and a joyousness which belongs to a primeval community; where those ecclesiastical holidays were the gala time of all the year.

Erected in 1641, chapel and monastery were destroyed by fire in 1650. to be at once rebuilt; consumed in 1686, only to be once more re-erected. The convent was visited by small-pox and turned into a hospital; it was menaced by war and became a fortress and a place of refuge; now it was protected by a French commander, now by a British; but always the same work went on of Christianizing the aborigines, and of educating for their various parts in life the daughters of the white colonists.

As to the connection of the native tribes with the Ursulines, either as pupils, neophytes, beneficiaries of the monastery, or simply its friends and admirers, many interesting incidents are related in the Annals. A few may be reproduced within the limits of this article; as, for instance, the remarkable story of Mary Ann Davis. She was in reality of English birth and parentage,

having resided at Salem until, in one of the night massacres then so frequent in New England, her parents perished and her home was reduced to ashes. She was then carried off into the depths of the forest by a tribe inhabiting the wooded shores of the Penobscot. She was but six years of age; her captors treated her with extreme kindness, she being under the special protection of the old chief, who shielded her from harm of every sort. After a time she forgot home and country and became to all appearance a child of the forest.

When Father Rasle, the apostle of the Abnakis, visited the tribe, he baptized the girl, then fifteen years of age; and, hearing her story, begged the chief to let her go to the Ursuline convent at Quebec. Mary Ann was delighted at the idea, and soon learned to love her new abode, crying out: "This is the house of Jesus, in which I wish to live and die!" After much hesitation on the part of her superiors, the girl was permitted to enter the novitiate; and Mother Mary Ann Davis of St. Benedict remained an exemplary religious until her death at seventy years of age. She was specially useful in the training of Indian pupils because of her perfect knowledge of the Algonquin and Abnaki tongues.

Touching stories are told of the simplicity and the devotedness of the Indian neophytes.

A converted Huron had a quarrel one day with a Frenchman about the chase. He came immediately after to the convent in search of the chaplain that he might go to confession. The priest was absent and the Indian asked for Mother St. Joseph. "Mère," said he to her, "when my confessor comes back tell him that Jean Baptiste has sinned. He got very angry, but he will be careful to do so no more." On the chaplain's return he went at once to confession.

Another Huron appeared one day in the convent parlor and asked Mother St. Joseph: "Mère, should I go hunting with my companions or stay here to be instructed for baptism?" Mother St. Joseph answered: "If you are willing to delay that happiness, by all means go to the chase."—"Mère," said he, "I will stay; for I came into the country of the French to enjoy only one happiness—that of faith. It is the only treasure which I want to take back with me to my people." He daily visited the convent for four months, waiting patiently if his instructress were occupied.

The good nuns, of course, studied the various Indian dialects, which they found extremely difficult. Mother Mary of the Incarnation relates, humorously, how they, like the Jesuit Fathers, had to become as children again, studying syllable by syllable those barbarous tongues. She herself became sufficiently proficient in them to teach the young Sisters of her community and to have dictionaries, catechisms, and other works compiled in more than one dialect.

A chief named Michael, who was taken very ill and abandoned by all his kindred, dragged himself a distance of three leagues to the chapel of the Ursulines, where he was persuaded he should be cured. On arriving, he cried out: "This is the house of God! It is here He will have mercy on me." He threw himself before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and recited his rosary, presently finding himself perfectly cured.

All the great chiefs visited the convent from time to time, bringing presents, delivering harangues, or soliciting favors of the religious. As late as 1818 an amusing incident occurred.

A number of chiefs had come to Quebec on business with the government. This being transacted, they arrived, knocking at the convent door. The portress

opened and asked their business. "We are Indians," said the spokesman; "we have come for some food."—"You are mistaken, my friend," said the Sister: "this is a house of education, and it is not our custom to distribute food."—"Listen!" said the chief. "Our fathers have told us that in the time of your first Mother, the Indians were fed here." A few minutes later the unexpected guests were seated at a comfortable, if hastily prepared, dinner in the convent parlor. The tradition of their race had pointed to the monastery as a place of refreshment and help. Their faith was rewarded.

Most pathetic was the address presented to the nuns by the Hurons on the occasion of the first great conflagration of 1650, when, the monastery being reduced to ashes, the Ursulines were given an asylum at the Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec. Thither came a deputation from the once great tribe, now so decimated by the ravages of the Iroquois that they remained in the shadow of the walls at Quebec.

"You behold, holy virgins," began the chief, "a poor corpse, the remnant of a nation once flourishing, but which shall be so no more." He expressed, in the name of his comrades, the deepest sympathy with the nuns and also the fear that they might abandon the colony and return to France. To prevent this catastrophe, "we offer you," he said, "a present of 1200 porcelain beads, which will plant your feet so firmly in the soil of this land that neither the love of parents nor of country can uproot them. The second present which we bring you is a necklace of 1200 porcelain beads, all of a size to lay the foundations of a building, which will be once again the house of Jesus, the house of prayer, with classes for the Huron maidens." They added that had the religious been ordinary people like

themselves, they would have brought a present to wipe away their tears and another to keep up their courage. But this was not necessary, as the nuns had not been seen to shed a tear, nor was their courage buried in the ruins of their dwelling.

Of course it was not only the aborigines with whom the Ursulines had to deal: their list of pupils comprised the daughters of the leading citizens of Quebec. Some amongst them had unusual stories, as the little heroine Madeleine de Verchères, who, a child of nine, defended a fort with her brother and kept at bay a horde of savages; or that heroine of grace, Jeanne le Ber. Called to the rarest of all vocations, she caused a little cell to be built in the wall of the convent at Montreal, and spent her whole life there alone in contemplation of the Most Blessed Sacrament,—speaking no word save to the confessor, who applied his ear to a grating in the cell.

There were, however, amongst the scholars, the sisters or daughters or mothers of the great men of the colony, those heroes who were so numerous that they passed all but unnoticed. Out from the cloister went these fresh young souls—redolent still of that atmosphere of prayer, of praise, of incense,—into the scenes of strife, of toil, of pleasure or of stern duty, which constituted the existence of the early settlers; or, remaining within the monastery walls, they became part of its calm life, teaching and praying,—gathering in the chapel for the recurring services of the Church or of their rule.

Successive viceroys visited the Sisters and were their devoted friends. They were seen on special festivals or at the baptism of neophytes in the convent chapel. The warlike Frontenac, the knightly Montmagny, the pious De Tracy, the generous D'Ailleboust, the

brave D'Argensen; Talen, greatest of the intendants of New France; Laval, foremost of its bishops; gay cavaliers, ladies of fashion, soldiers of fortune, or those other soldiers whom higher motives had brought to this distant Canada,—all came thither to bend the knee at Benediction or to listen to the simple harmonies of the convent choir.

The missionaries also came; their earnest faces, illumined by the high work they had to do, relaxing into smiles as they shared with a holy simplicity in the joys of teachers and pupils. There were the martyrs, with the seal of their sublime destiny already signing them,—Brebœuf the fearless, Lallemand the gentle, Daniel consumed with zeal, Jogues hastening to a second martyrdom; and the brown-robed sons of St. Francis, who with tireless feet followed the savages to their most distant haunts; and the Sulpicians, holy and learned; and the priests of the Foreign Missions.

The monastery and its inmates had their share in the various vicissitudes of the country—war, famine and earthquake, losses by ships that went down at sea with money and provisions aboard. Once there was a great scarcity of money over all the land, and commerce was chiefly in kind. It is amusing during this time to read of the bill of one of the boarders, a prominent young lady, being paid by the various items here set down, which were delivered at stated times: “3½ cords of firewood; 4 cords of firewood; 1 crock of butter weighing 12 lb; 1 fat pig; 1 barrel of peas; 1 barrel of salt codfish.”

War, with its alarms, occasioned many an anxious vigil at the Ursulines. Now it was the Iroquois who thundered at the city gates, or the English fleet which was announced as coming up the river. Whole pages might be written on this theme; but on all such occasions the nuns betook themselves to the

chapel, beseeching Heaven to avert the threatened calamities, or offering up thanksgivings when the danger had passed away.

On the 7th of October, 1690, news reached Quebec that an English fleet of thirty-four vessels had reached Malbaie and was coming up to take the town. Quebec possessed at that time but two hundred armed men. A canoe was dispatched to Montreal for aid, and all possible efforts made to fortify Quebec. Cannon were mounted in the streets, and barricades erected. In the convent cellar a hiding-place was made for church ornaments, linen and such like. Novenas were begun—in that self-same chapel which ceased to exist the other day—to the angels, to St. Joseph, to St. Anne, and the Holy Souls.

In answer to those prayers the English fleet was delayed, reinforcements came from Montreal, the garrison of Quebec was strengthened, and after a furious siege of many days the enemy were driven off. They strove to recross the River St. Charles. They were repulsed. They made a further effort to recapture cannon, but were defeated on the shores of Beaupré. During the continuance of that fiery conflict the cloister corridors and the tranquil chapel itself echoed to the roar of cannon. A cannon-ball broke some of the convent windows; another tore off the corner of a Sister's apron, and quantities of musket balls fell on every side. By a special protection no harm was done.

The monastery presented, meanwhile, a novel spectacle. The day-school was full of luggage, furniture, merchandise; the boarding-school was occupied by prominent families of the town; while the refectory, novitiate, and the three cellars were crowded with women and children; and even the kitchen was so invaded by the laity that there was scarce room to move. The nuns had

to eat standing. The first night they spent before the Blessed Sacrament; the second they lay on the floor of the sacristy or in their cells, fully clad, knowing not what might befall, and with the possibility of instant death before them. Wax tapers were burned incessantly, and prayers went up to Jesus, Mary and Joseph for help in those dire tribulations.

Their picture of the Holy Family had been lent to the cathedral, and was exhibited upon its highest tower, to give proof that the city and adjoining country were under that august protection. The Feast of St. Ursula came and was celebrated with great solemnity by the bishop, who, having been on his pastoral visit to Montreal, returned to Quebec at the first news of the siege. Prayers and sacrifices were redoubled, and when the victory was finally gained it meant the salvation of the country. For it transpired that, in conjunction with their Iroquois allies, a strong force of the English had determined to ravage the whole country. The bishop ordered a general thanksgiving for the Sunday within the octave of All Saints'. A procession was made to four churches and a *Te Deum* sung at the cathedral. The chapel of Our Lady of Victory, still to be seen, quaint and time-worn, in Lower Town, was afterward built in commemoration of this victory. In France the news of it was received with great joy.

After the capitulation of Quebec the chapel, which had been seriously injured during the cannonading, was, by the strangest transformation of all, temporarily built by the British commander, Murray, as an Anglican place of worship, where the service of the Church of England was held. And, because of the lack of accommodation in the town, it was found necessary to employ certain parts of the convent as a hospital,

wherein the nuns with equal devotion nursed the soldiers of both armies.

At the time of the famous victory won by General Wolfe over the French armies in the New World, the chapel of the Ursuline monastery became for evermore associated with the name and fame of Louis de St.-Véran de Montcalm. When this hapless leader of the conquered forces fell with the cause he had championed, like it to rise no more, his body was laid to rest in the half-ruined chapel, in a hollow made by a shell. It was a fitting grave for a soldier and a Christian,—the place of sepulture hollowed by a bomb in the shadow of the desecrated altar which he had striven to protect. His last moments upon earth were spent in devout preparation for the life to come. He was buried at night, his remains accompanied to their resting-place by De Ramezay and the officers of the garrison.

"No funeral rites could be more solemn," says the annalist, "than that hasty service by night, performed by the light of torches, under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the ground had been torn up by a rude engine of war; the solemn tones of the priest, chanting the *Libera me, Domine*, were answered by the tears and sobs of those consecrated virgins who were henceforth to be the guardians of that sacred deposit, which, but for an inevitable destiny, might have been consigned to some stately mausoleum."

A rude wooden box contained all that was mortal of one of the most gallant, as he was indubitably amongst the greatest, soldiers of his epoch. Nearly a century later the grave and its contents were identified by an aged nun, who remembered, as a child, to have been taken by her father to see that resting-place of a hero. The skull was at that time placed under the care

of the chaplain of the convent. It was by him shown to visitors, the present writer having, with indescribable awe, beheld the covering removed which ordinarily shielded it from view. The chapel contained two inscriptions to Montcalm, which will be replaced when the edifice is rebuilt. One was composed by the French Academy, and is of course in French. It is long and begins thus: "Here rests, in the memory of Two Worlds, Louis Joseph de Montcalm Gozon, Marquis de Saint-Véran, Baron de Gabriac, Commander of the Order of Saint Louis, Lieutenant General of the Armies of France. A distinguished citizen and soldier, who never desired aught save true glory."

In 1833 a second tablet, also in French, was placed in the chapel by the English Governor of Canada, Lord Aylmer. It may be rendered roughly: "Honor to Montcalm. Destiny, in depriving him of victory, recompensed him by a glorious death."

The chapel contained many admirable works of art, some of which had been brought thither from France during the stormy period of the French Revolution. Several were carvings in ivory. Some beautiful vestments are a further testimony of the beneficent interest taken by the people of Old France in the fortunes of the New, and especially in the monastery of the Ursulines. These gifts from over-seas enhanced the beauty of that little place of worship which had witnessed so many holy exercises, such outpourings of faith and devotion, the pomp and circumstance of official visits, and the constant strain of the successive generations coming to pray in the shadow of that time-honored institute, and in that altogether devotional chapel which has just passed away under the assaults of time, to be replaced, no doubt, by another and more imposing structure.

A Forgotten Reason for Hearing Mass.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

WE missionaries find, wherever we go, that of late years the habit of culpably missing Mass has greatly increased among the faithful. Many persons seem to think there is not much sin in staying away when they "don't feel like" going. What is the cause of this falling off in one of the chief duties of a Catholic?

No doubt we are living in the very time which was present to Our Lord when He said: "Because iniquities shall abound, the charity of many will grow cold." This coldness manifests itself by indifference toward the Eucharistic Sacrifice as a *commemorative thanksgiving* for our Saviour's redeeming love. But, surely, a certain ignorance, or forgetfulness, of something else is the principal cause of neglect.

Do Catholics ever ask themselves *why* does the Church require us to hear Mass at all? Is it *only* to commemorate the Sacrifice of the Cross, and to return thanks for all the graces and mercies that flow to us from it day by day? This might be reason enough, but it is far from being the only reason for her precept. She commands us to join with her in offering the Mass to God because the Mass *is* the Sacrifice of Calvary, *perpetuated* in a Eucharistic form; it is the great Propitiatory Sacrifice itself, continually *presented anew* to the Divine Majesty, and *applied* in behalf of the living and the dead.

Now, what follows from this tremendous truth? In the first place, it follows that the work of redemption and salvation is *continually going on*. When Our Lord died on the cross He accomplished the world's redemption *in principle only*: He *began* a work which was to last till the end of time. The

infinite merits of His sacrifice have to be constantly applied to every soul that comes into the world—or, at least, comes under probation. And the Sacrifice of the Mass is *the chief agent in making this application*. It is continually obtaining graces and mercies for all souls, but especially for those of Catholics who are privileged to be in "the one household of the faith." It is *thus* that "we have an advocate with the Father," and one "who is the propitiation for our sins." It is *thus* that He "ever liveth to make intercession for us." It is therefore that St. John, in the Apocalypse, beholds before the throne of God "a Lamb standing *as it were slain*." The sacraments are also special channels of grace; but they derive their efficacy from the merits of that Sacrifice which is daily perpetuated on the altars of the Church.

In the second place, then, it follows that to assist at Mass regularly and faithfully—that is, never failing to hear it without sufficient excuse, and, again, always hearing it with proper attention and *intention*—is the very best and greatest thing we can do to make sure of our salvation. For, obviously, we secure thereby the graces and mercies we constantly need to keep from sin or to do acceptable penance, to make good confessions and worthy Communions. Moreover, nothing will so foster the spirit of prayer in us; nothing so attract us to a tender and constant remembrance of our dear Lord's Passion. In short, we shall find our daily lives drawn into union with the Church's daily life—the life of continual self-oblation for the interests and intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of His Blessed Mother.

In the third place, it equally follows that to miss Mass at all without justifying cause is a very great injury to the soul. By doing so a Catholic not only disobeys the Church in a matter

of gravest moment, but commits a sin for which no excuse of frailty or of passion can be pleaded. He coolly and deliberately turns away from the highest worship due to God, and *even from the Sacrifice of Redemption itself, as though he did not believe in it*. And, of course, in thus turning his back upon the Mass he forfeits precious graces which no one can afford to lose: graces without which he may very easily fall away and be lost.

The wilful neglect of a single Mass may prove the beginning of a downward course which will end in reprobation. And if this be so, must we not admit that *habitual* neglect of Mass is a certain path to damnation?

"Oh, but it can be forgiven!" some one will say. "It can be repented of like anything else." I answer that it *can* be repented of, certainly; but that one who does penance for sin so grievous must have a more than ordinary grace. For we can not repent just when we take a notion to do so. We can not repent without grace. And one who habitually neglects Holy Mass is rejecting grace and mercy more and more, and therefore making sincere repentance more and more difficult.

However, we can not doubt that God makes much allowance for want of *knowledge* on the part of many Catholics. Numbers do not know the above-mentioned reason for having to assist at Mass: it has never been explained to them. Others who have been informed of it forget because never reminded. Surely, it is quite as necessary for Catholics to gain thorough and intelligent knowledge of the Mass as it is to receive adequate instruction concerning the sacraments. And if they be duly informed and reminded of the aforesaid reason for hearing Mass, will not their very self-interest continually prompt them to regular and fervent attendance?

An Unappreciated Service.

IN one of the series of learned and enjoyable lectures delivered by the Rev. Dr. Shahan in San Francisco occurs this interesting passage:

There is a very subtle and remarkable educational influence of the Catholic Church that is not often appreciated at its full value,—I mean her share in the preservation and formation of the *great modern vernaculars*, such as English, German, Irish, the Slavonic tongues. Even languages like French, Italian, and Spanish, the Romance tongues, formed from the everyday or rustic Latin of the soldiers and the traders of Rome, her peasants and slaves, owe a great deal to the affection and solicitude of the Church. In all these tongues there was always a certain amount of instruction provided for the people. The missionaries had to learn them, to explain the great truths in them, and to deal day by day with the fierce German, the turbulent Slav, the high-spirited Kelt. It has always been the policy of the Catholic Church to respect the natural and traditional in every people so far as they have not gotten utterly corrupted. From Caedmon down, the earliest monuments of Anglo-Saxon literature are nearly all ecclesiastical, and all of it has been saved by ecclesiastics. The earliest extensive written monument of the German tongues is the famous Heliand, or paraphrase of the Gospel, all imbued with the high warlike spirit of the ancient Teutons. All that we have of the old Gothic tongue, the basis of German philology, has come down to us through the translation of the Bible by the good Bishop Ulfilas out of the Vulgate into Gothic; or from the solicitude of St. Columbanus and his companions to convert the Arian Goths of Lombardy.

These languages were once rude and coarse; they got a high content, the thought of Greece and Rome, through the Catholic churchmen. They took on higher and newer grammatical forms in the same way. Spiritual ideas entered them, and a whole world of images and linguistic helps came from a knowledge of the Scriptures that were daily expounded in them. Through the Old Testament the history of the world entered these tongues as explained by Catholic priests. Their pagan coarseness and vulgarity were toned down or utterly destroyed. St. Patrick and his bishops and poets, we are told, examined the Brehon Law of the Irish and blessed it, except what was against the Gospel or the natural law. Then he bade the poet Dubtach put a thread of verse about it—that is, cast it into metrical form. The first Irish missionaries in Germany, like St. Gaul and St. Kilian, spoke to the people both in Latin and in German; and it is believed that the first German dictionary was their work, for the needs of preaching and intercourse. Some shadow of

the majesty of Rome thus fell upon the modern tongues from the beginning; some infusion of the subtleness and delicacy of the Greek mind fell to their lot. The mental toil and victory and glory of a thousand years were thus saved, at least in part. The Church was the bridge over which these great and desirable goods came down in a long night of confusion and disorder.

Dr. Shahan, we may observe, is a leader in the noble band of priests that are keeping alive the traditions which the Kenricks and the Spaldings have set for the American clergy.

Advent Voices.

THE day was spent and evening had succeeded. No angels appeared, no prophets prophesied; only a faint glimmering of the true light still flickered. Unrighteousness triumphed, and the fire of love was stifled. The multitude and superfluity of earthly goods caused men to neglect and forget heavenly treasures. But whilst the creature thus ruled in time, eternity dawned in refulgent glory. The Word of the Father came, God sent His only-begotten Son; the day arose. Mortal, marvel at love so infinite; rejoice over the salvation thy God has procured thee.—*St. Bernard.*

Adam, through sin, inherited eternal death; but the Lord, in long-suffering, awaited his repentance. Often did He send to him and his descendants angels, to warn them from their evil ways; prophets and patriarchs to lead them back to the right path. And when they would not allow themselves to be restrained, the Fountain of Mercy could no longer be restrained; but, bursting from the bosom of the Father, hastened to earth, and "was made in the likeness of men." At last these poor sinners awake; they hasten to that Well of Love; they draw from it and are purified,—are washed from the stain of their unrighteousness.—*St. Anselm.*

Notes and Remarks.

The "Code of Medical Ethics" adopted by the American Medical Association in 1847 has undergone no material alterations or additions, and we are assured that it still represents the feeling of the vast majority of physicians in this country. We like to believe, however, that there will be a general dissent from the interpretation put upon a clause of section four by Dr. Joseph Brown Cooke, writing in *To-day and Yesterday* (Nov.). He says:

Whether or not the patient should be told of his approaching dissolution depends largely upon circumstances. With the exception of those suffering from accidents or injuries, few persons have any realization of the approach of death; and it is safe to say that, unless the patient is one who may have important business matters to arrange in the interests of those dependent upon him, it is kinder to let him sink gradually and peacefully into the sleep from which there is no awakening, than to harrow his last moments with the cold-blooded statement that his end is at hand. Especially with women, young adults and children is the latter procedure as cruel and inhuman as it is unnecessary.

These are the sentiments of a materialist, of a pagan; and it is to be feared they are often acted upon in the case of dying Catholics. It is the common practice of some physicians to keep their patients under the influence of drugs; and when the priest arrives it is often impossible for him to elicit even an act of contrition, not to speak of the regular preparation for death. It is a sad thing to see the last sacraments administered to one who is only half conscious, and whose listlessness is proof that he has no realization of the fact that he is about to appear before his Judge. The most important business that a man could possibly have may yet be unattended to; and Catholics should see that the physician is made to realize this, and to understand that in their case the very opposite of kindness would be to

let a patient sink unconsciously into "the sleep from which there is no awakening." The statement that death is at hand need not be a "cold-blooded" one; but to allow any one to die without realizing it is the most cruel of all deceptions, and Christians everywhere should be on their guard against physicians who practise it.

A notable fact was stated by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., in a sermon preached on the anniversary of the death of Father Mathew. Of the millions who died of starvation in Ireland, not one person throughout the length and breadth of that distressful country, declared Father Vaughan, is known to have committed suicide. Self-murder is prevalent only in countries where there is indifference to religion. As we remarked last week, this fearful crime is the logical outcome of godless education.

But Ireland is not the only country where self-murder is unknown. An enthusiastic Newfoundlander informs us that the first case of suicide is yet to be recorded in "the oldest British colony." Furthermore, only three murders have been committed there in half a century. Yet another fact to the great credit of Newfoundland: it has no divorce laws and recognizes no interference with the marriage relation. The island has 200,000 inhabitants. Its freedom from crimes so common elsewhere is unquestionably due to the predominance of the Irish Catholic element in the population.

The allusions to our holy religion in notable new novels are frequent and for the most part gratifying. The writers all manifest a disposition to be fair and make efforts to be informing. We have cited a number of these allusions. The London *Tablet* calls attention to some fine passages in Mr. Frank Norris' new

novel. Although not quite accurate in terms, they are well-intentioned and well worth quoting. How did wheat-growing begin in California, and who planted the olives and the vine?

"Wheat, olives and the vine,—the Mission Fathers planted these to provide the elements of the Holy Sacrament,—bread, oil and wine, you understand. It was like that those industries began in California—from the Church." Elsewhere the author's hero repeats the same thing, when, for the epic he wished to write, he got inspiration "in the mission of to-day, with its cracked bells, its decaying walls, its venerable sundial, its fountains and old garden; and in the Mission Fathers themselves,—the priests, the *padres*, planting the first wheat and oil and vine to produce the elements of the Sacrament—a trinity of great industries, taking their rise in a religious rite." An inspiring thought assuredly, and from several points of view. The priest as non-producer in the hive of human industry, the priest as the harpy hostile to human progress, the priest as no contributor to the nation's wealth or the people's material progress,—the character is by now worn so threadbare that, if only for freshness' sake, we should make welcome to Mr. Norris' priests as the pioneers of Californian productiveness and of the cheapening of the daily bread of life throughout the world.

If it is true, as it is reported, that the President has called Mr. Charles F. Lummis into conference regarding the eviction of the mission Indians from Warner's Ranch in California, the fact will cause general satisfaction. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lummis have many traits in common, and they will understand each other and the question at issue. The President's policy as stated in his message to Congress is to treat with the Indians as individuals rather than as tribes, and to convert them into holders and tillers of the soil. No doubt this is the wise end to aim at; but great social changes can not be wrought suddenly even in highly civilized peoples, and Mr. Lummis will be a good counsellor as to the best method of bringing about this important change gradually. If his counsel prevails, it is a foregone conclusion that Catholic schools will play their due and natural

part in the process; for Mr. Lummis has repeatedly expressed his admiration for the Church's influence over the Indian for his betterment. It is too early to rejoice over the new order which has still to approve itself to the judgment of wise and moderate men; but it is right to say that we prefer Mr. Roosevelt's method to that of some of his predecessors who considered decrepid ministers and unscrupulous politicians quite good enough to look after the religious and social interests of the nation's wards.

If all Protestant ministers were like the Rev. Dr. Blagden, of Boston—as honest, fair-minded and charitable,—the bigots who circulate slanders and calumnies against the Church would soon be forced to expend their energies in some other way. One of these disreputables—it was a preacher, as usual—sent our good friend a quantity of anti-Catholic literature of the kind that all decent folk must detest. Dr. Blagden's acknowledgment of the attention was characteristic; he wrote:

Please do *not* send me any more anti-Catholic papers; for I abominate all such unchristian publications, and I do not wish or intend to become *particeps criminis* in the reception of them or in having anything whatsoever to do with them.... The Catholic Church, as I have often written before, is the ancient spiritual mother of us all; and, with all her so-called errors and bad ways, she is, nevertheless, the Church of God and the Bride of Christ. Mark my words and take timely warning that all who fight against the Catholic Church are now and will be found fighting against God. And who dare do this and expect God's blessing and prosperity?... Therefore, my dear brother in Jesus, I beg of you, for Christ's dear sake, to drop at once and forever all those anti-Catholic publications and editors, people and sympathizers therewith, as you would red-hot coals of fire. Have nothing more to do with the unclean things; eschew them as you would snakes, slimy toads and Satan and the powers of darkness. Forsake both the literature and company of those who worse than foolishly abuse the Catholic Church by and with Satanic misstatements, exaggerations, errors and lies, calling white black and bitter sweet;

who are but the poor, sin-blinded tools of the "Father of Lies," deceiving and being deceived; and whose awful end will surely be, as "it is written" in Revelation, to be cast off with the devil that deceived them into the lake of fire and brimstone, and to be tormented day and night forever and ever. (Rev., xx, 10) But rather, on the other hand, make and cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of the Catholic clergy and people; love them as our suffering brethren in Christ; find out and exalt everything that is beautiful, lovely and Christlike in the Catholic Church, and tell its glories far and wide, and heartily pray and work for God-appointed and Christ-commanded Christian unity. Then you may confidently and with all good reason expect and await Jehovah's smile and blessing.

Only a good-hearted man could write in this wise, and Dr. Blagden's goodness gives him an understanding of what is hidden from many of his fellows. They call themselves ministers of the Gospel, whereas they are on the side of Satan. We hope this letter may be widely circulated and have the effect of opening the eyes of all Protestant ministers who war against the Church.

Four brothers of the late Bishop Crane, of Australia, were, like himself, members of the Order of St. Augustine. One of them, we hear, is exercising the ministry in this country. Yet another brother is an Oblate of St. Charles, and the only sister a Carmelite nun. Remarkable as is the record of this Irish family, that of the Biet family, in France, is even more so. Of the five sons, one joined the Trappists, and the others all became members of the Society of Foreign Missions and were sent as missionaries to the Far East. Père Felix Biet was Bishop of Thibet. There were two sisters, one of whom became a Sister of Charity and went to Peru.

Catholics ought to be as careful about misrepresenting their holy religion as they are zealous in defending it. We sometimes wonder how non-Catholics can possibly be so ignorant concerning

the doctrines of the Church, and yet we ourselves often mislead them. The most ignorant Catholic knows that Christ is God, infinitely above all creatures, and that an invocation like "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, pray for us," conveys an idea altogether erroneous. Nevertheless, we have the assurance of a worthy priest that cheap jewelry bearing this and similar inscriptions is much worn by persons who consider themselves intelligent Catholics. These trinkets are not supplied by Catholic manufacturers: they are made and sold by Jews. It is astonishing, however, that Catholics should be found to wear them. More serious misrepresentations are to be found in some of our books of devotion. We say more serious because in some instances these books have high approval. It is nothing short of criminal to turn a mere aid to piety into a test of orthodoxy. But this is sometimes done, to the dismay of Catholics and the scandal of unbelievers.

A correspondent of the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, writing from Manila, has this to say regarding the "benevolent assimilation" still in progress in the Philippines:

Our men have been relentless; have killed to exterminate men, women, children, prisoners and captives, active insurgents and suspected people, from lads of ten up; an idea prevailing that the Filipino, as such, was little better than a dog... Our soldiers have pumped salt-water into men "to make them talk"; have taken prisoners of people who held up their hands and peacefully surrendered; and an hour later, without an atom of evidence to show they were even *insurrectos*, stood them on a bridge and shot them down one by one, to drop in the water below and float down, as examples to those who found their bullet-loaded corpses. It is not civilized warfare, but we are not dealing with a civilized people. The only thing they know and fear is force, violence, brutality; and we give it to them.

The *Public Ledger*, as the San Francisco *Monitor* remarks, is one of the most respectable newspapers in the United

States; however, the standing of a correspondent who calls the inhabitants of the Philippines an uncivilized people will be questioned by all well-informed and unprejudiced persons. Meanwhile, for decency's sake, let all Americans be silent regarding the treatment of the Boers by the British until the reiterated charges of inhuman conduct on the part of the American soldiery in the Philippines are shown to be false. The *Public Ledger* is in duty bound to substantiate the reports it has published or to retract them.

Mr. James Creelman is remembered as a newspaper correspondent who did and wrote no end of heroics in the Spanish-American war. His latest achievement is a book of travels called "On the Great Highway," which includes a chapter on the Holy Father. We quote some sentences:

There, behind all the pomp and ceremony, sat a gentle old man with a sweet face and the saddest eyes that ever looked out of human head—the white Shepherd of Christendom. He sat in a chair of crimson and gold, set close to a table. Behind him was a carved figure of the Virgin, and near it a smaller throne. He wore a skullcap of white watered-silk, and a snowy cassock flowed gracefully about his frail figure, a plain cross of gold hanging upon the sunken breast. It was a presence at once appealing and majestic. That moment I forgot my newspaper and the news-thirsty multitudes.

To have made Mr. Creelman forget his yellow journal and the news-thirsty multitudes is striking evidence of the charm exercised by Leo XIII.

In a recent lecture on "Children's Witticisms" Dr. MacNamara, M. P., related that last Christmas he was at a meeting of school-children at Kennington. Before taking leave he said to them, "Now, boys, mind you don't get into mischief between now and next Christmas"; to which the children replied very heartily, "Same to you, sir!"

Notable New Books.

A Life's Labyrinth. By Mary E. Mannix. Office of THE AVE MARIA.

If a better story than this has been published in this country during the present year, we have not seen it. To say that the plot has dash and piquancy is to tell only part of the truth; every chapter is spiced with thrilling adventure and dramatic situations. Yet nowhere does the reader get the impression of sensationalism; for the unflinching good taste and the literary reticence and restraint of the author give a mellowness and a tone of good-breeding to the whole that are none too common, be it said, in novels of this kind. The characters speak and act with the most convincing reality, despite the intensely romantic quality of the play. Constance Strange deserves to rank among the great heroines of fiction of whom Mr. Howells has lately written so charmingly; and Kingscourt would make even a Fenian "dearly love a lord." We realize that we have given this book exceptional praise, and we mean every word of it.

Lalor's Maples. By Katherine E. Conway. The Pilot Publishing Co.

This story will not run through ten editions in three months, but it will be remembered when the ten-edition book is forgotten. It is true to life, so should please the realists; and Mildred alone should win the favor of the idealists. The Lalors are types well thought out and well portrayed, and they are numerous. Mrs. Lalor is a Dickens or a Thackeray creation, and the *mise en scène* shows the literary touch. Margaret's by-plot is rather unnecessary,—indeed she is disappointing all through; but one forgets her in the pleasure afforded by Raymond Fitzgerald, Father Byrne, brave Winnie Blackitt, and Dinny Martin. Miss Conway knows human nature; she is full of sympathy and the canons of art are natural to her. "Lalor's Maples" deserves to have a host of readers.

A Friend with the Countersign. By B. K. Benson. The Macmillan Co.

Another story of the Civil War, and one written much upon the same general plan as Mr. Benson's previous effort, "Who Goes There?" Possibly to the injudicious praise lavished upon this latter volume may be attributed the main defect of the present work. Of "Who Goes There?" one reviewer wrote: "Veterans who took part in the

campaigns of the Army of the Potomac will follow every page with absorbed interest,...so detailed and seemingly so accurate are the descriptions of the battlefields and of the positions occupied by the two armies at different times." This new story will appeal with the same absorbing interest to the same class of readers—to veterans of the Civil War; but, we venture to suggest, only to these veterans. The very circumstantiality of the narrative—the fulness and minuteness of geographical and topographical details that renders it peculiarly interesting to the class mentioned,—inevitably detracts from its charm for the general reader who presumably lacks the veteran's local knowledge and kindred experience.

Meditations on Psalms Penitential. By the Author of "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office." B. Herder.

This is a work of real and abounding merit. Its plan is to publish the text of the psalm, and, in a parallel column, to paraphrase and enlarge upon it, giving the best interpretations and commentaries available for each verse. Only those who have meditated on the Psalms can know how much strong religious thought can be extracted from them. Devout souls in the world, as well as those who dwell in the cloister, will relish this appetizing and wholesome volume; and priests who prepare their sermons carefully will be greatly helped by it. For the benefit of those who use the Seven Penitential Psalms as a preparation for confession, the author has included in these meditations Psalm cxxxviii as an introduction to the examination of conscience, and Psalm cii as a thanksgiving after Communion.

The Benefactress. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Co.

"The absence of plot can never be critically regarded as a defect," was the dictum of Edgar Allan Poe; but he was under the spell of Fenimore Cooper when he wrote that, and had found more than enough of adventure to make up for the want of plot; and even then he added the saving clause, "although its judicious use, in all cases aiding and in no case injuring other effects, must be regarded as of a very high order of merit." There is little or no plot in "The Benefactress." It is a narrative with a pleasing setting—a young woman with charitable impulses so situated geographically and financially as to be able to carry out her designs. There are quiet touches of humor that remind one of "Elizabeth

and Her German Garden"; and the heroine's efforts to adapt herself to the surroundings she herself was responsible for are pathetic; even though they provoke a smile, it is a smile of sympathy. The out-of-door pictures are good, and the little love-story introduces a bit of romance and movement toward the end. But "The Benefactress," if it is the author's second book, is not equal to its predecessor.

Brunelleschi. By Leader Scott. George Bell & Sons; the Macmillan Co.

Seventeenth in the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," edited by G. C. Williamson, is the life of Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, known to the art world as Brunelleschi. This great architect, the rival of Lorenzo Ghiberti, not only in the memorable competition for the designing and execution of the Baptistery Gates, but, in his young days, along all art lines, owed his fame, perhaps, to this very rivalry. Having been disappointed in the decision of the judges, he turned his attention to architecture, and his great work was the dome of the Florence cathedral. His early life, his personal characteristics, his contemporaries, his struggles and his triumphs, are told in so interesting a manner as to win the attention even of those little versed in Italian life and art. The statistics, illustrations, catalogues of works and bibliography are in every way satisfying, and the work compares favorably with the earlier volumes of the series.

The Magic Key. By Elizabeth S. Tucker. Little, Brown & Co.

This wonder-story recalls the tales which filled our youthful days with delightful thoughts and our nights with dreams of genii, wishing-rings, magicians, and fairies. It is a boy's story, but we have never yet met a little girl who did not enjoy her brother's books. So "The Magic Key" will open the door to a pleasant hour for both boys and girls. Perhaps a better idea of the book may be formed when we say that it might be called "Harold in Wonderland." It is appropriately illustrated, and, with a little coaxing, will fit in the top of a good-sized Christmas stocking.

In Great Waters. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers.

Let us confess at once to a partiality for Janvier ever since a volume of delightful short stories of Mexican life fell into our hands years ago. The sly, pervasive humor, for which the critics praise him most, is blended with a

sympathy and a poetic feeling that compounds admirably with his drollery. His seriousness at appropriate moments and the substratum of strong Christian sentiment on which his work rests are entirely satisfying. The present volume, however, shows another side of Janvier, and we hardly know whether or not to be glad at the revelation.

Four long short stories, each of them a love-tale ending with drownings, and not a single hero or heroine living happy ever after as lovers always did in the old stories! They are sad tales told with great art, fascinating even in their tragic ending,—sad but not unrelieved with occasional bits of humor. The first two stories are especially strong, original and inevitable in the *dénouement*; in the last two the atmosphere of Provence is splendidly caught and kept.

But Thy Love and Thy Grace. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

This title is, of course, from the well-known prayer of St Ignatius, and it fits the story well. Regina O'Connell is, thank God, a common type in Catholic congregations—a hard-working girl with none of the luxuries of life, the very embodiment of conscientiousness and the strength that comes from the sacraments. The death of her sister, the revelation of her lover's unworthiness, the winning of the diamond ring—"her first toy"—and her heroic sacrifice of it afterward, are stirring episodes and keep the interest tense. The story is written with the ease and constructive power acquired by experience, and we recommend it as a very edifying as well as a very entertaining story. It was no doubt intended for girls, but Father Finn need not be surprised to find it equally popular among the boys, with whom he is so great a favorite.

Ashstead. By C. M. Home. Art & Book Co.

In this little story of home life we have a sequel to "Redminton School"; and the beauty of character which promised much in the young folk there depicted is realized in the mature years to which this narrative brings them. Family life is the principal feature of the story, in which there is hardly a thread of a plot. The character sketch of "Biddy" loses its effect by reason of the utterly impossible dialect she is made to speak. It may ring true to the ear of the writer, but not to that of the reader. The moral of the tale is presumably a plea for Catholic as against mixed marriages; and as such is, of course, to be commended.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



A Terrible Lesson.

ONE day a little maiden
Who didn't like to darn
Fell fast asleep while holding
Her needleful of yarn.


When, lo! to her great horror,
A dreadful form drew near;
He looked just like a stocking,
And that, you know, was queer.

And thus spoke out the stocking:
"How dare you treat me so!
You did not darn me properly,
But just stitched up my toe.

"My heel is hard and lumpy,
And see my crooked leg!
To punish you, my lady,
You'll eat the darning-egg."

And then into a thimble
The darning-egg he broke—
But wasn't the child lucky!—
That moment she awoke.

The Strayed Lamb.



LITTLE lamb was playing
with his brothers and cousins
in a pleasant valley. Far above
them rose the craggy heights of a stately
mountain, reached by enticing green
approaches, fringed on either side with
brilliant flowers; and toward those
flowery paths the restless lambkin ever
lifted his wandering eyes. The others,
satisfied with the fragrant meadows
where they were born, rambled about
at their mother's call, following her
whithersoever she went with happy
abandon, and when night came nestling
contentedly beside her. Only one little
dissatisfied, curious spirit ever lingered
behind, looking backward and upward
a hundred times a day.

"My child," said the mother one
morning, "why dost thou always glance
so longingly at yon height so far, far
above thee?"

"Because, mother, I fain would tread
the winding way which looks so green
and pleasant, and see more closely the
bright flowers that bloom along its
upward way," replied the lamb.

"Child," answered the mother, "never
attempt to climb that path. Beauteous
and green it may appear to thee, but the
sides of the mountain are treacherous
with hidden pitfalls and bristling crags
that now thou canst not see. Danger
lieth in wait for thee there, my little one.
Why not content thee in this peaceful
valley with thy mother, where all is
green and fair?"

The lamb was mute, but to himself he
murmured:

"Why is my mother such a prophetess
of evil? Since she has never been on
yonder height she can not know. I am
sure there is no danger."

Therefore he lingered farther and
farther behind the flock browsing in
the footsteps of their dams along the
balmy meadows; and when he could
see them but as a speck in the distance,
hurrying his steps, he was soon on the
circuitous path of green stretched out
so invitingly before him. Higher and
higher he wandered, pausing ever and
again where the summer flowers were
fairest, and still looking beyond and
upward for blossoms yet more fair.
But, alas! in his eagerness to inhale
the fragrance of a starry-eyed blossom
which grew on the sharp edge of a
rocky cliff, he lost his balance, toppled
from the dizzy height, and in an
instant was lying wounded and bleeding

in a narrow defile between two sombre, overhanging crags.

The sun sank in the west, twilight faded; the stars sparkled mockingly above him, like jewelled points in the narrow strip of sky, which, from his rocky prison, was all that he could see. Then it was that the foolish little lambkin, his body throbbing with pain, his heart aching with loneliness, began to realize how mistaken he had been in not hearkening to the counsels of his mother, in not being content to frolic and gambol with his brothers and cousins, who were now safely slumbering with her in the protecting fold.

"Ah, woe is me!" he cried. "Here no one can find me; here no one will think of seeking me; here I shall suffer and here I must die."

Silly lamb, thoughtless lamb; he had forgotten the shepherd,—the kind and ever-watchful shepherd, who counts his flock with the falling of the shadows to see that none have strayed away; and again at the dawning, lest the wolf may have been prowling through the hours of darkness in quest of the innocent and helpless to devour. And so, when in very despair and loneliness the lambkin began to bleat and moan, the sound of that complaining voice reached the ear of the gentle herdsman, who was already abroad with lantern and staff, seeking the lost one of the fold. Ah, how joyful was the wanderer when, his voice failing more and more with every plaintive cry, he opened his weary eyes to see the shepherd bending over him, not with accents of reproach, but with words and smiles of tender pity and joy that the lost was found again!

As he descended in the darkness to the peaceful fold in the valley, half in the arms of the shepherd, half across his shoulder, the penitent culprit averted his eyes from the winding path, terrible now in the darkness; nor cared to look

again upon the flowers that had tempted him. Their folded blossoms stood up like so many fingers reproaching him in the twinkling starlight. And, oh, what bliss it was, after the pleasant fields had been reached once more, soon to find himself within the blessed fold, caressed and fondled by his mother, and closest to her loving breast for that he had strayed so far!

Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy.

BY CUTHBERT.

XXVIII.—HOW THE CASE WENT.

The next morning the same group were in the court-room. To their number were added Father Donovan and the trained nurse.

Mr. Haylon rose and made a respectful bow to the priest as soon as the clerk opened the court.

"Will your Reverence please take the witness stand?"

There was a hush of expectancy to hear what the priest had to say.

"Will your honor now question his Reverence?" asked Mr. Haylon.

"No. You will please examine him, Mr. Haylon. I want to satisfy myself of the deceased's soundness of mind when he reaffirmed his will and withdrew the uncharitable expressions therein."

"What, in your opinion, was the state of Mr. Russell's mental faculties when you were called, Father?"

"I think his mind was perfectly clear and sound."

"On what do you base your opinion?"

"On what he said and did. He talked quite rationally. He made his confession to me with distinctness and clearness. His conversation and instructions after he had received the last sacraments, to his nurse, to me and to his servant, were eminently rational."

"Will your Reverence please tell the court any particulars of the conversation not privileged?"

"Mr. Russell told me to give from his property the sum of two hundred dollars to Sam, his body-servant, and see that he is returned to his home in Virginia. He also spoke of the nurse's fees."

"Anything else?"

"I glanced over the will, and then asked him whether he wished to change any of the provisions. He answered emphatically that there was to be no change excepting the elimination of certain harsh expressions respecting his brother."

"Then you think he was mentally quite sound?"

"I have no doubt whatever on the point."

"That is all, your honor," concluded Haylon, addressing the judge.

The latter nodded. He was satisfied.

"One minute!" said Cratcher, rising. "The two witnesses left the room while you were there. What was done while they were absent?"

"The deceased made his confession."

"But what passed between you and him?" persisted Cratcher.

"I have told you. The man made his confession."

"Yes, I heard you. But what did he say?"

Father Donovan looked surprised for a moment; then, as if no question had been put to him, he let his eyes wander to the court-room window, looked at his watch, and then turned his glance to the judge. After waiting a moment Cratcher said:

"Why don't you answer my question, Mr. Donovan?"

Father Donovan merely stared at the questioner.

"Speak, answer, witness! Do you not know you are on oath to tell the whole truth?"

Haylon jumped to his feet, with an angry spot burning on each cheek.

"Your honor, this is intolerable! It can not be that the counsel for the other side is so ignorant as not to know there are such things as privileged communications, and a man's confession is the most sacred of all, recognized in every court of the world."

"Sit down, Mr. Cratcher!" said the judge, severely. "If you intend, sir, to practise in the courts of this city, you must first learn the etiquette of the court-room. That will do, Father; and thank you!"

After the nurse and the sorrowing Sam had added their testimony to that of the priest, the case was closed.

It was an anxious moment for Harry and Grace and their mother. The father did not appear to be so much affected,—not so much even as the boy's legal advisers, who, with greater knowledge of the law, recognized the precarious condition of their case.

The judge now began his decision, quoting authorities to sustain his arguments. As he proceeded it was noticed that Cratcher and his assistant grew more and more jubilant, while Haylon and Northcliff became despondent.

"I am satisfied fully," said the judge near the end of his speech, "as to the sanity of the testator at the time of his death. The case depends on the violation of one clause of the will. It is my opinion that, in point of fact and of law, the objection to clause four is sustained. Of course the defendant can appeal to the higher city courts, and finally to the supreme court of the State if he feel so disposed; but the ruling of this court is for the—"

There was a great commotion in one corner of the court-room inside the bar. Sam and the nurse were talking vigorously, and in their excitement soon forgot to speak in a low tone.

"Now, 'fore de Lawd, honey, I can't see why dese law fellers don't use dat other doc'ment what Marse Russell wrote in bed. You remember dat paper, eh?"

"Why, yes! I remember now. You and I and the hotel clerk signed a paper."

"Yes; de boss dat wears de diamonds come up too, an' we all three put our names down,—dat's sure, honey!"

Sam was the nurse's devoted slave. She had promised to secure him a position in one of the city hospitals.

"I suppose the lawyers know their business. Let them alone, Sam."

"But I jes' ain't goin' let dem alone, honey,—not if young Marse Russell's goin' to get euchred out of my boss' money, you bet!"

Sam moved over to where Mr. Haylon and his assistant were sitting.

"Where's de other paper, boss?" he asked quietly.

"What other paper, boy? What do you mean?"

"Why, de one what me an' de nurse and de feller dat wears de big diamonds signed when Marse Russell died. It's my 'pinion dat de paper is a 'mendment to dis 'ere constitution."

Sam pointed to the will which was lying on the table.

"Get out, you black rascal! This is no time for joking."

"An' indeed I ain't jokin', Marse Haylon. We three signed a paper, sure's you's livin'."

"Where is it, then?"

"Sure's I's a good Nigger I put it into that v'lise."

"Did you see any other paper, Northcliff, in the valise when you prepared the case?"

"No, except the securities."

"Did you look in de pocket, boss?" asked Sam.

"Yes, of course. The will was found in the pocket of the flap."

"But I mean de inside pocket?"

"Inside pocket! I do not know what you mean. I saw only one pocket."

Sam made a dive under the table for the valise. Putting it on the table, he opened it and felt in the pocket where the will had been.

"You see!" said Northcliff,— "there is nothing else there."

"Jes' guess dere is, dough. You don't fool dis Nigger chile. See! dere's 'nother pocket inside de flap of de big pocket."

The boy turned the catch, and, with a broad grin good to see, pulled out a single sheet of foolscap, folded in four.

Haylon and Northcliff almost bumped heads in their eagerness to learn its contents. As they grasped the meaning, they shook hands.

"Your honor," said Haylon, rising to his feet, "I ask for a few moments' stay of proceedings. Some most unexpected evidence has turned up."

This interruption occurred just as the judge was saying, "But the ruling of this court is for the—"

He stopped short. He was somewhat testy. He did not like to be interrupted in the rendering of his decision. What judge does?

"Sir—this is a—what do you—this is a most extraordinary proceeding. The testimony is all in. Both sides have rested their case. What more do you want, Mr. Haylon?"

"I hope your honor will pardon me for the interruption; but, as I said before, evidence of the utmost importance to my client has been discovered. If your honor will be pleased to admit it now, I am sure that the delay and expense of appealing to the supreme court will be avoided."

"Well, sir, and pray what is your very important evidence? It is a strange way to prepare a case by bringing in the most important testimony after the case is finished."

"I have but this moment learned of its existence, your honor. It materially alters the case. It is a codicil to Alvin Dodsworth Russell's will."

Cratcher's face, at the mention of a codicil, turned all colors, and finally settled down into a sickly purplish blue.

"Very good. I reopen the case by your special request; but I do hope, sir, that the contents of the codicil are such as warrant you in seeking such an extraordinary proceeding."

"They are, your honor, as I shall soon convince you. I ask permission of the court to read the following codicil, which is written by the testator's own hand and signed by three witnesses."

With a great deal of gusto, the lawyer then read the following:

"Being of sound mind, and knowing perfectly what I am doing, although weak in body and near my end, having made my confession to a priest, and being conscious that I must soon meet my eternal Judge to be judged by Him concerning the deeds done in the body; being what men may call eccentric, yet always acting upon principles which I conceive to be the proper guides to my actions, I have with my own hand drawn out the following codicil, which, although perhaps not written in legal phraseology, nevertheless is to be considered my last will and testament; the fulfilling exactly of the conditions of which I put upon the conscience of those who shall have the proving of my will and settling my estate. I put it on the conscience of my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, and my daughter Nanette, if she be living, to pay my faithful body-servant, Sam Code, the sum of two hundred dollars; and, if he shall wish it, to return him free of expense to his home in Virginia. It is my will that my said nephew continue the search which I have made for my lost daughter Nanette; and, when

found, to share equally with her my money. If it shall be proven that my child is dead, the whole of the money shall go to Henry Stanley Russell.

"In order to show that it was mere eccentricity, and not unsoundness of mind, which caused me to make several peculiar conditions under which the said Henry Stanley Russell should inherit, I now, of my own free will and volition, without persuasion or moral force from anyone, and unknown to everyone, recall and retract all these conditions and provisions as they appear in my will; leaving, after certain small legacies and my funeral expenses have been paid, the residue absolutely and without condition to my daughter Nanette and Henry Stanley Russell, to share and share alike; and, furthermore, in the event of the legally attested death of my dear daughter, Nanette Dodsworth Russell, I leave the whole, absolutely and without condition of any kind, to my said nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, whom I beg of his charity to have a hundred Masses said for the repose of my soul."

One can hardly blame the triumphant look Haylon turned toward Cratcher, Hearnsey & Co. But it was useless—they had vanished from the court-room.

XXIX.—STRAY STRANDS.

It is breakfast time, a week after the will had been probated.

"Momsey, I think I should like to have old Mrs. McSweeney to come and live with us."

"Is she not happy at the Little Sisters, Harry? And has she not been paid her thousand dollars?"

"Yes, and she is as proud as a queen of the legacy."

"Very well, my son. I think we had better let well enough alone. Her habits and mode of life and everything are such that I hardly think Grace and I

should care to have her for a constant companion. Yes, I know she is a good woman, and all that; but you must remember, son, there are other requisites besides goodness for close companionship to be tolerable. You had better give the Little Sisters a donation instead, so that Mrs. McSweeney may be no expense to them."

"All right, momsey. You are always right. But I want my way with regard to Grace—namely, that next September she go to Paris to some convent school. Grace and I have talked it all over; and it's all settled,—isn't it, Grace?"

"I should be afraid to let her go so far away all alone."

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Grace. "Alone! when I would be living with the Madames or the Visitandines! And, then, Ethel is going too. *Do say 'Yes,' ma, please!*"

But "momsey" would not say "Yes" at present. She had to consult her husband first.

It is nine o'clock on the same day.

"Where's Claude, Ethel?"

"I do not know, Harry, I am sure. I think he is out in the back lawn, swinging in the hammock. I will go and see."

"No—let me go!"

Harry went out into the garden. He crept up behind Claude, clapping his hands over the eyes of the occupant of the hammock.

"Guess!" said Ethel, who had followed Harry.

"Why, it's you, Isabel Marie Ethel Grantley, of course! Don't be stupid!"

"Guess again!"

"I won't guess again. Let me free!"

But, somehow, the hands over his eyes were too muscular to be a girl's.

"Harry!" he guessed.

"Some one's been telling you," laughed Harry. "Where is that Ethel? I'll—"

But Ethel had run away, and was now safely intrenched behind the wire-screen door of the kitchen.

"What are you going to do next year, Harry?" asked Claude.

"I do not know yet. I am not quite satisfied with my degree of B. A. You remember how narrowly both of us escaped ignominious failure at the semi-annual? I think, if mamma and papa permit, I shall take a post-graduate course at Rockland. I feel that I have ever so much more to learn."

"Great minds run in the same groove, Harry!" replied Claude. "That's just my idea, too. Father says I may if I wish. What about Grace?"

"She wants to go with Ethel to the Paris convent. Is Ethel surely going?"

"Mother is taking it under consideration now. Of course you know what that means. Ethel has already wheedled permission from papa."

"Well, Claude, I have an idea that it would be capital fun if you and I took the girls to Paris and saw them safely settled in the convent."

Claude jumped into the air and clicked his heels.

"The very thing! Mother, only last night, was bemoaning the fact that Ethel would have no escort for the long journey."

"Well, you and I can make very good escorts."

"To whom?" asked Claude.

"To the two girls, of course."

"What I want to know is whether I escort my own sister or yours?"

"Oh, the girls will decide that!"

Eleven o'clock on the same day.

"Congratulations over the successful termination of your suit, Harry!" said the president of Rockland College on meeting his young friend.

"Thank you, Father! It was a close shave, wasn't it? If it had not been

for that Negro boy I should have been done out of the money."

"I read the accounts in the papers. Yes, it was very lucky. I hope you will take good care of the wealth entrusted to you. Remember, your responsibilities are now all the greater."

"That is what I came to see you about, Father. I want to take the post-graduate course next year. I am not quite satisfied with myself yet."

"Thinking of that semi-annual, eh? Very well. But if you do this, I tell you candidly you will have to work much harder than you did last year."

"I mean to do so, Father. And now about Clarence. He is to go through the college, of course. I want to do something in gratitude for my good fortune. I want to found a Rockland College scholarship for poor boys."

The president looked rather grave. He saw that at present Harry Russell had but a very indistinct notion of the value of money.

"I am glad to see such a disposition, my boy; but there is the question of prudence to be considered. Your parents may strenuously object to such a step."

"I do not think they will, Father."

"They may. You had better go slowly. Perhaps it is better to found a temporary scholarship for the present—that is, a yearly one,—and hold the other question in abeyance for a time."

Harry saw this was the wiser plan. So the matter rested for the present.

Half-past one on the same day.

"Hello, Croesus!"

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Haylon!"

"Harry, I am glad you came down. I have been wanting to see you. Your friend and partner, John Dodsworth—alias John Hearnsey, alias first-class scamp,—has left for unknown pastures, and there have been several bills sent to me as your lawyer."

"The money we are supposed to have made will probably pay them. I am glad I took your advice and drew out my share of the profits. By the way, Mr. Haylon, do you think I have any right to that money?"

"Yes, you have. Do not be uneasy about that. You robbed nobody of it. If your business did not make it, it was a present to you."

These so-called profits covered about half the unpaid bills. Harry was lucky to get off so lightly.

"Harry, I have a little scheme."

"Yes, sir?"

"Suppose you, in memory of poor little Nanette, take up the only other friend she ever had—"

"Yourself, sir?"

"No: Dick of the Brass Buttons. Wouldn't it be a pretty idea, in memory of her, to send the boy to school, and afterward put him in the way of some small business of his own?"

Harry was delighted. He wanted to do it at once.

"Steady now, Impetuosity!"

"And, then, I want to speak to you, sir, about yourself."

"An interesting subject."

Harry, for once, was awkward. From previous experience, he knew Lawyer Haylon could not stand thanks. Any display of emotion sent the eccentric man of the law off on a tangent.

"Mother and father feel that we can never repay you for your kindness and disinterestedness, and—and—"

The lawyer's face began to twitch ominously.

"Out with it, Harry! What is the burden of your song?"

"This, sir. I want to pay the legal expenses of the suit."

"All right! How much?"

Harry drew out his own check-book. It was the first one he had ever owned. He was proud of it. He took a pen

and wrote out a check for Mr. Haylon for five thousand dollars, and handed it to him. The lawyer glanced at it. He actually jumped.

"Great Scott, boy! Do you think I am a robber? Do you think I am a Cratcher or a John Dodsworth? Why, I—I—I—" and the warm-hearted man spluttered in fine style. "Tell you what I will do. I am very fond of you, Harry. I like your open, manly, generous nature. I tell you what I'll do. I'll fight you."

It was Harry's turn to be surprised. For a moment he thought the learned advocate was going crazy. Nothing of the kind. After every big case won, Mr. Haylon had, he said, to "cut up some." It took this turn this time.

"You have been posing as an athlete lately. Here's your chance."

"If I win?" asked Harry.

"Then I must take your money."

"And if you are the victor?"

"I may do as I please."

"Agreed!" said Harry, measuring with his eye the man before him.

"Come on, let us go over to Bob's gymnasium. He has some fine gloves," said Haylon.

They went. Shall I tell the sequel? Harry was too much for his antagonist. Lawyer Haylon had at last to cry "Enough!" It was many months before Harry could get him to keep to his bargain; and then he would accept only Northcliff's expenses and a modest fee for the case.

It is half after five o'clock on the same eventful day.

Harry Stanley Russell, with a very puffed eye—a present from Lawyer Haylon,—was standing with Claude Grantley in the workshop of a stone-mason near the city cemetery. The two boys were looking at a neat gray granite monument of moderate

proportions. The carving and polishing were finished. The lettering on one side was being put on in charcoal, preparatory to the letter-cutter's work. Claude read:

OF YOUR CHARITY
PRAY
FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL
OF
NANETTE DODSWORTH RUS—

The workman had not finished the inscription.

"I think, Harry," said Claude, after a pause, "the monument is too small and insignificant."

"I do not, Claude. I think that Nanette would be pleased with just this if she could see it, and perhaps she can. I would rather spend five hundred dollars as offerings for Masses for the repose of her soul and one hundred for a monument, than five hundred for a granite shaft and a hundred for Masses."

"Well, guess you are right, as usual," said Claude.

"I know I am *this* time," said Harry.

(The End.)

An Old Custom.

Stephen Pasquier mentions in his "Recherche de la France" that it was the custom in his youth every evening during Advent to sing carols in honor of our Saviour. During this season, in England, the waits, while all other men took their rest, wandered singing hymns in the street; and on the Blessed Night everyone kept watch like the shepherds; while minstrels chanted Christmas carols, the simplicity and tenderness of which were sometimes admirable, as in the verse:

He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall;
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.
He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Perosi's new oratorio, "Moses," was executed for the first time last month in Milan. It is described as a powerful production, altogether worthy of the maestro.

—Canon Bigg, of Christ Church, Oxford, has made a revised translation, with notes and introduction, of the "Imitation." Unlike most other non-Catholic translators, Canon Bigg has not attempted to Protestantize À Kempis, but frankly admits that the sovereign author was a believer in "indulgences, Transubstantiation, Masses for the dead, lay Communion in one kind, and auricular confession."

—In a letter to Dr. Heuser, the lamented Abbé Hogan once laid down a principle which editors and indeed all who write or speak ought to read, ponder and inwardly digest. It is this: "In connection with —, let me ask you not to judge him—or anybody else—unfavorably on hearsay. *All my life I have been witnessing men deeply wronged by judgments based on incorrect reports of their teachings.*"

—The London *Tablet* of Nov. 23 contains two painfully interesting letters, one from a Catholic correspondent, the other from a Protestant,—both of them taking a well-known Catholic apologist to task for what in harsh language would be called deception and dust-throwing. Having read the document in dispute, we fail to see how the accused can clear himself of the charges against him; but we sincerely hope that he may be able to make such a frank, manly statement as will enable us still to regard him as a tower of strength against the face of the enemy. Of his learning there can be no question, but there are other necessary qualifications for those who would write in defence of the Church.

—What is declared to be the oldest extant production of Gutenberg's press has lately been discovered in the National Library at Wiesbaden. It bears the date 1447 and was among a collection of manuscripts formerly belonging to the monastery at Schöna. The find is a portion of an astronomical calendar, with exact indications of the ephemerides, the phases of the moon, the sun, and the planets. It was submitted to the inspection of Prof. Bauschinger, the director of the Astronomical Institute in Berlin, who declared that it was undoubtedly calculated for the year 1448. His judgment, taken with the character of the type and the printer's date, "1447," justifies

the claim of the Schöna fragment to be four years older than the so-called "Donatus" in the National Library at Paris, which has hitherto been considered the oldest known specimen of Gutenberg's work.

—We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Joseph M. Hennessy, of London, formerly manager of the well-known publishing house of Burns & Oates. Mr. Hennessy will be remembered by many persons in this country. Some years ago, in company with the late Mr. Kehoe of New York, who was associated with him in business, he visited our principal cities, making friends wherever he went. Mr. Hennessy was an amiable gentleman and an excellent Catholic. *R. I. P.*

—"Echoes of St. Mary's Chimes" is the title of a very attractive volume of verse—and poetry as well—proffered to her daughters by St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, as a souvenir of the alumnae meeting of 1901. Of the hundred and odd selections, all display delicate taste and elevated thought; while many give evidence of a facility of execution and a mastery of technique quite unusual in the work of college students, and, in good sooth, not very commonly found in volumes that bid (as this one does not) for the favor of the general public. Excellently printed and bound.

—Theodore de la Rive, one of the most charming of contemporary French authors, is out with a new book—a volume made up of conferences on St. Francis of Assisi. One notable thought taken from the volume is this: "In conclusion—and I believe M. Renan and M. Sabatier have proved it to us,—the first condition for understanding our saints is to live by that which was their very life; that is to say, faith in Jesus Christ. Neither the liveliest taste for religious questions, nor the subtlest understanding of spiritual things, nor the fact of having dwelt in places where the saints themselves abode, are sufficient to give us a knowledge of what they were, if our heart does not beat with theirs in the same passionate love for Him who was their only Master, their true model and their perfect joy." Of another work of M. de la Rive's, "From Geneva to Rome" (translated by Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone), Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, the British Consul at Leghorn, and a most competent judge, says: "I scarce know a modern work which I would more willingly put into the hands of the patronizing non-Catholic

who asks in wonderment how a cultivated and reasonable human being can possibly become a Catholic."

—Sheridan's Mr. Puff gave this account of himself: "I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric; or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or anybody else's." The Puff family is immortal, its scions are legion; and the past-masters in the art of panegyric seem nowadays to be engaged in advertising contemporary fiction. If a tithe of the praise lavished on the novels of the day be deserved, then Scott and Thackeray and Dickens and Eliot have been more than replaced, and the twentieth century has dawned on the most notable group of novelists that ever delighted a critical public. Yet who that enjoys good literature has not thrown aside in utter weariness some betrumpered volume "of such fascinating interest that it can not be put down unfinished," and turned to Sir Walter or Thackeray for relief and comfort? "Extravagantly overpraised" is a phrase that befits fully nine-tenths of the current successes in historical and other fiction; and a discriminating, impartial book review is a literary dish as grateful as it is rare.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.
 Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., *net.*
 Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.
 A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.
 The Benefactress. \$1.50.
 The Magic Key. *Elizabeth S. Tucker.* \$1.10.
 But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.
 The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, *net.*
 Blessed Sebastian Newdigate. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.10, *net.*

- Doris, A Story of Lourdes. *M. M.* 75 cts., *net.*
 Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. *Bishop Messmer.* \$1.50, *net.*
 Roads to Rome. *Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."* \$2.50.
 God and the Soul. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.25.
 The Quest of Coronado. *Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald.* \$1, *net.*
 The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.
 Marcus Aurelius Antonius to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.
 The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.
 Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.
 The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., *net.*
 Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, *net.*
 The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., *net.*
 Renaissance Types. *William Samuel Lilly.* \$3.50.
 John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, *net.*
 A Saint of the Oratory. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60, *net.*
 Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. \$1.75, *net.*
 The Crisis. *Winston Churchill.* \$1.50.
 The Retreat Manual. *Madame Cecilia.* 60 cts., *net.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. H. Carey, of the diocese of Brooklyn; the Rev. John McMahon, archdiocese of Cincinnati; the Rev. John Synnott, diocese of Hartford; and the Rev. Father Hofmayer, O. S. B.

Sister Veronique, of the Sisters of Mercy, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. J. W. Chomel, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Alice Van Dyke, Gordon, Canada; Mr. John A. McInnis, Winnipeg, Canada; Major John Keiley, New York city; Miss Catherine Lauth, Bous, Luxemburg; Mr. Philip Zell, Dubois, Pa.; Miss Ellen Connor, Dover, N. H.; Mr. James Mulhern, London, England; Mr. William Newland, Roxborough, Pa.; Mr. Hugh Morgan, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Susan Gorman, Newark, N. J.; Mr. J. B. Mueller, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Emma Homan, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Frank Gallivan, Muncie, Ind.; Mr. John O'Connor, Baton Rouge, La.; Mrs. Katherine Grief, Carrelltown, Pa.; Mrs. M. G. McDonnell and Mr. Charles Armbrust, Philadelphia, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Titian.

Munich.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

NO. 25.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

The Rising of the Star.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE wonder of it all—prefigured through
The world's perspective by a thousand signs,
In oracles, in myths, in poets' lines—
Gem-tangled tissues,—men but darkly knew;
Find secrets in great Homer, portents true
In Virgil: earth-stained tales that, glimmering, shine
In the deep gloom with meanings half divine
And virginal, like Danaë's golden dew!

Dim was the light in the sad olden ways;
Weary the swallows flying toward the light,
Weary the eagles, as on broken wing;—
The Star arose: the secret of long days
And nights and years and ages shone out bright
For, virgin-born, a little Child is King.

Our Lord's Nativity.

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY BY ST. BERNARD.*

I.

THE voice of gladness is gone forth in our land; the voice of exultation and salvation in the tents of sinners. A good word is heard,—a word of comfort, a saying full of joy and worthy of all acceptation. Rejoice with praises, ye mountains; and all ye trees of the wood, clap your hands before the face of the Lord; for He is come. Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! Be

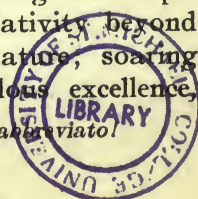
* On the first words of the Martyrology: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah." Translation by F. O.

astonished and give praise, O universe of creatures; but above all thou, O man!—"Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah."

Who so stony of heart as not to have his soul melted at this word? What sweeter message could be told? What set forth more full of gladness? When have such tidings ever been heard? What hath the world received at any time like this? "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah." O brief word of the diminished Word,* but full of heavenly balm! The desire travaileth, eager to diffuse more widely the abundance of honied sweetness, yet finding no words; since such is the grace of this announcement that if I change even a single iota of it, directly it begins to taste less sweet. "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah."

O Birth of immaculate sanctity and honorable to the world, of men to be beloved for the greatness of the benefit conferred; unfathomable even by angels for the depth of its sacred mystery; and admirable withal for the singular pre-eminence of its novelty; since this is that Birth the like to which hath been never seen, nor after it shall be. O Birth alone without pain, alone unconscious of shame, unacquainted with pollution; not opening but consecrating the temple of a virgin womb! O Nativity beyond nature, but in behalf of nature, soaring above it by its miraculous excellence,

* *O breve verbum, de Verbo abbreviato!*



but yet restoring it by its mysterious virtue! My brethren, who shall declare this generation? An angel gives the message, the power of the Highest overshadows, the Spirit supervenes: a Virgin believes, a Virgin conceives by faith, a Virgin brings forth and remains a virgin! Who does not wonder? The Son of the Highest is born, God of God, begotten before the worlds; the Word is born a child. Who can even sufficiently wonder?

II.

Nor verily is this Nativity profitless, nor fruitless the dignity of its majesty. "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah." Ye that dwell in dust, awake and sing.* Lo! the Lord is come with salvation, He is come with ointments, He is come with glory. For Jesus is not come without salvation, nor Christ without unction, nor the Son of God without glory; for He verily is salvation, He is unction, He is glory; as it is written: "A wise son is the glory of his father."† Happy the soul that, tasting the fruit of salvation, is attracted and runs in the odor of His ointments, that she may see His glory,—the glory as of the Only-Begotten of the Father.

Breathe again, ye lost ones; Jesus is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Revive, ye sick: Christ is come to heal the contrite in heart with the unction of His pity. Leap for joy, all ye, whosoever ye be, that are coveting great things: the Son of God is come down to you to make you heirs with Him of His kingdom. I therefore beseech Thee heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved; glorify me, and I shall be glorious! So, verily, shall my soul bless the Lord, and all that is within me praise His holy name.

In these three respects, my most dearly

beloved, is this that I hear sweet to my taste,—the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. For why call we His name Jesus but because "He shall save His people from their sins"?* Or why willed He to be called Christ but that "the yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing"?† Why was the Son of God made man but that He might make men sons of God? For who is there that resisteth His will? "It is Jesus that justifieth: who is he that condemneth"?‡ It is Christ that healeth: who is he that woundeth? It is the Son of God that exalteth: who is he that debaseth?

III.

Jesus, then, is born: let every man rejoice, whosoever he be, who, by his consciousness of sin, stood condemned to eternal damnation. For the pity§ of Jesus exceedeth the utmost magnitude, or amount, of his crimes. Christ is born: let him be glad, whoever he be, that was wont to be attacked by his old sins. For verily before the face of Christ's anointing no malady of the soul whatever shall stand, albeit inveterate. The Son of God is born: let him exult who is used to desire great things, for the Great Dispenser is come. Brethren, this is the heir: devoutly let us receive Him, for so He will be our inheritance. "For He that has given His own Son, how has He not with His Son also freely given us all things?"|| Let none be faithless, none be tardy; we have a most sure witness: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."¶ The Only-Begotten of God would have brethren, "that He might Himself be the first-born among many brethren."** And that this cowardice of our human frailty might not hesitate, He first

* St. Matt., i, 21.

† Isa., x, 27.

‡ Vide Rom., viii, 33.

§ *Pietas*.

|| Vide Rom., viii, 32.

¶ St. John, i, 14.

** Vide Rom., viii, 29.

* Vide Isa., xxvi, 19. † Cf. Prov., x, i; xiii, 1.

became the brother of men; He became the son of man; He became man. And if man deem this incredible, faith receives support from sight.

IV.

"Jesus Christ is born in Bethlehem of Judah." Mark the character of the place. Not in Jerusalem, the royal city; but in Bethlehem, which is the least among the thousands of Judah. O little Bethlehem, but now made great by the Lord! He hath made thee great, who in thee from great hath become little. Rejoice, Bethlehem, and through all thy streets be sung to-day alleluias of gladness. What city, hearing these things, envieth thee not that most precious stable and the glory of that manger? Thy name is already famous throughout the world, and all generations call thee blessed. Glorious things are everywhere spoken of thee, thou city of God. Everywhere is sung that "He was born in her, and the Most High hath established her." Everywhere, I repeat, is it reported, everywhere proclaimed, that "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born in Bethlehem of Judah."

Nor is the word that is added, *Judah*, insignificant, as we learn from the promises which were made concerning Judah to the Fathers. "The sceptre," saith the Scriptures, "shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."* For salvation is of the Jews, but still salvation to the ends of the earth. "Judah," it is said, "thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise. Thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies,"† and the rest, which we nowhere find fulfilled in Judah himself, but which we see completed in Christ. For He is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, of whom it is also added: "Judah is a lion's whelp:

from the prey, my son, thou art gone up."* Christ is the great spoiler, who, before He 'shall have knowledge to call his father and his mother,... shall take away the spoil of Samaria.'† Christ is the great spoiler, who, when "He ascended on high, led captivity captive";‡ and yet hath carried off nothing, but rather hath He "given gifts to men." These, then, and the other like prophecies which are fulfilled in Christ (for of Him also they were predicted), are brought to our minds by this that is said, "Bethlehem of Judah"; making it altogether impossible to ask whether "any good thing can come out of" Bethlehem.

V.

And then, verily, in what concerns ourselves, we learn also this, with what reception He was willing to meet who was willing to be born in Bethlehem. There may have been those who thought that noble palaces were to be sought out for Him, where the King of Glory might be received with glory; but not for this came He from those royal thrones. "Length of days is in His right hand, and in His left hand riches and honor."§ Of all these things there was unfailing profusion in heaven, but poverty was not found there. Moreover, on earth this sort abounded in exceeding abundance, and man knew not its worth. Desirous, then, of this, the Son of God comes down, that He may take it to Himself, and make it precious to us also by His own estimation of it. Adorn thy bride-chamber, O Sion, but with humility, but with poverty. For in these rags He takes delight, and, Blessed Mary giving testimony, in these silken robes He is pleased to be wrapt. Sacrifice the abominations of the Egyptians to thy God.

* Gen., xlix, 10.

† Ib., 8.

* Ib., 9.

‡ Ps. lxxvii, 19.

† Isa., viii, 4.

§ Prov., iii, 16.

VI.

Consider, lastly, that "He is born in Bethlehem of Judah"; and be solicitous how thou mayst be found a Bethlehem of Judah; and straightway He disdains not to be received into thee. Bethlehem signifies the house of bread; Judah signifies confession. Thou, then, if thou fill thy soul with the food of the divine Word—albeit with unworthy devotion, yet with all thou canst,—and faithfully receive that Bread which came down from heaven and giveth life unto the world—the Body, that is, of the Lord Jesus,—that so that new flesh of the Resurrection may sustain the old skin of the body, which, compacted by means of this cement, may be able to hold the new wine that is within; if, lastly, thou live by faith, and hast no need to sigh that thou hast forgotten to eat thy Bread, thou art become a Bethlehem, worthy to receive the Lord, at least if confession be not lacking.

Finally, the Apostle commends both these to thee in few words, saying: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." When righteousness is in the heart, bread is in the house. Righteousness is bread. And "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Let righteousness, then, be in your heart, even the righteousness which is of faith. For this alone hath honor with God. And in your mouth let there be confession unto salvation; and then at once fearlessly receive Him who is born in Bethlehem of Judah, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

A Christmas Eve Guest.

BY L. W. REILLY.

AUNT JEAN, arrayed in her finest lace cap and an immaculate white apron, was in a low rocker before the dining-room fire in her own home. She sat bolt-upright in spite of her sixty-four years. Her fine face, although marked with lines of care, was still fresh to see. The table, at her right, was laid with a snowy cloth and was gay with some of her best china. It was Christmas Eve. Egypt, the cat, was stretched out at length on the hearth, purring in sleek content, regardless of the fact that it was just eleven o'clock at night.

"It doesn't seem right to take this cup of tea," said the old lady to herself aloud, "and I going to Communion at the early Mass. But, indeed, I'm not only lonesome to-night but also strangely faint at heart, and the night is bitterly cold. The dear Lord will not mind if I take a hot drink before starting out."

She might well feel melancholy. She was alone in the house, as her one maid, Jennie, had left that day to spend the feast with relatives in the country. And she was alone in the world also; for her nearest kindred were all dead. Parents, brothers, sisters, husband, children,—all gone before. Well, no, not quite all. There was Deborah. Aunt Jean had been thinking of Deborah off and on all that evening. That was partly the reason why she was so sad.

Deborah Dalton was the orphan niece of Mrs. Mary Regina Brady, who in her cheery old age was known to all her friends as "Aunt Jean." The girl had been adopted by her in her fifth year, shortly after the death of her mother, the young widow of Aunt Jean's only

For God on earth She is the royal throne,
The chosen cloth to make His mortal weed;
The quarry to cut our corner-stone;
Soil full of fruit, yet free from mortal seed;
For heavenly Flower She is the Jesse-rod,—
The child of man, the parent of a God.

—Robert Southwell.

brother. Mr. Brady was living at the time, and so were two of his children. After their death Mrs. Brady poured out all her affection on Deborah. She worked for her and saved for her and planned for her. She sent her to an excellent school and gave her every accomplishment taught there. She expected to leave to her her own frugal competence and hoped to see her safely settled in life.

And Deborah responded to this love. She was an impulsive creature, in whom the slightest kindness aroused a gush of tender feeling, and who was easily led through her emotions. She was devoted to her aunt, and said to her a thousand times: "I intend to spend my days to the end with you."

In her eighteenth year Deborah came home from the boarding-school where she had received the finishing touches to her education. She was a pretty, plump, and vivacious young girl. She carried herself jauntily; and, dressed in the simplest gown, with a bright bit of ribbon in her hair, she looked like a princess. She was like a sunbeam in the quiet home.

Naturally, Deborah soon began to attract some notice in the parish, and two or three of its young men felt drawn to pay her attentions. But, although charmed at the evidence of her own magnetism and delighted with the courtesies shown to her, she kept her heart to herself.

"I don't intend to get married, aunt," she said to that lady, when the latter once questioned her on the prospects of a favored suitor,—“at least not for ever and ever so many years to come. I'm engaged to you, you know, and that's enough for me."

This reply gratified Aunt Jean, even while she knew that her affectionate niece would most likely sometime bestow her heart's best love elsewhere.

And, indeed, that time came sooner than they expected. Only a few weeks after the above-mentioned conversation a stranger entered the orbit of their lives and led them both to misery. What need to say who he was? Enough to know that he came of a respectable family, that his acquaintance was properly made, that he was engaged in decent employment as a commercial traveller, and that he behaved with due decorum. From the moment that Deborah laid eyes on his tall figure and dark face she was fascinated. Her character was too light to resist the spell. Her emotional nature followed its surging impulses and considered the question of principles too late. Her intentions were perfect, but her feelings hurried her beyond them.

The stranger reciprocated her affection. It was for both of them a case of love at first sight. He promptly pressed his suit, but clandestinely; for he was not of her faith, and this he knew would be an objection; and, as he could readily suppose, her aunt would not let her grow fond of him without close inquiry into his antecedents and principles. What his arguments were and how he persuaded Deborah with them, no one knew; but one evening, only a few months after he first met her, he hurried her before a minister, and had her with him at Niagara Falls before even her aunt had the slightest inkling of the marriage.

Poor Aunt Jean was wounded to the quick. Was this the end of all her pains? Was this the return for her years of care? However, sorrow was too familiar for her to let it fester in her heart. What really grieved her most was the sacrilege,—the fact that Deborah had not only married a man who was outside of the Church, but had also put herself out of it by going before a preacher for the ceremony.

The young girl wrote from the Falls a passionate entreaty for forgiveness; to which her aunt replied that as soon as the pardon of God had been obtained, her forgiveness would be granted. But the masterful husband would not permit his wife to make reparation for the scandal. Still worse, he would not allow her to practise her religion. Right at the start he laid down his law most emphatically: "My wife shall not go near the priests nor shall any of them ever enter my door."

It was a clouded honeymoon and a desolate home that had been left. The newly-married couple did not return to the bride's former place of residence. Instead, the groom got transferred to the agency in Chicago. Afterward he moved to Denver, and subsequently to San Francisco. There trace of him and his was lost. One rumor asserted that they had gone to Australia, while another was positive that they had migrated to South Africa.

On this Christmas Eve it was just twenty-three years and one month since the unhappy marriage, and in all that time no one of her own blood had seen Deborah; and no further word had come from her, except a hurried message sent on a postal-card from Omaha. It was without date or signature, but in the well-known handwriting. It said: "If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!"

The words were burned into the memory of Aunt Jean. She had uttered them over and over a million times: "If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!" She did not need the postal-card to remind her of them; although, somehow, she carefully treasured it in her prayer-book.

That was the grief of Aunt Jean's life—the falling away of Deborah. Fast and prayer and almsdeed had been offered up by her for years for the return

of her niece to the practice of religion. Continually she said: "Dear God, let her not die in her sins!" And next to this in frequency was the ejaculation: "Lord, when she comes back, if it be not against Thy will, grant me the comfort of knowing of her return!"

Aunt Jean was thinking of all this as she sat before the fire with the tea brewing beside her. All her best beloved were dead,—all but Deborah; and she sighed as she said: "Would to God that she, too, like my own darlings, had died in the innocence of her childhood!"

The clock ticked noisily at this and the wind without blew shrill.

"We're all alone, puss," remarked the old lady, as she stroked the black coat of Egypt. "If it wasn't for the giving of gifts to Jennie and the poor, for the Midnight Mass, and for the little Christmas-tree that I trimmed this evening for Deborah's sake, because she loved it so, it wouldn't seem like Christmas at all for me."

The cat looked at her as if he quite understood it all and sympathized with her in her distress.

"I've got a bright new ribbon for you, Egypt," she went on,—“scarlet, you know: Deborah's favorite color. But I won't tie it on your neck until to-morrow. However, so that you won't feel slighted, I'll give you a saucer of milk now."

She filled a saucer from the china pitcher and set it upon the shiny oil-cloth before the fire. But Egypt was too comfortable to stir. He blinked at the milk sleepily once or twice; then his eyes closed in the rapture of his coziness, and he purred even harder than before.

Aunt Jean, smiling at his laziness, sat down again and poured out the smoking tea into her dainty cup.

"I must hurry," she said; "for it's getting on toward twelve."

She had still some time to spare, for the church was not far off. So she shut her eyes, like Egypt, to enjoy the warmth and comfort of the moment. She felt strongly inclined to give way to drowsiness. What was it that made her push the steaming cup away? What was it that urged her to take up her rosary and fall to saying a decade for the souls who were then in the agony of death? She was at the last bead when a stumbling step sounded on the icy walk without and a sharp knock struck the front door.

Aunt Jean started and shivered as with an ague. She was fearful of a caller at that hour and a feeling of dread made her blood grow cold. Hastening into the entry, she demanded:

"Who's there?"

"It is I," answered a woman's voice faintly.

"It's some poor creature in distress," said Aunt Jean.

She hesitated no longer, but, turning the key in the lock, drew back the bolt and opened the door. An icy breeze swept in and the moonlight streamed for a space on the hall carpet.

A thin, wan, haggard, middle-aged woman staggered in. She looked as if trouble or sickness had broken down her beauty and made her prematurely aged. She seemed fitter for bed than to be out on such a night.

"Please let me in for a moment!" she pleaded. "It is bitterly cold out here."

Aunt Jean closed the door and led the way into the dining-room. There she bustled about and set a second place at the waiting table. The kettle was singing merrily and the aroma of the tea in the pot filled the room with a mild fragrance.

"To think of your being out so late!" Aunt Jean murmured sympathetically, with a hint of woman's curiosity, as the stranger tremblingly took a seat at

the table in a way that threw her face into shade. "Have you come far?" she added presently.

"A long, long way," answered the woman; "and a longer way lies yet before me."

"Poor thing! I'm sorry for you. I'll have you some tea in a minute. Must you go on to-night?"

"Yes, without fail."

"Fortunately, the station is not far from here," said Aunt Jean, with a tone of interrogation.

"I did not come by train and I'll not go by train," was the reply.

"Well, sit here and have some tea. I'll have you some toast and a poached egg in two seconds."

The stranger drew closer to the table, saying in a low voice that thrilled the listener:

"Thank you!—I do not need food. I can stay but a moment and shall trespass no further on your hospitality."

Aunt Jean sat on the other side of the table and drew her own steaming cup toward her. She was glad of company and began to talk, rattling on about the weather and Christmas and everything else. Something about her guest disposed her to awe; but a stronger influence, a magnetic wave of good-will, seemed to hearten her with a sense of consolation.

With the singing of the kettle, the ticking of the clock, and the chatter of Aunt Jean, the little room waxed cheery. The lamp shone brighter and the stove threw out more heat. The stranger looked around the apartment with an air of puzzled familiarity, and when her eyes lighted on the little Christmas-tree she smiled.

The hands of the clock were almost on the stroke of midnight.

"I must go now," she said, getting up. "I have a message for you."

Aunt Jean stared with frightened eyes.

"One whom you once loved," went on the woman, gliding rather than walking toward the door, "and whom I see you still remember with affection, has at last come back to God."

The room swam before Aunt Jean, and through the haze she seemed to recognize in the face of the stranger the unforgotten lineaments of her young niece. She tried to call out "Deborah!" but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She was beginning to swoon, when the door opened and the figure passed out into the night. With an effort of the will, she kept her senses, and, struggling to her feet, tottered to the door. There was no one to be seen. She peered up and down, but the untrodden snow showed no footprints.

The clock struck twelve, and from the neighboring church steeple the chimes began the anthem:

Glory be to God in the highest
And on earth peace to men of good-will!

Aunt Jean shivered. She hurriedly closed the door and went in. As soon as she had regained her chair, she fainted away. It was half-past four o'clock before she came to herself. The lamp still shone bright and the fire glowed in the stove. She could not recall at first what had happened. Had she fallen asleep in her chair? It all came back upon her like a flash. She shuddered with awe at the memory of it. Then she arose, went to the door and looked out. The pavements were covered with unspotted snow.

"Who was that woman?" Aunt Jean asked herself. "Could it have been Deborah's self?"

A strange peace filled the old lady's heart. She got on her knees to give thanks for what she felt was the good news of her niece's conversion. Then she vividly recalled the words: "If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!" If Deborah were still living,

where was she? That probably would be learned in due time.

And Christmas for Aunt Jean was no longer sad. Whether dream or vision, the hope of Deborah's reconciliation with God was in her heart. She was grateful for the comfort that it gave her.

As she arose from her knees, thinking to go to the five-o'clock Mass, the door-bell rang. A messenger handed her a telegram. It was signed by Deborah's husband and ran thus:

"Deborah died to-night near midnight. We were coming back for good from Apia, expecting to give you a surprise by spending Christmas with you, for whose love she pined ever since her marriage. A priest was on the train, going to a sick call, when the hemorrhage came upon her. He ministered to her. She died in peace,—yes, with radiant joy; hoping to find mercy, begging your forgiveness and blessing God."

"May the Lord be praised! May God have mercy on her even as she hoped!" murmured Aunt Jean, ecstatically. "It's a sad and happy Christmas for me. The telegram explains it. But did I dream it or did I see it? Could it have been Deborah's self?"

"Two great movements," writes Henry Van Dyke, "have taken place in our own times which must have an influence upon the future. One is the earnest effort to understand the historic life of Christ, proceeding in part, at first, from a sceptical impulse and working with an antichristian purpose; but awakening by this very purpose the dormant energies of Christian scholarship, and resulting more and more triumphantly with every year in a firmer conception of the eternal reality of the person of Jesus. The other movement is the revival of popular interest in art and the effort to make it minister more widely to human happiness and elevation."

How Welcome the Dayel

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

I.

NOW welcome the daye
 With glad roundelaye
 When Christe He was born,
 As God's word doth tell;
 With pipe and with song
 All merrilie throng
 On this happie morn
 That saved us from hell.

II.

When first He came here
 The night was so cleare
 Each star in the skye
 All blithely did peep;
 The moon with sweet grace
 Put forth her bright face,
 Till Christe should come nigh
 Her watch for to keep.

III.

All that holie tide
 Oure Ladye did bide
 In Bethlehem towne,
 In sore sorrie plight.
 No lodging was there
 But earth cold and bare,
 When Christe He came down
 Soe help her He might.

IV.

Then Marye was glad,
 Great comfort she had
 To see her deare Child
 Lie close at her breast;
 And Joseph alsoe,
 For that he did know
 The smalle Babe so mild
 Was God ever-blest.

V.

Then merrilie sing
 To Christe, oure deare King,
 Who' came on this daye
 To finish oure woe.
 And to His deare Mother—
 Like her is no other—
 Bring praises alway:
 He willeth it soe.

MARY, says the Gospel, "having wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, laid Him"—O abasement of the Son!
 O greatness of the Mother!—*Nicholas.*

Etelka Olgren's Idea.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THERE were no tenements in Masonville, which was one of its few blessings. Each tiny, soot-begrimed house had a patch of garden in front; some of them ran to weeds and others rioted in flowers. Even though these also were soot-begrimed, from the furnaces in the vicinity where most of the men worked, it was pleasant to see them,—bright spots of color in the midst of dust and dirt, and miniature mountains of slag scattered all about. Wherever you saw a flower-garden there were likely to be white curtains at the windows, and the windows themselves likely to be as clean as was possible in that oasis of all-pervading, trodden-down blackness.

In South Masonville it was a little better, although the atmosphere there was dark and sooty enough. Strangers thought it almost unendurable; while the shopkeepers and dwellers in that more favored portion of the town quite plumed themselves upon the gayety and variety of the goods in their windows, placed there to tempt the passers-by, generally men and boys, mothers and wives and daughters from the unlovely burg on the other side of the bridge.

Usually, at Christmas time, trade was pretty lively in South Masonville especially on Saturday night, when the workmen were paid. But on the Saturday evening when our story opens the streets were almost deserted, and a general air of quiet, not to say melancholy, pervaded the sometime busy thoroughfare and market-place. For six months the furnace men had been on a strike; there was no smoke issuing from the huge chimneys which, year in and year out, belched forth columns of

blackness by day and pillars of flame by night.

Midway between North and South Masonville, at some distance from the road, a small, neat house stood upon a little elevation. It was painted grey; the shutters were green and the garden surrounding it was laid out in a pretty, foreign way with shrubs and flowers. Every available space had been made to count in the brilliant display, and in summer it was the show-place of the little town.

Within, this house was as tasteful and neat as without; and its mistress was known far and wide as a woman with a heart ten times as large as her means. She was Mrs. Olgren, the widow of the late superintendent, who had been killed by falling rock in one of the mines; and she still lived in her old home on a pension of thirty dollars a month awarded her by the company. She had one child, Etelka, a girl of twelve, whose heart was made after the pattern of her mother's, and whose willing hands assisted in preparing the daily kettle of soup which for more than a fortnight now they had been feeding to their poorer neighbors.

"Ah, me! what a sorrowful, hungry Christmas for those poor creatures!" Mrs. Olgren had said to her daughter a hundred times at least in the last two weeks. And Etelka had repeated the words to herself till they seemed burned into her brain. To-night the two sat together beside the fire, pondering.

"Mother," said the child at last, "let us have a Christmas-tree."

"A Christmas-tree, dear?" echoed the mother. "It would be a mockery and the children starving."

"But I have thought of something else, too," replied the child.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I can not tell you yet, mother; but if Father John says I may do it, will

you let me? I am sure it will meet with your approval."

"Tell me, Etelka."

"No, mother, not yet," she repeated, smilingly. "May I ask Father John?"

The permission was given, and early next morning the little girl presented herself at the house of the priest.

"Father John," she began as soon as he made his appearance in the parlor, "yesterday I read in a Mechanicsburg paper that the restaurants in Boston gave the food that was left one day of last year for a Christmas dinner for the poor. Why couldn't we do that?"

"Ah! but how, my dear?" asked the priest. "We have but two very small restaurants here, and in these days of privation there will be very little food to give away. And there are so many people, you know."

"I thought that maybe one day I might go up to Mechanicsburg and ask there, and in that way perhaps we could get enough—"

"You, my child! Do you mean that you thought of begging food there?"

"Yes, Father: I would be only too glad to do it."

The face of the priest brightened.

"It is a capital idea," he said. "What a fine thing to be able to give one good dinner to the hungry on Christmas Day! And what does your mother say?"

"She does not know of it, Father. I wanted your permission before asking her. I am afraid she will not like it very much. But if you consent and make out a list of places, I should be glad—oh, so glad!—to go."

"Not alone, Etelka?"

"Yes, alone, Father. Why not?"

"In a good cause the pure and upright soul can brave everything," said the priest, with a smile. "But that must not be, my child. I will accompany you. And we will go to-morrow morning, if your mother is willing."

"You, Father John! Oh, if you would, they could never refuse you!"

"I think you stand the better chance of non-refusal," said the priest. "But I will go along to assist you. Now run home to your mother, and I will be up there in the course of an hour."

Contrary to expectation, the widow made no objection. Whatever Father John said was law, and whatever he might do would be well done,—that she knew by experience. And as she looked into the sweet, pure face of her child she thought that it must have been an angel who had whispered the blessed project in her ear.

The next evening the priest and the child returned from Mechanicsburg radiant with success. Everywhere they had met with sympathy for the poor wives and children of the strikers; though it did not in every case extend to the men, who had not been so badly off as such workers go.

As the charitable pair went from place to place, and their errand became known, people vied with one another in kindness. Etelka did not forget the Christmas-tree. In one shop cranberries were promised; in another, popcorn; in a toy-store, some partly damaged gilt-silver and many colored balls, none the less brilliant on that account. At the Catholic bookstore several packages of cheap but attractive Christmas cards were donated, and also several boxes of broken candles. It was arranged with the trainmen that everything should be carried free; and the travellers, tired but elated, went to rest pleased with their own efforts and thankful to God who had so well directed them.

Never was a secret better kept, though Phelim O'Day, Father John's man-of-all-work, and old Mary the housekeeper, were taken into the confidence of the kindly conspirators. On the Sunday before Christmas the priest announced

that there would be a grand Christmas dinner in the school-house at five in the evening, and he cordially invited every member of the congregation to attend. The people, gaunt and hollow-eyed, looked at one another wonderingly, almost as if questioning whether their pastor could be jesting at their poverty and misery.

"Now, don't look at one another so," went on the generous-hearted priest. "I mean what I say. And I am requested to ask all of you, young and old, to bring your own knife, fork, plate, cup and spoon, as we are very short of those articles."

Of course curiosity and anticipation were all agog: nothing else was talked of in the community for the next three days. Under cover of darkness Phelim had already procured a Christmas-tree, which for several evenings Etelka and her mother had been decorating with cranberry ropes and popcorn, together with the ornaments, cards and candles procured on the trip to town.

On the morning of Christmas Eve it became evident that the task set before them was too herculean for half a dozen persons; and, under promise of strict secrecy, another half dozen men out of work were bidden to aid in the preparations. Phelim had already started for town, where he was to procure a wagon, loading it at the different restaurants, and bringing the contents back on the evening train, where the helpers were waiting to receive them. Truly the spirit of Christmas had entered into the hearts of the givers.

There were many, both men and women, at Holy Communion at the five-o'clock Mass, and the larger part of the congregation were present at all three of the Masses. It made Father John's heart ache to think of the slender breakfast awaiting the majority of his flock that morning as they went forth

into the frosty air. But he comforted himself with the thought of the fine dinner they were about to enjoy that evening; while many a fervent prayer ascended from his pious soul for the thoughtful child still kneeling with her mother beside the Crib when all the others departed, and looking so like a heavenly spirit in her little white hood, with folded hands and eyes upturned to heaven, that he wondered if the Stable of Bethlehem had ever known a sweeter or more angelic worshiper.

It was a busy morning for Etelka and her assistants. Stealing mysteriously from their various domiciles, one and all refused to answer the numerous questions of the womenfolk,—preparing as best they could for the expected feast, which they knew would be one far transcending an ordinary festival, as Father John was its moving spirit and director.

Finally, when at five o'clock the doors were thrown open to the expectant but orderly crowd, a murmur of admiration arose from every breast. The long tables, tastily festooned with evergreens, were filled with appetizing viands of every description. True, the meats were cold; but there were many from which to choose—chicken, corned and roast beef, tongue, ham, and goodly rounds of Bologna sausage. Saratoga potatoes, pickles, pies, cakes, nuts, raisins, oranges and apples; with a huge basket of molasses candy for the children, added by some unknown Samaritan; with great piles of bread at every corner,—no hungry man, woman or child could ask a more palatable or attractive meal.

And how they crowded around the board, those half-famished ones, filling their almost empty stomachs with the first bounteous meal they had had for weeks! And yet how all greediness was absent, and how quietly and thankfully they partook of what was set before

them! And what a burst of delight from young and old when, the curtain withdrawn, the Christmas-tree stood revealed in all its brilliancy of light and color! There was not one child left without a card and a great piece of yellow candy in its little fist.

When the last candle had flickered into darkness, Father John mounted the platform and lifted his hand. In a moment all was silent, and he said:

"Giving thanks to Almighty God for the excellent meal of which you have all partaken, acknowledgments are next due to Miss Etelka Olgren, whose kind heart conceived and executed the plan by which this fine, well-conducted and altogether satisfactory feast has been made practicable. I am glad to see that a foolish pride and false self-respect has kept no one at home but the aged and invalided, who have not been forgotten. And now, my good people, one and all, we will give three cheers for our young benefactress!"

Loud and long was the response to this invitation, while cries of "Etelka! Etelka!" went up from the crowd.

But at the first mention of her name the child had seized her mother by the hand and dragged her away. The brave Etelka had had the courage to plead for her fellow-townsmen in distress, but their gratitude and applause she could not face.

At last, when it was discovered that they were to see no more of her that night, a greyhaired man stepped to the platform beside Father John, who again made a gesture for silence. It was Patrick Lyons, foreman of the largest furnace in Masonville.

"I am glad to be able to announce," he said, "that the strike has been called off; and, by a telegram received this evening from headquarters, we are ordered to return to work Monday morning, at a slight advance on our

former pay. And God knows the news is welcome to us all."

And then there were cheers again, this time mingled with sobs; and pale-cheeked men shook each other's hand, and women cried and clasped their children to their bosoms; while Father John passed around amidst them, tears in his eyes, words of congratulation and deepest thankfulness on his lips. And so, in little groups, with kindly greetings to their pastor and to one another, they went forth into the cold, starlit night, their echoes of "A happy Christmas!" on their lips and in their grateful hearts.

— — — — —
Noël.*
—

O BLESSED Night!

O rich delight!

When, joy with wonder blending,

To us from heaven

A Son was given,

Angelic hosts attending.

For when, in thrall

From Adam's fall,

The world in death was lying,

In flesh like mine

The Life divine

Rose sunlike o'er the dying.

O God of Might!

Eternal Light!

In swaddling bands they bound Thee;

Thrust from the hall,

To lowly stall,

The herd was gathered round Thee.

That cradled Child

Lay mute and mild,—

That "Word" whose voice is thunder;

The world's great Light

Withdrew from sight,—

Oh, who can solve the wonder?

God stoops to dwell

In lowly cell,

Nor shame nor want refusing;

He leaves His throne,

His foes to own,

For heaven a manger choosing.

— — — — —
"Rome and the Novelists."

IT has been commonly remarked that the Church has of late years become a favorite theme for novelists who do not accept her authority. Some of these, doubtless, regard her as a great sociological fact, and study her methods and results as a mere academic exercise; others, it may well be, have learned that she is one of the perennially interesting subjects even to the world that denies her its allegiance,—in other words, that a novel having the ancient Church for a setting is fairly sure to sell. Whatever the explanation, a few moments' reflection enables us to count up scores of highly successful novels—from Scott to Gilbert Parker—that deal directly and chiefly with the Church. In the current number of the *Edinburg Review* a writer seeks the secret of this mysterious power of attraction. The writer is not a Catholic, and *therefore*—we italicize the deductive adverb—he never can find the secret and tell it. But, because it is always interesting to get some hint of "how others see us," we intend to cull rather freely from the famous quarterly, with only a slender thread of comment to bind the borrowed posies together.

Beginning, then, with the perfectly true statement that, although at the end of the eighteenth and the middle of the sixteenth century the Church was, to all human seeming, on the verge of ruin, the writer finds that both declines were followed by a return toward Catholicism, and an increase in the radiating, attractive power of our holy religion. Soon after the first-named of these two periods, Scott appeared and began what has since become a well-fixed literary tradition by using the majesty and the mysteriousness of Catholic life and worship for the purposes of fiction. The tradition is then followed through "John Inglesant" to

* A popular hymn of the fifteenth century. Modernized by H. M. M.

Zola* and Mrs. Humphry Ward, and we are fairly in the maelstrom of novels dealing with the lives or the beliefs of Catholics. We shall now let the writer speak for himself:

"If one reads a group of novels like those to which we have referred, or if one studies the numerous accounts of the thoughts, feelings, and circumstances which have led real persons to join the Roman Catholic Church, it is impossible to avoid considering the question: What is the secret of the power and attraction of this religious society? It is a question far too wide, of course, to allow the writer of a review to do more than make a few suggestions.

"The cosmopolitan, many-nationed Church which has its centre at Rome and its circumference everywhere is regarded by some as the salvation of the world, by others as its disease, by most Englishmen as a great institution of questionable merit. It is certainly a living and not a dead being, because it attracts and repels. It arouses love and hatred with a power possessed by no other international association. It excites every shade of feeling....

"It has often been observed that there is a fascination of dislike as well as that of like. The attention is fixed by a hated as well as by a loved person. The Roman Catholic Church, alone among churches, seems to possess this two-edged fascination in a high degree. Englishmen, by nature and in the absence of theories, look at the Church of

England rather as men look at a fine old family house. They regard it with pride and often with deep affection; and have feelings, keen though discordant, as to the best way of living in it, or as to alterations and restorations. But one does not hear of any Spaniard or Italian or German or Frenchman experiencing either a violent attraction or a strong dislike toward it; nor, for the matter of that, toward the church ruled by the Holy Synod of Russia, nor that where the Patriarch of Constantinople holds sway. One does, on the other hand, hear from time to time of English churchmen or German Lutherans or even Orthodox Russians being drawn by a singular attraction to join the religious communion which has its headquarters at Rome.

"A memoir, a piece of autobiography, or one's private knowledge, occasionally supplies some details of the operation of this attractive force. Now and then one has a picture of a person, beginning perhaps with a strong aversion to the Roman Church, even feeling it to be the 'mystery of iniquity' and the centre of all that is anti-Christian, long fighting against the drawing power; yet, in spite of all training and early bias, and the disapproval of friends, torn away in mid-life, like Newman and Manning, from position and settled career, to become a citizen of this strange city, in whose history there is so much evil, in whose practices there is so much superstition. How comes it that this Church exercises a power so disturbing throughout the world,—so attracts and repels?

"One reason is, no doubt, the distinctness of this Church. It is impossible even to argue that the Roman Catholic Church is the religious side or aspect of any one nation, race or empire. A man who becomes a Roman priest enters into the service of a distinct, concrete, visible, united, self-governing, world-diffused, spiritual State. It is this

* The *Edinburg* writer thus happily hits off Zola's methods: "One feels that M. Zola has decided that his time has come to write a book on the Roman question, that he has packed several large note-books into a portmanteau, taken a ticket for Rome, filled his note-books with careful observations of scenery, sunsets, buildings, historical and statistical information, the gossip of a section of Roman society; and that he has then, like a Royal Commission, reported upon the question which he is investigating under the guise of a novel."

distinct State which men love or hate,—which attracts and repels, which kindles patriotism in its inhabitants and opposing patriotisms outside its borders.... Most Englishmen have toward the Roman Catholic Church feelings of a complex kind. They admire it in a way, because it is ancient, consistent, strong, great,—a conservative force; they have no objection to its existence in other countries; they feel rather proud that a certain number of old English families should openly belong to it. But they have no desire to see this Church successful in England, and they are extremely adverse to the introduction of a decided sacramental and sacerdotal character into their own church. If Parliament is unwilling to give to the Church of England the power of legislation in matters of ceremony and doctrine, it is in part because there is apprehension that this power would be used to convert the English Church, its doctrines, discipline and rites, into a closer likeness of the Roman.

"The Church of Rome, then, is a spiritual country inhabited by men of almost every race, held together by a unity of allegiance to a government which possesses a *summum imperium*, legislative, judicial, administrative. This State claims the spiritual submission of the whole Christian world, and does not conceal its constant endeavor to achieve the conquest. This high claim repels most outsiders, but attracts a minority. The Roman Church presents the nearest present approach in an imperfect world to the idea of those who believe that the Catholic Church should be one in body as well as in spirit, visible, indivisible, self-governing, and coterminous with the human race. For a certain kind of mind the Roman Church has the attraction which a great capital has for the provincial. The provincial is not attracted to

London by the fogs and bad air, noise and high rents, and many unpleasing people who live there; but *in spite of* all this. So it is quite possible to imagine a man who dislikes much of the practice and can hardly believe in much of the doctrine of the Roman Church, yet is drawn to that spiritual city by its antiquity and magnitude and varied interest. That it is a non-national society is precisely its attraction to many minds.

"Mr. Wilfrid Ward's excellent life of his father, Dr. W. G. Ward, shows the process of a logical and mathematical intellect building up an ideal of a great spiritual State, and soon discovering that only in the Roman Church was there to be found an at all adequate minor premiss to that (perhaps erroneous) major. Dr. Ward would not probably have chosen to speak of the Roman Church, in the words used by Newman on his 'conversion,' as 'the one fold of Christ.' To him this Church rather presented itself as the solid centre of Christendom; as a strong, organized, militant State, waging constant war against opposing powers; the antagonist of the Revolution under its different forms and guises. 'An internecine conflict,' he once wrote, 'is at hand between the army of dogma and the united hosts of indifferentism, heresy, atheism.... Looking at things practically, the one solid and inexpugnable fortress of truth is the Catholic Church built on the Rock of Peter.'...

"By the light of reason, equally honest thinkers are led to diametrically opposite opinions. Ward was the type of those natures, at once emotional and intellectual, who find it necessary to build a house of reason for the instincts of the heart, and are driven step by step to found it upon a reasoned acceptance of Authority. Of these men some find it sufficient to ascertain, to their own satisfaction, upon any question, the

dictates of Authority by a perusal of books, study of the opinions of the learned, and comparison of existing customs. Others require that the final decision, however arrived at, should be pronounced by a recognized and binding organ of authority, analogous to a Supreme Court of Appeal. Men of this last stamp—intellectual men of action (or men of intellectual action)—naturally gravitate toward Rome, the one spiritual power which makes this claim to be the Supreme Spiritual Court of Christendom, and is recognized to be such by half of the whole Christian world.

"The ideal of visible unity, authority, discipline, and desire to approach it, led also into the Roman road the strong-willed and logical-minded Manning. 'If I stay in the Church of England,' he wrote a few months before his change, 'I shall end a simple mystic like Leighton. God is a spirit and has no visible kingdom, church or sacraments. But that is to reject Christendom—its history and its witness for God.' Manning had the mind of a practical statesman; to him the Catholic Church was one that decided and ruled. He was no more able to convince himself that the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the Eastern churches are one Church because they all [?] have episcopacies of apostolic descent, than he could have convinced himself that the British Empire and the United States of America are one State because they have a common origin; or that Sweden and Italy are one State because they both are monarchies."

Later on is given another reason for the fascination which Matthew Arnold, in a noble and much-quoted passage, declared the Ancient Church must exercise over every man of imagination:

"The Roman Catholic Church, an ancient and constantly militant spiritual State, has acquired a tone of conviction

impressive even to its enemies. The dogmatic style of the Vatican is unrivalled in its note of calm and sovereign certainty. The art of this Church in its public services and devotions is characterized by the same uniform tone of decisive action. Even the humblest Roman Catholics feel that they are citizens of no mean city. They have the conviction which makes the Eton boy ('too calmly proud for a look of pride') conscious, beyond all necessity of proof, that his school is above or beyond every school. On one side of his school, the boy feels, there are lesser schools; upon the other side, nothing but infinity. M. Zola, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Richard Bagot, in describing great ceremonies at Rome, all note the profound belief of the Pope in his office, the profound belief of the faithful in the Pope. Mr. Bagot,* describing the impressions made upon the mind of a woman tending toward Rome, says:

"Nothing in Catholicism impressed her so much as the strong undoubting faith which its members displayed in their Church; and the calm, tranquil conviction with which they regarded that Church as the sole exponent upon earth of the divine will and authority. She felt that if she were once persuaded of the truth of the claim of Rome to be the one and only legitimate repository of that authority, she would be able to accept all the doctrines of the Roman Church which had formerly appeared to her to be so anti-spiritual and superstitious.

"An Irish gardener comparing his former mistress with his present, said: 'The old lady was a real lady; she had no misgivings about herself.' The Church of Rome has the air of calm self-recognition which marks an ancient aristocracy."

Another reason for the centripetal force exerted by Rome, we are told, is this:

"The Roman Catholic Church has been called 'a hospital for sick souls';

* [This is the gentleman of whom a secular daily recently wrote that he should spell his name with an *i* instead of an *a*, so bigoted are his utterances about the Church.]

and certainly it is the torment of spiritual disease which has driven many a nature in this direction,—strong natures among them. It is not that all churches do not profess, and in some degree practise, the art of spiritual medical treatment. But the tendency of the Reformation was to confine it within limits. It was as though a nation, indignant at the routine and corruption which had crept into the practice of doctors, were to take steps which had the result of restricting them for the most part to lectures on hygiene, and of preventing examination and special treatment of patients. It is possible that the health of such a nation, looked at as a whole, might not suffer in the end; because every man would become more or less of a doctor for himself, and some ideas of medicine would be handed down in families. But there would always be many individuals in it who would cross the sea to find treatment which they could not obtain freely at home....

"M. Huysmans, in his painfully pathological novel, 'En Route,' describes the beginning of the slow and difficult cleansing, in an austere Catholic monastery, of an imagination stained with the almost indelible hauntings left by a profligate life, and the partial rectification of a will that has lost its spring of self-recovery. The spiritual director, when he has made a diagnosis of the case, recommends to the patient this cure, after certain preparatory treatment, just as a doctor might recommend a diet and a course of waters. The cure lies in the anti-carnal atmosphere of the religious house; the immersion of the stained soul in the waters of penitence and asceticism; the example, to the man who has drunk too deep of the cup of pleasure, of men who are able to refrain from drinking it at all; a mental and sentimental

surrounding wholly contrasted with that of the previous life in the world. It is as though a man, poisoned by the corrupt air of a great city, were sent to live for a time in a tent amid the high cold Alps, at the foot of the glaciers and just beneath the eternal snows.

"Now, the Church of Rome has the authority of a great physician in long-established and continuous practice to make those who wish to be healed take the necessary steps. Men too much relaxed to act upon their own knowledge of what is best for them can so act under the moral force and supervision of an unquestioned Authority. The foundation of the Roman Church's successful treatment of spiritual disease is its unbroken and unvarying claim to the power of absolution—in other words, of magic healing; but to the actual task it brings the continuous practice of centuries, handed down, like law or medicine, in a strong profession. Mrs. Humphry Ward's melancholy devotee, Helbeck of Bannisdale, founds the whole of religion upon the two facts of Sin and the Crucifixion. Accept these two facts, he said, and nothing else is really difficult.

"Miracles, the protection of the saints, the mysteries of the sacraments, the place that Catholics give to Our Lady, the support of an infallible Church,—what so easy and natural if these be true? Sin and its Divine Victim, penance, regulation of life, death, judgment,—Catholic thought moves perpetually from one of these ideas to another. As to many other thoughts and beliefs, it is free to us, as to other men, to take or leave, to think or not to think. The Church, like a tender mother, offers to her children an innumerable variety of holy aids, consolations, encouragements. These may or may not be of faith. The Crucifix is the Catholic Faith. In that the Catholic sees the love that brought a God to die, the sin that infects his own soul. To requite that love, to purge that sin—there lies the whole task of the Catholic life.

"It has been said by another writer that any one who has a deep sense of sin gravitates toward the Catholic Church; yet the sense of sin, and the

idea of the remedy through the application of the suffering of a Redeemer, so far from being a specially Catholic idea, is, we think, even more strikingly manifested in those Puritan churches which have rejected so much else of Catholic doctrine and practice. The central height of the religion stands out more boldly and nakedly on these level plains. What is peculiar to the Roman Church is that, more and more continuously than any other, it has studied and made definite the technical process of the healing of sin,—not finding from experience of human nature that, as a rule, a conversion from a lower life to a higher one can be at once sudden, true and lasting. The old priest in M. Huysmans' novel bids the would-be penitent remember that the troubles which tormented him were well known, that there was no blind procedure in the matter, and that the mystic is an absolutely exact science, studied for centuries and enshrined in many text-books. It can foretell in advance 'most of the phenomena which take place in a soul which the Lord destines to perfect life; it follows spiritual operations as precisely as physiology observes the different states of the body.' The *via purgativa* must be trodden before the patient can enter upon the *via illuminativa*, and then he is only halfway to the highest possible life."

We may be permitted to say that Catholics, because they are within the Church, are more likely to be right in their analysis of this mysterious power of attraction. That it is the divine element within her which still beckons to the bright mind and the pure heart, is to her children as unmistakable a fact as that nothing short of divinity could have won for her the victory over the pagan world of old. The pagan

heart hardened by centuries of licentious living, the pagan mind coarsened and sensualized by indulgence and by inheritance, the Roman with his proud contempt for all "barbarians" and especially for the hated and despised Jews,—this was the world which at the behest of that magnetic Church was to fall down and worship a contemned and crucified Jew,—nay, to crucify its own heart according to her austere command, and to exclaim with the apostate Julian, but in a wholly different spirit, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Is not this as marvellous as the attractive power of the Church over the non-Catholic mind to-day?

It will not do to speak of an art, perfected by centuries of experience and skilfully wielded, by which the minds of weak men and women are hypnotized and their senses numbed. No one with knowledge of the past or of the present will believe that the Church has swayed weak minds alone. Those, for instance, whom she inspires with a yearning after the perfect life, whom even the *Edinburg* writer describes as "inhabitants of heaven here on earth, haunted by the memory of their home and longing to anticipate their return,"—these are not weak minds; for does he himself not say that, "however much it may have drooped from time to time in practice, the Roman Catholic Church has never abjured or condemned or feared the idea of religious heroism; and for her reward the Church has always had within her a fountain of redeeming vitality to save her from the consequences of invading worldliness"? No, it is not weakness that the Church enlists in the battle-royal with an evil world; and when men have learned the secret of her power to inspire vocations to the crucified life, they will have gone far on the road to understanding the fascination she wields over the mind that is not Catholic.

Notes and Remarks.

The pastoral letter issued by the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, assembled in triennial convention recently at San Francisco, contains some pregnant paragraphs that make good reading for Christians generally. Here is one of them:

The soldier dying on a lonely battlefield, the sailor hero going down with his ship that others may be saved, the physician hero adventuring himself fearlessly into the pestilence, with the consecrated Sister by his side,—this figure is dwarfed into nothingness by the atmosphere of our time in comparison with the successful accumulator of a mountain of wealth.

Catholics will note the conspicuous absence of the priestly hero, usually found by the side of the physician and Sister. But sick-calls in the P. E. sect and in the Church are functions that are scarcely identical; so the omission is intelligible. Another paragraph runs:

The crime at Buffalo, by which the head of our nation was taken away, was but the natural fruit of this tree of God-defying and denial. The great and good President was slain by the spirit of our age. But we must recognize that this awful crime, thrice repeated within forty years, is the offspring of the spirit of lawlessness, full grown to the maturity of malevolence; and that other children of the same evil spirit are close about us on every hand, themselves the strength of the family of lawlessness, who make possible and certain these giant monsters whose deeds of violence have shocked our souls.

We are moved to comment that the tree of "God-defying and denial" is scarcely liable to be checked in its growth so long as religion is excluded from the schoolroom. Not all their lordships, we fear, had the courage of their convictions as to that subject. They were more outspoken on this other matter:

One other matter your bishops feel called upon to mention in this connection, and that is the growing disregard of the sanctity of the Lord's Day. That such disregard is increasing among the confessed disciples of the Lord we fear can not be denied. The luxurious Sunday evening banquet of the rich and pleasure-loving is a dishonor to the risen Lord in whose honor the

Church has set the day apart. It is a shame—and only shame because no excuse can be found for it in the condition of our life—that golf grounds shall be crowded on Sunday afternoons; that servants shall be denied their well-earned rest day; that beasts in our stables shall know no Sabbath, because athletes, men and women, must be driven in cushioned comfort to the scenes of their Sunday sports, and, returning, have their weary frames refreshed and feasted.

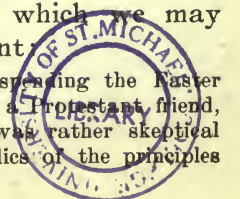
The portion of the letter that deals with the attacks upon the Bible is, of course, altogether inadequate. Without an authoritative and infallible interpreter, the Written Word of God ceases to be as revelation at all. Private judgment is a delusion and a snare, as many a non-Catholic knows in his heart.

The London *Dispatch*, a secular journal, argues for an Irish Catholic University in this way: "The Catholics do not ask for the endowment of a single theological chair. They only wish support for their literary and scientific branches of instruction. They pay the piper: why should they be denied the right to call the tune?" If this plain principle had an honest hearing, it would promote the solution of certain vexatious questions in this country as well as in Ireland.

As proof of the progress of the Church in Norway, Bishop Fallize states that he confirmed more candidates last year than in any year since he has been in charge of the mission. The work of sisterhoods in Norway has been singularly blessed, and the nuns are very popular with all classes of the population.

Of Judge Bagshawe, whose lamented death we chronicled a few weeks ago, there is a story told which we may repeat without comment.

Some years ago he was spending the Easter holidays at the seaside with a Protestant friend, a member of the bar, who was rather skeptical as to the practice by Catholics of the principles



they professed. He decided to put them to the test, and chose the one in which he thought Judge Bagshawe would be weakest,—namely, the practice of fasting. The Judge was a man of full habit and enjoyed a good dinner; and, taking advantage of the fact that Friday is a day of abstinence, his host ordered an excellent meat dinner to be served that evening. To whet the Judge's appetite, he took him out in a boat for some sea-fishing. The day was one of those keen spring days, with east wind blowing.—just the sort of day calculated to make one ravenous. The Judge's appetite was as keen as his host wished it. They sat down to dinner and the Judge was helped to lamb, the first of the season. He was about to put the bit into his mouth when his host cried out: "Bagshawe, you forget this is a fast-day in your Church!" The Judge at once put down his knife and fork, pushed the plate away from him, and dined off bread and cheese—the only fasting food available. The host was dumfounded at such an act of self-denial and was covered with confusion. He apologized most humbly for his want of charity as well as want of hospitality; but so impressed was he by the self-denial that he forsook the faith of his fathers and became a convert.

The venerable historian of Rome, Prof. Mommsen, has set German university circles agog by his violent protest against the appointment of Dr. Spahn to the chair of history at Strasburg University. Mommsen's contention is that this appointment strikes a blow at "the intellectual conscience"—the principle of discovering and telling the truth, no matter whom it may hurt,—since Dr. Spahn, being a Catholic, can not utter what he finds in history, but must hold such views as accord with the teaching of the Church.

The bland implication that Catholic scholars write history with a whitewash brush is one of those familiar and gratuitous insults which we have been accepting in an humble and mortified spirit ever since the Protestant quarrel came up. Personally, we think that Catholics have not always told the whole truth of history, but that was because Protestants seldom told any of it; even this mild and most natural weakness, however, is happily absent

from the work of Catholic savants in our day. "The Holy Ghost has no need of our lies," said Leo XIII. on an historic occasion; and his spiritual children the world over have applauded the sentiment. But what we wish especially to observe is this: Mommsen is seriously alarmed lest Dr. Spahn's faith should pervert his history; but the Church is nowise alarmed lest history should pervert Dr. Spahn's faith. Even a man afflicted with cataract can see which is the weaker side in this case.

Mr. Paul Revere, who died recently at Morristown, N. J., was a great-grandson of the revolutionary hero whose famous ride inspired one of the most popular of Longfellow's poems. Mr. Revere, who was even more admired for his sterling character than for his gifts of mind, became a Catholic twenty-five years ago, and to the end he fulfilled his duties fervently and ostentatiously. Even apart from his great-grandfather, Mr. Revere was of distinguished lineage. His grandfather was Dr. John Revere, an eminent physician and one of the founders of the University of New York; and his father was General Joseph Warren Revere, of the U. S. Army. May he rest in peace!

Not a few people on this side of the Atlantic seem inclined to think that affairs in France are scarcely so bad as the Catholic publicists of that country represent them to be. They shrug their shoulders at denunciations of the anti-Catholic government, and privately express the opinion that if the Congregations are being summarily treated, it is largely their own fault. "There's a good deal of exaggeration," they will tell you, "in all this talk about religious persecution, tyranny, and so forth." We invite the attentive consideration of such ill-informed critics to the following incident. Several weeks ago the magis-

tracy of Lille received an anonymous communication charging a Christian Brother with an act of immorality. Forthwith the Brother was arrested; and, notwithstanding the proven fact that he had not for two years been teaching in the room where the act was supposed to have been done, the judge persisted (solely on the strength of the anonymous letter) in holding him guilty, and so consigned him to prison. If this is not unmitigated official tyranny, we should like to learn what constitutes that offence. The charge eventually proved to be a case of blackmail, the writer of the letter being an ex-convict who had served something less than six months for the trifling misdemeanor of attempted murder.

The glimpses of Lord Russell's family life afforded by Mr. Barry O'Brien will be revelations to those who remember the late Chief-Justice only as a masterful advocate or stern judge. A letter written to his daughter when about to enter a convent is proof that Lord Russell was a man of tender piety as well as strong domestic affection. He wrote:

We hoped—selfishly, in part, no doubt, but not wholly selfishly—to have your sunshiny nature always with or near us in the world,—a world in which we thought and think good, bright souls have a great and useful work to do. Well, if it can not be so, we bow our heads in resignation. We know you will do your duty, as it comes to you to do, well and thoroughly and unselfishly; and we have no fear that you will forget us. After all, it is something for us, poor, dusty creatures of the world, with our small, selfish concerns and little ambitions, to have a stout young heart steadily praying for us. I know we can depend on this; I know also you will not forget your promise to me, should serious misgivings cross your mind *before* the last word is spoken. I rely on this. God keep and guard you, my darling child, is the prayer of your father!

This letter, written out of the heart of a man as good as he was great, will doubtless be remembered by some

of our readers; for it has **appeared** in these columns before. We trust it will be read very carefully by a certain kind of Catholic parent—not too often met with, thank God!—who think the convent a good enough place for other people's daughters, and who even seek to dissuade their children from following what is clearly their heaven-appointed vocation.

Of all the dogmas of the Church, Papal Infallibility is the one least understood by non-Catholics; and it must be admitted that the explanations given in some of our doctrinal manuals are more confusing than informing. It need not be said that the decisions of the Pope as a ruler or supreme judicial authority delivered on matters of fact claim our reverence and obedience. The Holy See is the highest tribunal in the world, and was once recognized as such by all Christendom. But the question is always coming up, When does the Pope make an infallible judgment? In consequence of the obvious misunderstanding as to the dogma of Papal Infallibility in a recent letter of Sir Henry Howorth's, the *London Tablet* thus enumerates the criteria by which an infallible judgment may be known:

From the very nature of the question, three elements present themselves: first, the Pope; secondly, the making; thirdly, the judgment. Hence three plain conditions—one on the part of each. On the part of the Pope, it is required that he shall speak in his capacity as *supreme teacher* of all Christians. On the part of the making, it is required that it shall be an act of doctrinal *definition*. On the part of the judgment, it is required that it shall be a matter concerning *Faith and Morals*.

Here we have a true conception of the Catholic doctrine of Papal Infallibility. If all Catholic writers were to observe, as the *Tablet* does, the distinction between a brief and a bull, confusion of thought on so important a subject would be less general.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Christmas-Tree.*

BY CECILIA M. CADDELL.

OH, the Christmas-Tree, the old Christmas-Tree!

It is laden with fruit and fair to see;
And we'll dance around it on Christmas night,
With bosoms that bound and with footsteps light.

See: lights upon lights on its branches shine," □
And garlands and wreathlets around them twine;
And our friends have each sent a gift to be
Hung up on the boughs of the Christmas-Tree.

Nay, pause, dearest children, amid your glee;
Come hither a moment and listen to me
While I tell you who brought the Christmas night,
With its merry dance and its tree of light.

He lay upon straw, while you garlands twine;
He was wrapt in rags, while in silk you shine;
And He came in tears, that your dance might be
All smiles and glad round the Christmas-Tree.

Oh, give Him a thought as you dance away!
Your dance will be ne'er for that thought less gay;
And give for His sake to the sad and poor:
'Twill never be missed from your Christmas store.

And gladder than ever your laugh will be
As lightly you bound round the Christmas-Tree,
And your heart be filled with more glorious light
Than the tapers fling from its branches bright.

The Christ-Child's Gift.

BY HOPE WILLIS.



OUTSIDE the night was very dark; the winds moaned sorrowfully, although it was Christmas Eve. For those to whom the beautiful festival was bringing hope and gladness, the gloominess of the weather mattered little; but to the poor and afflicted, the severity of the season was doubly hard to bear.

* From an unpublished MS. in the possession of a relative of the author.

Upon the threshold of a miserable cottage a child paused for an instant before entering, to wipe the tears from his thin and pallid cheek. Choking a sob and assuming a cheerful smile, the boy opened the door of the comfortless room. On a poor couch in the corner lay a woman, her eyes turned toward him. On her face also rested a smile, which had not been there before his entrance into the room. He advanced to the couch, and, stooping, kissed her.

"Louis," she said gently, still trying to keep up the semblance of a smile, "kneel down beside me. I am growing very weak and I wish to talk to you while I can."

The boy did as she bade him, and she continued:

"Be brave now, my son, and listen. It is Christmas Eve. Always before this, while I was well, I tried to keep the blessed day in some pleasant fashion. But to-night the wolf is at the door, sure enough. We have neither bread nor fire, and I feel as though I could not last much longer. When I am gone I dread to think what will become of you. For me it does not matter now: my day is past. God grant that the future may hold something in store for my dear, good child!"

Her voice broke; the little fellow—he was a very little fellow—clutched at her hand, as she turned away her face.

"Mother," he said, "do not despair. Let me tell you. To-night when I went out, it was to beg."

"To beg!" exclaimed the sick woman.

"Yes, mother. I could not bear to see you cold and starving. So I leaned against the wall at the corner of the street and held out my hand."

"And — did any one give you an alms?" she asked.

"No, mother, not a single person. They all looked at me without putting a penny into my hand. And then I remembered some One who *would* give me something if I asked for it, and I went to Him."

"Where?—Louis, where did you go?"

"I came home," replied the boy,—"I came home to hang up my stocking in the chimney; and now I am going to lie down beside you till it is time for Midnight Mass. Then will you call me, mother dear? And I will go to the church and ask the Infant Jesus and our Blessed Mother to put something in my stocking."

"What?—a toy?" asked the mother, in a feeble voice full of tears. The sands of her faith were running low, and she feared the disappointment of the child should he not find his prayer answered.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "What should I want with a toy? No indeed: it is money I want, to buy coal and food."

"Very well, dear; I will call you in time," she said.

And the brave little fellow, pulling off his shoes, was soon snugly ensconced in the bed beside her. At least they had sufficient warm covering, if no fire. He was asleep in a few moments; but the mother lay thinking and praying in the darkness until the church clock sounded three-quarters after eleven. Then she awoke him; and, putting on his shoes, he kissed her, seized his cap and hurried forth into the night.

Midnight Mass was over. The clouds of incense that had filled the church were still floating above the lofty arches. In front of the Crib the candles were yet burning, and one by one the late worshipers left the church till there remained only a child kneeling close to

the Infant Jesus, and an old gentleman in the pew behind him. The boy was praying audibly; the old man bent forward to listen.

"Dear good little Jesus," prayed the child, "my mother is ill; we have no fire, nothing to eat, and it is Christmas. I have hung up my stocking in the chimney; dear good Jesus, put some money in it, please. I don't want any candy, I don't want any toys,—only some money to buy coal and food till mamma gets well and can sew again. I live down at the corner of Clay and Middleton Street, in the little cottage that stands by itself, and my stocking is hanging in the chimney—"

The old gentleman could hear no more; for the child buried his little face in his hands and prayed silently.

The listener stole softly from the church; but it was some time longer before the sacristan, making his rounds, bade the boy hurry home to his mother.

The sick woman still lay sleepless, awaiting the return of the child, when a tap came to the door.

"Come in!" she answered, a little timorous; for the hour was late and the neighborhood lonely.

An old gentleman entered, and came at once to the bedside, where a feeble taper was burning.

"Madam," he said, "you will excuse me for disturbing you at this hour, but Almighty God sent me." He then related what he had heard in the church, adding: "To so fervent and confident a prayer the Infant Jesus could not but grant an immediate answer. To-morrow I will come again; but at present I merely wish to drop a little Christmas gift in the stocking which I am sure I shall find in a corner of the chimney; and I do not wish to be here when the boy returns."

"God bless you, my dear sir!" said the poor woman. "Yonder, in the

corner by the window, my little Louis has hung his stocking."

Very softly the old gentleman went over to the place indicated; and, after dropping five gold pieces into the toe of the stocking, he said:

"I will go now, Madam. To-morrow, when I return, you shall tell me your story, and I trust all will be well with you again."

"O sir, tell me who you are?" said the astonished invalid. "Are you an angel or St. Joseph? For you must be a saint from heaven."

"No, no!" he answered, in the same even tones. "I am only a miserable sinner to whom God and the world have been kind beyond his deserts. I must do something to save my soul."

He had not been gone long when the door opened once more and Louis stole in on tiptoe.

"I am not asleep, darling," said his mother. "But why have you remained away so long?"

"I have been praying to the Infant Jesus and our Blessed Mother," he said simply. "I have been telling them all about our poverty and praying for you. Don't you feel better already?"

"I do, Louis,—I do—much better," she replied. "And now, dear, come to bed; for you must be very cold."

"Yes," said the boy, "I am a little cold. But to-morrow we shall both be warm and have plenty to eat."

"How do you know that, my son?"

"Why, I told you. I have been praying to the Infant Jesus and our Blessed Mother, and to-morrow morning I shall look in my stocking and there will be some money there."

Unseen by him in the darkness, the mother wiped away a tear and uttered a prayer of thankfulness to God, who had left her, in the midst of her poverty, the consolation of possessing a child with faith and piety so sublime. When

he had crept under the covers, she took the cold little hands in her own to warm them, and in a very short space of time they were both asleep.

The storm had passed, the winds were stilled, the bright winter sun was shining through the window, when the widow was awakened by a gentle push on her shoulder. Beside her stood Louis, in one hand his worn and faded stocking, in the other five pieces of gold.

"What did I tell you, mother!" he cried joyfully. "Oh, now we shall have fire and light and good things to eat to-day, and lots of money left besides! See, mother: five gold pieces,—five!—the Christmas gift of the dear little Infant Jesus!"

The Devil and the Blacksmith.*

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

Once upon a time, in a little village the name of which I have forgotten, there lived a worthy blacksmith named Misery. His home was a small hut at the edge of the village, and this was his sole fortune. The smoke of his forge had blackened the front of his poor dwelling; but behind it was a small enclosure, shaded by a wide-spreading plum-tree.

Misery's only companion was an old dog, Poverty. This faithful beast shared his black bread, which was dipped in water oftener than in wine; for work was not plentiful, although Misery was skilful. He could have earned more in the city, but he loved his little village, his old house and his plum-tree. He was contented with his lot, and could often be heard singing in time with the blows on his anvil.

One day, just before Christmas, two travellers alighted from their mules at

* From the French of Maribert, by H. Twitchell.

the door of the hut. The younger of these had a wondrously kind face, a full, silky beard, and long yellow locks flowing in curls over his shoulders. His companion was an older man, with a grey beard and a gruff manner. It was he who took it upon himself to address Misery.

"My good fellow, my master's mule has lost a shoe on the bad roads. Canst thou mend matters so that we may reach the town by nightfall?"

"I am at thy service, sires," replied Misery, politely. "And while waiting for me to kindle my forge fire, come inside, I beg of you, and have a crust of bread and a sip of wine. I have a bottle that my father gave me to use in sickness. The way to the city is long and the wind is biting."

"Thank thee, my good fellow! We will not refuse thy hospitality," said the grey-bearded traveller.

The other showed his gratitude by a smile which brightened the lowly hut like a ray of sunlight.

While Misery was bustling about, heating and hammering the iron into shape, the older of the guests asked him about his life, his work, and his ambitions for the future. The man's replies were so full of virtue and good sense that the younger visitor smiled approvingly.

The mule being at last shod, the travellers rose to depart. The older one took a piece of gold from a purse which hung at his side, with a great bunch of keys, and offered it to Misery.

"It is too much," stammered the poor man, quite overcome. "Give me only enough to pay me for my work; for a morsel of bread and a sip of wine offered freely is not to be paid for."

The younger traveller, who until now had remained silent, spoke, and his voice was as sweet as his face.

"Thou art a good man," he said. "Accept this gold in payment for thy

labor. I will reward thee for thy hospitality; for I have said that an eternal recompense shall be given to him who offers even a cup of cold water to a wayfarer. Ask for three things and thy requests shall be granted."

As he spoke a halo of light encircled his head; and then Misery knew that he had entertained the Lord, who was journeying with St. Peter.

Now, Misery, who had a good heart, had a dull brain, as will be seen from what followed.

"I wish, Lord, that all who sit down in the chair Thou art just quitting shall not be able to get up again without my consent."

"Thy wish shall be granted," was the smiling reply; while St. Peter nudged the blacksmith and whispered:

"Ask for paradise!"

Our man did not listen, however.

"The boys of the village steal my plums," continued Misery. "So I wish, Lord, that all those who climb up into my tree shall not be able to come down without my consent."

"Granted again," replied the Visitor, no longer smiling; while St. Peter gave Misery a lively rap and said:

"Fool!—ask for paradise!"

But Misery was young and death seemed a long way off, so he paid no attention to St. Peter.

"Lord," he went on, "I wish that nothing that goes into this old flat wallet can come out again without my consent."

"Granted!" replied the Visitor, with a deep sigh.

The travellers took their departure, and St. Peter muttered:

"Alas! how many honest men, like this one, refuse the gifts of God and imperil their souls for—plums!"

Left alone, Misery's thoughts were not very different. He dimly realized that his requests had offended his divine

Guest, and he reproached himself bitterly for not having asked for paradise. Chagrined, he vented his spite on his poor dog Poverty, giving him a kick when he came up for a caress. Ashamed of his cruelty, he turned around to call the brute back, when he found himself face to face with a singular personage, who sat astride his forge, grinning maliciously.

"Well, friend," began the unknown, "thou dost not sing to-day as usual. I have often listened to thee with pleasure on passing thy door, for thou hast indeed a melodious voice. I have never ventured in, for people who sing rarely have business with me. I am the Evil One, even as thou seest me, and I appear only when my services are needed. Thou art not content with thy lot to-day, Misery. But I can give thee riches and pleasures, fine apparel and equipages. Only sign this compact with me, and for ten years thou shalt enjoy all that makes life pleasant."

"Ten years is a long time," reflected Misery; so he signed the compact.

The good man was mistaken. Time is short when passed in enjoyment; the ten years flew past like a dream. During the time Misery had tasted of everything and grasped nothing; and one winter's night he again found himself under the paternal roof. For amusement, or perhaps to warm himself, he had lighted the forge fire, and Satan found him busily hammering out long iron bars.

"Ho! ho! So thou hast returned to thy first occupation! In the kingdom to which thou shalt follow me thou wilt be reminded of it often enough, only thou thyself shalt be between the hammer and the anvil. The hour of settlement has at last arrived, Misery."

"I have not forgotten that," replied Misery. "I have come here to bid farewell to the house of my fathers.

I desire to leave all in order, and two of the window-bars are broken; give me time to repair them. Meanwhile sit down in this chair and drink of the wine I shall bring thee."

Satan, suspecting nothing, sat down. Misery hammered away at the bar, pointing it and heating it red-hot. As he worked he murmured:

"Remember, Lord, that Thou hast promised not to let a glass of water pass unrewarded!"

"Well," cried Satan impatiently, "wilt thou never be ready? Upon my word I believe thou art praying. The moment is badly chosen for that, comrade. Thou hast signed a compact with me: thy soul belongs to me. Come!"

He tried to rise, but he seemed to be glued to the chair. Seizing the red-hot bar, Misery began to prick his enemy's body with great enthusiasm.

"Mercy! mercy!" implored the victim. "What dost thou want, accursed? Have I not kept my promise with thee? What more wouldst thou have? Speak quickly. Only let me depart, and I will give thee whatever thou desirest."

"Give me ten years more of wealth and pleasure. And when thou comest again let it be in pleasant weather when fruit is ripe. Dost thou agree?"

"I do," replied Satan. "In ten years I shall return and thou shalt pay dearly for thy pleasantry." He then hobbled away and Misery went back to the city.

The second ten years flew past even more rapidly than the first. One fine day, in late summer, Satan again presented himself. This time he had taken the precaution to provide himself with an escort of six companions, black and horned like himself. They found Misery alone under his plum-tree. As soon as he saw them he began to tremble; but, soon recovering himself, he said:

"I only ask for time to write a few words in the way of a testament, then I will follow thee. Wouldst thou and thy companions like to taste of my plums? They are ripe to perfection. It is a pity to leave them, but I have no appetite to-day."

Gluttony being one of the attributes of evil spirits, they did not need a second invitation to partake of the plums. They bounded lightly into the tree and began to eat of the luscious fruit. So engrossed were they that the chief did not notice that it took Misery a long time to do his writing.

In the meantime our man was not idle; but, instead of writing, he had kindled a fire and heated his pointed bar red-hot. He then ran out into the garden, brandishing his fiery goad.

"Aha!" he cried, laughing heartily. "Thou hast allowed thyself to be outwitted again by thy servant! So thou dost find my plums good, and thou thinkest I give them away for nothing! Thou shalt pay for them more dearly than at the market."

As he spoke he freely used the iron bar, goading the imps from bough to bough. The chief did not escape, as may be imagined, and he howled with pain.

"Oh, oh! Misery! So thou desirest ten years more? Thou shalt have them, wretch,—only let us down!"

When the devil returned at the end of another ten years, waiting till Christmas Eve, Misery had begun to weary of his pleasures. White hairs had come to him, and with them serious thoughts.

"Here I am," said Satan, prudently remaining on the threshold. "This time there must be no jesting."

"I have no wish to jest," answered Misery. "I see plainly that the end has come. When I have heard thy power vaunted, I have had the desire to shrug my shoulders; for in truth thou

art powerful only over stupid men."

"Dost thou think that?" said Satan, sorely vexed. "It seems to me I have given thee proof of my power by making millions rain into thy purse."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Misery, disdainfully. "Others become rich without making a compact with the Evil One, and purses are made purposely to receive gold pieces. But, to test thy power, I defy thee to put thyself in this old wallet that has held so many millions."

As he spoke he opened the purse to its widest extent, and looked at Satan mockingly.

Now, although Satan is suspicious, he is proud above all things. The thought that his power was doubted was insupportable to him.

"Don't worry about that: I accept the challenge." And with a bound he disappeared inside the purse, which Misery was not long in closing. "Now art thou convinced?" cried a smothered voice from the interior of the wallet.

"To be sure! to be sure!" said Misery, laughing softly. "It is easy enough to get into such a place, but the difficult thing is to get out!"

Then, laying the wallet on the anvil, Misery began pounding it with all his might with his hammer.

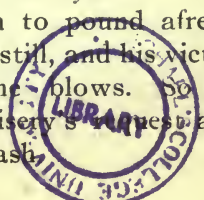
"Enough! enough!" groaned the unlucky prisoner. "Thou dost want ten years more, I see! Thou mayst have them!"

"I want neither ten nor twenty years. I want my signature!"

"Never!" cried Satan. "Thou wilt soon weary of pounding."

"When I am tired I shall rest, then begin again; but thou shalt not escape until the compact is destroyed."

So saying, he began to pound afresh. He was a strong man still, and his victim could not endure the blows. So he ended by granting Misery's request, and disappearing like a flash.



The compact destroyed, Misery found himself as poor as ever. He tried to work at the forge, but he was too old. He could not even earn his bread; his house had fallen into ruin, and his plum-tree had died. The poor man had had enough of life. Followed by his dog Poverty, he presented himself at the gates of paradise. The gates opened a trifle and St. Peter peered out.

"Who art thou?"

"Holy Saint, I am the blacksmith who shod a mule for thee once."

"Yes, thou art the one who despised my counsel, and who, instead of asking for paradise, made a compact with the Evil Spirit. Go! Thou canst not enter here till the end of the world."

The gate closed before he could reply. He then took his staff, and, followed by his dog, returned to the earth, where they still wander up and down in quest of food and shelter.

The wanderer, with bowed back and halting step, followed by a famished dog, who comes to our door to beg, is doubtless Misery. Give him a piece of bread, for we must have pity on the unfortunate. But beware of imitating the one who was so cruelly punished for having preferred the goods of this world to the riches of eternity—the offers of Satan to the hopes of heaven.

Bethlehem.

Bethlehem, forever glorious as the birthplace of the Saviour of the world, is situated on a limestone hill, and stands 2,750 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, in the midst of valleys planted with trees and vines. The town extends from east to west. The population is about 6,600, of whom 4,000 are Catholics, 800 Greek and 700 Armenian Schismatics, 100 Mohammedans, and a few Protestants.

A Christmas Custom.

St. Vincent Ferrer introduced a practice for Christmastide which is still observed in Spain. He accustomed his penitents, if they were not too poor themselves, to invite an old man, a maiden, and a little child to eat with them, as a kind of picture of the Holy Family. There was a wealthy merchant of Valentia who always faithfully followed this advice; and at the hour of his death Jesus, Mary and Joseph stood by his dying bed and thanked him for his hospitality; and Our Lord said to him: "Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of My servants, you have done it unto Me."

St. Vincent was famed for his love of the poor, and was called the protector of orphans from his tender devotion to homeless children. He was the means of building many charitable institutions, and the asylum which he erected for orphans at Lerida still remains. In Spain he is regarded as their patron saint, and a portrait of him surrounded by children is preserved at Valentia.

A Good Place to be.

BY FLORENCE JONES.

OH! for the holly berries red,
And ho! for the mistletoe,
For soft flushed cheeks and shining eyes,
And the stockings in a row!
From dusky corners a laugh rings out
And the sound of a merry song,—
Oh, grandpa's house is the place to be
When Christmas comes along!

What do we care for the wind and snow!
We laugh at the storm-king's might;
And soft cheeks glow and hearts beat high,
For Santa Claus comes to-night.
Then, hurrah! hurrah! for grandpa's house,
Alive with mirth and song,—
Oh, grandpa's house is the place to be
When Christmas comes along!

With Authors and Publishers.

—A volume of "Essays on Foreign Subjects," by the late Lord Bute, has just been published in Scotland. It includes his famous essay on the island of Patmos, which of itself shows the scholarly attainments of the Marquis to have been of a very high order.

—Judgments are sometimes as divergent as tastes. The *Athenæum* refers to the new life of Lord Russell of Killowen as authoritative—"this most competent and sympathetic of biographies." The *Tablet* calls it trivial and undignified—"an essentially patchwork volume."

—Among the good effects already wrought by the persecution of the Church in Spain is the foundation of a scholarly review by the Jesuits. Its title is *Razón y Fe*, and it promises to deserve a permanent place beside the *Etudes* and the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*.

—In contradistinction to the novels the sales of which run up into the hundred thousands, there are others considerably less fortunate. W. Robertson Nicoll, writing in the *Bookman*, of "Literary London," says: "Many novels well-reviewed and written by experienced authors do not get beyond their five hundred copies. . . . An ordinary novel six months old is almost quite unsalable."

—In Kipling's newest book, "Kim," occurs this pungent reference to Bennett, the English parson of the story: "Between himself and the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Irish contingent lay, as Bennett believed, an unbridgeable gulf; but it was noticeable that whenever the Church of England dealt with a human problem, she was very likely to call in the Church of Rome. Bennett's official abhorrence of the Scarlet Woman and all her ways was equalled only by his private respect for Father Victor."

—"Over the Plum-Pudding," by John Kendrick Bangs, is the holiday issue in Messrs. Harper & Brothers' excellent Portrait Collection of Short Stories. The volume is made up of a variety of short stories varying from very good to indifferently so. By far the best is the title story. The imitations of Meredith, Richard Harding Davis and Dr. Doyle are clever. Andrew Lang's dragon that could not digest Kipling's characters is a good touch. "An Unmailed Letter," which is a plea for the "simpler, happier Christmas time" we used to know, points a moral, as does also "Bills, M. D." "The Rise and Fall of the Poet

Gregory" should be read by all who desire to publish poetry. "Over the Plum-Pudding" is excellently printed and got up, and can hardly fail of being a popular gift-book.

—The Bishop of Peoria is one of those favored prophets who are not without honor either at home or abroad. Critiques of his work have recently appeared in the *Revue de Lille*, the *Revue Bibliographique Belge* and the *Rassegna Nazionale*.

—A volume of poetry by Miss Jane Barlow, so favorably known as the author of "Irish Idylls," is among the recent publications of Smith, Elder & Co. It is entitled "Ghost-Bereft, with Other Stories and Studies in Verse."

—There have been so many demands for "Luke Delmege" in book form that it is a pleasure to announce its immediate publication by Longmans, Green & Co. This new work is likely to share the great popularity of "My New Curate."

—Father Heuser's success in conducting the *American Ecclesiastical Review* has made that publication very popular even with the laity—a doubtful advantage to a review published for clerics. With characteristic enterprise and wisdom he now announces a new and entirely distinct ecclesiastical review for the educated laity. Its title is the *Dolphin*.

—A most attractive and seasonable addition to the publications of Messrs. Harper and Brothers is "Her First Appearance," by Richard Harding Davis. This excellent story is too well known to call for more than mere mention; it is the author's best work, but now it becomes a credit to the house which issues it. The color decorations and pictures by Ashe and Gibson are equal to the theme.

Another creditable holiday book is the new edition of "The Elf-Errant," by Moira O'Neill, with illustrations by W. E. F. Britten. It tells all about a fairy who went over to Ireland between the leaves of a Shakspeare, and will be welcomed by child-lovers as well as children. Of all fairies, those who live in Ireland seem to be the most interesting and natural. Published by the Macmillan Co.

—Reviewing recent works by Hall Caine and Gilbert Parker, the New York *Evening Post* declares that these authors treat the Catholic Church unfairly. "The most objectionable feature of their objectionable books," says the *E. P.*, "is

the wanton association of religion and bad morals. But a Church that has suffered and lived through so many reverses and so much contumely will doubtless survive an unholy alliance forced upon it by irresponsible novelists." Whatever may be thought of Hall Caine, our contemporary is entirely too hard on Gilbert Parker. So far as we can see, Catholics have no cause of complaint in "The Right of Way," which impresses us as a very kindly and sympathetic story. We may reserve our indignation for genuine grievances, of which there will always be enough.

—The last work by the late Prof. John Fiske is, curiously enough, a monograph on "Life Everlasting." The thesis is that even if evolution were proved with mathematical certainty, the doctrine of man's immortality would in no wise be affected by it. This position is not new to Catholic scholars, of course; but it is good to find it occupied by a writer of such influence among his own as Prof. Fiske, who assures us that "even to-day we may sometimes be entertained by a belated eighteenth-century naturalist who is fully persuaded that his denial of immortality is an inevitable corollary from the doctrine of evolution."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.
 Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.
 Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.
 Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.
 In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.
 A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.
 The Benefactress. \$1.50.
 The Magic Key. *Elizabeth S. Tucker.* \$1.10.
 But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.
 The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, net.
 Blessed Sebastian Newdigate. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.10, net.

- Doris, A Story of Lourdes. *M. M.* 75 cts., net.
 Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. *Bishop Messmer.* \$1.50, net.
 Roads to Rome. *Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."* \$2.50.
 God and the Soul. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.25.
 The Quest of Coronado. *Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald.* \$1, net.
 The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.
 Marcus Aurelius Antonius to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.
 The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.
 Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.
 The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., net.
 Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, net.
 The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., net.
 John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. J. J. Henshy, diocese of Sioux Falls; the Rev. John Dolan, archdiocese of Philadelphia; the Rev. W. J. O'Kelly, archdiocese of New York; the Rev. Hugh Kelly, diocese of Davenport; and the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Gambon, diocese of Louisville.

Sister M. Justa, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Athanasius, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Kaul, of Lancaster, Pa.; Dr. Frederic Loeber, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Alice Hughes and Mrs. Matthew McGrave, Stuart, Iowa; Mr. Charles Porter and Mr. E. J. Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Rodgers, Beatty, Pa.; Miss Bridget Ryan, Bevington, Iowa; Mr. Joseph Hackman, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary White, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Letitia Gleason, W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Anna O'Hare, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Edward Metzner, Erie, Pa.; Miss Mary Walter, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Meehan, Hancock, Mich.; Mr. David Walker, Vallonia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Clifford, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. James Keeney, Sr., Cobden, New Zealand; Mr. Francis Conn, Mr. Philip Fay, and Mr. Michael Shea, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Charles Wise, McKeesport, Pa.; Mrs. E. Guetermann, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Dwyer and Mrs. Patrick Currie, Montreal, Canada; Mr. William Nix, Elba, Wis.; Mrs. Anna Woods, Galena, Ill.; Mr. M. V. Molloy, Albany, N. Y.; and Mr. A. J. Galbraith, St. Paul, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

CHILDREN'S CAROL.

Words by MRS. G. F. BYRON.

Music by F. PASCAL.

Andantino.

VOICE. *p*

I. Songs nev - er end - ing, Se raphs de scend - ing, White an - gels

PIANO. *p*

bend - ing down the gol den stair; What are they sing - ing,

mf

Whom are they bring - ing, What is the trea - sure that they car ry

there? O 'tis the Christ - child, come with us to dwell,



Dear friend of child ren, Whom He loves so well; Come then to meet Him,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Ave Maria'. It consists of a vocal line (soprano) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass staves). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Dear friend of child ren, Whom He loves so well; Come then to meet Him,'.

all His prai - ses tell, Chant - ing so joy - ful - ly, No - el, No - el!

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'all His prai - ses tell, Chant - ing so joy - ful - ly, No - el, No - el!'. There is a fermata over the piano accompaniment in the bass staff.

2

He, long expected, poor and neglected
 Scorned and rejected, in a stable lay;
 No rich apparel, no blithesome carol,
 No world rejoicing round His bed of hay.
 Yet 'twas the Christ-child, etc.

3

Cold winds are blowing, grey skies are snowing,
 Poor folks are going hungry now and cold;
 Share then your gladness, comfort their sadness
 All for His sake who was so poor of old!
 For 'tis the Christ-child, etc.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

NO. 26.

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A Legend.

WHEN God in mighty accents spoke,
And waves of glorious light
Outpoured from heaven's highest courts
To break dark chaos' night,
The eager torrent, at His will,
Was as a boundless tide,
Filling the vast creation new
That stretched on every side.
And when the mighty floodgates closed,
Light pressed upon the bars,
And slipping through, the liquid drops
Hung gleaming there—the stars.
And yet the gathered light-waves broke
To do the Master's will;
He thought, 'With these, earth's hidden caves
With treasure I shall fill.'
And lo! the light of heaven fell
In crystals to the earth,
Where diamonds, rubies, emeralds
And all rare stones had birth.

A Devotion Always in Season.—Its Life and Soul.

BY THE REV. A. M. MULLIGAN.

WHAT detracts from the merit of much that is written upon the subject of the Holy Rosary is the too little stress laid upon the importance of meditation, which, in reality, constitutes its very life and soul. While we read a good deal about the origin and history of this beautiful and widespread devotion, and the numerous indulgences to be gained by its means, meditation would

appear to be quite a secondary consideration. To show, therefore, what is the proper way of reciting the Rosary, and what is the immediate fruit to be sought in its devout recitation, is the object of this short paper. The prayer usually recited after the Rosary clearly suggests these two points of practical interest:

"O God, whose only-begotten Son by His life, death and resurrection has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that *meditating* upon these mysteries in the most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may both *imitate* what they contain and obtain what they promise."

The Rosary, as we know, is composed of fifteen decades, each consisting of one "Our Father," ten "Hail Marys," and the Doxology, which are recited in honor of some mystery in the life of Our Lord and His Holy Mother. As we go through them they unfold before us the sublime story of the Incarnation, the awful scenes of Christ's passion and death, and then the triumphant joys of the resurrection. What once they were to Mary so now they should be to us—subjects at the same time of joy, of sorrow and of triumph.

Now, in seriously *thinking* of these mysteries and in the pious affections our thinking should excite is contained the true nature of the devotion of the Rosary. It is obvious, therefore, that this devotion does not consist, nor was it ever intended to consist, in a mere vocal repetition of "Our Fathers" and

"Hail Marys," together with a mechanical fingering of the beads. The Rosary has two parts—a body and a soul, so to speak. The "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" and the beads form merely what one may call the body of the Rosary; while the meditation is its very life and soul. For it is by meditation that one strikes out sparks of love from the heart, and it is in the affections of the heart that the real *value* of the Rosary is found.

As regards the beads, they serve their purpose. It is to them that the indulgences are attached, and they enable the teller of his beads to keep accurate count of the necessary number of "Hail Marys." Their main service is to prevent distraction, inasmuch as they act as an outlet for man's habitual mind-wandering and restlessness. The very movement of the beads through the fingers helps as a reminder of what one is about, and thus one is enabled the better to concentrate one's attention upon the sacred subjects placed before the mind. Not seldom do we find people who can not fix their thoughts on any given subject for any length of time unless they are at the same time engaged in some mechanical action. We are told of a celebrated preacher who could not deal ably with the matter in hand nor give expression to the current of his thoughts save when twisting a thread.

From what I have said it will be observed that the purpose this material part of the Rosary serves is to aid and dispose the mind the better for *meditation*. The prayer already quoted teaches us that it is by meditating on the mysteries of Christ's life, death and resurrection that one may hope to imitate the virtues of our Divine Lord and His ever-blessed Mother. Meditation, therefore, is the primary object of this devotion; this is the end one should strive to attain, and herein lies

the proper way of reciting the Rosary.

This brings me, then, to the second part of my paper—viz., the consideration of the immediate fruit of the Rosary. We have just seen that the *soul* of the Rosary lies in meditation; consequently, from meditation will be reaped the immediate fruit.

What makes the sublime devotion of the Rosary so insipid and tedious to many Catholics is the fact that meditation plays little or no part in its exercise, as it should do if it is to be truly fruitful. In many cases, especially of the less cultured, meditation is not attempted, as being a feat altogether beyond their capabilities. This is quite a delusion. Did we but picture to ourselves the scene that is set before us at the beginning of each mystery, and fix it well in our mind's-eye as we go through the mystery, there would not be the difficulty that is often complained of. To give an illustration of what I mean, we will select for our example the third Joyful Mystery—the birth of Our Lord.

We ~~set~~ before us in spirit the bleak, open Stable of Bethlehem, and, lying in a manger, the new-born King. Beside Him are Mary and Joseph, kneeling in fervent adoration; and before Him, on bended knee, the humble Shepherds, who, at the bidding of the angel, have left their mountain steeps, where they have been keeping their night-watch over their flocks. "You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." What abundant and varied material for thought is enshrined in this grand mystery! "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us; and we saw His glory, as it were the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." "He who dwells in light inaccessible," "before whom angels veil their faces," has actually become, not in mere appearance but in very deed, a *viator*, a child,—

a member of the human race as we ourselves.

Here I would point out that with each mystery is connected a corresponding virtue,—not that any particular virtue may necessarily impress itself upon the mind to the exclusion of all others; but there is some virtue to be gathered, as piety may suggest, from the contemplation of each succeeding mystery. In the case of the mystery in question, one virtue that shines out lustrously from Jesus in the crib is obedience—the fulfilment of His Father's will at the cost of such stupendous condescension and dire poverty. One, therefore, may make this applicable to one's daily life; and may pray, as one goes through this mystery, for the grace to follow out the will of God as seen in the commands of the Church or in the wishes of our superiors,—in a word, for help to be faithful to the dictates of conscience at all times and under all circumstances. Or, again, we are supplied with the thought of the divine charity glowing in the Sacred Heart of the Emmanuel,—a charity that drew the "Word" from heaven's glory to become incarnate for our sakes and dwell in this world. Is this charity, we may well ask ourselves, reflected in our conduct toward our neighbor, made, as we, to God's image and likeness and redeemed by His blood?

The Rosary recited after this manner would not be wearisome and monotonous, as it too often is; but it would be all too short, and would work its intended salutary effects upon our lives. For by the consideration of Our Lord's life, the great Exemplar according to which we are bidden to fashion our own, we are naturally led to a more perfect imitation of Himself.

Just as the sculptor takes a mass of roughly-hewn stone and with untiring labor chisels it and fashions it, until by dint of skilful workmanship the

shapeless block is clothed with beautiful forms and reflects the artist's thought; so by a frequent and devout study of our Saviour's life—a study eminently afforded by the Rosary—ought we to strive to reproduce in our own life something of the virtue that shone out so resplendently in His. Such is the fruit to be reaped from the devotion of the Holy Rosary,—a devotion, as we have remarked, that is always in season.

A Tardy Atonement.

BY MARY CROSS.

IN the earthly paradise of Rostrevor "it was the time of roses"; and Cloughmore caught the splendor of July's sunshine on its heights, starting steep and bare from the rich woods. From shore to shore the lough stretched in lines of dazzling light; and a white sail, flashing like silver, glided away to where the mountains seemed to meet. In the village was a small shop, with limp curtains drooping over an array of cheap blouses, sailor hats, faded ribbons and flowers, and mysterious wire shapes explained by the inscription above the door: "Ellen Pace, Milliner and Dressmaker."

Into this emporium of fashion came a pretty girl in a costume suggestive of foam, with eyes that were homes of love and laughter, and lips that were sweet and pure. A jingling bell summoned from the back regions a thin, pale, white-haired woman, her brows in an habitual knot, her mouth one straight hard line. But her expression changed, softened, and brightened at sight of her visitor, and a streak of color crept into her faded cheek.

"Is it really you, Miss O'Connor? I heard last night that you had come, but I didn't expect to see you so soon. It is more than good of you indeed."

"I wanted to be sure that you were really better; and seeing is believing, you know."

"I am quite strong again, thanks to yourself, Miss!" replied Ellen Pace, her face still flushing and quivering strangely. She looked up and down, and swept imaginary dust off the counter, and twitched at her cap in a nervous, excitable way. "And it is thanks to you that I got through the winter at all and was able to keep a roof over my head. I suppose you can not help being kind to the poor and sad and lonely. It is enough for you to know that they are so to set you off making things better for them."

The few words summed up Aideen O'Connor's character with sufficient accuracy. Her acquaintance with Miss Pace dated from one day last summer when she had been attracted by the poverty-stricken appearance of the shop; and, going in on an imaginary errand, had found the proprietress fainting—"from the heat," she had said; but Aideen ascertained that it was rather from privation.

The neighbors, not without cause, considered Miss Pace rather eccentric. They opined that she had saved a good bit of money and had starved herself to make it more; others declared that she had not so much as would cover a crutch; but no one really knew anything about her, and she held herself strictly aloof from all social intercourse. The empty cupboard, the threadbare garments, the bony face and figure appealed to the tenderest spot in the girl's tender heart. She was like the sunshine—not to be resisted. Miss Pace drew down the blinds of a brusque reserve, but Aideen penetrated to the depths of the long-frozen heart. Her prompt and practical kindness helped the forlorn old maid over a very stony bit of life's road.

"I'm going away to Canada, Miss O'Connor," said Ellen Pace. "Would you believe it?—I have a brother there who has made money, and he wants me to go out and end my days with him. We had lost sight of each other for years; but he advertised for me in a Dublin paper, and so we were brought together again. But if it hadn't been for you, I should never have lived to see this piece of good luck."

Aideen congratulated her, glad that she was to be permanently provided for; and then departed for the house where she usually spent the summer with Aunt Barbara, in whose care she had been since infancy. Her mother had died then; and her father, Dr. O'Connor, had gone to India, where he had found an early grave.

A quick, light step sounded behind her, and a voice, with a slightly injured accent, exclaimed:

"At last! I've searched the whole district for you."

Aideen turned to behold a blue-eyed, black-haired young man, with a high-spirited Celtic face.

"Not quite the *whole* district, I think," said she; "and, if accuracy is a first condition of truth—"

"Oh, don't talk down to me like Aunt Barbara, dear! And never mind accuracy or anything, so long as we are together. I have been simply aching to see you; I have been afraid that I have been dreaming and shall one day waken to a grim reality that knows no Aideen."

"Aunt Barbara may prove sufficiently rousing when you ask her consent. What *will* she say?"

"Why, naturally she will say: 'My niece is lucky to be adored by such an admirable youth as Terence Blake.'"

"I'm afraid she will not be quite so complimentary. She is always warning me against matrimony, and declares that an engagement is a period of

temporary insanity, during which a man is unnecessarily polite to the woman he will be unnecessarily rude to all the rest of his life."

"Epigrammatic but unsound; true to the maiden-aunt tradition, otherwise erroneous. Perhaps at some time or another Aunt Barbara has had a disappointment, and thenceforth the grapes have ceased to ripen."

So chatting, they strolled along the broad, sunny road, like mirrors reflecting each other's brightness, as lovers should be. At a certain green gate they took leave of each other; and Terence went on to his mother's residence, a white house amid a wilderness of such roses as Rostrevor brings forth in profusion.

Mrs. Blake was a wealthy widow, Terry her only child, and he was naturally the centre of her hopes and ambitions. She was just alighting from her victoria as he arrived; and she took possession of a basket chair on the lawn, under the shade of an immense Japanese umbrella.

"Well, mother mine, did you enjoy your drive?"

"Very much. Don't put away your cigar: I like it. What did you do?"

"Indulged in indefinite—or I should say *definite*—roaming. The O'Conors are here, mother. They came from Belfast yesterday."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Blake's tone was like ce-cream—sweet but cold; and under her mildly resolute gaze Terry grew red, twirled his "weed" confusedly, then jerked it from him.

"Smoking a cigar is like marriage," he said: "if it is begun badly, it goes on badly, and nothing will ever put it right."

"And marriage is not like smoking a cigar: once you have begun it, you must go on with it, and can't throw it down just because it has proved a failure. What set you off on the

subject, though? We were speaking of the O'Conors: did the one suggest the other?"

She waited with ostentatious patience for his reply, and at length it came.

"You have found me out, mother. I love Aileen with all my heart."

Mrs. Blake was not surprised. The information simply confirmed a haunting suspicion; and she told herself that she ought to have foreseen this result and prevented it in time. It was too late to interfere, and certainly Aileen was very charming. Besides, opposition is the life of love and may rouse even a passing fancy to vigorous stability, whilst amiable acquiescence may nip both in the bud. Tell a man that he can't do better for himself, and he soon sets about showing you that he can. So reasoned Mrs. Blake, as Terry brought his confession to a close with:

"Now only your blessing and your consent are wanting to complete my happiness, mother."

"I shall not withhold either, my dear boy. At the same time I can't help wishing that we knew a little more of Aileen's antecedents. She appears to know next to nothing of her parents; and once or twice when I have broached the subject to Miss Barbara, she has turned a deaf ear. I suppose you don't know where Dr. O'Connor was practising before he went to India nor why he went there?"

"I really never thought of asking any questions, but I am positive there is nothing to be concealed."

"Well, I will call on Miss Barbara to-morrow and ascertain when she and Aileen can dine with us," said Mrs. Blake; and Terry kissed her hand.

Early the following day she fulfilled her promise, and found Miss O'Connor at home and alone, which was just what she wanted. After some polite fencing, Mrs. Blake came to the real

object of her visit. She did not like Barbara O'Connor, but she respected her and had confidence in her honor and integrity.

"My son made me a very interesting confession yesterday," said Mrs. Blake, pleasantly. "He has fallen in love with your pretty niece, and he will soon, I suppose, be asking your consent to an engagement. I hope you approve?"

"I have no personal objection to Mr. Blake," said Miss Barbara. She looked bewildered, even stunned. "I—I—I never expected that Aileen would care to marry. I never wished that she should."

"That is a little hard on her, isn't it?"

"On the surface it may seem so. She is very poor, Mrs. Blake. My annuity dies with me, and I have saved little or nothing to leave her."

"I should not wish my son to marry for money, even if he needed to do so. On one thing only I insist: his wife must bear an unblemished name."

Lower drooped Miss Barbara's head, and the color receded from her lips.

"You leave me no alternative, Mrs. Blake. I am bound in honor to tell you what I have hitherto concealed from Aileen herself. Her father died under suspicion of having committed murder; the suspicion has never been removed."

A shocked exclamation from Mrs. Blake sent a flood of crimson to Miss Barbara's brow.

"Yes, 'horrible' indeed! He was my only brother, and he married a pretty, silly, vain creature, whose folly and extravagance made him wretched. His domestic troubles were no secret, and people were always predicting a sensational termination of some kind. Just eighteen years ago this month the end came. Mrs. O'Connor was suffering from a slight cold, for which her husband had prescribed. One night he went into her room and gave her the medicine himself before going to a patient some miles

away. Before his return she was found by her maid dying, poisoned. You can imagine the sensation such a tragedy caused. My unfortunate brother had to stand his trial, but little or no evidence against him could be produced and he was acquitted. Nevertheless, few believed him innocent, so he was a ruined man. He made a brave effort to live down the stigma, but in vain; his practice dwindled away. He went to India to begin afresh there, but in a few months he died. Aileen was left to my care, and has been with me ever since, not knowing her parents' story. You will excuse me from enlarging on it. In the lapse of so many years it has died out of public remembrance, but it is not impossible that it may be revived; and now it is only just that you and your son should be made aware of it."

"Pardon my saying that you ought to have told Aileen the truth long ago. You would thus have saved her and others a great deal of pain, Miss O'Connor."

"I admit my own moral cowardice," answered Barbara. "I deceived myself into thinking that my silence was to save Aileen pain, whereas I realize that it has been to spare myself the agony of casting a slur upon my beloved brother's memory. May he rest in eternal peace! And that he truly does I, for one, do not doubt."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Blake (her eyelids were smarting). "Of course this ends everything between Terence and Aileen. If you still wish the truth to be hidden from her, no doubt we can find some plausible excuse for not sanctioning the engagement."

Miss O'Connor merely bent her head: as a matter of fact, she was past speaking; and Mrs. Blake retired, her heart aching for the pain she must inflict upon Terry. How would he, whose life hitherto had been like a white sail on a

sunny river, endure this downfall of his tender hopes? And poor little Aideen, so unconscious of the blot on her name, of the suffering in store for her whether the secret were kept or not,—who would not pity her?

As Mrs. Blake had expected, Terry was awaiting her return in the highest possible spirits.

"My poor boy, I am so sorry for you!" she whispered, tears gathering as she surveyed him in his youth and happiness.

"Mother dear, what has happened? Is Aideen ill?"

"No, but as surely separated from you as if she were dead."

And then, without further preface, she briefly repeated the story told her by Miss O'Connor.

"Thank Heaven, Aideen does not know and need not know!" were his first words.

Mrs. Blake said, less enthusiastically:

"No, if we can find some other reason sufficient for your dissociating yourself from her."

"But why must I do that? She is not responsible for her father's guilt, if guilty he were."

"My dear Terry, pray do not allow yourself to be carried away by foolish sentiment. Your course is clear. I pity the girl deeply and sincerely, but she is not the only one who must be considered. How can you marry the daughter of a suspected man?"

"I can't consider anything but the guileless girl who has never cherished an unkind or selfish thought, who loves me, believes me, trusts me. Why should I betray her trust? Can't I, can't you give her father the benefit of the doubt?"

"The question is not whether the man really was guilty or not. We need not discuss the matter, for your course is clear. I will be candid with you, and tell you that you must choose between her and me. If you marry her, I will

not receive her, nor will I receive or regard you as my son. If you persist in this, you forfeit every claim on me, and I shall leave all my money to my sister's children." And with burning cheeks she left the room.

A fortnight passed without Aideen seeing her lover; though token of his existence had come, stating that he had been summoned unexpectedly to Belfast on business, which he would explain when they met. Aunt Barbara had developed a strange despondency and melancholy; and, to crown all, the girl had met Mrs. Blake driving to Killowen, and, instead of receiving the usual gracious smile and bow, had been startled with a passing glance of uninterested non-recognition. What did it all mean?

It was a day of driving wind and rain; the waves breaking with a long, vicious swish on the shore, and shreds of mist floating over the mountains. Miss O'Connor sat knitting, whilst Aideen read the following note, which had just been received with a large square parcel:

MISS AIDEEN O'CONNOR.

DEAR MADAM:—Accept, please, this present, which I made for you myself. When it reaches you I shall be gone. Good-bye! Gratefully yours,

ELLEN PACE.

P. S.—The lining will be useful.

"I suppose she is a little mad," said Aunt Barbara, when the present was displayed and proved to be a hat of many colors, lined with pink satin and rampant with wings and flowers. Further criticism was prevented by the clashing of the garden gate, which sent a shower of calceolaria blossoms over the wet grass. Aunt Barbara caught her breath as she looked through the window.

"It is Terry Blake, Aideen. What is there to blush for?"

"O Auntie! I—he—" stammered the poor girl.

"I know," said Miss Barbara, sadly.

Instead of indulging in cynicism, she drew the girl to her side, bidding her remember that, whatever happened, she had still her Aunt Barbara; and that the sharpest sorrows lose their sting in time. With these mysterious words she quietly withdrew; and Terry entered, still the fond and radiant lover. After a brief interlude, Aideen went straight to the point.

"Terry, is there any reason why your mother should cut me? Have I offended her in any way?"

He grew deeply, darkly, beautifully red.

"She has refused to consent to our engagement, love. I am of an age to judge and decide for myself with whom I shall spend my life. In time she may relent. I am sure you will esteem me none the less because I am suddenly thrown on my own resources."

"O Terry, what do you mean?"

"That I shall soon find work to do, and be all the better a man for it. I have been negotiating the sale of my yacht and horses and other luxuries; they will fetch a good price—enough for us to begin housekeeping on, if you are willing to take me in my altered circumstances. Are you?"

To that there could be but one reply; and Aideen wept, moved by his perfect unselfishness, his prompt sacrifice of his own pleasures to provide for her; though she was far from realizing the depth of his love and the height of his chivalry. They whispered to each other comfort and encouragement, until a sound outside brought them back to common existence, and Terry's eyes fell on the millinery monstrosity.

"What on earth is that?" he cried.

"A hat with a history," said she, handing him the note, which he read.

"Look here, Aideen, there is more in

that hat than meets the eye. That post-script means something. Your attention is pointedly directed to the lining. I scent a romance. The old lady was a miser and she has bequeathed all her wealth to you. Into that lining she has stitched her will, or perhaps a few thousand-pound bank-notes, or shares in a company paying seventy per cent. Hasn't it come at a good time?"

"They manage these things better in fiction," said Aideen; but next moment she exclaimed: "O Terry, there really is something under the lining! I can feel a paper. What can it be?"

A few strokes of the scissors revealed a couple of sheets of paper closely written and addressed to Miss Aideen O'Connor.

"The will, of course!" laughed Terry. "To how many millions are you heiress? Or is it possible that she has left her business to you?"

But Aideen's eyes were fixed on the papers on which were traced the words tearing away the veil from the tragedy of her father's life.

MISS AIDEEN:—My name is not Ellen Pace but Agnes Watson. I was formerly in your dear mother's service and am unhappily responsible for her death. Others will tell you the full story, and how circumstantial evidence seemed to condemn your father. I solemnly declare his innocence. It was I who during his absence that fatal night accidentally gave your mother the wrong medicine. I discovered the error too late and was afraid to confess the truth. I feared that such gross carelessness, if known, would ruin all my prospects in life, and in my cowardice allowed another to bear the shame and blame.

Nothing prospered with me after. I lived in constant dread of the truth becoming known. I changed my name, but ever and ever the struggle grew harder. I was at the last extremity of

want and despair when you found me. Before I heard your name I recognized you by your likeness to your father. Now you will understand some of my questions. I have always been a coward and I am so yet. So, while conscience and your angelic goodness to me force me to make this confession, I hide it where it may not be found until I am beyond your just reproaches. I scarcely dare hope that you will pardon me. But I earnestly implore you to say, "May God forgive her!"

AGNES WATSON.

The letter fell from Aideen's trembling hands, and she turned to her lover in an agony of entreaty. And from him she heard all the sad story, understood the meaning of his mother's anger, of Aunt Barbara's warnings and endeavors to preach the instability of human affection; and, clearer, brighter, better than all, saw the nobleness of the man she loved.

"O Terry, Terry!" she sobbed, "I can think of nothing but how I am to outdo you in love and kindness!"

"It appears that Aideen does not wish that wretched woman to be sought after," said Mrs. Blake as she sat with Aunt Barbara in her garden. Above them shook a single star through depths of melting twilight; the lough was ruddy as wine with sunset's last splendor; the soft swish of waves added to rather than disturbed the stillness.

"That is so. She has forgiven Agnes Watson. It is not in Aideen's nature to do anything else."

"Even I can forgive her," said Mrs. Blake, "when I remember that but for her tardy atonement I might have been estranged from—my children."

And in the glance she cast on Aideen and Terry, strolling to and fro "through dewy darkness dear as day" of the tall flowering bushes, there was nothing but kindness and love.

At Christmas Time.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHEN Christmas comes, the whole earth round
 Good-will and kindness are found,
 And cheerful greetings pleasant sound
 As joybells' chime:
 Oh, the world is full of gladness,
 E'en the wicked cease their badness,
 There's no room for grief or sadness
 At Christmas time!

When Christmas comes, we pardon all
 Who've done us evil great or small;
 We *must*, when we the Crib recall
 With faith sublime;
 For the New-Born bids us smother
 All ill-will for one another,
 And greet everyone as brother
 At Christmas time.

When Christmas comes, the Saviour's peace
 Indwells our hearts and brings release
 From struggles that but seldom cease
 On life's rude climb;
 And if only we endeavor
 From all sin our souls to sever,
 Then our days will prove forever
 A Christmas time.

The Christian Basilica.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

IN the Apostolic Constitutions of the second century we read:

"When thou callest an assembly of the Church as one that is the commander of a great ship, appoint the assemblies to be made with all possible skill, charging the deacons as mariners to prepare places for the brethren as passengers, with all due care and decency. And first let the building be long, with its head to the east, with its sacristies at both sides of the east end, and so it will be like a ship. In the middle let the bishop's throne be placed, and on each side of him let the presbytery sit down; and let the deacons stand near at hand in close and small-girt garments; for they are like the

mariners and managers of a ship,—with regard to these, let the laity sit on the other side of the altar with all quietness and order.”

That this description of the general plan of a building for divine service denotes that sacrifice is the first thing required seems quite clear. Had the non-Catholic idea that preaching is the central idea of religious worship prevailed in the early ages of the Church, the most natural plan in building would have been the amphitheatre, so often seen nowadays in sectarian churches. It is generally conceded by students in architecture that the whole plan of a Christian basilica is taken from the Apocalypse of St. John, and that the early builders always had this in mind.

Going back still further to the Jewish Church, we find that there was a general unity in temple-building among the Hebrews, and that their idea corresponded in many particulars with the Christian basilica. That part of the temple called the Holy of Holies, where the Ark of the Covenant reposed, was the temple proper, and was the only part roofed over. It consisted of two divisions: a cell, or *naos*, and an antechamber, or *pronaos*. The worshipers were all without in the courts, that were open on top but enclosed by colonades. The magnificent temple at Jerusalem was built in this way, with courts for men, for women, and for the Gentiles or strangers who might wish to be present. In front of the temple was erected the great altar for burnt sacrifice, standing in the court of the priests.

We see how the Christian basilica developed this idea, adding to it the revelation of the New Dispensation. In the Jewish rite only the priest could pass from the outer court to the Holy of Holies, and only those born to it could enter the priesthood and offer sacrifice. In the Christian Church no such restric-

tions were placed upon the faithful. The whole building was roofed in; and while only the priest could stand at the altar and offer the great sacrifice, all baptized Christians could take equal part in seeing and sharing in the divine mysteries. The very earliest remains of these Christian basilicas are found at points remote from the great centres of civilization. At Rome whatever was built during periods of peace and calm in the Church, was destroyed during the fierce persecutions.

Fergusson says in his “History of Architecture” that the earliest traces of Christian basilicas are found in Africa, and that they date at least a century before the time of Constantine. He describes “one of the most ancient as well as interesting of the African churches which has not yet been brought to light,” as being at Djemla. He says further that “the whole floor of the church is covered with a mosaic so purely classical in style of execution as to leave no doubt of its early date.”

The same learned writer affords several examples of different churches where he traces the gradual development of the completed basilica. The church just named he calls a Christian basilica in a transition stage. The sanctuary is still in form a *naos*. The *pronaos* has been extended into the nave, so as to include all the congregation. The church is divided into nave and aisles by two rows of columns. In the east end of the building is the sanctuary, taking in the width of the nave, with an ambulatory across the back, and doors upon the north, south and west sides. At the western end of the church, for some unknown reason, the main door of entrance is in the corner. The second type is at Annonna, in Algeria, where the *naos* has been opened and becomes the familiar apse. This building is the basilica in its completed form.

Eight hundred miles up the Nile, at Ibrim, above Assouan, is another example of the Christian church. The apse here is internal, as is often the custom in the east, and the building has massive walls and piers that are distinctly Egyptian.

The last illustration Fergusson gives is that of the Church of St. Repartus at Orleansville, the ancient Castellum Tingitanum. "According to an inscription still existing, this church was erected A. D. 252; but the second apse seems to have been added afterward—about the year 403—to contain the grave of the saint. As it now stands, it is a double-apsed basilica, eighty feet long by fifty feet broad, divided into five aisles, and exhibiting on a miniature scale all the peculiarities of plan which we have hitherto fancied were not adopted until some centuries later."

These basilicas kept on increasing in Thessalonica, Asia Minor, and Syria, for at least a century before the peace of the Church in A. D. 312, when Constantine entered Rome as victor and universal emperor. During the reign of this great Christian ruler one of the most splendid and symbolic of the Christian basilicas—St. Paul-without-the-Walls—was erected in the Eternal City. Another example is Santa Maria Trastevere, which is of a later date, but equally faithful in its symbolization of the divine revelation to St. John. Let us follow this symbolism step by step as we open the door into St. Paul's.

At the outset we are reminded of the "door that was opened in heaven," and "the things to be done hereafter."* Passing into the building, we see at the farther end of the long nave the apse, upon the dome of which is outlined in mosaic the Beatific Vision: Our Lord sitting upon His throne, on each side of Him the ancients, also upon

thrones, and above and around them the Cherubim and ministering angels. On the ground below is represented the earthly counterpart of this heavenly company. In the middle of the apse, under the figure of our Blessed Lord, is the throne for the bishop or pope. On either side, within the semicircular apse, are places for the priests; while before the throne, symbolical of the seven spirits of God, are the seven lamps of fire hanging from the roof. At the back of the apse stands, with seven golden candlesticks,* the altar, type of that one before which stood the angel having the incense and golden censer, which he offered with the prayers of all saints before the throne of God.

Beneath the altar from the earliest ages have rested the relics of the blessed martyrs,—those spirits that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held,† and who lift up their hands, exclaiming, "How long, O Lord, holy and true?" as they await the consummation of all things.

According to our Catholic belief, at each celebration of the divine mysteries, just as the Lamb once slain descends upon our altars, and priests and people bend in reverent worship, the angelic hosts cry out: "Holy, holy, holy!" And joined to this cry that never ceases are the prayers of the saints, as the incense ascends, and heaven and earth meet in praise and adoration of Him who hath redeemed us in His own Blood.

Here, indeed, we see the perfect type on earth of that wondrous Vision in heaven. Among the early Fathers, St. Ignatius of Antioch says: "What is the bishop but the imitator of Christ, the presbyters but a sacred assembly and assessors of the bishop, and the deacons but the imitators of the angelic powers?" And again he says: "Be

* Apoc., iv, 1.

* Ibid., i, 12, 13.

† Ibid., vi, 9.

subject to the bishop as to the Lord, and be ye subject to the presbytery as to the Apostles of Jesus Christ. It behooves you also to please the deacons, who are the ministers of the mysteries of Jesus Christ."

It is small wonder, then, that the primitive Christians, having in mind this revelation of the heavenly company, built their churches accordingly; and any fair-minded student of the ancient basilicas must see how far removed they were in spirit and conception from the Protestant pulpit as the central object of divine worship.

A Holiday Wooing.*

I.

WITH his back toward the fireplace, Hubert Boinville sat, bent over the mahogany desk which was loaded with huge piles of documents. He raised his grave, melancholy face, with its full brown beard already streaked with gray; and his tired black eyes glanced at the card which the solemn usher handed him. On it was written in an old-fashioned hand, "Widow Blouet." The name conveyed no information, and he made a gesture of impatience as he tossed the bit of cardboard on the pile of papers.

"It is an old woman," added the usher. "Shall I dismiss her?"

"Show her in," replied the assistant director, with an air of resignation.

The office boy disappeared, and the next instant introduced the aged caller, who stopped on the threshold to drop a quaint, old-fashioned courtesy. Hubert Boinville half rose from his desk, and with frigid politeness motioned his visitor to a chair, where she seated herself after another courtesy. She was an old lady dressed in shabby mourning.

Her merino gown showed more than one darn; it was threadbare and faded. Her crape veil hung dejectedly down on each side of an old bonnet, and her wrinkled face was lighted up by two bright little eyes.

"Sir," she began, in an uneven voice, "I am the daughter, widow, and sister of men who have rendered loyal services to the government, and I have been obliged to apply for aid to the general administration. I wish to know if I may expect anything."

The assistant listened to this without a movement. He had heard so many similar appeals.

"Have you already received any aid, Madam?" he asked phlegmatically.

"No, sir. Until now I have been able to live without asking any. I have a small pension, and—"

"Ah!" interrupted her listener. "In that case I fear we can do nothing for you. We are obliged to assist so many unfortunate persons who have not even the resource of a pension."

"Listen, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, desperately. "I have not told you all. I had three sons: they are dead. The youngest gave lessons in mathematics. Last winter he caught a cold which caused congestion of the lungs, and he died after two weeks' illness. His lessons supported us—his daughter and myself, for he left me a little grandchild. The expenses of his sickness and his funeral have made me penniless. I have mortgaged my pension to cancel my most pressing debts. So here I am alone in the world with this child, without a cent of income, and I am eighty-two. That is pretty old, isn't it?"

The director had listened to her most attentively. The rhythmic intonations and certain provincial phrases fell upon his ears like a melody familiar in the long ago. He rang and asked to be shown the testimonials of the Widow

* For THE AVE MARIA, from the French of André Theuriet.

Blouet; and when the usher with an important air laid the narrow yellow envelope upon the desk, Hubert Boinville examined the paper it contained with visible interest.

"You are from Lorraine, Madam?" he asked, showing the widow a less stern face, over which flitted a feeble smile. "Your accent betrays you."

"Yes, sir: I came from Argonne. Did you recognize my accent? I believed I had lost it after travelling over the length and breadth of France."

The assistant director looked with compassion at this poor widow, taken from her native forest by an adverse wind and cast into Paris like a dried leaf, after having rolled along the arid ways of a bureaucratic life. He felt his heart soften by degrees, and he again responded, smilingly:

"I, too, am from Argonne. I lived there many years near your village, at Clermont. Have courage, Madam. I hope we can get you the aid you desire. Have you left your address?"

"Yes, sir: No. 12 Rue de la Sante, near the Capuchin convent. Many, many thanks! I go away cheered by your kind words; happy, too, in having found one from my own country."

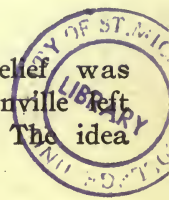
The old woman withdrew after a profusion of courtesies. As soon as she had disappeared, the director arose and, going to the window overlooking the lawn, he leaned his forehead against the pane. But it was not the tops of the chestnut-trees half-stripped of leaves that he saw: his eyes as if in a dream looked far away toward the east, across the plains and chalky hills of Champagne, and saw a valley backed by great forests, a modest river rolling its yellow waters between rows of poplars at the foot of a little old city with brown-tiled chimneys. There he had lived in his childhood, and there he had gone each year at vacation time.

His father lived the life of a bourgeois without fortune. Strictly brought up, and accustomed early to the exact performance of duty and to arduous labor, Hubert had left his native village at the age of twenty, and since then had returned only to attend his father's funeral. Endowed with superior intelligence and an iron will, he had risen rapidly in his chosen profession. To be assistant director at thirty-eight seemed in the administrative world to be exceptional. Austere, punctual, polite and reserved, closely conforming to regulations, he appeared at his office at ten and left it at six. He saw little of society, and his life had been so devoted to labor that he had not had time even to think of marriage. His heart had spoken once at Argonne when he was twenty; but, as he was only a poor clerk without fortune, the girl he loved had rejected him and married a rich forester. This first deception had left a bitterness in Boinville's life that subsequent successes had not wiped out. His mind was tainted with melancholy; and this evening, after hearing the old woman detail her distress in those familiar accents, he felt himself filled with sadness and longing.

With his forehead pressed against the cold glass, he gently stirred the dead leaves heaped over the memories of long ago; and the perfumes of the seasons in his native country suffused his brain. He returned to his desk, and taking the document brought by the Widow Blouet, he made this pencil-mark note upon its margin: "Situation worthy of consideration. Grant her request." Then he rang for the office boy and bade him carry it to the officer who had charge of the bequests.

II.

On the day when the relief was officially granted, Hubert Boinville left his desk earlier than usual. The idea



had come to him to go in person to announce the good news to his old townswoman. Though it was the beginning of December, the weather was mild, and Boinville walked the long distance to the Rue de la Sante. By the time he arrived twilight shadows had fallen upon the deserted locality. By the glare of a street lamp near the convent, he found No. 12 above a battered door set in a rough stone wall. He entered and found himself in a long garden, where he could distinguish rows of vegetables, rose-bushes, and here and there outlines of beautiful fruit-trees. In the background a few points of light could be seen in the façade of a square of lodging-houses. Boinville was groping along toward the groundfloor entrance when he had the good fortune to meet the gardener, who guided him to the staircase leading to the widow's apartments.

He knocked softly at the door, through which a little stream of light shone, and was surprised, on its being opened, to see a young girl, who leaned out over the threshold, raising her lamp with one hand and regarding the visitor with a look of wonder. She was dressed in black and had a bright, pretty face. The light from above shone on her fluffy auburn hair, her dimpled cheeks, her smiling lips, and her clear blue eyes.

"Am I not mistaken?" said Hubert. "Does Madam Blouet live here?"

"Yes, sir. Will you step in please? Grandmother, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

"I am coming!" answered the voice from an adjoining room; and in a moment the old lady came trotting in, her false hair askew under her black cap, and her hands engaged in tying the strings of her blue linen apron.

"Holy Mother!" cried she, overcome on recognizing the visitor. "Excuse me, sir; but I did not expect the honor

of a visit from you. Claudette, bring the easy-chair for the director. This is my granddaughter, sir,—all that is left to me in the world."

The gentleman seated himself in the old-fashioned easy-chair covered with Utrecht velvet, and with a rapid glance examined the room, which seemed to be both parlor and dining-room. There was little furniture—a stove, at one side an old oaken cupboard, in the middle of the floor a round table covered with oilcloth, some cane-seated chairs, and on the wall two old lithographs. Everything was perfectly neat and a countrified air hung over the whole.

Boinville briefly explained the object of his visit.

"Ah, my dear sir, I thank you with all my heart!" exclaimed the widow. "It has been truly said that blessings never come singly. My little girl has passed her examination in telegraphy, and while waiting for a situation she has been making drawings for different persons. Yesterday she received her pay for her work, so we have decided to have a St. Nicholas feast to-night as we used to in the good old times. You remember, don't you?"

"But, grandmother dear," interposed the young girl, smiling, "the gentleman does not know anything about St. Nicholas. In Paris they do not have the feast."

"Even if they don't, the gentleman knows perfectly about it. He is from our country, Claudette: he is from Clermont."

"The St. Nicholas?" said Boinville, his sad face suddenly brightening. "Of course I know all about it."

The thought kindled memories of torches, and their joyous blaze shone into the recesses of his brain. He saw again the chimney in the old home, gay with preparations for the feast; he could hear the stirring strains of the

violins calling the youths and maidens to the annual ball; and he recalled the ecstasy of joy he felt when on the next morning he ran barefooted to his shoes in the chimney corner to find them full of playthings which St. Nicholas had brought down the chimney at night.

"So this evening," continued Madam Blouet, "we have decided to eat nothing else but dishes we used to have in the country. When you came I was about to make a *tot-fait*."

"Oh, a *tot-fait*!" exclaimed Boinville, becoming more expansive. "It is more than twenty years since I have even heard the name of that delicious cake, and longer still since I have tasted one."

His face was animated; and the young girl, who was shyly watching him, thought she saw a gleam of longing in his brown eyes. While he was smiling almost sadly at the memories which filled his mind, Claudette and the old lady withdrew to one side and seemed to be discussing something of importance.

"No, grandma," said the young girl: "it would not be proper."

"Why not?" inquired the widow. "I am sure he would be pleased."

When he noticed their intriguing, the old lady approached him.

"Sir," she began, "you have been very good to us; and, if it would not be too much, I have another favor to ask of you. It is late and you are a long way from home. You would give us great pleasure if you remained and tasted our *tot-fait*. Isn't that true, Claudette?"

"Yes, grandma. Only I fear he would fare poorly; and doubtless some one awaits his coming at home."

"No, no one expects me," answered Boinville, thinking of the restaurant where he was in the habit of taking his solitary dinners. "I am free, but—"

He looked into Claudette's laughing eyes; then suddenly he said, with unusual good-humor:

"Well, I accept without excuses and with pleasure."

"It will soon be ready," said the old woman, gaily. "What was it I told you to do, Claudette? Set the table, and then fetch the wine, while I go back to my *tot-fait*."

Nimble Claudette opened the cupboard, brought a tablecloth striped with red and some napkins. The table was soon ready. The girl then lit a candle and went down for the wine, while the widow brought some chestnuts which she spread out before the fire to roast.

"Isn't the dear little one quick and cheerful?" said she. "She is my consolation. This will be a poor supper, but it is offered with good feelings; besides, it will bring back memories of your country life."

Claudette returned, flushed and a little out of breath. The good woman brought the steaming stew and they sat down to their meal.

Between the happy old lady and the happy, unaffected young girl, over the violet-scented tablecloth, in the semi-rural surroundings which spoke to him of the past, Hubert Boinville did full justice to this part of the feast. Little by little he became more friendly and talked familiarly, amused at Claudette's sallies, and laughing outright at the provincial expressions which the old lady made free use of. Every now and then she ran out into the kitchen to see how her cake was baking. Finally she appeared carrying the pan, above whose rim rose the *tot-fait*, puffed up golden brown, and smelling of orange flavor. Next came the roasted chestnuts, sputtering and cracking; and last of all a home-made cordial of *eau-de-vie* and sweet wine.

While Claudette cleared the table, the old lady seated herself in the chimney corner with her knitting, where, under the influence of the heat and the country

drink, she soon fell asleep. Claudette placed the lamp in the centre of the table and sat down face to face with Boinville. Being gay and talkative, she naturally took the burden of the conversation. She, too, had passed her childhood in Argonne with an aunt; and she recalled to Boinville many details of daily life, which changes little with years in the provinces. As it was warm, she had opened a window; and the cool air came, bearing the odors of the garden below, the sound of water dropping from the fountain in a stone basin; while from a little distance the convent bell slowly sounded the Angelus.

Hubert Boinville had a hallucination. The home-made cordial and the clear eyes of the young girl, both of which brought back the rural life of his native town, may have caused it. It seemed to him that he was back twenty years, and that he was in a rustic home in his native town. That wind in the trees and that dropping water were the caressing voice of the air and the music of the waters of Argonne. The bell ringing below was that of the parish church pealing forth on the eve of St. Nicholas. His youth, buried for many long years under administrative affairs, returned in all its richness; he saw before him Claudette's smiling eyes like April flowers, and his numb heart awoke to life and beat a pleasant ticktack in his breast.

At last the old lady awoke, stammering out words of apology. Hubert arose to go, as it was time. After having warmly thanked Madam Blouet for her entertainment and promising to return, he held out his hand to Claudette. Their eyes met for a moment, and Boinville's were so earnest in their gaze that the girl's lids drooped. She conducted him to the door, and on the threshold he took her hand again, but without a word. His heart was full, however;

and when he found himself alone in the deserted street, it seemed as if he could hear around and above him all the violins of the Feast of St. Nicholas.

III.

Boinville brought fresh inspiration to the performance of his ministerial duties. Between the sittings of the council, giving audiences, and executing commissions, he found no immediate leisure to repeat his visit to the Rue de la Sante. However, the memory of that St. Nicholas' Eve returned often in the midst of his arduous labors. Many a time the remembrance of Claudette's laughing eyes drew his attention from the reading of an abstract. They flitted between him and his documents like blue butterflies. When he went to his bachelor apartments, she accompanied him, and regarded him with gentle raillery as he tried to kindle a fire which would not burn. He thought of the dinner in the little countrified parlor where the fire crackled so joyously, and of the gay chatter of the lovely young girl which had for a moment brought back his youth. In the regular monotony of his busy life, that evening seemed like a patch of sunlit blue in the midst of mists and clouds. He looked in the mirror at his whitening beard; he thought of his loveless youth and his beginning maturity; he said to himself, like La Fontaine: "Have I passed the age for loving?" Then he felt a longing for tenderness which quite unnerved him and filled him with vain regrets.

One gloomy afternoon near the close of December the solemn usher again discreetly opened his office door and announced, "Madam Blouet!"

Boinville arose to receive the visitor. After she was seated he blushing inquired for her granddaughter.

"She is well, thank you!" replied the widow. "Your visit brought good luck to her. She has long been trying to

get a situation in an office. Yesterday she received an appointment; and I did not want to leave Paris without taking leave of you and assuring you of our deepest gratitude."

Boinville's heart grew heavy.

"Are you going to leave Paris?" he inquired. "Her situation is in the provinces, then?"

"Yes: in Vosges. Of course I shall go with Claudette. I am eighty-two, sir; and as I have not much longer to live, we do not wish to be separated."

"Do you leave soon?"

"The first week in January. Good-bye, sir!" said she, rising. "You have been very kind to us, and Claudette bade me thank you in her name."

The assistant director, silent and absorbed in thought, could reply only in monosyllables. After the old lady had gone he sat for a long time at his desk with his face buried in his hands. That night he slept badly, and the next day he was entirely out of humor. He could not fasten his attention upon anything. At three o'clock he brushed his hat and, leaving the office, hailed a passing cab. Half an hour later he crossed the garden of No. 12 Rue de la Sante and rang the bell at Madam Blouet's lodgings. Claudette came to the door. At sight of him she trembled, then blushed, while a smile of welcome shone in her clear blue eyes.

"Grandmother is out," said she; "but she will soon return, and will be very glad to see you."

"It is not Madam Blouet I wish to see, but you, my dear girl."

"Me?" she murmured, half afraid.

"Yes, you," he repeated brusquely. He seemed choking. He sought for words but they would not come. "Are you going away in January?"

She replied by nodding her head.

"Are you not sorry to leave Paris?"

"Oh! yes: it grieves me. But what

can I do? This position means a great fortune to grandma and me, and she can live in comfort the rest of her days."

"What if I were to give you the means of living in Paris, with the positive assurance of the well-being and comfort of Madam Blouet?"

"O sir!" exclaimed the young girl, her face brightening.

"It is a difficult means," said he, hesitatingly. "You may find it beyond your power."

"I am brave: what is it, sir?"

"Well, Mademoiselle—" he paused for breath; then quickly, almost roughly, he said: "Will you be my wife?"

She remained silent, but the language of her eyes dispelled all his doubts. He read there that she was happy and he took her hand in both of his. She did not resist; and Hubert, becoming bolder, raised it to his lips.

"Holy Mother!" cried the old lady, who came in at this moment.

They looked up in confusion. Claudette was scarlet with blushes.

"Do not be shocked, dear Madam," said Hubert, joyfully. "The night I feasted with you, St. Nicholas came down my chimney, as he used to do when I was a child, and brought me a wife for a gift. Here she is—your little granddaughter. With your gracious consent, we will be married as soon as possible."

It is the part of wisdom to spend little of your time upon the things that vex and anger you, and much of your time upon the things that bring you quietness and confidence and good cheer. A friend made is better than an enemy punished. There is more of God in the peaceable beauty of this little wood-violet than in all the angry disputations of the sects. We are nearer heaven when we listen to the birds than when we quarrel with our fellows.—*Van Dyke.*

A Spanish Legend.

THE night was very dark. One by one the frequenters of the village tavern had sought their usual places about the huge fire, blazing and roaring in the broad chimney; one by one they had huddled closer to its cheerful warmth. Outside, the snow was falling thickly; for it was early December, and in the mountains winter sets in betimes. Presently, in the midst of a blood-stirring tale, the door flew open and a traveller entered, booted and spurred, and clad in foreign garments, furred and laced as befitted the weather.

Stamping his feet on the oaken floor and clapping his leathern-gloved hands, he saluted the company. In return, one and another of them grunted out some indistinct reply; they were not pleased at being disturbed, and the night air which the newcomer wafted from his garments was not welcome.

"Begging your pardon, good sirs!" he exclaimed. "A breath of the fire, if you please. I have journeyed far and the night is cold."

In truth, they were an inhospitable, surly lot; for no one stirred. For a moment he stood on the outskirts of the group, biding their good pleasure. But, still keeping their backs turned, they huddled closer round the fire.

Suddenly the traveller called to the host in a loud voice:

"My friend, have you any oysters in the house?"

"Yes," answered the tavern-keeper. "There are fresh ones just come in."

"Well, then," continued the traveller, "take two dozen to my horse, will you? And see that he does not eat them too fast."

The astonished host, who now perceived more appearance of dignity and authority in his guest than he had at first observed, hastened to obey the

command. The group about the fire amazed that a horse should be fed with oysters, whispered to one another that it would be worth while going to see an animal so curious. With one accord they arose and trooped out in a body to the stable. As soon as they were gone, the traveller drew a small table in front of the fire, and, placing himself beside it, stretched out his feet and hands to the comfortable heat. He had not been there many moments when the door again opened and the crowd came hurrying back, headed by the innkeeper.

"The horse will not touch the oysters," said the host. "I could not get him to take one in his mouth."

"Ah!" rejoined the traveller with a smile. "I thought as much. I had no idea he would eat them. I have never heard of one doing the like. Have you, gentlemen?" he continued, addressing the fireside loungers, who, seeing his ruse, stood wistfully regarding their former places, which with his table and armchair he had completely appropriated. They did not reply, but edged nearer, apparently unobserved by the stranger, who now laid a gold piece upon the table.

At sight of it the innkeeper with a sweep of his arm disposed of the group, who fell back at the gesture.

"Fetch me a glass of wine," said the stranger guest. "I am thirsty and would fain drink to the health of these hospitable and kindly gentlemen."

The host vanished; and the stranger continued, as though talking to himself.

"And yet," he said,—"and yet it is not among such as these that the King would seek for valiant soldiers."

At this moment the host laid a bottle of wine upon the table; coolly and carefully the stranger poured out a flagon of the ruby liquid, raising the glass to his lips.

"To the improvement of your manners, good sirs!" he said, turning the effigy on the gold piece to their view. "It is plain to be seen that none of you are familiar with this countenance,"—at the same time pointing to his own.

One by one they bent forward to examine the effigy; one by one they hurried away. For the features carved upon the golden coin and those of the man before them were identical—it was the face of Alfonso the King.

A Remarkable Family.

IN a recent number we made mention of two Catholic families remarkable for the religious dispositions of their members—the Biet family in France and the Crane family in Ireland. Between them, they furnished thirteen recruits to different religious Orders, including two bishops. A reverend correspondent supplies further information about the Crane family; he knew all its members, including the saintly mother:

In the year 1856, during the month of May, the Provincial of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate was invited to give a mission in the old chapel of the Augustinian Fathers in John's Lane, Dublin. The prior at that time was Father Martin Crane, O. S. A., who was taken to his eternal reward lately as Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia. Six Oblate Fathers were engaged in this mission for the space of six weeks. At its close, with the sanction of Archbishop Cullen and the cordial assistance of the Augustinian Fathers, the first permanent mission of the Oblates was founded at Inchicore, near Dublin; the sacred vessels, the altar furniture, and even the choir being lent for the occasion by Father Crane.

A few years afterward the Oblates were invited to give a mission in a country parish in the County of Wexford, where the Crane family had been born and reared; and the parish priest suggested one day that we should pay a visit to the widowed mother of this saintly family. On taking our departure that venerable lady approached me, and, whilst clasping the hand of her youngest son, said: "Father, I have given five of my sons to St. Augustine, but I would like to give this one to the Blessed Virgin. Will you have him?" In due time he became an Oblate of Mary Immaculate—not, as stated, an Oblate of St. Charles. A few years subsequently

Father Martin Crane was consecrated Bishop of Sandhurst, in Australia, where he labored with the utmost zeal. It pleased Almighty God to afflict him with total blindness. Being unable to do anything for himself, his brother, Father Nicholas Crane, O. M. I., received permission from his superiors to devote himself entirely to the stricken Bishop,—a loving duty which he faithfully discharged until they were separated by death.

It may be added that not only was the only sister of these devoted religious a Carmelite nun (in New Ross, County Wexford), but their eldest brother, Mr. John Crane, had the intention of becoming an Augustinian. He was prevented from executing his pious resolve by the unfortunate bursting of a gun, his hand being so mutilated that it would be impossible for him to officiate at the altar. But, as he once told me, if he could not become an Augustinian himself, he would at least foster the vocation of some of his children to that eminent Order, or, according to their state, to some zealous communities of nuns: a resolution which Almighty God gave him the privilege of fulfilling.

L. C. P. F.

A Thought for the End of the Year.

THE parallelism between the seasons of the year and the successive stages of human life is as old as literature, as commonplace as daylight. From time immemorial writers grave and gay have traced with innumerable details the analogy of spring to youth, summer to the prime of manhood, autumn to incipient age, and winter to tottering senility and death; and have moralized thereon in wise or witless fashion according to their various temperaments and creeds.

As a rule, perhaps, the last phase of the comparison is the one discussed with least insistence: the lesson of the dying year is, of all those that Nature proffers us, the most offensive to our tastes. From the habitual dislike which people evince to serious reflection on the close of their earthly career, it would seem that there is fully as much truth as hyperbole in Shakespeare's lines:

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Such a state, or mental condition, is more congruous to a pagan philosopher than a Christian believer. If our religious life possesses any characteristics of sterling reality, if the doctrines to which we give intellectual assent shape in any way our daily conduct, if we can lay the slightest claim to consistency, then death must necessarily form the subject of not infrequent meditation. One thing is certain: he who thinks of it least may well have cause to fear it most; while they who reflect upon it often are so much the better prepared to meet it steadfastly when it comes.

That we shall all die is most certain; no one is foolish enough to doubt it. We all know that our "cradles rock us nearer to the tomb"; that we bear within us the seeds of death; that every heart-throb and every pulse-beat is, imperceptibly but none the less surely, effecting the progressive destruction of our bodies. Even though we be full of vigor and strength and vitality, we are convinced that in a few years at furthest these bodies will be consigned to their mother earth, and our names will pass from the memory of men as quickly as have gone those of the countless millions whose bones are nourishing the tiny grass blades in all the cemeteries of the world. No matter how industriously we put away the thought of the "last things" which Ecclesiasticus counsels us to remember, we never succeed in ridding ourselves of the subconscious reflection that, after all, we are mortal and must one day die.

Where we do delude ourselves in this matter is in hazarding answers to the questions, *When* and *how* shall we die? To the first we are apt to reply: "Oh, not for many years to come! I am strong and vigorous; I have an excellent constitution; there is a long life before me still." Folly to build on such fallacious grounds; for if the fact of

our death is the most certain of all future events, the moment of that death is the most uncertain of all future time. The only trustworthy knowledge we possess as to the date is not calculated to reassure the lax, the thoughtless, or the indifferent. "I will come," says Our Lord, "like a thief in the night, when you least expect Me." Our own experience teaches us that sudden, unexpected—and too often, alas! unprovided—deaths are so common as to cause very little astonishment. *When* shall we die? then, is a question to which we can give no answer other than a purely conjectural one.

How shall we die? is an inquiry of a different kind, and one to which a decided, authoritative answer may be given. Christ Himself has answered that question. "As a man lives," He tells us, "so shall he die." Death, then, is but the reflection of life. If our days be spent in the service of God, if our salvation be our main interest to which all temporal concerns are made subservient, we may reasonably expect to die the death of the just. If, on the contrary, we live a worldly life, disregarding habitually many a point in the law of God, failing to render meritorious for heaven even the good we do in obedience to the promptings of natural virtues, it is presumptuous folly to expect a tranquil close to our earthly pilgrimage. God's mercy is infinite, it is true; and a tardy conversion is a possibility for even the most obdurate sinner. But, supposing time and grace for such a conversion to be vouchsafed, a deathbed repentance is at its best but a slippery plank on which to launch our souls into eternity.

We reap invariably what we sow: a careless life means an unhappy death; and most lives would be far less careless were the thought of our last hour made more familiar to our busy brains.

Notes and Remarks.

The evident determination to keep partisan politics out of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, organized a few days ago in Cincinnati, commends itself to the good judgment of the country. In a substantial address to the convention the Bishop of Trenton, who deserves immense credit for the part he has taken in the movement, made two points very plain: that any attempt to subject even individual societies to the sway of partisanship would be suicidal to the organization; and that this Federation is not a Church movement, with official endorsement by the hierarchy, but a union of American citizens for the promotion of the social and religious interests of themselves and their coreligionists. Timid or over-prudent souls who apprehend another irruption of bigotry as a consequence of the organization may be reassured when they reflect that this Federation is not half so churchly in character as the Christian Endeavor Union or the Epworth League. Every zealous and observant Catholic has felt the absolute need of such a Federation a score of times in the past; now let everyone lend a hand and speak an encouraging word to help the movement on. And let those who are more concerned about the prejudices of Protestants than the interests of Catholics "bide a wee."

The value set upon what is called success by those who have achieved it ought to be consoling to the inconspicuous. The lamented Lord Russell of Killowen, shortly after he was appointed Attorney-General of England, said to a friend who congratulated him on his success: "Once I should have cared, but now I would not walk twice around that garden to get it." In the new

biography of Lord Russell is quoted the testimony of one who knew—and did not particularly like—the eminent advocate during the years when he was struggling for success: "He would not temporize in the smallest way about his religion to be made Lord Chancellor." We once heard a great financier—a man of many millions—say that in his opinion the reason why most people fail to get riches is that they try too hard to get them. Perhaps that is why so many people fail of success.

Our Irish exchanges pay glowing tributes to the noble self-sacrifice of the late Dr. William Smyth, who met his death while fighting, single-handed, an epidemic of typhus on the island of Aranmore. While it lasted he rowed from the mainland every day a distance of four miles to attend the terror-stricken people, acting both as nurse and doctor to those who were most dangerously ill. His patients were finally transferred, with the aid of the Government inspector, to Burton Port, and all recovered. Dr. Smyth left a widow and several children, for whom Cardinal Logue is now raising a subscription. It ought to be, and no doubt will be, a very handsome one.

The author of a new book on the British-Boer war, an officer who served under Buller in Natal, entering the Transvaal with him after the relief of Ladysmith, and still on duty in Africa, remarks that a history of the narrow escapes in battle would be wild reading even after a course in Munchausen. Indeed many of the escapes which he records would seem incredible if similar ones were not related by military men of all countries. "Until war ceases, which will be the greatest miracle of all," writes this officer, "it will always be the exhibition ground of miracles. How

can a bullet puncture a man's coat behind and before, or pierce his boot and sock, and be gravely shaken out of both without wounding him? Yet I have seen both these things happen. And what mysterious channel does the human body contain which leads a bullet dexterously around the heart, a hair's-breadth from the seat of life, yet never rending it—a phenomenon vouched for by more than one army surgeon? Shells have burst thunderously between the very legs of soldiers, and left them still soldiers. Pompom shells of two inches diameter have passed through legs and arms without shattering the bone or bursting at the impact, though there appears to be literally no room for such a merciful performance." The writer is a reflective one, but he forgets about merciful providences, and that men die only when and as God wills.

In reviewing a recent volume of sketches by eminent converts, detailing the manner of their conversion, we noted that the late Bishop of Clifton, Dr. Brownlow, was one of those who came into the Church by the path of history. In his "Early History of the Church of God" he gives this interesting account of the first step:

More than forty years ago I happened to have some correspondence and conversation with a member of the Plymouth Brethren persuasion on the constitution of the Christian Church. We agreed to read the New Testament together alternately at each other's house. We began to read the Acts of the Apostles. When we came to the fifteenth verse of the first chapter—"In those days Peter, rising up in the midst of the brethren," etc.,—my friend paused and said: "You see the spirit of Popery showed itself in the Church at a very early period." His remark made a deep impression upon me, and made me resolve to study carefully the early records of the Church in order to discover whether what I then understood by "Popery" was or was not an essential part of Christianity.

Another convert, Dr. Charleson, whose recent defection from the Church of Scotland caused general dismay among

his coreligionists, writes of his conversion in a passage of which this paraphrase is afforded by the Catholic *Times*:

Mr. Charleson had been struggling toward the light of Catholic truth. He had studied the Fathers and been convinced that in a unanimous voice they directed his steps toward the Catholic Church. With not less earnestness he questioned history, and its teaching was to the same effect. He turned to the Papal claims, examined them, and considered them reasonable. As convictions grew upon him they gave color to his ritual. But one day, reading the works of St. Cyprian, he was struck as with a thunderbolt. That holy Bishop, in the early days of persecution—the first half of the third century,—denounced Marcian the Novatian heretic, and in doing so used these words: "He had attempted to erect a profane altar, and to set up an adulterous throne, and to offer sacrilegious sacrifice opposed to the true priest." "If," thought Mr. Charleson, "schism makes the altar profane and the bishop's throne adulterous, and what is meant for the Blessed Sacrament to be instead a sacrilegious sacrifice, then what was he doing outside the Catholic Church but committing this terrible profanity?" and he became a Catholic.

Newman too—indeed all the converts of the Oxford Movement—was led into the Church, under God's grace, by the study of history; and thus it happens that a better knowledge of the past, which the enemies of the Church believe to be fatal to her, is a new and unimpeachable witness to her claims.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet*, writing about the mission of Mgr. Scalabrini to the United States, the success of which has been very gratifying to the Holy Father, tells a charming story connected with the foundation of an orphan asylum for Italian children in Rio Janeiro:

Many years ago a young mother on board an emigrant ship, bound for Brazil, died, leaving a baby in arms behind her. Her husband, a poor peasant, was so overwhelmed between grief and despair that he was about to throw himself into the sea, when a young missionary, Don Giovanni Marchetti, prevented the rash act. He did more: he promised that he would take care of the motherless little one. A few days after the good people of Rio Janeiro beheld a strange sight. A young priest, with a baby clinging to his neck, was seen to knock at door after door until he

secured a new mother for his charge. Then he set about establishing an asylum, and with such success that, not far from the grave to which his apostolic labors brought him, there is to-day a home where poor little Italians are cared for. Don Marchetti was a disciple of Mgr. Scalabrini.

M. Berand has proposed in the Senate of France a bill that promises, if it becomes law, to strike a more fatal blow at Catholic higher education in that country than was dealt by the law of July, 1901. Its avowed design is to abrogate the legislation of 1850, by which liberty of instruction was guaranteed throughout France. The proposer makes no secret of his purpose. In the speech with which he introduced the measure, he said: "The colleges of the Congregations, which the Law [of Association] wished to strike, still open their doors. To-morrow, as yesterday, 95,000 students will go there to receive the kind of instruction we know of; while only 80,000 students frequent our lyceums and colleges." To remedy this crying evil, the solicitous senator proposes to deny graduates of Catholic colleges the right to enter a profession or compete for a position in the civil service. Unless French Catholics show their power in the next elections, this infamous bill will probably become a legal statute, and another step will have been taken in the work of de-Christianizing the land once proudly styled "the eldest daughter of the Church."

Opportunities for publicly congratulating the consecrated women whose lives play so important a part in the work of the Church are so few that we must not fail to chronicle a celebration recently held in Chicago. On the same day three Sisters of Mercy—Mother M. Genevieve, Mother M. Scholastica and Sister M. Angela—rounded out their fiftieth year of labor in the Master's vineyard, and the community arranged an elaborate

religious service in thanksgiving. The gilded crowns which Bishop Muldoon, in the name of the Sisters, placed on the brow of the venerable jubilarians was a meet symbol of unfading crowns won for them in heaven during those fifty dutiful years. It was characteristic, too, that the jubilee gifts were made not to the three aged religious but to their Master—marble altars, an exquisite Communion-rail, and other sanctuary furnishings to enhance the beauty of the House of God. They are the boast and the honor of the Church, these religious women, who, laboring in various uniforms and under diverse names, are alike in this: that their spirit comes nearest to the spirit of Christ, and that they furnish a very large share of whatever moral heroism still exists in the world.

Though Bishop Lenihan, of Cheyenne, was known to be in delicate health for some time—almost since his consecration in 1897—news of his death last week came as a painful surprise. As chief pastor of a diocese of vast area and small population, Bishop Lenihan's life was as laborious as that of any frontier missionary. What Cardinal Manning desired most for his priests, "Very hard work and very little money," was the lot of the Bishop of Cheyenne. We may add that Cardinal Manning would have found in the lamented prelate many of the other qualities that go to make up an ideal priest. *R. I. P.*

"The ease with which divorces are obtained," says the *Baltimore Sun*, "is one of the greatest promoters of vice, and it is doing its part in undermining the foundation upon which true civilization and the social fabric rest. One of the first and greatest reforms in the interest of social purity would therefore be to do away with divorces, and so put an end to what has been not

inaptnly called 'consecutive polygamy.'" It is odd that the man in the pulpit is so slow to assume the higher moral ground so commonly taken nowadays by the man in the street-car and the man in the printing-office.

It is a consoling fact that nowadays refutations of false statements regarding our holy religion are not far to seek. The other night, having just finished reading an anti-Catholic book in which the author, himself an apostate religious, expatiates on the "happy decline of monasticism," we took up the *London Tablet* to learn that the Trappists, who did so much for the reclamation of partially civilized Europe in earlier days, are still doing similar work in the Far East (we lately referred to their labors in Africa). In one of their monasteries in China, about one hundred miles from Peking, they have as many as sixty Chinese monks. There is a Trappist monastery in Japan, too, which has more than a dozen native members. The monks, like the oaks, as Père Lacordaire used to say, are immortal.

We have often been edified by the accounts given by our foreign missionaries of the fervor displayed among their converts. Just how thoroughly, however, the religious idea permeates the whole existence of many of these peoples has never been so graphically presented to us as in the narrative of the welcome extended to the Lazarists on their return from an enforced exile, by their Abyssinian flocks. To express the intensity of their joy on beholding once more their spiritual guides, these exemplary Catholics could find no higher terms than these: "The return of the Fathers is for us a great festival. It is like another Easter or Christmas!" A whole volume could not give a clearer idea of the genuineness of their faith and piety.

Notable New Books.

The Faith of the Millions. By George Tyrrell, S. J. Two vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

We find these two volumes peculiarly difficult to review to our own satisfaction: the matter of them is so abundant, so varied, and so uniformly good. They comprise twenty-three essays on themes ranging from popular novels to Catholic mysticism, and they all deal with questions of practical, living interest. It is regrettable that one should think it necessary to state whether a priest-author belongs to the Liberal or the Conservative school of thought: but for general and for special reasons it is best to do so in this case, and we shall let Father Tyrrell do it himself:

Taking words in their literal sense, there is no sane man who would not claim to be at once liberal and conservative; but so far as they are party names, he is a wise man who declines to label or brand himself even in his own thought, and thereby really to sacrifice his liberty of mind by introducing into it an unnecessary bias.

The essay on "Liberal Catholicism," from which we quote, is, by the way, one of the best of the twenty-three, and we should like to reproduce more of it. But if we were to reprint all in this volume that is timely and good, the publishers would probably prosecute us for infringing copyright. We advise our readers to get the volumes and enjoy them at their leisure. Father Tyrrell is one of the most competent of those who assume to speak in the name of their Catholic brethren, and the charm of his style is such as to engage and keep the interest of readers of all schools of thought.

The Bible and Rationalism. By the Rev. John Thein. Four vols. B. Herder.

The plan of this work is magnificently large: it is to answer "the difficulties of the Bible." The author's attitude in general is that of the defenders of the extreme traditional views, and the blasts of the Higher Criticism have passed him by as the idle wind which he regards not. He does indeed make passing reference to the theories of the iconoclasts, but he sometimes states their position inadequately, and he seldom details their arguments and the processes by which they arrive at their conclusions. We question both the wisdom and the fairness of this course; certainly it is not the way of Duchesne nor Loisy, nor the French Sulpician Vigouroux, nor the German Jesuit Von Hummelauer. Then, too, we think that Father Thein devotes too much space to Strauss and Renan, who really do not represent either

the methods or the spirit of modern biblical study. Perhaps it is because he is more familiar with their work than he is with the writings of more recent and more judicial critics that he treats too summarily some of the most serious problems of exegesis and apologetics.

In a work of this kind one does not look for the highest literary art, but we are obliged to say that both proof-reading and composition have been much too careless, to use a mild phrase. Here, for instance, is a sentence from Part III., page 73:

That the people, always inclined toward exaggeration, imagined to see sometimes possessions there where there were only ordinary diseases, certainly this might have happened; but that the bodily sick from whom the Divine Master expelled the demons were not really possessed, this is irreconcilable with the language of the Gospels.

There are other sentences quite as eccentric as this one, and in at least one place Huxley is quoted by translating from a French translation of his works. The result is not Huxley's English.

This work is not in the least degree tainted with "Liberalism," but the reverend author has made a very liberal use of the writings of other apologists; and he betrays a prejudice against quotation marks, which is "minimizing" in one of its worst forms.

Meditations on the Duties of Religious. M. H. Gill & Son.

These meditations, written in French by a superioress of the Ursulines of Montargis, and approved in 1708, have been translated by a member of the Ursuline community, Sligo, and are offered for the edification of religious in general, particularly those devoted to the instruction of youth. The subject-matter is arranged for an eight-days' retreat, but is suitable for private reading on other occasions. The points treated are those commonly followed, such as the virtues and obligations of the religious life; and the spirit of love and zeal which animates these meditations lends a power to them which is not always found in the cold printed word.

When Love is Young. By Roy Rolfe Gilson.

The Debatable Land. By Arthur Colton. Harper & Brothers.

These two stories belong to a series of twelve novels published by the Harpers and written by new American writers on American themes. They go to prove that there is a vast deal of cleverness among people who have plainly no vocation to write novels. Despite their dissimilarity in theme, style and treatment, they are curiously alike in

their defects and limitations. In the first-named there is a good deal of bright dialogue and some very effective character-drawing; but the earlier half of the book is amazingly futile, and we are not sure that the second half—at least until the hero meets Jane Smith—leaves a good taste in the mouth. The little schoolhouse pictured on the cover, and the lusty youths who resorted thereto, ought to have exorcised the egotism and self-consciousness out of Robbie Dale long before he met the admirable Joggles.

"The Debatable Land" is a story involving some exceptionally good war descriptions. Its theme is pleasanter, too; and at the point where Gard Windham becomes a military spy, the book is extremely interesting. The religious Order (Anglican) described by the author is like most of those found in books and nowhere else. A week's residence in any monastery would put a different color upon Mr. Colton's notion of a monk and a "Father Superior."

Both these books show broad-mindedness wherever religion is mentioned, though in the first Robbie Dale ventilates a pale theology that does not accord with Christian teaching, however much it comports with the character of that too lucky and conceited young prig.

Juvenile Round Table: Stories by the Foremost Catholic Writers. Benziger Brothers.

We like this Round Table better than any of its three predecessors; the contributors are more happily chosen, and the quality of their work distinctly superior to what we found in the American, French, and English-Irish symposia. Here and there one comes upon a story which, considering the fame and experience of the author, must frankly be set down as a "pot-boiler"; but sometimes, too, as in the case of David Selden—a new name to us—there is exceptionally good work. Some of the stories impress us as a bit too melancholy for children, but the tone of all of them is wholesome.

The Marriage of Laurentia. By Marie Haultmont. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

The early chapters of this story remind us of the efforts of a small boy engaged in the highly exhilarating but unsuccessful attempt to drive a four-in-hand: there is obvious difficulty in getting the horses together; but once the start is made, the forward movement is easy and natural enough. This book is a serious and conscientious piece of work, and the young reader who is teachable may learn from it several lessons that could otherwise be got only after costly and perhaps

life-wrecking experiences. That a Catholic ought not to marry a non-Catholic, that the heart ought to go with the hand, that relatives ought not to be mischief-makers, and several other matters of equal moment are made plain from poor Laurentia's experience. It is a solemn book with hardly a trace of humor, but with a degree of tragic and romantic interest that is sometimes almost painful. If the earlier chapters were carefully rewritten and vivified, this story would rank well with the best of the year. Why do women novelists so generally make the men in their books attractive, and the women—well, not so attractive?

Her Father's Daughter. By Katherine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Brothers.

The story of two half-sisters: Phil, who lives only to carry out her dying father's injunction to look after her mother and her half-sister Colombe; and Colombe, whom Phil has spoiled by indulging her whims, by "making things easy" for her, and by persistently trampling her own interests and desires under foot. The result is what might be expected: a thoroughly selfish young woman, who would be utterly despicable if it were not all Phil's fault, and if Colombe did not have some fascinatingly redeeming qualities. Indeed it is a high tribute to Mrs. Hinkson's art that she is able to preserve the reader's sympathy for the frivolous and selfish Colombe. Phil, on the other hand, is one of those genuine heroines so often met in real life, especially among Catholic women. The undiscerning, no doubt, would condemn her for a poor, spiritless thing, who deserved to be imposed upon; in reality, she is one of those strong and amiable women that in our own generation keep up the best traditions of their sex. The Misses O'Kelley are delicious bits of antique bric-a-brac, and Father Tom is a *soggarth* of the best sort. It is needless to say that the tone of the story is as wholesome as the plot is entertaining or the treatment artistic. Mrs. Hinkson's name stands for all these things. There are some fairly good illustrations.

God Wills It. A Tale of the First Crusade. By William Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Co.

A Catholic reviewer can scarcely be expected to be particularly prepossessed in favor of a book the author of which refers in the first sentence of his preface to "the Dark Ages." This phrase has of late years been so thoroughly discredited by competent non-Catholic historical critics that we naturally expect to find its use eschewed by all scholarly writers. Mr. Davis does not eschew

it. Nor does he abandon the plain suggestion of an equally obsolete lie: that the typical cleric, monk or bishop of the Middle Ages was a *bon vivant* rather than a man of God.

These strictures being made, let us hasten to record our opinion that "God Wills It" is, nevertheless, one of the finest historical romances that has appeared since the days of "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth." Mr. Davis, in fact, merits comparison with Scott rather than with the average novelist who to-day attains the ephemeral distinction of having written "one of the six best-selling books." He undoubtedly possesses the story-teller's gift. The organic structure of this "Tale of the First Crusade" is all but faultless, and the concreteness of the narrative is masterly. In the unavoidable multiplicity of incidents involved in the plot which he has chosen, the author manifests an unerring eye for every episode fraught with dramatic capabilities; and all such episodes are treated with a sustained vigor that holds the reader spellbound. In the portrayal of characters, Mr. Davis employs the indirect rather than the formal method of delineation; his personages display their own characters by speech and action, and the reader is spared paragraphs or pages of metaphysical analysis of temperaments.

The background of "God Wills It" naturally lends itself to some very effective description, all of which, however, is duly subordinated to the action of the story. It should be added that, in the main, the author's treatment of the Crusade and the more eminent Crusaders is reverent and sympathetic, notwithstanding occasional notes that offend the Catholic ear. The one lesson which the book can not but impress upon the non-Catholic reader is that the eleventh century was an age of living, practical Christian faith; and thus, in the highest and truest sense, an age of enlightenment, not of "darkness."

A Cassock of the Pines. By the Rev. Joseph Gordian Daley. W. H. Young & Co.

This collection of short stories, reprinted from various Catholic periodicals, contains several that are worthy of praise. The title-story is full of interest, and the swift retribution visited on the men who laid hands of violence on one of God's anointed is tellingly pictured. "Madcaps" is full of college spirit, and "Ex-Ottowans" should be read by any one not familiar with the dangers attendant upon visiting a church bazaar. "The Donation of Mr. Gallagher" is another good story and has no little humor.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

A Funny Land.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

THERE'S a very funny country on the shores of Dreamland Sea;

To get there you must round Cape Izedozin,
Then cross the Straits of Knid-Knod with your
canvas flowing free,

And cast anchor in the tranquil Bay of Doughzin.

Oh, you never saw such colors queer as in that
land are spread!

The skies are royal purple rich and mellow,
The daylight's green, the trees are blue, the meadows
turkey-red,

And the rivers deep magenta tinged with yellow.

A fact that soon will strike you in this very funny
land

Is the cheap and rapid style of locomotion:
No matter where you want to go, just give a brief
command—

And you're there, though *how* you've not the
slightest notion.

Another thing you'll notice if you stay there very
long,—

When you're hungry, presto! up there springs
a table

Filled with cakes and pies and puddings, tea and
coffee hot and strong;

So you eat and drink and eat as long's you're
able.

You'll not a single schoolhouse see throughout
that happy clime:

The boys and girls get knowledge while they're
sleeping;

So while awake they laugh and play, feel jolly all
the time,

And don't at all know what is meant by weeping.

There are lots of other wonders in that country
far away

And more of funny sights than I could number;
If you would like to see them, just set sail for
Doughzin Bay,

Then keep on until you reach the Land of
Zlumbur.

Stories of St. Joseph Cupertino.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



VERY likely some of you young folks have seen a rabbit during your holiday in the country?"

"Oh, yes, uncle! We met with some almost every time we went into the grove back of Horgan's farm. I thought them just the cutest little things I ever saw. Charlie came near hitting one of them with a rock he fired one afternoon, and I was awfully glad he missed it."

"That sentiment does you more credit, Bride, than does the language you used to express it. So bright a young lady as you are should speak of throwing stones rather than firing rocks; and I don't suppose there was anything really *awful* about your gladness, was there?"

"Oh, I know it is slang! But, then, one hears it so often, uncle, that it *will* slip out at times. However," continued this precocious damsel, "I'm going to pay more attention to my language in future. Cousin Rose has warned me several times that my association with Charlie would eventually lead to the deterioration of my vocabulary."

"Great Scott, Bride! Say it again," commented the graceless youth in question. "De-ter-i-o *which*? Say, Rose is a bird in the language biz, isn't she, Uncle Austin?"

"Charlie my boy, if you use as correct language as you are capable of, it will probably be picturesque enough without your adding intentional vulgarisms."

"In the meantime," quietly interjected

Clare, "wasn't there some question about rabbits? You looked, uncle, as though you had a story to tell us."

"So I have,—a story about their cousins, the hares. Now, who knows anything about hares? Bride, do you?"

"I think they belong to the same genus—*tribe*, I suppose some people would call it—as the rabbits. They are a little larger than rabbits though!"

"You have forgotten to add," said Charlie, "that they go mad in the month of March. Didn't you ever hear the saying 'Mad as a March hare'?"

"I have," replied Bride; "but I don't think it means they are really mad, but only extra frisky. Isn't that it, uncle?"

"Yes, Bride; mad is used in that expression in much the same way as in the word 'madcap,' which I presume you have sometimes heard applied to especially lively little girls."

"Is 'oo ever goin' to tell 'at stowdy, untle?" demanded Master Frankie, with elaborate emphasis. "Me and Clare det mad pitty soon, if 'oo don't."

"All right, my lad. The story is about a saint who was born about three hundred years ago in Italy. His parents lived in a town called Cupertino, and so the saint is called St. Joseph of Cupertino. Joseph was a very poor boy. In fact, *he was born in a stable*, like our Lord Himself, because hard-hearted creditors had put his mother out of her house. As if extreme poverty were not bad enough, he was, when little, afflicted with a terrible disease. His body was all covered with sores that hurt him dreadfully, and the doctors said they couldn't cure him. The little fellow, however, was very pious, and he prayed so constantly to the Blessed Virgin that our Heavenly Mother finally took pity on him and cured him miraculously.

"In gratitude for his recovery, Joseph decided to consecrate himself to God; and when he became old enough he

entered the Order of the Capuchins. He didn't appear to have any talent, however, and so had to leave that monastery and enter as a lay-brother the community of the Friars Minor. Soon his dulness disappeared, and his holiness attracted so much attention that his superiors allowed him to enter their ecclesiastical novitiate. Later on he was ordained a priest. From that time he led a life of most extraordinary austerities, or hardships, and he worked miracles of all kinds.

"To come to my knowing hares,—one day, as the saint was walking outside around the convent, he found two little hares hidden in a bush close to the chapel. He stooped down, took them up in his hands, stroked them gently for a few minutes, and then replaced them in their nest. He told them not to stray from that spot, where they were under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, who would know how to protect them from the hunters of the neighborhood. Following the good man's advice, the two animals grew up under the double protection of Our Lady and her client; and they took good care not to scamper very far from their convent home—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, uncle; but were there Sisters or nuns in that convent? I thought monastery was the name given to the home of monks."

"No, Bride: in St. Joseph's convent there were only priests and Brothers. The words *monastery* and *convent* really mean the same thing; although the first is now commonly applied only to the home of monks, as you say. Convent, however, is used for the residence of monks as well as for that of nuns, even nowadays.

"Well, as I have said, the hares, as a rule, were careful not to go far away from their home. But one day the younger of the two imprudently took a cruise outside the grounds of the

convent. He was discovered by a party of hunters, and in a moment a whole pack of hounds were coursing him. Frightened half out of his wits, the poor little fellow darted off toward the monastery. Fortunately, the gates were open, and in five minutes he was nestling, all out of breath, in the arms of St. Joseph. When the hunters rode up behind their dogs, the holy monk held the hare close to his breast and said: 'Gentlemen, this hare is under the protection of the Blessed Virgin; you must therefore leave it alone.' The men rode off; and their dogs, looking decidedly crestfallen, slunk away after them.

"A few days later a similar adventure befell the other hare; but this time the hunter was no other than the great lord of Cupertino himself, Marquis Pinelli. As the hare had taken refuge under the saint's cassock, the Marquis, whose dogs had lost the scent as soon as they entered the convent grounds, asked St. Joseph whether he had not noticed the animal passing. The saint drew up his cassock a little and said: 'See, it is here! But it belongs to me, not to you, and I pray you to do it no harm.' Then, pointing out a bush to his trembling pet, he continued: 'Now run quickly and hide yourself in that bush, and don't budge.' The hare started for the bush; and, to the astonishment of the Marquis and his companions, the dogs, instead of dashing after it, stood motionless, apparently terrified at the sight of the animal that they had so lately been pursuing with vigor."

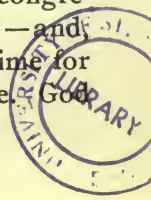
"That's what Aunt Honor," exclaimed Charlie, "would call 'making a hare of' the hunting party. At least, last April Fool's Day when I ran for dear life over to her house because Mr. Morgan told me she had sent a telephone message for me, she just smiled and said: 'Sure, Charlie my boy, Mr. Morgan has been makin' a hare of you!'"

"Which is all very interesting, no doubt," commented Bride; "but I think we were talking about St. Joseph of Cupertino. Did he have anything to do with any other animals besides hares?"

"After *other* use *than*, not *but* or *besides*," observed Charlie, reminiscently. And Bride looked vexed.

"Yes, Bride," I began before further hostilities should develop; "his biographer tells a very pretty story about St. Joseph and the sheep of St. Barbe village. It appears that every Saturday afternoon the saintly monk used to go to the St. Barbe chapel to recite the litanies of Our Lady. The shepherds of the neighborhood and the villagers also attended this exercise, so that usually there was a good crowd present. One Saturday, however, on arriving at the chapel St. Joseph found no one there. All the folks were engaged in getting in the harvest. Now, the saint thought that they could easily have spared a little time for their usual devotion, and he lamented to himself the indifference which people show to their spiritual affairs whenever any material interest is in question. Then, looking over the plain and seeing great flocks of sheep pasturing there, he suddenly cried out: 'You sheep of God, come here and help me honor the Mother of the Redeemer!'"

"Forthwith, all the sheep that were scattered far and wide over the adjoining lands left their grazing, bounded over the fences and ran to the chapel. There they grouped themselves around St. Joseph. He commenced the recitation of the litany; and after each invocation the sheep gave a prolonged bleat in perfect unison. The recitation finished, the saint blessed the strange congregation, which at once dispersed—and, come to think of it, it is about time for you young people also to disperse. God bless you and good-night!"



Taught by the Boys.

Some Indian lads belonging to the Cherokee nation have lately shown what red-skinned boys can do if they try, and have proved the falsity of the assertion that an Indian never works unless he is driven to it. An Indian agent told some schoolboys that he would give a nice calf to every boy who would milk for him for three months. On the first trial only three boys won the calves, but in a year twelve boys had succeeded. And it was no easy thing to do; for the old men of the tribe looked on and made fun, and you know there is nothing harder to endure than ridicule.

"Only women work," the old men said; but the boys kept on. At the end of the year the agent offered them all the corn they would raise, and they actually harvested a crop of three thousand bushels! This they traded for thirty-five young cattle, each one of which was branded by a mark selected by its boy owner.

The result of this is a great industrial awakening among the Cherokees; and, instead of having to coax the members of the nation to work, there is now difficulty in finding work for them to do.

A Legend of the Nativity.

One of the most beautiful legends of the Nativity is that which is given in an ancient work called the "Prot-evangelium," in regard to the miraculous calm and silence of the Holy Night. Joseph, having left Our Lady in the cave, goes out to meet the Shepherds.

"And I," says he, "was walking and was not walking; and I looked up into the sky and saw the sky astonished; and I looked up to the pole of the heavens and saw it standing, and the birds of the air keeping still. And I looked down upon the earth, and saw a

trough lying and work-people reclining, and their hands were in the trough. And those that were eating did not eat, and those that were rising did not rise, and those that were carrying anything to their mouths did not carry it; but the faces of all were looking upward. And I saw the sheep walking and the sheep stood still; and the shepherd raised his hand to strike them, and his hand remained up. And I looked on the current of the river, and I saw the mouths of the kids resting on the water and not drinking, and all things in a moment were driven from their course."

A Long Story Cut Short.

A king made a proclamation that if any man would tell him a story which would last forever, he would make him his heir and son-in-law; but if any one undertook to do so and failed, he should lose his head. After many failures came one who said: "A certain king seized all the corn of his kingdom and stored it in a huge granary; but a swarm of locusts came, and a small cranny was descried, through which one locust could contrive to creep. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn," etc. And thus the man went on, day after day: "And so another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

A month passed, a year passed; then the king said: "How much longer will the locusts be?"—"O your Majesty," said the story-teller, "they have cleared at present only a cubit, and there are thousands of cubits in the granary!"—"Stop, man!" cried the king. "Take my daughter, take my kingdom,—take everything I have; only let me hear no more of those locusts!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—The new volume of Dom Guéranger's great work, "The Liturgical Year," is now ready—Vol. IV. of the time after Pentecost.

—A grammar of the Eskimo language is shortly to appear from the press of Ginn & Co. The author is Father Barnum, an American Jesuit, who made a careful study of the language during years of missionary labor in Alaska.

—It is not always that translators are so frank as in a case reported by the *London Chronicle*. A popular novelist recently received this cold-blooded request from a would-be translator: "May I be allowed the honor to traduce you in several languages?" They don't generally ask: they just go on and do it.

—Directors of choirs will welcome two books of recent publication—"The Catholic Boy-Choir Manual" (J. Fischer & Bro.) and "The New Hymnal" (*Messenger Office*, Montreal). The object of the first named is well set forth in its sub-title: "A collection of Masses, Vespers, litanies, Latin and English hymns, and diverse chants for High Mass, Vespers, Benediction, and the different devotions of the year." This useful little work for boy-choirs is creditably and carefully arranged and has the approbation of Archbishop Ryan. "The New Hymnal" contains more than one hundred sacred hymns suitable for schools, parishes, etc. These pieces have evidently been prepared with sincere devotion, but their printer and proof-reader might have done better work. And we must add that books of this kind should have a more durable dress.

—A number of new books for young folk come to us from the Henry Altemus Co. "Caps and Capers" is a story for girls, by Gabrielle E. Jackson. It relates the experiences of a motherless girl who began her boarding-school life under rather unpleasant circumstances. Miss Jackson then places Toinette in a model school, and, in the exploitation of her ideas regarding boarding-schools, the story is carried on until the characters leave us to the steps of a wedding march; or, better, sail away, happy in the escort of Dom Cupid. The title of this book is the best feature of it.—"Tommy Foster's Adventures among the Southwest Indians," by Fred A. Ober, will, no doubt, prove of great interest to many a little boy who will envy the hero of this tale his chance to see Indian life. But we question if other little boys who have not asthmatic fathers and

invalid mothers may not learn quite as much as Tommy did, and in a better, if less exciting, way. The illustrations by M. Arthur are spirited.—"The Little Lady—Her Book," by Albert Bigelow Paine, and "Galopoff," by Tudor Jenks, are attractive books for very young people, and will, no doubt, have a large holiday sale. The illustrations alone will commend them to the little folk, girls and boys.

—"Practical Preaching for Priests and People" is a good title, and the twenty-five sermons which Father Clement Holland gives to the public under that designation are indeed practical enough. They touch the common matters of Catholic preaching in a way which, if not striking, is very simple and direct. In country missions where the Sunday Mass and sermon are only occasional such a volume as this may do any amount of good; to those who do not enjoy the advantage of regular religious instructions delivered *viva voce* we commend it as an edifying and helpful book. Published by Thomas Baker.

—Among gift-books for Catholic children we note "The First Christmas," by Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert is her proper appellation); and "Shade and Light," by Thomas F. Brennan. The first is a metrical story of the Christ-Child's coming, explaining fifteen colored plates representing the principal scenes of the Christmas mystery. "Shade and Light" is the story of Joseph of Egypt told in pictures and in words; and he is shown to be the type of Christ. Let us not be blamed for neglecting to call attention to these two books early in the month. They reached our table in good season, but we could not bring ourselves to admire the illustrations. However, we did wonder at the price of these books. F. Pustet & Co., publishers.

—Archbishop Ryan's splendid lecture on "Christian Civilization and the Perils that now Threaten It," has been republished by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. This lecture, we hope, is already known to multitudes of people; to those who do not know it we may say that it is in the most felicitous style of the venerable Archbishop, and that it touches on the position of children, women, the sick and the unfortunate in pagan, as compared with Christian, times, showing how the religion of Christ—but let us quote:

Christianity is a fact in the history of the human race, the most mysterious in its nature, the most stupendous

and universal in its effects; a fact which philosophy can not ignore, nor infidelity deny, nor scepticism doubt; which has influenced religion, arts, arms, sciences, literature, social life, politics, human happiness, human suffering, human progress, more than any other fact in the history of our race. The unbeliever who regards it lightly, as one of the many false religions embraced by man at various periods of his history, who thinks that its influences were simply and exclusively confined to the secret intercourse between the Creator and the creature—such a one can never adequately understand the philosophy of human history. Christianity refashioned the whole being of man, politically and socially, as well as religiously. It formed not only the Christian saint, but the Christian statesman, the Christian warrior, the Christian citizen, the Christian artist, the Christian soldier, and the Christian philanthropist.

The lecture abounds in beautiful and eloquent passages. Catholics ought to grow enthusiastic over it and find pleasure in circulating it among non-Catholics. It is published in good form, yet the price is a mere trifle.

Another pamphlet recently issued by the C. T. S. of San Francisco deals with "Catholic Missionaries in the Philippines." It is from the pen of Gen. James F. Smith, justice of the supreme court of the islands, who treats his subject very inadequately. Readers of this magazine have nothing to learn from Gen. Smith's pamphlet, which would seem to be a reprint of a newspaper article.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Faith of the Millions. 2 vols. *George Tyrrell, S. J.* \$3.50.

Meditations on the Duties of Religious. \$1.50, net.

Juvenile Round Table. \$1.

Practical Preaching for Priests and People. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.25, net.

A Life's Labyrinth. *Mary E. Mannix.* \$1.25.

Brunelleschi. *Leader Scott.* \$1.75.

Meditations on Psalms Penitential. 75 cts., net.

Lalor's Maples. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.25.

In Great Waters. *Thomas A. Janvier.* \$1.25.

A Friend with the Countersign. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.

The Benefactress. \$1.50.

The Magic Key. *Elizabeth S. Tucker.* \$1.10.

But Thy Love and Thy Grace. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life and Times of St. Benedict. *Very Rev. P. Peter Lechner.* \$1.35, net.

Blessed Sebastian Newdigate. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$1.10, net.

Doris, A Story of Lourdes. *M. M.* 75 cts., net.

Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. *Bishop Messmer.* \$1.50, net.

Roads to Rome. *Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."* \$2.50.

God and the Soul. *Bishop Spalding.* \$1.25.

The Quest of Coronado. *Rev. Denis G. Fitzgerald.* \$1, net.

The Holy Mountain of La Salette. *Bishop Ullathorne.* 50 cts.

Marcus Aurelius Antonius to Himself. *Prof. Rendall, M. A.* \$1.

The Saints. Saint Dominic. *Jean Guiraud.* \$1.

Religious Education and Its Failures. *Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D. D.* 10 cts.

The Life of St. George. *Rev. Dean Fleming, M. R.* 30 cts., net.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I. *Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.50, net.

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. *Blosius.* 20 cts., net.

John Gildart; an Heroic Poem. *M. E. Henry-Ruffin.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. W. P. Quinn, of the diocese of Syracuse; and the Rev. E. F. Schmitz, C. S. Sp.

Sister M. Antonia, of the Sisters of Mercy, Arkansas.

Mr. W. A. Selkirk and Mrs. Catherine Holm, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Elizabeth Farrell, Vicksburg, Miss.; Mr. Michael Finn, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. V. Herbert, Buffalo, Iowa; Mrs. Annie Fay, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Patrick Prendergast, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Philip McLaughlin, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mary Stafford, Flint, Mich.; Mr. Paul Newell, Sheridan, Pa.; Miss Mary J. Reilly, Lawrence, L. I.; Mrs. Catherine McCabe, Marquette, Mich.; Mr. J. F. Fredhof, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine McMyler, Lansing, Mich.; Mr. G. S. Weyser, Mr. Michael Moran, and Miss Mary Hagan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Frederick Wise, Washington, Ohio; Miss Teresa Madden, Wilmington, Del.; and Mr. John Danzl, St. Joseph, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



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Ave Maria.

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